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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXLII

DECEMBER, 1920—MAY, 1921



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1921

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Painting by C. E. Chambers

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THE MUSIC OF ANOTHER TRIBE HAD COME TO TAAI

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXLII DECEMBER, 1920 NO. DCCCXLVII



HAIL, COLUMBIA!

I—IN OLD AMERICA

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of *Caliban*

AT THE GATE

I BEGIN at Nashua. At Nashua *incipit vita nova.* This is not so paradoxic as the sight of the painted wooden cottages of the little New Hampshire town might suggest; at least I hope that these lines may reveal my impression that in America new life begins everywhere. It is not my fault that I am in Nashua; even before I left England my American friends were receiving with the sympathy due to lunatics the assertion that I intended to visit neither Yellowstone Park nor the Grand Cañon, nor Niagara, and that neither wild horses nor tame railroads would drag me up the Lehigh Valley. "But," they persist even now, "you'll go to the Rockies. You mustn't miss the Rockies. Oh, do go to the Rockies!" until I wonder whether their adjuration to go to the Rockies does not conceal a desire to rid New England of my presence.

You will ask: "Why this aversion from the natural beauties of America? Is there no poetry in your soul?" To which I answer: "I feel no hatred for the rolling Mississippi, but what I have come to see is not American territory, but American men and women, not crags or cathedrals, except in so far as they have determined the development of the American citizen. Not monuments, but men, is my simple motto, whose simplicity conceals almost unapproachable ambition. I want to understand the American, to discover the dominant traits of a hundred and ten million people, numbering a dozen races, speaking eighty languages, living under climates which here bring ten feet of snow, there nurture the palm tree and the cotton plant.

That is a pretty enterprise, and you will justly say that these Britishers must be rather sure of themselves to come over for six months on such an errand. To which I will plead guilty, and seek extenuation in the fact that many of my countrymen have given not six months, but six weeks, and that the results of such haste have been bad from the point of view of international relations. When a misunderstanding arises between a man and a woman it often leads to marriage and happiness; between nations, however, it favors threats of war.

So my task is not to describe features and places, which my readers know better than I do and almost as well as the authors of the guide books, but to proceed like this: There are a dozen

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Americas. Within the Federal boundary lies British Massachusetts, where live Americans; Spanish New Mexico and California, where live Americans; Teutonic, Slavic, and Scandinavian Middle West, where live Americans. The son of the Polish Jew on First Avenue is an American; the son of the Alabama negro is an American. The son of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod is an American. My desire is to find out what unites these varied people, what keeps them together where no man pursueth, what views are held on one ocean, yet not denied on the other. Briefly, I want to effect a synthesis of the American mentality; to arrive at such a clarity as will enable me to say, "This is an American idea" with as much assurance as I now say, "This is an English idea." Now, this cannot be done by coursing between railway stations. A man's knowledge is not measured by the miles he travels. In this case I feel that all I can do is to select a few patches of America—*viz.*, New England, New York, Chicago, a farm in Kansas, a fruit ranch in California, an oil well in Oklahoma, a Pennsylvania mansion, and to cancel those traits which do not appear in all of them. The tendencies, the ideas which recur everywhere will indicate (as nearly as human vanity can tolerate truth) the main lines of the American cosmos. Briefly, I want to co-ordinate impressions, and then to suggest that these co-ordinations make up the picture. That is why I stand in Nashua, interested in two old Colonial houses whose shallow verandas rest on slender pillars; I cannot see through the prudent lace of the curtains, and yet I must learn to see, if ever I am to understand this American people, of which I can say already that it finds no rival to its charm, except its strangeness.

AN AMERICAN UNDER A TREE

As I came up the road into Nashua from the station lower on the line, I had an instance of strangeness; I found a man lying on the grass under a tree. He was neither smoking nor sleeping nor reading. He merely lay under a tree, presumably thinking. You will gauge the effect upon me of the three days in New York and the four in New England which prefaced this incident, when I tell you that I found it amazing that an American should lie under a tree doing nothing. I had been going about for a week, and while in England you will everywhere behold people doing nothing (and doing it with great intensity), in America this sad spectacle is very rare. For a moment I wondered if the man were dead. That would be one explanation. Or he might be English, which would be another explanation But he hailed me to ask the time, in a language that is fast growing familiar. No, the idle man was American. There is no explanation; so I enter him here as the exception which proves the rule, that Americans are always active because they are invariably vital.

Few Americans conceive the effect of their vitality upon the English writer who meditated in Nashua. At first America was awful. It was like being posted: I was bagged by the pier officials, stamped by the customs, sorted by porters, rebagged by a taxi, restamped by the reception clerk, and at incredible speed delivered into a bedroom through something that looked like a mine shaft. And the Elevated roared, the locomotives rang their bells, the trolley cars and the omnibuses rang something else. And when I tried to be funny because my room number was 1921, and (forgetting the date) said, "That's handy to remember; same number as the year," the porter reproved me with: "No, not this year. *Next* year." Even my bedroom was a year ahead of the period! I realized that I really was in America.

It isn't as bad as that in Nashua, even though it possesses factories. But even here there is activity; things are made, dispatched; their owners tele-



CHARMING, COURTLY AND CULTURED, THESE ARISTOCRATS SEEM TO BE ONLY SHADOWS

phone; women think of careers; young men buy automobiles, and people walk with decision as if they were busier in Nashua than we in London town. I am smitten by the restlessness, the enthusiasm, the passion for improvisation of this amazing America; I realize vaguely all sorts of new qualities that contradict one another—warm heart and cool mind, audacity and prudence, organization and makeshift. I feel an America so ruthless that she will strip me of my shirt; an America so kindly that she will give me a better shirt than I could buy. As if among the nations she were Robin Hood.

NEWER ENGLAND

I do not suppose that the pie belt would be recommended to me as the best place in which to study America, except from the historical point of view. But recommendations never worry very much a writer who acquires his facts as the wolf gets his salt—*viz.*, through the circulatory system of his captures. And history has its value as an *hors-d'œuvre* before the more

important dish of one's own period. I began with New England so as to resist the overwhelming pull of New York, and I began badly, on the following lines of Whittier:

Oh! may never a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood, like a dream of love,
Or hear unmoved the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born.

As I dislike poetry—which impresses me as the coward's escape from the difficulties of prose through the back door of melody—I cannot say whether this is one of the couplets that should never have been rhymed; but I objected to its rhapsodic air. Also, several New-Englanders at once assured me that their childhood was not overhung by a dream of love. But though they were all sober people, who evoked the gentler side of the Scottish temperament, they did set up for me another picture, which I venture to call "The Hypnosis of History," of "The Legend of New England." Subsequently, a few New-Yorkers and Westerners showed that they had accepted the legend.

You may ask what I mean by the "hypnosis" of history. One might answer in a sentence that the educated American is infinitely more conscious of his national origins than is the denizen of any other part of the world. The past of his country acts as the shadow of his present and the danger signal of his future. For instance, where an American can trace back his pedigree several generations he will almost invariably reveal the fact to his English guest—exhibit the crest on his signet ring, the arms on a piece of old plate, and dilate a little sentimentally on the virtues and sufferings of his forebears. One strand in the psychology of this impulse is undoubtedly to make the English visitor feel at home among heirs of an identical tradition; the other and more important strand is the romantic reverence the American feels for the pioneers. America knows three main sources of romance —love, business, and the pioneer.

Thus, the American gives relief to traditions that his English cousin assumes or to which he is indifferent until they are attacked; in the matter of descent he is not cynical, and seldom holds the French point of view—that it may be as well if one doesn't know one's great-grandfathers, as one of the four would be bound to be disreputable. Indeed, the pedigreed American, call himself a democrat if he likes, knows and cares much more about the ancient local families than does the Englishman. As a rule, he knows his local history, he entreats you not to miss Emerson's house at Concord, describes the contents of the Salem East India Museum, and knows the casualties at the Lexington riot. Almost invariably he forgets the South, and seldom has a memory for the pioneers who were wiped out at Jamestown; the *Mayflower* and its cargo of prayer books and plowshares serve him as the mythology that all men must create who would capture illusion.

It is mythology! I listen, and all about me, in the hotel, youthful Americans, big sophomores and boyish plebes, fluffy girls and young matrons, play golf, tennis, croquet; ride, bathe, paddle canoes, dance, drive automobiles, airplanes; but also declare that So-and-so is on the pig's back, while Millicent knows how to hand out the dope. I listen to the friend who describes the record where it is stated that John Robinson . . . and wonder what it is preserves the capacity to nurture the belief that New England still exists. New England does not seem to me to exist, save in the shape of a Newer England that the romantics do not perceive.

It was in Salem that I asked myself what it was supported the legend of New England; what mosses held together the roof of the old manse. This does not mean that I project an attack on New England, but it must be recalled that an Englishman cannot be as much im-



Drawn by George Wright

AT THAT AUCTION I MET UNCLE SAM

pressed by Old America as by New America. The thing America has to be proud of is not its past, but its present, and I wish that I could whole-heartedly say that this applies to England, too. Still, it seems that America does not hold this view and that she is still attached to the idea of old Puritan New England. Even in Chicago, even in half-Indian corners of Oklahoma, I found reverence for New England. And when I consider Chicago, for instance, I am amazed that anything of this reverence should survive. I suspect that the moss which holds together the old manse is of two kinds. One is architectural.



ONE HAS THE IMPRESSION OF ALOOF ARISTOCRACY IN WHAT REMAINS OF OLD BOSTON

The city-bred American, living on the eighteenth floor most of the day, naturally feels a romantic attraction for the wooden cottages that lie between New York and Maine. It is charming architecture, this cottage architecture of wooden slats painted white, or gray, or green, or even yellow; the verandas supported upon fluted pillars, the little Doric pediments and cornices, the fanlights over the paneled doors. All this is intimate; and when such a village is grouped around a wooden church which in miniature recalls the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, one understands the attraction of what I venture to call an emotional picture post-card. And of the more massive houses (such as those of Newport, New Hampshire), and many that you find in Salem and Concord, comfortable boxlike edifices of brick, with a palladian magnificence of column and a cool purity of Colonial style, all this is rather more England than New England, and so it is not wonderful that it should help to create illusion.

The second support of the legend of New England is, I suppose, found in the remains of the New England character. This character has, I hope, not been defined by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, who says that after being drained of vital life into the West, the New England character "passed into the condition of neurotic anæmia in which it has remained so largely to this day." I cannot rival Mr. Brooks in information, but I will venture to confront him in impression. So far as there is a New England character it suggests to me a rather Scottish type:



Drawn by George Wright

HOLIDAY-MAKERS IN A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE

there is in the speech and attitude of the New England farmer an air of moderation and reserve, tinged with a little suspicion, and informed with a certain kindness.

I stayed some time in a New England village, and all did whatever I wanted them to do, but invariably after saying that they were not quite sure it could be done. It was a silent place, whose social life was concentrated round the drug store, to which young men and women seemed to escape for mild giddiness suitable to their age. But, in the main, there was no giddiness. There was a suggestion that here were people still holding on hard to some land they had conquered with difficulty. Many tales were told of a local character whom I will call Hiram Jebbison, who, in the view of the village, was the real New-Englander. Hiram was a wonderful man. One day he sold a local landowner some buffaloes for his park. The beasts went sick, and, very kindly, Hiram offered to take them back. He said he would isolate them on a little island in a lake, which belonged to him. "Of course," added Hiram, "you will let your men build a little bridge to the island for me to get them over." The landowner agreed. Hiram then took twenty of the landowner's men, tons of his lumber, and built a bridge. When that was done he told the landowner that of course the buffaloes would want



THE SOCIAL LIFE WAS CONCENTRATED ROUND THE VILLAGE DRUG STORE

shelter. The landowner agreed. So Hiram took more of the landowner's men and more tons of his lumber to build a shanty on the island. When the buffaloes felt better Hiram sold them to somebody else; then he sold the island, the bridge, and the shanty, which had cost him nothing at all.

That might be a Scotch story. Another tale of Hiram is Scotch, too: A raw sportsman from New York engaged Hiram to go hunting elk. An elk was shot, and the amateur, pretending to know all about it, demanded the leg. Hiram said not a word, gave him the leg, and kept the valuable part, the loin. When the sportsman complained that he had been unable to get a knife into his choice, Hiram merely replied, "I could have told you that"; but he had said nothing, for Hiram Jebbison never said anything unnecessary.

I suspect that these traits and the stories they give rise to help to sustain the legend of New England. A visit to a remote village enhances the legend. There was an auction in our village, one morning, where the auctioneer began by putting up a red flag marked with his name. Then a small boy went round the village, languidly beating a small drum to announce that something was going to happen. Nothing much happened, for the sale was of old furniture, spare parts, and rusty nails. But two things were interesting. In spite of the gabble of the auctioneer, "I've fifty, give me sixty—I've only the fifty, give me fifty-five, etc.," no bid of one dollar was ever made, even for articles which ended at ten. The cautious New-Englander always started at fifty cents, and nobody ever raised more than a nickel. The other fact was that, to my amazement, at that auction I met Uncle Sam. I thought he was dead, that he had been replaced by the new American, short and sturdy, inclined to stoutness, with a round or square head and rather large eyes. But Uncle Sam still lives in New England with a long, tanned, hard face, a bony nose and a goatee. With him came Colonel Cody, with his ferocious little eye and his leg-of-mutton beard. Figures of legend! And they maintain the legend in the mind—they will not maintain it long. For New England is dead. It is being slain by Newer England; by an industrial New England which knows nothing of the Pilgrim. In those states you will find factories that are twenty to thirty years old; you will find new industries. Not only in Connecticut, at Bridgeport for instance, do you find them making the gramophone, or building engines, but all sorts of places inland, at Nashua, at Lowell, even about the sacred precincts of Concord and Salem. A visit to Salem must be a tragedy for the sentimentalist. You go along Andover Street, or Federal Street, or into Washington Square, and look at all these houses of gentlefolk, their pleasant colonnades; you glance at the settees and at the Colonial porches, and suddenly you emerge into an industrial town with trolley cars, tenements, and smokestacks. A crude sign by the railway says, "Stop, Look and Listen." One still more crude merely says, "Look Out." Old Salem did not have to look out, and now to my mind it is no more. It is no more because the old New-Englander, who came from England and Scotland, has been completely swamped by the masses of foreign population which have followed the factories. I met Poles in Vermont; Italians in Concord; Bridgeport has its Hungarian—its Chinese quarter; the rasping English of the past has given place to the lisping languages of the South and East. Near the ancient grounds stand the self-service restaurants, the automatic bars, and the movies. The movies in Salem!

I went down to Marblehead, and I saw it on an exquisite day when the sea was cygnet gray spangled with furled sails, and a mauve mist held over the islets in the bay. Romance in Hergesheimerland . . . Lovis's Cove,

and the landing of the British . . . this illuminated spot, what does it mean now? I don't think it means anything at all. The immigrants have swept it all away. I know that the romantic will reply that the immigrants came because sturdy New England had established democratic freedom in this corner of the world. I doubt it. The Europeans left Europe because they were fleeing from something worse than tyranny; they were fleeing from poverty; indeed, in the 'forties they were fleeing from famine and, later on, from the crowded conditions of their own birth rate. So they came to New England and went to the West; they went to the warmer lands first, and that is why they came to America instead of to Canada. It was not freedom, but free land which brought them across the Atlantic, and if there had been no revolution, if the United States to-day were a British dominion, the immigrants would have come all the same.

I realize that the rough qualities of New England have leavened the whole of America, for already I have met their decendants in the Middle West, but what a slight leaven it is among these enormous masses of Scandinavians, Germans, Italians, so slight that the New England speech has disappeared in the rest of America, that the lean body has been obscured by a sturdy envelope, the cautious temperament replaced by the temperament of the most dashing commercial adventurers the world has seen. New England made the beacon that lighted America, but it was a beacon made of lumber; now modern America feeds the fire with kerosene. Nothing remains of the New England influence except a vacillating Puritanism, which comes up suddenly in the prosecution of a book, in a cry against skimpy bathing dresses—a Puritanism which leaps up and down like the flame of a dying candle. The New England temperament has filled its part in the American play; history is not likely to cast it again.

ARISTOCRATS

I suppose that the full spirit of New England is now to be found in Boston, and there will the last ramparts stand when all the nations of the world, congregated in the States, come lapping round. One has the impression of aloof aristocracy in what remains of Old Boston, and the impression is all the stronger, owing to the invisibility of the inhabitants. One can stand in Louisburg Square, and not a face appears at the windows. I ate the bread of Bostonians, and so may not speak of them, but one, a stranger, I may mention and do not forget. He came out of his house one morning and stood upon the steps for a moment, looking to the right and left. As he did not seem to know where he wanted to go, I felt at once that he must be an aristocrat. He was about fifty, well groomed, with rather delicate features, and he carried a small brown-paper parcel which seemed to embarrass him. When he perceived me he flung me a look of such dislike that I wondered whether he might not be English. And so we stood for a moment, I looking at him; after all, a cat can look at a Bostonian aristocrat. Then I asked him my way, being lost, as usual, and his glance revealed a still greater repulsion. He was quite unlike the ordinary American I had been meeting, who goes out of his way to show you yours, who takes your arm, draws plans, almost offers to pay your car fare.

While he hesitated I explained that I was a stranger in Boston, and a change came over his features. "Oh," he said, doubtfully, "are you English?" On my saying, "Yes," the change grew more marked and I perceived that it was a virtue to be English. We talked a little and, as if guided by an instinct, I spoke of a recent visit to a Sussex town where the grass grows between the cobbles of the street. The aristocrat then gave me a smile. Following upon a compliment addressed to his house, he opened the door and showed me his hall, which is paneled in oak and delicately furnished

with old mahogany and ancient china, but he did not ask me in, as would have done a modern American. Instead, he talked guardedly. He even advised what I should see in Boston . . . and he recommended nothing that did not lie between the Massachusetts Hospital and Copley Square; there was nothing else. When I told him that I was going to the Middle West he seemed tempted not to reply. Then, hesitating, "You will find it strange." He would not explain any more. He did not want to bury the Middle West, but he could not praise it. He revealed that he had never been west of Ohio, but he had paid visits to England, Italy, and France. His wife, it appeared, was an American, born in France. So we exchanged a few remarks on French literature and English politics that were not very profound, until, as he expanded on his homes beyond the water, I had the courage to ask him how he liked living in America. I think he was a little shocked; this was obviously one of the things one did not discuss. He tried to escape me, as would have an Englishman, by talking of the neighborhood, of the country club, alluding to horses, and praising golf, but I persisted in my investigation until, almost churlishly, he replied, "Well, one need only mix with the people one likes." And then I understood him; I understood his reluctant love for changing America. I was able to imagine the life of these surviving Anglo-Americans, whose visiting list spreads only a mile, excepting cousins at Lexington; who still drink tea; who say "Bosston" and not "Bawston"; who keep their paneled door tight locked, and behind it live persistently in lavender and dimity; who have an account with a bookseller in Piccadilly; who receive letters edged with an inch of black when a French marquis dies; whose sons go to Harvard, failing Oxford, and marry the daughter of a dean, see their incomes shrink, and live on, disdainful and forgotten, under the shadow of an academic wall, and are gentlemen to the end.

For indeed, as I came to understand better the great Irish city which hides under the old English reputation of Boston, I cannot help feeling, and I feel it without undue regret, that the remaining representatives of the period of organdie, port wine, and square dances are milestones on the road which leads backward . . . in a country where no man and no woman seem to run the risk of ever being turned into a pillar of salt. Charming, courtly, and cultured, these aristocrats seem to be only shadows. They are the end, and upon their graves can be inscribed as a parody of Kosciuszko the words, "*Finis Bostonia!*"

FINIS BOSTONIA

The legend of New England is not the only one which the traveling Englishman encounters. He also has to reckon with what I may call the legend of Boston. But there is a difference: the legend of New England he discovers only when he reaches the American shores; the legend of Boston he brings in his own kit bag. It is rather a difficult legend to define. More or less, the English idea of Boston is that it is an England beyond the water, the place where academic learning is supreme, where refinement, tea parties, toryism, mingle with vestiges of fox-hunting into producing an agreeable England of the George III period. The Englishman is convinced, as a rule, that outside Boston there exist in America no manners, but only morals; that Boston is included in the United States only by a misunderstanding and that it is the spiritual home of the deans of Harvard; it is, shall we say, Sussex or Westmoreland. The casting of those tea chests into Boston Harbor on a fine morning in the eighteenth century is forgotten. Briefly, the Englishman feels affectionate about Boston, affectionate to the point of sentimentality.

Now, this is not entirely untrue, and I think I perceived this ghost of Boston an hour after I arrived. It was a Sunday morning, and under my window

passed a little elderly lady dressed in satin, of a color that was something between pink and mauve. The costume included a very tight bodice, with a collar closing about the neck, and the front part was abundantly garnished with white embroidery. On the top of her head was a little pork-pie hat. Between her small hands, gloved in kid, she carried a prayer book and a hymn book. Her boots I could not see (in her period one did not see a lady's boots), but they may have been elastic-sided. As she trotted off I told myself: "There goes the slender ghost of England's own Boston." Indeed, the Boston of old is fairly well sustained if one is careful to visit only those parts of Boston which are haunted by the ghosts. Superficially, old Boston does support the illusion that it is old England. In the first place, the town is built of brick or of some solid material plastered with terra-cotta. Some of the middle nineteenth-century portions look just like the worst examples of South Kensington architecture, or even Dublin, which, as all English people know, is the most Victorian of our cities.

Farther on, quite close to well-to-do houses, you find slums that might come straight from Westminster, black, tumble-down and sordid. Then, suddenly, you encounter Beacon Street and Louisburg Square, and Mount Vernon Street; there, among the flat Colonial windows and the exquisite fanlights the whole thing hardly modified by the demands of the hot weather, you tell yourself again: "This is not America. This is Bath." Indeed, one might sum up by saying that Old Boston is a cross between Brighton and Edinburgh. And very magnificent it is. It has an air of repose, as if it slept after action. The only error which the Englishman makes is when he thinks that some day it may wake up.

A good way for the Englishman to maintain the illusion is to go to Harvard. He is pretty clear that Harvard is an inferior sort of Oxford, that it has a certain illegitimate relationship with the English institutions. He is ready to be rather kind to Harvard because he has heard of the wild and woolly colleges of Wisconsin and Illinois, and has a vision of academic seclusion, contrasted with an orgy of college yells. He feels that Harvard is rather respectable, and when he is very well informed he considers that Yale also is quite nice, being, shall we say, a cousin fortunately twice removed. So everything depends upon whether your Englishman enters America *via* Boston or *via* New York. If he comes in *via* Boston he stays in his mood of good-tempered patronage and says that Harvard is not a bad little show; but if he comes in *via* New York, if he has been chased by the trolley cars, hurled up to the twenty-third floor, and terrified by automobiles which unreasonably insist on taking the right side of the road, he reaches Harvard in a state of extreme relief. He feels this is home. For my part, whose interest in America is not at all represented by tea trays and fluted pillars, but by factories where they can pork, I did not have that sense of relief. I found Harvard charming, with its green spaces and the gay, box-like red buildings which are dotted about; I liked what one may call the domestic shape of this university. It is intimate, concentrated; indeed, it seems to have rallied; that is an important point in the psychological picture of America which I am trying to arrive at. To an Englishman Harvard (Harvard and Yale are in the same case) does not look like a typical university, because to an Englishman a university must be made up of Gothic buildings. Harvard (and I thank the Stars and Stripes for this) is not Gothic. It is Georgian, and it has the solid, deliberate air of the part of London which we call the Temple. It possesses one building of extreme beauty —Hollis Hall—one of the purest specimens of Georgian architecture that I have ever seen, for it is strong and at the same time it is light. It makes an effective contrast with Emerson Hall, which

seems to have been built on plans taken from the waste-paper baskets of several architects. But stones, after all, do not define a university.

My impression of Harvard is taken rather from a few young men, notably a dignified sophomore and several rather noisy plebes, with whom I spent a week in a small hotel in New Hampshire. They are attractive, this generation that is being produced by Harvard; their manners are charming, frank, diffident, curiously inclined toward the English attitude. There is a difference, of course, for nobody seems able to breathe the air of Columbia, even when it is as rarefied as it is in Boston, without something of the champagne standard imposing itself upon the barley-water point of view of our typical Oxford tutor. Having since that time come into contact with the fuller-blooded product of Chicago, Evanston, and Wisconsin universities, I am conscious that Harvard represents, as I suggested before, a rally of old America against the rush of new America. There seems to be in the mind of the young Harvard men a desire to maintain the value of learning for the sake of learning, and perhaps to them applies the famous toast of the English professor who raised his glass and said, "Here's to pure mathematics and may they never be of any damn good to anybody."

By which I do not mean that Harvard is as detached from the current of American life as some of its detractors make out. Harvard represents to me what I would call a semicolon in the American phrase. It represents American reflectiveness and American abstraction. Its undergraduates offer a very sharp contrast with the Yale men, some of whom I met in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and others whom I encountered in the Middle West. The Yale man, though it is dangerous to generalize, strikes me as the compromise between old America and new America; if Harvard is a semicolon in the American phrase, then Yale is the hyphen between the old phrase and the new. It is exactly in America in the same position as Cambridge University is in England. Yale seems to be trying to make the best of both worlds, the Old and the New, while Harvard lifts a quite virile voice in defense of the Old World, being willing to give to the New One nothing more than hostages. The importance of these old universities lies in their definition of Boston, for Yale may be at New Haven, and yet it is quite sufficiently within the orbit of New England. The main import of these universities is that they are still registering a protest against the America which insists on being born. Though Harvard does not look upon the baby with aversion, and though Yale seems quite willing to take its share in nursing it, both of them are, to a certain extent, anachronistic. I cannot help feeling that in America everything tends to become an anachronism unless it has been created in the current year. People say that America has no past; that is not quite true, but what seems to be true is that America scraps her past as she goes. She is like a soldier on the march who throws aside impedimenta so as to get quicker to his goal. And that is why I venture to head this paragraph with the words, "*Finis Bostonia.*"

Several times, as I went back to my hotel, I encountered in Copley Square an unstirred Italian who reclined against a barrow laden with grapes. They were rather nice-looking grapes, at twenty cents a pound, and, wishing to be very American, I merely said to him, "Half." He filled my bag, maintaining in his mouth a corncob pipe, and took my ten cents without a word. Day after day the Italian so remained in Copley Square, always in the same attitude, his pipe, by some magic, always laden, his barrow always covered, apparently by the same grapes. People went into the free library, the trolley cars rattled by, and a passing dean no doubt resisted the temptation to eat fruit in the street; the Italian cared for none of these things.

He was there when I arrived; he was the last thing I noticed as I left Boston. I could not help thinking that this intruder, so assured, so completely established in the ancient city, represented the army of occupation which has taken over old Boston. Old Boston survives. You will see it, for instance, in the exquisite State House, a classical Georgian building in white stone which shows what the National Gallery in London might have been if it had been built by the artist who created the State House. It survives, yes, as the shell. But a man who did not read the signs of new Boston must indeed be blind. Let him leave the State House and go down to Boston Common. There he may be charmed or amused by listening to a speaker who is trying to agitate an entirely listless public against the danger of Mormonism in the States; he may smile at the old loafer concealed within a wooden swan, who works treadles with his feet and thus paddles people on the ornamental water; he will think the old fellow a curious version of Lohengrin, but he must not ignore the signs of new Boston built on the ruins of the old.

On that Common he will find some newly seeded grass into which is struck a board. And this board does not say, "Please Keep off the Grass," as it does in Hyde Park; the new Boston board says; "Keep off the Grass. If you want to roam, join the Navy." That is not at all how they would have put it in the days of Emerson. Also, in the days of Emerson, assuming there had been a Subway, there would not have been in Boston the feverish commerciality which has now created shops on the platforms. And, what is much more important, in the days of Emerson you would not have paralleled the phenomenon which is exposed in the Boston telephone book. Happening to want the telephone number of a person whose name began with "O" I came upon the name "O'Brien." I turned the page, and it was still "O'Brien." The next page was inexorably still "O'Brien." Becoming haunted, I roughly counted the O'Briens: in Boston there are 480 O'Briens on the telephone. That means that there are at least 5,000 O'Briens not in the telephone; that with the families, 20,000 Bostonians are called O'Brien. Well, add the O'Bynes, the O'Connors, the O'Donnels, etc., and what is the conclusion? Boston is an Irish city. If it is *Finis Bostonia* it is the beginning of Limerick. It is also, if I can trust my ears, the beginning of New Russia, New Berlin, New Bohemia, and New Italy. In other words, Boston has not escaped the fate of cities more renowned for foreign immigration. It has become as foreign a city as Chicago, and it is only because something of its old tradition clings to it that people believe that Boston is still Boston.

I spoke to some Bostonians about this, and none of them denied; indeed, they are sufficiently impressed not even to deplore it. They are resigned; they realize that the Boston in which they live is a precarious delusion; they do not even maintain hypocrisy, and when people give up hypocrisy they are giving up much of their pride. All over the northeast of America something new is rising. In Connecticut, especially, and even in the north of Vermont, you will find the foreign worker overwhelming the Yankee farmer, driving his sons out of work or making his sons such as himself, modifying the physical type of the Yankee; you see the factory buildings of the new America turn Bridgeport into a great industrial city; and now, if you cross Charles River into the poorer and the more industrial Boston, you discover, not the pretenders you met on Beacon Hill, but the skyscrapers and the smokestacks overtopping the librarians and the catalogs. The story is simple enough: New England, and by New England I mean all the country that lies northeast of New York (in despite of the people who would confine New England to a

little district which lies between Gloucester, Worcester, and Plymouth), was the industrial nursery of the United States, and no doubt it went on very nicely, with hand labor and elementary machinery, up to the middle of the nineteenth century; but the new America insisted on pushing out toward the west, toward the fort surrounded by shacks, brand-new stores, and rough Lake piers which is now Chicago. Coal and iron appeared in Pennsylvania, oil, natural gas; the little railway which had united Boston with Salem found a terrible brother in the steely serpent which threw out its head, not only toward Chicago, but across the prairie toward the desert of Nebraska. Swiftly industry arose in Pittsburgh and in Illinois.

Those people had no traditions; they had no old factories, no old plants. They had all their brains, all their energy, and no old habits to hamper them. Thus there arose outside New England a new mechanical industry which very soon began to promise ruin to the little factories of Massachusetts. They would have been ruined probably through another cause, which was the loss of their water power, when the demand for pulp for paper compelled the cutting down of the forest of the north; it was the coal of West Virginia that saved New England, but it was the example of the West, and especially of Detroit, which induced New England to save itself. It has saved itself, and I spent a long day in the factories of Bridgeport, particularly at the American Chain Company, to see the most modern automatic plant turning out tire chains; and I saw an almost human dynamo in Massachusetts, a dynamo which warns the negligent human being when it is overloaded, and even switches itself off when it feels itself dangerously handled. Thus New England has saved itself from the industrial point of view, but in so doing it has transmuted itself. The metaphor of grub, chrysalis, and butterfly is apt to the transformation of Boston and the surrounding states. The old-fashioned people will no doubt say that industrial New England is now in the unpleasant grub state, and that the land we know is the painful result of the sober butterfly which once hovered above the beautiful cottage roofs of Concord. For my part, I doubt it, because it seems to me that modern industry is the soldier who will conquer beauty and ease of life for all men, while the old times merely possessed beauty and comfort for a few men.

The spectacle of New England to-day, and even the spectacle of Boston, with its swarming tenements, its crowds of yelling children, its resounding trolley cars, all this is really sane and splendid and full of promise for a luminous future. I weep no tears over old Boston that lies in its own dust, nor smile, for instance, at the Boston Mushroom Society. Boston still stands for good taste and for the appreciation of learning. Only it is dangerous to concentrate upon academic Boston, because one may easily forget that within twenty years, if Boston develops on its actual lines, it will be a great industrial city.

The modernism of Boston is found quite as easily as its age. For instance, in the trolley cars you are requested to report not only cases of discourtesy on the part of conductors, but also you are asked to report commendable acts. That is a revolution; for the old point of view as to labor, which prevails in Europe, is that it should be punished when it does wrong, while the broad American point of view is infinitely more human (though none the less mercenary); it holds that men work best when they are treated in a human way. Old Boston would never have thought of congratulating its conductors. It is new Boston, absorbing the business theories of the West, which seeks to develop in its employees the human qualities of courtesy and kindness. I do not suppose these remarks will mean much to my American readers, for they are accus-

tomed to that point of view, but to an Englishman they are startling.

Startling, too, is another item in Boston—namely, the office of the *Christian Science Monitor*. It is the most amazing newspaper office in the world; the walls are white, the floors are made of parquet, and carpeted. When you go in you think you are going into a government department closed for the night. But if you enter the sub-editors' room you discover a large place, with about ten desks. Now, in most other newspaper offices you find dirty, white-washed walls, tables stained with the ink and carved by the knives of generations, masses of dusty papers, six weeks' torn issues on the floor, mixed with the dottels of pipes and hundreds of cigarette stubs. Everybody bellows. Everybody smokes. Nearly everybody swears.

At the *Christian Science Monitor* all work placidly at desks as neat as those of sinecurists; there is no bustle; there is no noise. In the composing room, even, the compositors are clean and collected; the only noise the Christian Scientists have been unable to repress is that of the linotype machine. Do what they will, it insists upon clanking. Well, I do not want to make out that the *Christian Science Monitor* is an indication of *Finis Bostonia*, but in reality it does amount to that, because the *Monitor* point of view is the top notch of industrial work. It represents the discovery that industry need not be noisy, dirty, and ferocious. Some may think that the roaring factories are more damaging to old Boston, but for my part I suspect that this well-oiled organization goes a step farther and indicates the form which industry is going to take; in that sense, perhaps, the calm sweetness of the labor of that office is attendant upon the funeral of the dusty and musty libraries. The smoke-belching factories may be carrying old Boston to its grave, but the harmonious organization of this extraordinary modern office is laying a delicate wreath of flowers upon old Boston's grave. It is a significant contrast after the *Monitor* to go and see old Boston trying to be new Boston in the shape of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

You find a large site administered on spacious lines housing only 360 beds. I am not attacking the hospital, for it does serve a necessary purpose—namely, the care of those who are not too poor to pay; it charges its patients $21 a week in the wards and $40 in the private rooms. Also, it gives a good example by treating its nurses well; the nurses' quarters are fit to live in (which, in England, is seldom the case) and the nurses are not sweated. But what is interesting is the elderly quality of it all. I know that there is nothing elderly in the medical school of the hospital, which is practically the same as that of Harvard, but there is, through these moderate payments, a maintenance of an air of gentility. At the Massachusetts Hospital people are still selected; they are still investigated; if you earn more than $100 a week you are unlikely to get in; if you earn less than $20 a week it is unlikely that you will get in, either. It represents something that was fine—namely, the development of so much charity among the rich; that was suitable enough to the graceful feudalism of old Boston city. But in the new Boston that is lifting its voice in a cry that may ultimately equal the shout of Chicago it represents nothing but survival, and one wonders if it will survive.

Of course it will not survive, for nothing survives, and each one of us takes his turn. Boston may yet snatch from the hand of Chicago the torch of progressive industry, while Chicago may become rich enough to give more thought to the immaterial; it will be able to afford that luxury. Boston may pass from the tradition of James Russell Lowell to the new one of Miss Amy Lowell, while Chicago may cease to respond to the verse of Mr. Carl Sandburg to turn to the polished rimes of some new Keats.

The new poet, looking out over Michigan Boulevard, may dream of Boston and pen melancholy lines to a Grecian urn.

THE OLD SALOON

Just as I left Boston, in a noisy modern street, I found a saloon. All was complete, the bar still carrying its signs of whisky and of beer, the seats in front of it, upon their stumps, but no longer laden, the brass rod worn by feet, and the red-plush settees, where some rested after drinks and some waited before. There was nobody there. Where the bottles used to stand are boards which offer beef hash for twenty cents and stuffed pepper for ten. No more free lunch since liquor has gone, which warranted that freedom. Nothing now but emptiness and dust. It seemed to me that this desertion of the old saloon, child of the taverns where the clipper captains used to meet to drink, I suppose mulled claret and canary wine, is as significant of *Finis Bostonia* as the installation of the most modern repetition plant. For here is a revolution in the mind, which matters more than a revolution in the workshop. The old saloon meant as much to Boston as the learned ones who paced the greensward at Cambridge; it was part of the same adventurous individual life, where a man took a single chance and, when he succeeded, took his pleasure. Now, Boston is socialized industrially, and a new impulse toward efficiency has turned away the flow of its people from the taverns where it used to royster. It is not age which has killed Boston, for no cities die of age; it is the youth of other cities, of young America, who would not let old Boston live unless it transformed itself as it is doing. So the old saloon is closed. Or no; it is more significant than that. The old Boston saloon has its door ajar. It is still open, but hardly so.

(To be continued.)

MORNING LIGHT

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

WHEN I was young in morning light
My Lord Love, so fond, pursued me
I tried to hide me from his sight;
He always found and sweetly wooed me.

Now I am old, in twilight dim,
My Lord Love wooes me no longer;
And I—sometimes I fancy him
Less fair than when the light was stronger.

And yet, he seems so kind to me,
He may be my Lord Death, his brother;
The likelihood of that I see
With Outcast Eve, of both the mother.

But both my Lords of Love and Death
May be one god for human pleading,
While men on earth draw mortal breath,
And Death be Love when hearts are bleeding.

TERRY SEES RED

BY GRACE H. FLANDRAU

IT was a day of ethereal and trance-like beauty—blue hills dissolving into a blue sky; roses, green lawns, and majestic trees disposed with cunning simplicity. From the house which topped the hill spread a parklike lawn merging into gardens or separated by low, vine-covered stone walls from daisied pastures.

Sylvia was not especially aware of all this perfection. This was just the country, where one spent such time between June and October as was not spent in other country places of equal loveliness. She strolled under the arching elms with two proud chows who deigned at intervals to be pleasant to her, and with Terry Selwyn, to whom she, at intervals, deigned to be pleasant.

"I say, Sylv, it was no end silly to name a Chinese dog Thomas, you know." He spoke lazily.

Terry was feeling very fit. He had walloped Dickie Bateman at tennis; tea would soon be served under the striped umbrella whither Sylvia and he were drifting.

He was aware of no particular difference in Sylvia that day. Terence was not an observer of moods. He knew how he himself felt, which, unless wrangled about money matters or nagged from home to return to England and attend to his duties, was surpassingly cheerful, optimistic, hungry, and care-free. He assumed that everyone else felt the same way—that being what life was for —or, at any rate, that everyone else felt that way when he did. Sylvia, of course, was a bit incalculable, but her moods had to be elaborately revealed to him before he was aware they existed.

"What," she inquired, icily, "did you say was silly?"

Sylvia that day was afflicted with an idea. It made her arrogant. It made her disdainful of her family, of Dickie Bateman, and especially of Terry. The latter was, she told herself, a mere useless aristocrat—ornamental, but useless, a parasite brought up in luxury with nothing better to think about than the names of Chinese dogs.

She entertained these intolerant sentiments with all the fury of a novice. They had been hers for some twenty, or, to be exact, nineteen and a half hours. She was convinced they were to be hers for life. They dated from a few moments after she had sat down next to Digby Porterfield at the Peets' dinner the night before. Her humor, too, was impaired by an altercation that had taken place a few moments before between herself and her aunt Mrs. Dillingsby Pott. Words of a tart nature had been exchanged.

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott, short and erect, was sitting before her mirror inspecting with a wary eye the adjusting of a smart turban her maid had just put on her head. She wore an almost seamless miraculously fitting costume and gave the impression of having been crammed into it and of being restrained there at high pressure. A certain shortness of breath and obtrusiveness of eye habitual to her furthered this quite false impression. Nevertheless, the result was impressive. Mrs. Dillingsby Pott was impressive and she knew it.

It was when the young woman finished pinning the hat and was dismissed that the discussion began. It was not a long discussion. Mrs. Pott began by observing that since Della Peet and her sister, Linda Mills, had become anar-

chists and Black-Handers she did not care to see them at Highcrest. She was distressed that Sylvia had disregarded her wishes not only to the extent of dining with them, but also to the extent of inviting them to tea. She particularly did not wish to see them about when accompanied by their perverted relative, Digby Porterfield. Digby, being a black-hearted Bolshevist, was already, Mrs. Dillingsby Pott did not doubt, plotting to have American women sold in the market-place. To which Sylvia replied, in a tone of the deepest respect, that if her aunt was too sunk in Bourbonism, Capitalism, and Bourgeoisism to perceive the dawning splendor of a new era her aunt would be only the worse off when it was upon her. And her aunt came back that, since the new era seemed to consist, in the unfortunate countries where it had already dawned, in blowing off the head of everybody who didn't agree with you, or who had something you wanted, she would probably fare no worse that anyone else. Upon which she invited Sylvia to withdraw from her presence—recalling her to say that when Sylvia's parlor Bolshevists inquired for her, she, Mrs. Dillingsby Pott, could be considered not at home.

Sylvia did not dare answer back as she would have liked to answer back, and suffered in consequence from a bottled-up feeling which made it necessary to be nasty to somebody. Terry was at hand and offered a field for her endeavors. If only, she thought regretfully, he were not so handsome she could be lots nastier.

"But I say, Sylv, it was silly, you know, to name a Chinese dog Thom—"

"Yes, so you said before."

"Well, why did you, especially since you called the other one Yum Yum. Mind, I don't say I like that name, but Thomas"—he dropped behind to light his pipe and as soon as he caught up went on—"Thomas would be all right, you know, for a bally old dog, a cocker or a terrier, or even a hound. But a Chinese dog—"

"Oh, you're driving me wild!" Sylvia burst out.

Terry was surprised—also offended.

"I say, if you're going to be grumpy just because I don't like the name of a beastly Chinese—"

"I'm not grumpy. I don't care whether you like my dog's name or not. It's nothing to me. I only named him that so that tiresome people could ask me why."

"Tiresome," he began, threateningly.

"Yes, tiresome! If I'd named him Gum Gum, or Tum Tum—"

Suddenly Terry exploded with laughter. "Tum Tum! I say, by Jove!" he roared. "Tum Tum! That would be a rummy one!"

Sylvia eyed him with extreme disfavor. "I'm glad you find it amusing."

Terry looked puzzled. "See here, are you rotting, or are you waxy about something?"

"What objectionable words you use. I'm not angry, if that's what you mean. I simply don't happen to be as easily amused as you, that's all. In fact," she added, loftily, "I no longer feel that amusement is the end and aim of existence, as you do."

"I don't."

"What?"

Terry didn't exactly know. "Why, whatever the bally thing you said was." Abstract discussion baffled him. It inclined him to sulk. "I think I'll have my tea inside."

"Very well. I dare say you would find them dull."

"Find who dull?" Terry was not incurious.

"My guests," she replied.

"I didn't know there were any beastly guests."

"There aren't any yet, but there soon will be. However, if you prefer not to meet them—"

"I never said I didn't want to meet them. How could I, if I didn't know there were any?"

"Please," said Sylvia, raising her eyes heavenward with a look of weary resig-

nation, "don't row. It is very exhausting this weather."

Terry thrust his hands savagely into his jacket pockets and strode forward in silence. He was angry, but there always hung about quarrels with Sylvia the vague, delightful promise of reconciliation. He said no more about having tea inside.

They sat down under the striped umbrella.

"I wish," said Sylvia, dreamily, "to do something worth while with my life. To live, suffer, and do big things for others. I am tired of all this"—she waved her hand toward the sunken gardens—"extravagant futility."

Just then the tea party hove in sight Sylvia advanced upon them warmly.

"Della, where on earth did you come from? Don't speak to Yum Yum; she bites."

"We left the motor at the gate and walked through the park. It's miles. Keep them away. I can't endure chows."

Della was a breathless, stout young woman with a pink, stern face. She wore a sailor hat pulled down over her forehead, no hair being visible. A high, tight linen collar enveloped the throat. Her white shirt was severely tailored, and the white tailored skirt she wore ended nearer her knees than her ankles. She carried a cane.

"Give me the best chair," she commanded, "and don't speak to me for five minutes—please. Connie knows I can't stand the heat." She glanced reproachfully at her husband, a stoutish man wearing knickerbockers and an abstracted look.

A young man with handsome American features and un-American intensity of eye accompanied them. He figured as Digby something—Terry didn't catch just what in the sketchy introductions that took place. There was also a Miss Linda Mills. Miss Mills was a determinedly young woman of uncertain years. She was dark and thin, and bore a vague resemblance to Mrs. Conrad Peet. She talked steadily with a great display of smiles and teeth from the moment of her arrival to nobody in particular. She wore a silk smock of Chinese blue, embroidered all over with dragons, and a dragon-decked toque rode upon her head. To this restless costume was added a pair of long jade ear-rings that danced and jingled. Being both vivacious and plain, a type Terry resented, she inspired him with immediate and violent dislike. But people, like dogs, are always attracted by those who do not like them, so she turned her relentless sparkle upon Terry.

"Digby has only two days with us and we're jealous of every minute, but of course we will share him with darling Sylvia. Besides, it's always heaven to come to this adorable place. Do pull that nice little straight-backed chair around where I can see the view—that is, if I want to look at it. I hate to be told to look at views, but if no one asks me to I frequently do—do you? Or don't you? I often think men don't."

"She's talking like that," Terry thought, despairingly, "so there won't be any chance for me to duck. I'm done in." He was, moreover, uneasily aware that Sylvia was bestowing more than customary attention upon the young man with the ardent gaze.

"And do you know, Mr.— Is it Terry something or something Terry? Oh, I remember! You're the Duke of Worretsdown, of course. You're stopping here. Such a sweet place. One might almost forget one's responsibilities, mightn't one?"

Terry ventured to reply that he didn't know.

"But one could never forget them with Digby about," she galloped on, "or my sister Della. You have no idea of her interest in the Big Things, the Things that Matter."

A Big Thing in mulberry livery appeared just then with something that Mattered very much to Terry—namely, tea. It was followed by a second tall footman bearing what looked, even to

the young Englishman, like an adequate supply of buttered muffins, marmalade, crumpets, jam tarts, and cinnamon-rolls.

The confusion attendant upon victualing the assembly did not, as Terry hoped, liberate him. Nor did his companion's efforts to make him comfortable, assisting him to arrange the various food-stuffs he had laid in on the broad chair arm, reconcile him. As he ate he contemplated Sylvia gloomily. She was ravishing in the golden shadow, her eyes raised with absurd attentiveness to those of the Digby individual.

"He's not a bad sort," Terry admitted to himself. "Looks like a decent beggar, but what the devil does he want to talk so much for? What the devil is he talking about?"

His companion was lighting a cigarette. "And what"—she was saying, sharply,—"are we doing about the negro?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Terry, feeling rather scared.

"How are we facing that responsibility? As I told you just now, I am an internationalist, and, what is more, I am an inter-racialist. Everything"—she bent toward him, twinkling her long-earrings—"has been tried in this world but love."

"I shall have," Terry thought, fearfully, "to look sharp."

"Love alone has not been tried. Brotherly love, between the weak and the strong, the poor and rich, white, yellow, and black. But"—she raised a warning finger—"don't misunderstand me. I am not an extravagant dreamer. I don't mean—"

Again Terry's attention wandered. He saw that she would have a great deal to say on the subject of brotherly love and it was not one which strongly interested him. Mrs. Conrad Peet was speaking reproachfully to Sylvia about, it seemed to Terry, the national Republican party. He wondered why she was reproachful and what Sylvia had to do with it.

"Oh, come, Della," Digby Porterfield said, laughing; "you're a bit extreme, aren't you?" And Terry, in spite of himself, liked the way he laughed.

"I say, rather a good sort, what?" he murmured.

His companion heard him and overflowed. "Digby," she chanted, "Digby is wonderful. He's the biggest thing Socialism has done in America. Socialism will get somewhere when it produces men like Digby."

"You don't mean to say he's a Socialist?"

"Well, of course I look for him to go much farther soon—but, yes, for the moment he is a Socialist."

"I call that confoundedly odd," said Terry. What the devil did a chap like that want to be a Socialist for? Terry's ideas about Socialism were as vague as Mrs. Dillingsby Pott's. He conceived it as something both twaddlesome and unsavory. A thing of grievances, bombs, mass-meetings, smells, badges, parades, strikes, interference with a chap's enjoyment of life, dinner-pails, and bad beer. Certainly, not the concern of a gentleman.

Sylvia, Mrs. Peet, and Porterfield were talking earnestly. Then Sylvia was heard to say: "Do come in with me now, Mr. Porterfield, and you can pick out the ones I ought to read. There are heaps of things there, and I should never know what to start on."

She smiled on him beseechingly, bewitchingly. The extremely young Socialist was quite evidently a very human Socialist as well. His smile met hers and hung upon it. There was a moment's silence.

"Imbeciles!" thought Terry, furiously. "Goggling at each other like two bally lunatics."

Digby Porterfield and Sylvia, accompanied by the two proud chows, strolled up the walk between the elms. Terry groaned.

"Sylvia is mad about him," murmured the Chinese smock. "Women do adore men with a mission." She sighed

deeply and told Terry he might show her the roses.

The moon, like a great brass gong, hung low that night over Highcrest, and Terry felt that its splendor was, under the circumstances, excessive. Its radiance emptied the heavens of stars and drenched the valley with still light and with a faint, sidereal warmth. Such moonlight, things being as they were, was little short of an insult. So were the sly, wander-by-night, sweet scents that slipped from the garden to drug lovers with their honeyed mischief.

Of what use was all this to Terry with a Socialist in the saddle and gaining at every lap? And now, watching him stroll up and down the garden path with Sylvia, Terry wondered whether seemingly young and healthy fellows never fell dead unexpectedly, of their own accord, as it were; whether Thomas and Yum Yum, in some aberration of their wild natures might not see fit to fall upon and destroy him; whether it could not be discovered that he had married various lady anarchists in different parts of the world who could be sought out and made to confront him.

For Digby Porterfield, after Mrs. Dillingsby Pott was safely on her way to dine with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hornaday Pott, had been urged to remain for dinner. This he hideously had done. Miss Linda Mills and the Conrad Peets were obliged to decline, but not so the man with a mission. To Terry's horror, he looked even less like a Socialist and even more like a troubadour in one of Dickie Bateman's dinner-jackets than he had in his own odious clothes. Dickie, it appeared, knew him, and actually welcomed him with enthusiasm on his return from a motor trip he had felt obliged to take when he learned who was coming to tea.

In view of Uncle Dillingsby Pott's uncertain temper, matters of world import were not discussed at dinner. But immediately after that neutral interlude Sylvia beguiled the young leader to the gravel path and asked him, Terry gathered, what steps should be taken by a disciple who had just seen the light.

For a certain length of time Terry occupied the veranda steps in a mood of extreme dissatisfaction. Bateman and Dillingsby Pott chatted intermittently and the smoke of their cigars came to Terry mingled faintly with the smell of roses and assumption lilies. In a pond near by the frogs intoned a *symphonie macabre*, and a certain lugubrious baritone voiced, it seemed to Terry, his own emotions. Sylvia's treatment of him before, during, and since dinner had been unkind and humiliating.

Suddenly a resolution sprang full-born into his mind. Terry did not think things out. Impulses came to him ready made and were at once translated into action—a natural enough form of procedure when you come to think of it. It was when Dickie joined him, Mr. Dillingsby Pott having gone inside.

"I say, will you lend me your car tonight? The roadster. I'm going to New York."

"What a delightful idea," said Bateman, calmly. "My dear aunt is expecting you to stay the week, isn't she?"

"Oh, well, if you don't want to I suppose I can have one sent out."

For reasons of his own, the idea of flight to New York was not unwelcome to Dickie. "Steady on a minute," he answered. "My mind doesn't work in the moonlight. "Suppose we step into the pantry and think it over. Simpkins can make it easier for us to think it over."

Simpkins did all he could in the way of decanters, soda, and cracked ice to make it easy, but there didn't seem to be anything to think over or to talk over. There was simply Terry's reiterated intention of going to New York. He was, he observed, cryptically, fed up.

"Is that what you're going to tell Aunt Martha?"

"I don't know," said Terry, dubiously. "I fancy she'd get a bit shirty if I did." And then, brightening, "I'll leave that part of it to you, old dear."

"I appreciate your trust in me, but I shall not be here to deliver messages. My aunt Dillingsby Pott is not one to make explanations easy. Besides, a moonlight drive appeals to me. You tell old Simpkins to see that our stuff's ready in half an hour and I'll leave a note for Aunt Dillingsby. I'll mention urgent telegrams. Of course you realize," he added, jubilantly, "that I'm doing this out of sheer friendship for you. It just happens that some people are to be in town to-morrow night whom I sha'n't in the least mind seeing—but that's a detail."

At three o'clock they reached New York after a silent whirlwind run over racing, white roads, and it was not until he stepped from the car that Terry's next move revealed itself to him.

"I am going," he observed, "to become a Socialist."

Dickie opened his mouth to howl, but Terry stopped him with a further remark. "Just look about you in the morning, old thing, and find out how it's done."

The serene determination that marked all of his few initiatives, impelled Terry to the telephone the next morning at eight o'clock. Dickie Bateman was not pleased. He banged down the receiver, consigning Socialism to perdition. At eight-thirty and at nine he was rung up with similar results, and again at ten, when, although fully awake, he was so angry as to call forth a placating adjuration from Terry not to get waxy and grouse so about a little sleep.

"Just to keep you away from the telephone," roared Dickie, "not from any shred of friendly feeling remaining for you, I am sending you a card to a fellow down on Stuyvesant Square. He's a friend of mine, so I'm sure you'll spare no effort to make his life as hideous as you have mine."

"Right you are, captain," returned Terry, happily, and telephoned again in a few moments to say that if the fellow were a beastly crock in specs who expected him, Terry, to read anything in books, Dickie would have to look up some one else.

Fifteen minutes later Terry descended from a cab before an old brownstone façade on the sunny side of Stuyvesant Square. For a moment he stood leisurely in the sunlight looking from the envelope in his hand to the opened windows and flapping white curtains above. His light tweeds, closely fitted, emphasized his slenderness and height. He wore his straw hat under his arm and swung a narrow stick blithely. Then he entered the black hallway of the house and took the narrow steps two at a time. At each landing he looked for some indication as to who might be living behind the somewhat dilapidated doors. There was none. He reached the top floor without having found any clue to the whereabouts of the person he was looking for.

"Here's a rummy go—no names anywhere," he thought. "Americans are beastly odd! I might just have a crack at this one."

He rapped smartly with his stick and the door was opened at once. A young woman regarded him inquiringly.

"I beg your pardon," began Terry. "Does Mr. John William Larrimer live here?"

The young woman's eyes wrinkled at each end and she replied, "He does."

"Er—is he a Socialist?"

There was a slight gasp and then a cascade of laughter. Terry, who was above all things not self-conscious, waited calmly for this inexplicable merriment to die away. Suddenly she turned her head and called, chokingly:

"Jack, come here."

Terry, leaning on his stick, his hat under one arm, and the embroidered corner of a pocket handkerchief sticking out of his cuff, waited serenely. In a moment a slender, muscular young man with a combined air of lazy strength and pleasant indifference, appeared in the doorway.

"How do you do?" said Terry, promptly. "May I come in?"

The young man smiled. "What do you want?"

"Well, I really couldn't say, not exactly," Terry replied. "That is, you could say better than I." He shifted his weight and his cane to the other side and smiled engagingly on Larrimer. "It's about Socialism."

The other laughed. "What the hell—come in, come in."

The passageway inside the door was narrower than any passageway Terry had ever seen and its walls were covered with small black-and-white studies of a certain boldness of content that captivated Terry. But his host herded him on into a low-ceilinged front room and invited him to have a seat.

"Thanks awfully," observed Terry, looking from chair to chair in search of one he could sit on. A pile of drawings occupied one, a black-eyed rag doll another, a box-lid full of pieces of charcoal and colored chalk, a third.

"Don't bother, old chap," he urged, as Larrimer emptied the contents of two of the chairs onto the floor; "I'll just sit anywhere."

They sat down, strangely at ease with each other. Terry either liked people immediately or disliked them immediately, and without any particular reason—or at least any reason he could have defined. He liked Larrimer. Larrimer was a quiet, comfortable person and he looked like an athlete. The young Englishman was so at home in his company that he forgot temporarily the exotic subject which had brought him there. Interests more native to him reasserted themselves. He began talking about dogs, and he warned Larrimer when he bought a police dog to see to it he got one of Swenson's.

"He's the best breeder going, Larrimer, and I assure you he's got a black bitch now, that—"

The smoke of Larrimer's pipe filled the room, circling about his head and drifting in cloudlike wisps before the half-dozen small canvases hung about the bare walls. They said something vital and pleasant as Larrimer did, and nobody knew just what it was. Terry didn't know, and, although he glanced at the pictures from time to time with a sort of careless satisfaction, it did not occur to him to say, "Is this some of your work and what does it represent?" For which reason he entered deep into the heart of John Larrimer.

They talked about raising pigs; propagating lobsters—a thing Larrimer had tried (quite unsuccessfully) and which captivated Terry; about sailing and prize-fighting; and then Terry said he had to go, that he was keeping Larrimer. Larrimer said he never did anything, anyway, and promised to go to dinner that night with Terry. Five minutes after he left Terry rushed back with Dickie Bateman's note.

"I say, Larrimer, here's this confounded letter Bateman got me to deliver. Oh, to be sure, I believe it's about me. You're to teach me Socialism, you know—that is, it would be uncommonly decent of you if you would. I'll be around at seven."

DEAR JOHN,—Take this darn fool and keep him away from the telephone for a week. He thinks he wants to learn about Socialism. He learned all he'll ever know when he was about sixteen, but he's as obstinate as a book agent. In spite of everything, though, he's the real thing. I'd lose a leg for him cheerfully and you'll feel that way when you know him.

Name's Terence Selwyn, Duke of Worretsdown, but he leaves off the last bit whenever he can. Finds it a bit cumbersome in these U. S. A. Yours,

R. B.

Propaganda is sweet to the true believer, and Larrimer could not resist a disciple, however unpromising. He admitted with a grin that Terry was unpromising. But he liked Terry, and it was soothing to spring on him facers which he had omitted to spring in some argument the night before. He also suggested certain books to Terry, an idea which was repudiated, violently and conclusively, by the latter.

"Oh, well, stick around with the bunch, then, and listen to 'em talk."

Terry stuck. He liked those studios and smelly restaurants which seem inevitable to the discussion of burning themes; the eating, smoking, drinking of unnatural red wine from surreptitious teacups, and such faint aura of bohemianism as is compatible with subways, syndicated literature, magazine art, and prohibition. And there was, off and on, some verbal grappling with the eternal problem of evening up those human conditions that have, so far, resisted with such remarkable success all similar attempts at being evened up. He also accompanied Larrimer to various meetings.

It cannot be said that much progress was made, and, although Terry referred to Brothers of the Faith as "we," he continued to wonder what the deuce it was jolly well all about, also why he didn't feel himself becoming a Socialist, whatever that might be. It began to seem that the time might be long before he could return to Sylvia in the irresistible guise of a man with a mission.

Then the little god that makes plots, or, rather, history, took a hand. He suggested something to Jake Vlasak. Vlasak was a glib-tongued professional red, a self-appointed agitator of the type that makes the world throw up its hands in horror at the word. He had organized a little meeting, nice and red, at a place on Fourth Avenue. He wanted novelty, something new to interest the boys. It occurred to him that Terry would make a slick bit of advertising. It might amuse them, at least for an evening, to have a perfectly good duke wave the red flag with them. He assumed him to be as ardent a supporter of the great cause as Larrimer and his associates. Their ideas, he knew, differed somewhat from his own, but the cause was the cause and a surface cordiality at least was maintained among all factions. So it came about that Vlasak invited Larrimer to attend his Fourth Avenue meeting and bring his friend. He made a point of it, and Larrimer, after a moment's hesitation, carelessly accepted. . . .



"PLEASE DON'T ROW. IT'S VERY EXHAUSTING THIS WEATHER"

Sylvia was bored, She was not accustomed to being taken at her word. She had been — she sought for a word— snippy to Terry. And now Terry was being snippy to her, or, rather, he wasn't being anything. He simply ceased to be at all so far as she was concerned. This was not *en règle*. He should have clamored for restoration to her favor, been grieved, importunate, and faithful. It was only what was due her from any man.

There were other disillusions. A week after his visit to Highcrest Digby Porterfield returned. He came back as one inspired. There was new radiance in his dedicated eyes. He trembled upon the verge of ecstasy. And in the rose-garden, when the sun had set and one white star hung in the pearly sky, he produced a kodak picture.

"She has accepted me," he said, tremblingly, "and I hastened to you—with your gift of sympathy—"

Sylvia saw the picture of a thin girl in bloomers. She had short hair and was chopping wood.

"At their camp," Porterfield explained, with deep emotion, "where she's working up her thesis on 'Grecian Ideals of Democracy in the Age of Pericles.'"

At this moment Sylvia's mental attitude underwent an abrupt and curious change. An intense dislike for all matters relating to social reform rushed upon her, a complete indifference to the future of the proletariat. And as the days passed she became aware of reviving interest in foreign courts and aristocracies. Life in gray battlemented castles presented a renewed allure. She wondered what had become of Terry.

On the afternoon of Vlasak's meeting on Fourth Avenue it was conveyed to Dickie Batemen casually that if he ran across Terry he might bring him out to Highcrest for the week-end. Dickie had not seen Terry for some time. He tried to get hold of him for dinner, but could not reach him by telephone. Batemen dined alone, and after dinner turned his car southward and ran down to Stuyvesant Square. Here he learned that Larrimer and his pupil had taken dinner somewhere together and were going afterward to the Fourth Avenue meeting.

For a moment he stood on the sidewalk, debating. It was an enticing summer night, heavy down here with dust and hot city smells, but to be found vast and dewy, a few miles cut of the city. Particularly did the prospect of a Fourth Avenue meeting not appeal to him. Still he wanted to see Terry. The meeting would not be long and perhaps he could get him and Larrimer away early for a spin up the river.

He decided for Fourth Avenue, but when he arrived there almost regretted having done so. The room was packed, the heat stifling, and the air thick with tobacco smoke. There were no seats. Dickie stood up near the door leaning against the wall. To his intense amusement, Larrimer and Terry were sitting on the platform. Larrimer, too, it seemed, was amused. He wore his lazy half-smile and smoked a pipe. Terry, on the contrary, quite obviously sulked. Bateman wondered what was up. He knew it was not embarrassment. Terry was too utterly unconscious for embarrassment and sitting on the platform would in no way disturb him.

Some one was making a speech—a small, ill-appearing man who spoke with a strong, nameless accent. But he was fluent, intelligible, and made his elemental arguments clear.

"And why have they got what they got? What right have they got to got it? Where did they get it? They got it from **us.** From me and you and our brothers everywhere. We made it for them with our work. All the time since the beginning of the world we have been making it Christmas presents to the rich!" (Applause.) "How will we get it back off them—by smiles?" He himself smiled derisively, exhibiting a regrettable assortment of teeth. More applause. "No! By working harder? Who gets the profit when we work it

harder — us? No. Shall we sell our put out —?" "Output!" some one yelled, and the speaker yelled back: "Thanks, Iky. How do you get that way?—Should we sell our output, which is our strength, our legs and arms and heart-beats? Should we sell that like you sell dirty potatoes—for *any* price? No...."

So violent was the distaste Terry experienced for the speaker that it was making him acutely uncomfortable. For once since he began his economic investigations, he understood what was being said, and it irritated him. The orator, warmed by applause, became more denunciatory. He denounced the armies, of the world and the spirit that made them fight. He said the laboring men had been driven like sheep to fight the battles of capitalism and the only rich men's sons in the war were back of the lines and there for advertising.

Terry twisted about uneasily. Not that all rich men's sons were crooks and cowards, the speaker had added. Those who were not proved themselves by joining the ranks of the comrades. He waved a hand in Terry's direction and bowed. There was applause. Such men, the fluent young man declared, turned their back on the stolen luxury, ill-gotten castles, and unmerited privilege handed on to them by their sires. They would be the first, he had no doubt, to put a bomb under those same castles where the friends of the old order, etc., etc.

Terry said something to Larrimer, and the latter murmured: "Oh, stick it out. He'll soon be through." He found the situation mildly amusing.

"Empires is out of date," the speaker was yelling. "A British empire or an American empire ain't any different



AS HE ATE HE CONTEMPLATED SYLVIA GLOOMILY

'n' any better 'n a German empire. Down with 'em all! Empires gotta go. Nations gotta go and make room for the brotherhood of comrades the world over—"

When the applause had died away he added, shading his voice to a tone of intimate comradeship: "We got with us to-night a new friend. In the old country he is called dook. Here he is just comrade. Comrade, will you express a few words to these here friends?"

Terry glowered at the orator. "What does he want me to talk about?" he inquired in a loud tone.

Vlasak, smiling, replied, "Tell the boys about your views on class privilege, labor, and so forth, and your conception of Socialism."

Terry rose with the childlike unawareness of self that characterized him. He loomed high, his nonchalant, tall figure with its well-set blond head dominating the assembly. Larrimer caught sight of Dickie and winked. He found the situation piquant. Pulling an envelope and pencil from his pocket, he sketched the long lines of Terry's back and the rows of swarthy faces looking up at him. But Dickie felt vaguely uneasy.

"Confound Larrimer!" he thought. "This is a damn tough crowd."

'I'm sure I don't know," Terry began, peevishly, "why I should have been asked to address any remarks to anybody." His smooth, low voice filled the room and his enunciation was oddly clear-cut after the guttural utterance which had preceded. The attention of the audience was sharpened by this unexpected opening. "Particularly," he went on, "to make any remarks about Socialism. I don't know anything about Socialism. My friend Larrimer knows all about it and it must be jolly well all right if he thinks so, but I'm sure I've never been able to find out what it was—er—jolly well all about."

A ripple of surprise, breaking into laughter here and there, swept the audience. Larrimer threw back his head and chuckled deeply.

"However," the speaker went on, "if the—person—who has just been talking wants to know what I thought of his remarks, I shall be jolly glad to say—it was damned, mischievous rot! And I'd like to know how you Americans out there can sit and hear your own nation and your ally, Great Britain, insulted by this bounder." He pointed to the late speaker, who leaped to his feet, staring at Terry as at one demented. Everyone in the hall was on his feet, still too amazed to take, for a moment, any action. Terry, becoming more and more enthusiastic, rushed on happily:

"If he wants to drag down any nation, why doesn't he drag down his own, whatever that may be, and leave the country he has inflicted himself on jolly well alone?"

An angry murmur burst out in the audience which was crowding toward the platform. Here and there, to be sure, a laugh had been heard, but for the most part fists were shaken and voices cried, "Throw him out!" "Shut him up!"

Larrimer said, "I guess we better beat it, Selwyn," but Terry brushed him aside.

"What does he mean by saying it was only the lower classes fought this war?"

"Lower classes!" shrieked the audience, and Terry, raising his voice above the din, went on:

"That's just dirty, unsporting twaddle, like everything else he said."

Something was thrown and Terry dodged it, the glad light of battle springing to his eye. "A chap like that *would* bomb a castle and kill a lot of old women." Several other missiles showered about him, and Terry, catching one, hurled it back. "Nobody but a dirty coward messes about with bombs!" he yelled.

Then pandemonium broke loose. Terry seized the kitchen chair he had been sitting on, yelling, "Bombs! Cowards! Bombs! Cowards!" Larrimer, with the joy of fight upon him, grabbed



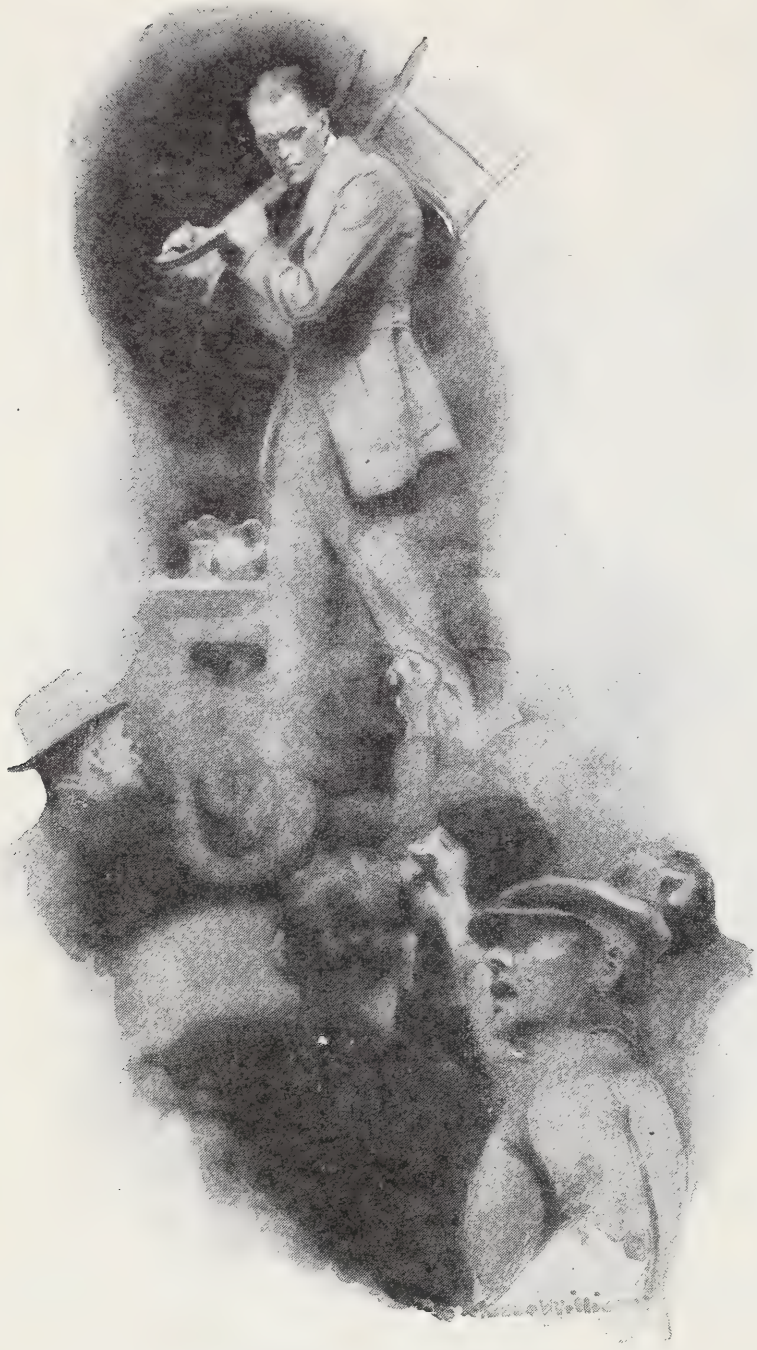
THEY SAT STRANGELY AT EASE WITH EACH OTHER

his own chair and waved it menacingly.

They were alone on the platform which was small and high, and they cracked the chairs lustily on the heads and hands attempting to swarm up to them. For a moment an acute longing to hurl himself into the fray seized Dickie, but he sacrificed this pleasure to what he considered the seriousness of the situation. This was, as he had said, a tough crowd. Many of them understood almost no English and had little idea what it was all about, but smashing faces was good sport on any pretext. Even with himself they would only be three to scores. He dashed out after the police.

Meanwhile the battle raged about the platform. One husky fellow slipped through their guard and joined Larrimer and Terry on the platform, where, to their surprise, he bared his arms and invited the crowd to come up and be pulverized. Several minor engagements sprang up here and there among the comrades themselves — among those, doubtless, who could not get near enough to fight the enemy. The uproar was terrific. The chairs Terry and Larrimer wielded were splintered and had to be discarded. The position could not be held forever, and at last their territory was invaded and they were engaging two at a time those who came over the top.

Then, to the regret of all concerned, the police arrived and four truck-loads of combatants, including Terry and Lar-



TERRY SEIZED THE KITCHEN CHAIR YELLING, "BOMBS! COWARDS!"

rimer, were borne off to jail. The station being filled, they were dumped into a large common cell to await trial in the morning. During this interval Terry achieved immense popularity by demonstrating strictly English boxing passes and shooting craps with the comrades.

"To be sure," said Mr. Dillingsby Pott, puffing out his cheeks and laying down the paper, "the publicity is—er—regrettable. But it was a damn plucky thing to do."

"Snappy old Terry," murmured Sylvia, warmly. "I'd have given anything to be there."

Mrs. Dillingsby Pott, who had been sipping her morning tea in pompous, but not unfriendly, agreement with what was being said, sighed deeply and observed, "Blood will tell."

The Sunday papers strewed the floor of the breakfast room, and the morning sunlight blazed upon black headlines chronicling Terry's epic:

BRITISH DUKE FIGHTS BOLSHEVISTS SINGLE-HANDED

Breaks up Seditious Meeting on East Side Over Sixty Arrests Made.

"I do not say," observed Mrs. Dillingsby Pott," that I approve of this affair, but Worretsdown's attitude in the matter should certainly be a lesson"—she sighed in the direction of Sylvia—"to *some* of us."

"When did Dickie say they were coming out, uncle?"

"Oh, I guess they ought to be here by noon. I tried to bring 'em with me yesterday after we got him out of jail, but"—he chuckled—"he needed some raw beefsteak on his eye and a Turkish bath more'n a motor-ride just then."

The shadows of the perfect elms were long on the grass and the birds were putting themselves loudly to bed. Thomas and Yum Yum majestically paced the gravel path. Their red-plush muzzles quivered and their sad eyes rested on distant, invisible things.

Before them strolled Sylvia, flower-like in larkspur blue. She said little, but gazed from time to time with melting concern upon the partially eclipsed features of a tall young Englishman with a black eye.

TWO CHRISTMAS MORNINGS OF THE GREAT WAR

BY CAPTAIN WILFRID EWART

Second Battalion, Scots Guards

Of the second of the two episodes graphically set forth in this article, Captain Ewart was himself an eye-witness; the account of the first is taken from letters addressed to the author by the late Captain Sir Edward Hulse, Bart., of the Scots Guards

IT is related in Sir William Napier's *Peninsular War*, and has been handed down through successive generations, how during the bitterest periods of that campaign French and British soldiers met and filled their water bottles at either side of a stream, shouting friendly remarks across from bank to bank, while neither side fired a shot. Somewhere or another similar incidents are reported of the American Civil War. The history of war, indeed, is full of queer reactions, complexities, anomalies, reversions to type, abstractions.

Civilization masks us with a screen, from ourselves and from one another, with thin depth of unreality. We habitually live—do we not?—in a world self-created, half established, of false values arbitrarily upheld, largely inspired by misconception, misapprehension, wrong perspective, and defective proportion, misapplication. Our pre-war world has become—has it not?—a grand illusion. But war is reality. War takes the measure of every self-imposed, self-constituted system of society and brings to the light, as nothing else does, the true quality of human "progress," the absolute stage of our human faring.

War, too, is revelation. All the elaborate reredos of human imaginings and self-delusions and self-conceits knocked flat; all the pretenses and garnishings and superficial trappings and make-beliefs of our mortal nature laid bare; all our individual imperfection and fatuity and insignificance and contemporary grossness laid bare, too—what then left? Only reality, simplicity, the cold truth about each one of us for good and for evil, for better as well as for worse. This stands naked. This we cannot half see now or pretend not to hear, even though we become aware in the process of the mocking laughter of some devil or some god. . . .

The following is a true tale. This is not a thing heard of and lightly repeated and half believed, but witnessed in these late years by living eyes, and, in the second case, by my own. . . .

December 18–19, 1914, was a night of tragedy in the British army.[1] Forgotten now—buried in the sancta of regimental records, it was only a demonstration—of what, of whom, of how much or of how little—that need be no inquiry here. And it was only on the front of two divisions that the troops advanced at nightfall, artillery firing a quarter-of-an-hour's bombardment, all the earth shaking, and a sprinkle of musketry shattering the dark. For the most part, the Germans sat quietly waiting while the shells whined overhead to their support lines; only when figures loomed up in

[1] . . . I issued orders to Corps Commanders enjoining them to demonstrate on their immediate front, to keep the enemy occupied, and seize any opportunity which might offer to capture hostile trenches. . . . On the 19th [December] the Eighth Division captured some trenches at Neuve Chapelle and the Seventh Division at Rouges Bancs, but of the latter, the Second Battalion Scots Guards, in the Twentieth Brigade were driven back by a counter-attack; as also were the Devons.—*Vide* p. 334, "1914," by Lord French.

their wire did they open fire. The attack wavered, but the survivors came with a rush to the lip of the trench where for several moments a silent, tremendous struggle took place between bayonet, rifle butt, revolver, and physical strength. Some lay where they fell under the enemy parapet, some dragged themselves back and died in the open, some were made prisoners. Here and there a party of ten or a dozen British fought their way into the German trench and hung on till daylight; then, upon order given, withdrew.

It was left to daylight to reveal—as daylight faithfully reveals—the truth of tragedy, and the price to pay.

Less than a week later the first Christmas morning of the war dawned.

After weeks of rain and mud, we are told, it broke keen and clear with white frost powdering everything. The flat Flanders landscape was strangely silent and still. No guns fired and few rifles. Birds, usually so rare in winter trenches, appeared in numbers, as many as fifty sparrows being fed around a dugout.

At 8.30 A.M. a British officer, looking over his parapet, saw four unarmed Germans leave their trenches, which at this point were some 350 to 400 paces distant. This officer and one from another company immediately went out and met the enemy outside our barbed wire. The latter consisted of three private soldiers and a stretcher bearer. They stated that they thought it only right to come over and wish us a happy Christmas, trusting us implicitly to keep the peace. The spokesman of the party, who spoke excellent English, asked that a post card—which he wrote forthwith—might be sent to a young woman whom, together with a motor bicycle, he had left in Suffolk. This request was carried out by one of the British officers.

These four Germans were Jaegers and Saxons of the 158th Infantry Regiment—the troops which had successfully defended their trenches on the night of December 18th–19th. They protested that they had come over out of good will; that they had no feeling of enmity toward the English; that everything lay with their authorities and, being soldiers, they had to obey. There had come into their possession a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* of December 10th of that year which, they averred, had caused no end of amusement. "You English are being hoodwinked!" France was "done," they said, Russia had received a series of very heavy blows and would shortly give in. England alone carried on the war! There was more conversation of the same sort in the middle of No Man's Land. The Germans protested that the English press was to blame for working up feeling against them by publishing atrocity reports. There was a discussion about soft-nosed bullets (which the Germans claimed to have seen in possession of English prisoners), dum-dum bullets, and the high velocity, sharp-nosed bullet. Finally the truce was formally ratified, a ditch being appointed as a halfway meeting place. The interview terminated with an exchange of English cigarettes and German cigars.

A short while later there floated down between the two lines of trenches the strains of the well-known marching song, "Tipperary," followed by those, taken up all along the German line, of "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." Out in the middle of No Man's Land stood six or seven large groups of mingled German and English. And, although it must be said that the fraternization was of the most genuine character, considerable suspicion prevailed on the part of the English and no precautions against possible treachery had been neglected. Not so soon could the lessons of Zonnebeke, or Kruseik be forgotten! Every sort of souvenir was exchanged and many strange presents given. Addresses were taken down and the photographs of families handed round among those who six nights before had been locked in a life-and-death struggle. One German, on being offered a Virginia cigarette, smilingly said: "No, thanks. I smoke only Turkish!"

Next a Saxon noncommissioned officer, wearing the Iron Cross and the badge of an expert sniper, started his men on a marching song, the British meanwhile chanting national airs and Christmas carols such as "Good King Wenceslaus." Finally the keen air and this remote spot in Artois were awakened to the loud singing of "Auld Lang Syne," in which all—English, Prussians, Scots, Saxons, Irish, and Würtembergers alike—joined. For the groups of Jaegers and Saxons of the 158th Regiment had been swollen by men of the 37th and 15th Infantry Regiments.

After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," it is related that a hare, not surprisingly startled by so unwonted a sound, rose from between the trenches and ran across the frozen plow, through the soaking cabbage patches, over the ditches, and over two lines of disused trenches. British and Germans gave chase until all of a heap they killed it in the open.

It was at this juncture that the commanding officer of the British battalion appeared and, wishing everyone present a "Merry Christmas," produced from his pocket a bottle of rum, whereat a shout of joy went up, exceeding all that had gone before. A German soldier uncorked it and proceeded ceremoniously to drink his opponents' health in behalf of his *Kameraden*. All then retired to their respective trench lines for the Christmas dinner.

During the afternoon similar scenes were enacted. There was another coursing meeting. Of four more hares pursued one was killed; this by right went to the Germans. There was much conversation. A German said that he hoped to get back to London soon; a British soldier remarked, "So do I!" A number of English newspapers were handed to the Germans who, with few exceptions, agreed that the war would be over within three weeks. Blind, incomprehensible delusion! Judging by the censored letters of that and a later time, it was one entirely shared by the British private soldier. The enemy expressed admiration for the charge of the English on the night of the 18th–19th and announced that they also had suffered many casualties. They further expressed their intention of not renewing hostilities unless our side did; there would be no more shooting until they were relieved.

Nor had the hours of this day been, nor were those of the succeeding days, wasted. A great deal of work had been done—work which could not be done in ordinary times without mortal danger from snipers. Masses of timber, wire, and trench material were carried up in full view; parties were hard at work at drainage and on the parapets and on the roofs of dugouts. At night wiring went forward at speed and without risk. And there were not lacking among the British officers eyes to espy something of the condition and wiring of the German defenses.

Meanwhile, however, a brief episode of another character was being enacted two or three hundred yards to the left of the festivities. Here the trenches approached each other as close as 90 or 100 yards, and naturally greater care had to be exercised. It was over this ground that the night attack of December 18th-19th had been hurled back, and the British dead still lay clustered about the German wire and close up under the parapets. In the course of the morning a British officer met a German officer of an unusually agreeable type at a halfway point and discussed the question of burial. The matter was quickly arranged, and, one by one, the Germans carried twenty-nine bodies to the halfway line where they were laid side by side in a single large grave, Germans and British meanwhile standing in a semicircle around. All personal effects and pay books were removed, only the rifles on their side of the halfway line being retained by the enemy. Pointing to the fallen, the German officer remarked, repeatedly, "*Les braves, c'est bien dommage!*"

That night a present of a scarf was sent by the British officer commanding to the German officer in recognition of his consideration. Very soon after a German orderly appeared at the halfway line, bringing in return a pair of warm, woolen gloves.

In the course of that same night heavy wiring was carried out along the British line. In dim moonlight the Germans sat upon their parapet and watched. From the British side word had already been sent that the truce was considered at an end. Nevertheless, when morning came the enemy was seen strolling unarmed and unconcerned as before outside his trench. The same four Germans as on the day previous came out to the halfway line and bespoke their desire for a truce. But our men were forbidden to leave their trenches, only a small patrol being allowed to enter No Man's Land. A present of plum pudding, sent across to the German trenches, however, was received with profuse thanks. Much heavy outside work was done on the British trenches. At four-thirty, as before, the truce formally ended.

In the night that followed alarm came. A German deserter, crawling over to the trenches of the division on the right, volunteered information that the whole German line would attack shortly after midnight. All stood to arms. Reinforcements came up hurriedly. The English artillery opened in anticipation. . . . Nothing more happened.

But the next morning shouts of laughter were heard in No Man's Land. It was the usual German truce party and English patrol comparing notes over the previous night's experiences. The Germans protested they knew nothing of an impending attack from their side. On the British artillery opening they, too, had stood to arms, expecting attack. There had been casualties in their back areas. The base English! The dirty Boches! . . . But now they laughed together. And again the truce lasted all through that 27th of December. And only when one unit relieved another on either side did those two strange companies—none ever stranger, surely, in the history of war—go their respective ways.

One year passed.

The scene shifted a few hundred yards to the south. Only a few hundred yards, but perhaps the battlefield had become a little grimmer, a little more gashed with shell holes, a little more torn and rent with trenches dug and trenches outward blown; a little more sprinkled and sown with the terrors and dreads and ineffectual, perishing protests which are the seed crop and harvest of battlefields; a little more haunted and possessed by ghosts of the slain of Festubert, of Neuve Chapelle and late September.

Christmas had come again to this world which had changed not in kind, but only in degree, and to a world beyond which wept and prayed and waited and trembled and began to despair.

But there was no outward terror in these earliest waking hours of Christmas morning, 1915. On the contrary, Nature had mercifully and kindly, with her compassionate cloak of night, covered up the wounds and scars. There was only, in the words of Rupert Brooke:

> "Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
> A width, a shining peace, under the night."

And this battlefield lay under the glance of stars, so clear, so calm, so keen, and so kindly winking as to belie the very credibility of war, the very existence of fear or pain.

It was only possible to believe, as children do, that God looked on from behind such stars. . . .

Down in the trenches frost grimly held. Almost five years have passed since that Christmas Eve—five years of incomparable struggle and crowding event—but, in the writing, atmosphere surges back as it were this night just past. Frost binding all things, frost coming down on icy breaths from the east and seizing the ground and bind-

ing every coruscation and binding every rib and knoll so that they were brittle as bone or ivory. The trenches were clean as marble passages and hard as pavements. And rising up from them, that strange, crisp scent of frost-bound sandbags and of the upturned earth at night, incommunicable, never to be forgotten. There came to the ear no sound but a far-away shot at intervals and at intervals the loud, sharp crack of a bullet against a brick wall in the near-by ruined village, and now and again the harsh shrieks of the Little Owl from neighboring orchards.

All slept save the sentries who peered out into vague spaces of moonlight, seeing nothing, however, but the grinning outline of contorted willows, frost gleaming white on parapet and parados, dim fields of barbed wire, the white, banked-up frontage of the German trenches, and beyond all a faint lightening of the eastern sky that was Lille. An officer and a noncommissioned officer walked up and down the trench and, meeting, said as one voice, "Christmas morning!"

And as if to echo these words, to join in their greeting, to proclaim far and wide to the world in the speaking voice of that sinister time the age-long message of "Peace on earth and good will toward men," the guns suddenly woke up. Far and near, along the whole frontage of the army corps, the guns blazed and whined, boomed, banged, and thundered, while sparks danced like luminous fiends above the German trenches, and wherever a shell burst a quick glow rose against palls of moonlit smoke. And far beyond a dull glow rose where farmhouses behind Aubers began to burn.

It lasted for twenty minutes. From the other side no reply came. One or two lone bursts from a machine-gun; one or two lone figures upstanding in brilliant moonlight as they, too, watched that strange and memorable scene. For the rest, emptiness, desolation.

As suddenly, silence fell again, stiller, colder, knife-edged, and, if possible, more profound. A gentle stirring of the icy wind and frost binding, binding. Stars a-watching, moonlight and shadow vying. Rats a-hunting, death and doom a-flying. A sad world sleeping. A war at rest. . . . The second Christmas dawn a-breaking.

Gray, steel-gray light crept out of the east, above Aubers, above Fromelles, above the yet sleeping world of the trenches.

One by one the drab features of the landscape emerged as facts emerge out of the phantasmagoria of dreams. And night in the trenches was a dream—sometimes a nightmare.

Countless days had broken thus—and passed—and passed. And by force of repetition every detail of the landscape took shape . . . first the ruined village with its great white husk of a church tower, then the skeleton trees waving withered, palsied, protesting arms at the winter sky and the double line of skeleton trees following the deserted road that ran parallel to the trenches; and the confused world beyond with its drab fields, its dikes, and ditches, its shattered groves and orchards, out of which the stark red of brick walls peeped here and there. And in the foreground, the waste beyond the trenches—the cesspools, the mud and earth upchurned, the shell holes, the strands of wire, the gray, crooked crosses, the oozing, battened graves, the silvery shine of cast-out ration tins and heaps of refuse and heaps of sandbags—such the daylight showed. And beyond again, far beyond the German trenches, in the enemy country, the husk of a church tower showing above scarlet roofs and leafless trees near the summit of the long, low Aubers ridge—and never a sign of life.

From the trenches themselves came those indefinable insignificant sounds which so far went to the making of all that queer subterranean life. There were sounds of men stamping feet to get warm and sounds of men slapping themselves, and sounds, very distinct, of men shouting to one another through the

keen air, and sounds—of all the most familiar—of the rifle's bolt being worked and the trigger's click at morning cleaning. Wherever sentries stood breath vaporized upon bitter stillness. The blue smoke of fires began lazily to rise in thin wisps along the respective lines, while to the nostrils came strongly the reek of bacon frying.

About seven-fifty a man was seen standing on a distant parapet, half a mile or more away to the right. There the trenches bent back, bent round so that it was impossible to tell whether this solitary figure was German or English. An unusual excitement had already begun to manifest itself among the soldiers who had been talking and laughing during "stand-to," all agog—for what?

Episodes like those of 1914 had been forbidden, it is true. Sentry posts had been doubled in anticipation of a German trick or surprise. Somewhere in the trenches a staff officer with special instructions lurked. Rumor said that the French objected to "incidents," deeming them unbecoming the spirit of the life-and-death struggle.

But there are things of which governments and policies and army commands, and even staff officers, take scant cognizance, and of which they have necessarily an imperfect control. One of these is the collective human impulse—the self-generated, spontaneous action of a number of human beings, that is beyond authority and outside restraint because accomplished almost as swiftly as the thought which inspires it.

So it happened now.

No sooner had they observed the solitary figure standing on the parapet half a mile away than, leaving the cooking breakfasts, the cleaning of the rifles, the shaving or washing in which they were severally occupied, all rushed to the fire bays. Looking over, at first cautiously and then boldly, we beheld two Germans in field-gray overcoats and "pill-box" caps standing calmly on their parapet a couple of hundred yards away, while a third was in the act of clambering on to it. Seeing our men, the Germans immediately began to wave and shout across incomprehensibly. There was then no further hesitation on either side. Heads popped above the rim of the opposite trench and before long the white glacis, or embankment, lighter in tone than the surrounding drab soil—which had always seemed a dead thing—was alive with field-gray and with men clad in what appeared to be whitish canvas overalls.

What was the feeling on beholding these? It was one of intense curiosity and surprise. What had been expected? It is impossible to say. Giants, perhaps, dragons, or devils. Through frequent peepings over, through long confronting of that high, muddy glacis with its tumbled rows of sandbags along the top, through long peering into emptiness and shadows and deceptive moonlight and through the sense of an enemy beyond—the imagination had created a nebulous, inhuman figment of the beings who all this while had dwelt over there. There could have been no greater surprise than the discovery of those who came clambering over the long-impenetrable barrier, who stood, hands in pockets, upon it, and who presently strolled leisurely out into No Man's Land, were men of ordinary proportions and of common shape.

But so it was. And the English, for their part, now climbed out of their muddy ditches or leaned over the fire bays, shouting such remarks as: "Hullo, Fritz!" "Good morning, Fritz!" "Merry Christmas!" "Happy Christmas!" "How's your father?" "Come over and call!" "Come and have breakfast!" and the like, amid roars of laughter. Far away to the right other men were doing the same, standing up above the trenches against the sky line—English on the one side, Germans on the other.

Some distance off, occasional snipers' shots could still be heard. The truce thus far held good on a comparatively

short frontage, so that, by reason of the curious twisting and convolution of the trenches, stray bullets occasionally wandered at queer angles overhead. In the midst of the merrymaking a tall sergeant, well-known and popular with all, tumbled down dead into the trenches where he lay for the rest of the day, his life blood trickling out upon the muddy duck boards, his face covered with half a sandbag.

That was not in itself remarkable—it was probably an accident. But to the onlooker it appeared strange, and on this quiet Christmas morning altogether terrible. It seemed like the tumbling down of the world itself; of the whole illusion of civilization, of the whole human creation. Lying at length there in the trench, never to move again, this fine man looked like a fallen idol—a shattered illusion. Something more than he—and more than us all—the *soul* of him—dead and killed.

The incident was hardly noticed. All around the shouting and the exchange of jokes and compliments went on. In the orchards near the ruined village, the little owl shrieked demoniacally, as was its wont at that hour of the morning, and its cries resembled nothing so much as peals of ironical laughter.

Presently the soldiers of the two armies began to swarm out into No Man's Land, which consisted of coarse, ashen grass with a willow-lined stream running down the middle. The movement had started on the right. It spread like contagion.

The khaki and the gray-uniformed soldiers met at the willow-lined stream, only the sentries, the officers, and a few noncommissioned officers remaining in the trench. They formed into large groups at crossing places and their shouts and laughter came freely back to the trench. They were glad to meet—there could be no doubt about that—to shake hands, to clap one another on the back, and to exchange presents. They resembled nothing so much as boys of rival schools meeting on a common playground. Repeatedly they leaped the stream and back again for the sheer sport of the thing, helping one another over. Laughter was never so loud as when an Englishman fell in knee deep and a German dragged him out.

A colloquy between the rival forces took place somewhat as follows:

GERMAN: "When's the war going to end?"

ENGLISH: "After the spring offensive."

GERMAN: "Yes—after the spring offensive."

ENGLISH: "What are your trenches like?"

GERMAN: "Puf! Knee deep in mud and water. Not fit for pigs. We're fed up. Aren't you?"

ENGLISH: "Not yet. We can go on forever."

GERMAN: "You gave our back areas a bad doing last night. What's it all about?"

ENGLISH: "Oh! only a Christmas present."

GERMAN: "I hear you got some of our billets and killed about forty."

ENGLISH: "I suppose you'll do the same to us to-night."

GERMAN: "I shouldn't be surprised. I think we met you at Loos."

ENGLISH: "You haven't forgotten—eh?"

GERMAN: "Ah!—wait till the spring offensive!"

ENGLISH: "Yes—wait till the spring offensive."

Several of the enemy could speak English, some well. Great admiration was expressed by the British for the German canvas trench suits and by the Germans for the British fleece-lined leathern jacket waistcoats. But strangest of all was the fact that the men of the Ninety-fifth Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment had among them the tradition of Christmas morning, 1914, even to the name of the British regiment and battalion concerned. They recognized us. By means occult, but all-powerful in the armies, the story of 1914 must

have traveled through the length and breadth of the German forces.

The whole episode had lasted not more than an hour. The colloquy in No Man's Land had lasted not more than a quarter of an hour. But now two German officers in black accouterments and shining field boots came out. They emptied their cigar cases among the British soldiers and expressed a wish to take photographs of the groups. This, however, our men refused to allow, whereupon one of the German officers intimated that their artillery was about to open fire; that we had five minutes in which to get back to our trenches. It was, however, agreed that there should be no more firing of rifles or machine guns for the rest of the day.

And, sure enough, it happened that within a quarter of an hour the German cannon were plastering the rearward roads with shrapnel. And within the same quarter of an hour there limped into a dugout one of those who had been most active in No Man's Land. He had a shattered ankle.

So ended Christmas morning, 1915—the second, and, as we believe, the last, fraternization during the Great War.

Trench life quickly settled down again with its sniping and its fitful shelling. In the spring the armies stirred, taking their places one by one in preparation for the greatest conflict the world has ever seen.

Among those who passed—and perhaps the majority of them have attained that bourne where all doubtings are solved—among those who passed from the quiet winter trenches under the Aubers Ridge into the sun-scorched maelstrom of the Somme, one or two must have debated within themselves as to the nature of war, the nature of man, and as to their joint significance in life. The issue is a confused one, the evidences complicated and contradictory.

But the nature of war may be defined as fear born of peril, hatred born of fear, cruelty born of hatred, torment born of all; its origin, the nationalism of peoples (not their patriotism), the self-generating imperfections of monarchs, of statesmen, and of governments, their vague purposings, their misconceivings, their jealousies, schemings, ambitions, and their mistakes; its purpose, revelation, a purging, reduction of civilization to reality, travail, above all, out of which alone new life can spring.

The elemental nature of man, simple, spontaneous, and undefiled, is in the words of the Christmas hymn, "Peace on earth and good will toward men," and so revealed itself upon the battlefields of the Peninsula over a century ago. And so revealed itself upon two Christmas mornings of our own time.

THE SHAME DANCE

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

"STORIES of New York life preferable."

Well, then, here is a story of New York. A tale of the night-heart of the city, where the vein of Forty-second touches the artery of Broadway; where, amid the constellations of chewing-gum ads and tooth pastes and memory methods, rise the incandescent façades of "dancing academies" with their "sixty instructresses," their beat of brass and strings, their whisper of feet, their clink of dimes. . . . Let a man not work away his strength and his youth. Let him breathe a new melody; let him draw out of imagination a novel step, a more fantastic tilt of the pelvis, a wilder gesticulation of the deltoid. Let him put out his hand to the Touch of Gold. . . .

It is a tale of this New York. That it didn't chance to happen in New York is beside the point. Where? It wouldn't help you much if I told you. Taai. That island. Take an imaginary ramrod into Times Square, push it straight down through the center of the earth; where it comes out on the other side will not be very many thousand miles wide of that earth speck in the South Seas. Some thousands, yes; but out here a few thousand miles and a month or so by schooner make less difference than they do where the trains run under the ground. . . .

"Glauber's Academy"—"Einstein's Restaurant"—"Herald Square"—

I can't tell you how bizarrely those half-fabulous names fell from Signet's lips in the turquoise and gold of the afternoon. It was like the babble of some monstrous and harmless mythology. And all the while, as he kicked his bare heels on the deck house and harassed me with his somnolent greed for "talk," one could see him wondering, wondering, in the back of his mind. So he would have been wondering through all the hours of weeks, months—it had come to the dignity of years, on the beach, in the bush—wondering more than ever under the red iron roof of the Dutchman: "What in hell am I doing here? What in hell?"

A guttersnipe, pure and simple. That's to say, *im*pure and unpleasantly complex. It was extraordinary how it stuck. Even with nothing on but a pair of cotton pants, swimming out to me among the flashing bodies of the islanders, men, women, girls, youths, who clung to the anchor cable and showed their white teeth for pilot biscuit, condensed milk, and gin—especially gin—even there you could see Signet, in imagination, dodging through the traffic on Seventh Avenue to pick the *Telegraph Racing Chart* out of the rubbish can under the Elevated. . . .

I hadn't an idea who the fellow was. He burst upon me unheralded. I sail out of west-coast ports, but once I had been in New York. That was enough for him. He was "pals" in ten minutes; in fifteen, from his eminence on the deck house, with a biscuit in one hand and a tumbler of much-diluted Hollands in the other, he gazed down at his erstwhile beach fellows with almost the disdainful wonder of a tourist from a white ship's rail. . . .

"Gi' me an article you can retail at a nickel—any little thing everybody needs—or gi' me a song with a catchy chorus—something you can turn out on them ten-cent records. . . . That makes *me*.

Don't want any Wall Street stuff. That's for Rockefeller and the boobs. But just one time le' me catch on with one little old hunch that 'll go in vaudeville or the pi'tures—get Smith and Jones diggin' for the old nickel. . . . That makes *me*. Then the line can move up one. That's the thing about New York. . . . Say, man, len' me a cigarette. . . . But that's the thing about Broadway. When you make, you make *big*. I know a guy turned out a powder-puff looked like a lor'nette—a quarter of a dollar. You know how the Janes 'll fall for a thing like that—"

It was completely preposterous, almost uncomfortable. It made a man look around him. On the schooner's port side spread the empty blue of the South Pacific; the tenuous snowdrift of the reef, far out, and the horizon. On the starboard hand, beyond the little space of the anchorage, curved the beach, a pink-white scimitar laid flat. Then the scattering of thatched and stilted huts, the red, corrugated-iron store, residence and godowns of the Dutch trader, the endless Indian-file of coco palms, the abrupt green wall of the mountain. . . . A twelve-year-old girl, naked as Eve and, I've no doubt, thrice as handsome, stood watching us from the mid-decks in a perfection of immobility, an empty milk tin propped between her brown palms resting on her breast. Twenty fathoms off a shark-fin, blue as lapis in the shadow, cut the water soundlessly. The hush of ten thousand miles was disturbed by nothing but that grotesque, microscopic babbling:

"Say you play in bad luck. Well, you can't play in bad luck *f'rever*. Not if you're wise. One time I get five good wheezes. Good ones! Sure fire! One of 'em was the old one about the mother-'n-law and the doctor, only it had a perfectly novel turn to it. Did I make? I did not. Why? Well, a good friend o' mine lifts them five wheezes, writes a vaudeville turn around 'em, and makes big. Big! What does that learn me? Learns me to go bear on friendship. So next time I get an idea—"

The girl had put the milk tin down between her toes on deck and turned her head.

"Digger!" I called to the mate. "Clear the vessel! Shove them all overboard! Here comes the Dutchman!"

Before the advance of the trader's canoe, painted vermillion like his establishment and flying over the water under the paddle strokes of his six men, Signet took himself hastily overboard with the rest. There was no question of protest or false pride. Over he went. Rising and treading water under the taffrail, and seeing the trader still some fathoms off, he shook the wet from the rag of a beard with which long want of a razor had blurred his peaked chin and gathered up the ends of the conversation:

"No, Dole, you can't play in bad luck *f'rever*. One sure-fire hunch, that's all. That makes *me*. When I get back to Broadway—"

A paddle blade narrowly missed his head. He dived.

The Dutchman told me more about him that evening. I dined at the trader's house. He was a big-bodied, tow-haired man who spoke English with the accent of an east-coast Scot, drank like a Swede, and viewed life through the eyes of a Spaniard—that is, he could be diabolical without getting red in the face.

"No, my dear sir, that Signet shall not 'get back to Broadway.' Too many have I seen. He is too tired. Quite too tired."

"But how in the world did he ever come here, Mynheer?"

"That is simple. This Signet got drunk in Papeete. He was on his way to Australia with a pugilist. How should he be in a pugilist's company, this crab? Because he plays a good game of pinochle—to keep the pugilist's mind bright. At any event, the steamship stops at Tahiti. This Signet gets drunk. 'Soused!' And the steamship is gone without him. No more pinochle for the

pugilist, what? . . . From then, my dear sir, it is what it shall always be; one island throws him to another island. Here he shall stay for a while—"

"Till you decide to 'throw' him to another island, eh, Mynheer?"

"No, but I am alone. Sometimes to amuse myself I will invite him to dine with me. I put on him a suit of the evening clothes which belong to my nephew who is dead. But I will not allow him the razor, since his absurd beard is amusing to me. Afterward, however, I take away the evening clothes and I will kick him out. But he is talking continuously."

"I believe you, Mynheer."

"But at last I will say: 'My dear sir, suppose that you should have the most brilliant idea; that "hunch" of yours. "Sure-fire." What advantage will it do you here in the island of Taai? You are not here on Broadway. You are too many thousand miles. You cannot come there. You are too tired. It takes money. Now, my dear sir, I am putting a trench about the godowns. If you wish, I will let you work for me.'"

"What does he say to that, Mynheer?"

"He says, 'Do you take me for an *I*talian?'

"Then I will say: 'No; you see you are too tired. Also you are too soft. You are a criminal. That's natural to you. But you think of police. You have a wish, say. Well, my dear sir, but would you kill a man—three—ten men —to have that wish? No, you are too tired, and you must have the police. But here there are no police. *I* am the police. Why do you not kill *me?* Ha-ha-ha! Then you could take my property. Then you would "make big," as you say. My dear sir, that is a "hunch"! That is "sure fire"! Ha-ha-ha!' . . . Then I will kick him out in his coolie cotton pants."

After coffee the trader said: "One gallon of the Hollands which you sent me ashore has disappeared. The kitchen boys are 'careless.' Also I wink one eye when a schooner arrives. Of course they will dance to-night, however. You would care to go up, my dear sir?"

Of course we went. There's no other amusement in an islet like Taai but the interminable native dance. The Dutchman led the way up a narrow, bushy ravine, guiding me by sound rather than by sight.

"Up this same very path," I heard him, "has gone one uncle of mine. They pulled him to the advance with one rope around his arms. Then they cut him up and ate him. But that was many years ago, my dear sir. Now I am the law. Maybe there shall come, now and then, a Dutch gunboat to have a look-in. I raise up that flag. The captain shall dine with me. All is good. But, my dear sir, I am the law."

The "music" began to be heard, a measured monotone of drums, a breath of voices in a recitative chant, slightly impassioned by that vanished gallon. The same old thing, indeed; one of the more than fifty-seven varieties of the island *hula*. Then that had died away.

The light from the "place" grew among the higher leaves. And the trader, becoming visible, halted. I saw him standing, listening.

"No, my dear sir, but that is a new thing."

He started forward. He stopped again. I heard it now. Out of the familiar, hollow tautophony of drum-beats there began to emerge a thread of actual melody—an untraditional rise and fall of notes—a tentative attack, as it were, on the chromatic scale of the west. No he-goat's skin stretched on bamboo would do that.

We pushed on, curious. We came out into the "place." The scene under the candlenut torches was as familiar to us as the Ohio River of Uncle Tom to the small-town schoolboy; the meager rows of three-quarters naked Kanakas, yellow with saffron and blue with tattooer's ink; the old women in the background of sultry lights and enormous shadows compounding endless balls of *popoi* for the

feast; the local and desceptered chieftain squatting on his hams and guarding the vanished gallon between his knees; this was all as it should have been. This was the convention. . . . But what was really happening on that sylvan, torch-lit stage that night was something as new as anything can be under the sun, because it was something that had not happened for ten thousand years. . . .

We who are worn with novelty can never reconquer for ourselves the thrill of an unmitigated wonder. We have sold the birthright. But imagine the toppling of a hundred centuries! You could have seen it in the eyes of those watchers, in their rapt, rapacious attention, in the conflict that went on within them visibly; traitorous applause pent and pitted against all the instinctive protest of an established art. . . .

"Yes, but this isn't *dancing!*"

Yet their bodies, one here, one there, would begin to sway. . . .

Three Kanaka men, strangers to the island, sat cross-legged on the turf. One had taken over a drum from a local musician. The other two had instruments fashioned of dried gourds with fingering pieces of bamboo and strings of gut—barbaric cousins to the mandolin. So, on this one night in history, the music of another tribe had come to Taai. It just escaped being an authentic "tune." How it escaped was indefinable. The sophisticated ear would almost have it, and abruptly it had got away in some provoking lapse, some sudden and bizarre disintegration of tone. And the drumbeat, bringing it back, ran like a fever pulse in a man's blood.

In the center of the sward, her back to the musicians, a solitary female danced; a Kanaka woman, clothed in a single shift of the sheerest crimson cotton, tied at one shoulder and falling to mid-thigh. Not from Taai did this woman come; one saw that; nor from any near island or group. Her beauty was extraordinary, like that of the Marquesans, with that peculiar straightness of all the lines, at once Grecian, austere, and incalculably voluptuous. . . .

The dance, as I saw it for the first time that night, I will not speak of. I have traded to many islands in many groups —even the Low Archipelago—but the island where that dance was indigenous I am sure I've never touched. Compared with any of the *hulas*, set and fixed in each locality as the rites of Rome, it was sophisticated; it gave an illusion of continuous invention and spontaneity; it was flesh swept by a wind and shattered; it ravished the eyes.

I don't know how long I watched; how long all the immortal flame in me lent itself to the histrionic purposes of that woman. But I shall never forget it. Never! Never!

I looked away. I saw two faces. One of them hung over my shoulder. It was the trader's. It was the face of a man who has lived a very long while wielding power of life and death over unsatisfying satisfactions. A man awakened! The toppling of a hundred centuries, indeed!

The other was Signet's. Scarred by leaf shadows, thrust like a swimmer's from the meager sea of heads and naked shoulders, it held as still as a death-mask, minute by minute, except that, in the penumbra cast by the veil of goat tuft on his chin, the Adam's apple was convulsed at intervals, as if he were swallowing, as if the man were *drinking!*

The night grew. The torches were consumed, the "place" deserted. Somewhere the amazing voyagers had taken themselves to rest. A half-moon mutilated the island—long stripes of palms, shadow-scars of defiles, mottles of bushes. It was like a sleeping animal, a tiger of deep blue and blue-white, an enormous leopard.

We sat on the veranda at the Residence, the trader and I. By and by, soft-footed, Signet was there, occupying the lowermost step.

The Dutchman talked. Like the able administrator he was, he had already all the data to be procured. Into his

ears had poured the whispered trickles of a score of informants.

"You are right, my dear sir. Marquesan. You have been there?"

"No."

"She is called in Polynesian, 'Queen Daughter.' My people, who know nothing as a rule, of course—but they tell me the woman is in actuality the daughter of a queen. But what is a Kanaka queen? After all, Signet, my dear sir, down there, what is one queen, out here?"

The trader was obviously in a good humor. He had not been excited for years. The man was alive. I've said he was like a Spaniard in that he could be diabolical without getting red in the face. Diabolically devious and strategic! Before he resumed he blew three mouthfuls of cigar smoke out into the moonlight, where they burst from the shadow under the roof like mute cannon shots, round and silvery. Beneath them, from the step, Signet's eyes were fixed upon the trader's face, dry, rapt, glazed with some imperious preoccupation.

"But they tell me this woman has danced in a great many islands. She will go from here to another island to dance. The three men are her husbands. But she is no wife. A maid, that woman! They have the hardihood to tell me that. Ha-ha-ha! But, then, she is daughter to a queen. With those 'husbands' she crosses a hundred leagues of sea in her sailing canoe. That royal canoe! To dance at another island. . . ."

As the Dutchman talked, blowing his smoke bursts into the moonlight, the vision of that Marquesan woman came again before me. I perceived her, under the heavy procession of his words, a figure of astounding romance, an adventuress incomparable, a Polynesian bacchante. No, I saw her as the missionary of a strange thing, crossing oceans, daring thirst and gale and teeth of sharks, harrying deeper and deeper into the outseas of mystery that small, devoted, polyandrous company of husbands, at once her paddlers, cooks, flunkies, watchdogs, music makers. "Queen Daughter"! Royal and self-anointed priestess of that unheard-of dance, the tribal dance, no doubt, of some tiny principality rearing a cone in the empty hugeness of the sea. . . . I couldn't get away from my time and race. I found myself wondering "what she got out of it—in some jungle-bowered, torch-lit "high place," to feel again the toppling of ten thousand years? Was it something to feel the voluptuous and abominable beauty of that rhythm going out of her flesh, beat by beat, and entering into the flesh of those astounded and half-hostile watchers? Perhaps. . . .

"They tell me that she has also danced at Papeete—before the white men of the steamships," the Dutchman was informing us.

At that, from the step, from the moon-blue huddle of the castaway, there came a sound. With a singular clarity of divination I built up the thought, the doubt, the bitter perturbation in the fellow's mind. The woman had danced then at Papeete, the cross-roads, the little Paris of midseas. And before the white men from steamers—the white men that go back!

Moved by projects deeper and more devious than ours, the Dutchman made haste to cover up what seemed to have been an overshot. Frankly, he turned his attention to the outcast.

"By the God, then, my dear Signet, have you considered?"

He knew well enough that Signet had "considered." He could see as well as I that Signet was a changed man. But he must "pile it on."

"There, my dear sir, you have it. That 'hunch'! That 'sure fire'! Do you think I do not know that New York of yours? Such a dance as that! You must believe me. If you were but a man of energy, now . . . ." With the utmost deliberation he launched upon a tirade of abuse. "But, no, you are not a man of energy, not a man to take things in your hands. The obstacles are

too big. Those three husbands! You might even take that woman, that lovely, royal dancing woman—you, my dear sir, a common street snipe. What would a woman like that, with that novel, impassioned, barbaric, foreign dance, be worth to a man on your Broadway? Eh? But obstacles! Obstacles! You have her not on Broadway. It is too many thousand miles, and you have no money. But see, if you were a man to grasp things, a man to 'hit the nail in the head,' to 'boost,' to 'go big'—then would not a man like me, who turns everything to gold—would he not say to you quickly enough, 'See here, my dear sir, but let me put so much money into the undertaking myself'?"

Under the explosions of cigar smoke, Signet continued to hold the trader with his eyes; seemed to consume him with the fixed, dry fire of his gaze. Not fathoming, as with a singular intuition I had fathomed, the profound purposes of the Dutchman, Signet saw only the implied promise in his words. . . . The trader broke out once more with a sardonic and calculated spleen:

"But, no! Obstacles! A sniveling little animal sees only obstacles. The obstacle not to be mounted over—those three husbands. There they lie to-night on Nakokai's platform—this beautiful, incredible 'Queen Daughter'—this gold goddess of the 'Shame Dance'—and about her those three husbands. Ah, my dear sir, but their big, lithe muscles! That is too much! To imagine them leaping up at the alarm in the moonlight, the overpowering and faithful husbands. No, he cannot put out his hand to take the gift. *Pah!* He is a criminal in nature, but he is afraid of the police, even here. He is not a man for the big life in these islands. He will never do anything. Those faithful, strong watchdogs of husbands! Those strong, destructive muscles! Dear, good God, that is too much to think of. . . . Look, my dear sir!"

He was speaking to me, as if Signet were less than the very pebbles at the step. He got up, striking the floor heavily with his boots, and I followed him into the house, where he took a lighted candle from a stand. Buried in our shadows, silent-footed, Signet pursued us as the trader had meant him to do. I persist in saying that I perceived the thing as a whole. From the first I had divined the maneuver of the Dutchman.

"Look!" he repeated, flinging open a door and thrusting in the candle to cast its light over ranks and ranges of metal. It was the gunroom of the Residence. Here dwelt the law. Shotguns, repeating rifles, old-style revolvers, new, blue automatics. An arsenal!

"Big brown muscles!" he cried, with a ponderous disdain. "What are they? What is the strongest brown man? *Puff!* To a man of purpose and indomitable will like me! Obstacles? Three husbands? *Puff-puff-puff!* Like that! . . . . But all that will never be of use to *him*. That Signet! No, he is a street snipe who will steal a pocketbook and call it a crime. He is afraid to grasp. . . . . But it is close in here, is it not?"

It was too bald. He stepped across the floor, unlatched and threw open the blind of the window, letting the candlelight stream forth upon a mass of bougainvillæa vine without.

"I keep this door locked; you can imagine that," he laughed, returning and shutting us out of the gunroom. He twisted the key; put it in his pocket. And there, at the back, that window-blind stood open.

He stared at Signet, as if the beachcomber were just discovered.

"You are hopeless, my dear sir."

"Let us have a drink," he shifted.

For Signet he poured out a tumblerful of raw gin. The fellow took it like a man in a daze—the daze of a slowly and fiercely solidifying resolution. It shivered in his hand. A habit of greed sucked his lips. Into his mouth he took a gulp of the spirits. He held it there. His eyes searched our faces with a kind of malignant defiance. Of a sudden he spat the stuff out, right on the floor. He

said nothing. It was as if he said: "By God! if you think I need *that! No!* You don't know me!"

He stalked out of the door. When we followed as far as the veranda we saw him making off into the striped light to the left. . . .

"Why did you call it the 'Shame Dance,' Mynheer?" We were seated again.

"Of course, my dear sir, it is not that, but it has a sound so when the Kanakas speak it. The woman spoke the name. If it is a Polynesian word I have not heard it before. 'Shemdance.' Like that."

"A good name, though. By jingo! a darn good name. Eh, Mynheer?"

But the trader's head was turned in an attitude of listening. Triumphant listening—at the keyhole of the striped, moonlit night. I heard it, too—a faint disturbance of bougainvillæa foliage around two sides of the house, near the window standing open to the gun room.

Of course the amazing thing was that the man fooled us. In the Dutchman's heart, I believe, there was nothing but astonishment at his own success. Signet, on the face of it, was the typical big talker and little doer; a flaw in character which one tends to think imperishable. He fitted so precisely into a certain pigeonhole of humankind. . . . What we had not counted on was the fierceness of the stimulus—like the taste of blood to a carnivore, or, to the true knight, a glimpse of the veritable Grail.

All the following day I spent on board, overseeing the hundred minor patchings and calkings a South Sea trader will want in port. When I went ashore that evening, after sundown, I found the Dutchman sitting in the same chair on the veranda, blowing smoke out into the afterglow. There was the illusion of perfect continuity with the past. Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow. Life flowed like a sleeping river, it would seem.

But this was the status of affairs. The three brown music makers, sons-in-law to an island queen, lay on a platform somewhere within the edge of the bush, heavier by ounces with thirty-two caliber slugs, awaiting burial. And Signet, guttersnipe, beachcomber, and midnight assassin, was lodged in the "calaboose," built stoutly in a corner of the biggest and reddest of the Dutchman's godowns. As for the royal dancing woman, I was presently, in the trader's phrase, to "have a look at her."

At his solicitation I followed around the house, past the gun-room window (locked fast enough now, you may be sure), and up steeply through a hedged, immaculate garden which witnessed to the ordered quality of the owner's mind. At the upper end, under a wall of volcanic tufa, we came to a summerhouse done in the native style, stilts below, palmite thatch above, and walled on three sides only with hanging screens of bamboo. Striking through this screen from the west, the rose and green of the afterglow showed the woman as in a semi-luminous cavern, seated cross-legged in the center of the platform, her hands drooped between her knees, and her large, dark eyes fixed upon the sea beyond the roof of the Residence below.

Was it the perfect immobility of defiance and disdain? Not once did her transfixed gaze take us in. Was it the quiescence of defeat and despair—that level brooding over the ocean which had been to her, first and last, a cradle and roadway for her far, adventurous pilgrimages? She sat there before our peering eyes, the sudden widow, the daughter of potentates brought low, the goddess of an exuberant and passionate vitality struck with quietude; mute, astounded by catastrophe, yet unbowed. The beauty of that golden-skinned woman abashed me.

It did not abash the Dutchman. His was another and more indomitable fiber. It is fine to succeed, beyond expectation, detail by detail of strategy. His hands were clean. He remained the perfect administrator. Had there been no other way, he would not have flinched at any necessary lengths of wholesale or retail

butchery. Still, it was nice to think that his hands were spotless. For instance, if that gunboat, with its purple-whiskered Amsterdammer of a captain, should just now happen in.

His face glowed in the dusk. His eyes shone with frank calculations. Fists on hips, head thrust out, one saw him casting up the sum of his treasure-trove. . . . But he was an epicure. He could wait. It was even delightful to wait. When I turned away he came down with me, his hands still on his hips and his eyes on the gently emerging stars.

The man was extraordinary. Sitting on the veranda, bombarding the direction of the foreshore with that huge, deliberate fusillade of cigar smoke, he talked of home, of his boyhood on the dike at Volendam, and of his mother, who, bless her! was still alive to send him cheeses at Christmas-time.

It was midnight and the moon was rising when I got away and moved down toward the beach where the dinghy waited. The horizontal ray struck through the grating of the "calaboose" at the corner of the godown I was skirting. I saw the prisoner. The upright shadow of an iron bar cut his face in two, separating the high, soiled cheeks, each with an eye.

"You mustn't leave him get at her!"

I tell you it was not the same man that had come swimming and sniveling out to the schooner less than forty hours before. Here was a fierce one, a zealot, a flame, the very thin blade of a fine sword.

"Listen, Dole, if you leave that devil get at her—"

His eyes burned through me. He failed completely to accept the fact that he was done. His mind, ignoring the present, ran months ahead. With a flair of understanding, thinking of those three travesties of husbands and the wife who was no wife, I perceived what he meant.

I left him. He was a wild man, but the quality of his wildness showed itself in the fact that he squandered none of it in shaking the bars, shouting, or flinging about. His voice to the last, trailing me around the next corner, held to the same key, almost subdued.

"By God! if that —— gets at her, I'll—I'll—"

"You'll what?" I mused. You see, even now I couldn't get rid of him as the drifter, the gutter Hamlet, the congenital howler against fate. "You'll what?" I repeated under my breath, and I had to laugh.

I got the vessel under way as soon as I came aboard. The Dutchman's shipment of copra was arranged for—a week, two, three weeks (as the wind allowed)—and I was to return from the lower islands, where my present cargo was assigned, and take it on.

As we stood offshore under the waxing moonlight, as I watched the island, gathering itself in from either extremity, grow small and smaller on the measureless glass of the sea, the whole episode seemed to swell up in my mind, explode, and vanish. It was too preposterous. Thirty-eight hours chosen at random out of ten thousand empty Polynesian years —that in that wink of eternity five human lives should have gone to pot simultaneously—a man wasn't to be taken in by that sort of thing. . . .

Through twelve days it remained at that. Discharging cargo in the furnace of Coco Inlet, if my thoughts went back to Taai, it was almost with the deprecating amusement a man will feel who has been had by a hoax. If those minstrel husbands were murdered and buried; if that Broadway imp sweated under the red-hot roof of the godown; if that incomparable, golden-skinned heiress of cannibal emperors sat staring seaward from the gilded cage of the Dutchman, awaiting (or no longer awaiting) the whim of the epicure—if indeed any one of them all had ever so much as set foot upon that microscopic strand lost under the blue equator—then it was simply because some one had made it up in his head to while me away an empty hour. I give you my word, when

at noon of the thirteenth day the mountain of Taai stood up once more beyond the bows, I was weary of the fantasy. I should have been amazed, really, to find a fellow named Signet housed in the Dutchman's private jail.

As a matter of fact, Signet was not in the jail.

When I went ashore in mid afternoon, wondering a little why no naked biscuit-beggars or gin swallowers had swum out to bother me that day, I found the trader of Taai sitting on his veranda, blowing puffs of smoke from those fine Manila Club perfectos out into the sunshine. Beside him leaned a shiny, twelve-gauge pump gun which he jostled with an elbow as he bade me by word and gesture to make myself at home.

I'm quite certain I looked the fool. My eyes must have stuck out. Half a dozen times I started to speak. With some vacant, fatuous syllable I tried to break the ice. Strange as it sounds, I was never so embarrassed in my life. . . . For the trader of Taai, the blatantly obvious proprietor of the island's industry and overlord of its destinies—sitting there before me now with a pump gun touching his elbow—was this fellow Signet.

Till now I don't know precisely what had happened; that is to say, none of the details of the act, horrid or heroic as they may have been. All I seemed to have was a memory of the Dutchman's voice: "Why do you not kill *me?* Ha-ha-ha! Then you could take my property." And again an echo of his disdainful laughter at that fool, "Ha-ha-ha!" as, on some midnight, he had kicked his dinner guest and his "coolie cotton pants" out into the rain. . . . Why not, indeed? But who now was the "fool"?

Signet, in the course of the afternoon, brought forth gravely a bill of sale, making over in an orderly fashion to B. R. Signet, New York, U. S. A., the real and personal property of the trading station at Taai, and "signed," in the identical, upright, Fourteenth Street grammar-school script, by "the Dutchman." . . . I understood Signet. Signet understood me. The thing was not even an attempt at forgery. It was something solely formal—as much as to say: "This is understood to be the basis of our mutual dealings. You will see I am owner of this place."

As for the Dutchman:

"Oh, the Dutchman? Well, he decided to go away. Go home."

Before the incalculable sang-froid of this rail bird, movie usher, alley dodger, and hanger-on at dancing academies, I could not so much as summon up the cheek to ask what he had done with the body. You'll say I ought to have acted; that I ought at least to have got up and left him. That shows two things—first, that you've never been a trader in the islands; second, that you cannot at all comprehend how—well, how *stunning* he was. Sitting there, a single fortnight removed from cotton pants and the beach, crime-stained, imperturbable, magnificent! Spawn of the White Lights! Emperor of an island! How's that?

"It's a rich island," he impressed upon me with an intention I was yet to plumb. "Dole," he exclaimed, "it's a gold-mine!"

"Is—is *she* here?" I ventured to demand at last.

"*Is* she? Say! Come and have a look."

I was between laughing and wincing at that "have a look."

Going up the garden, Signet let me know that the woman was in love with him. I might believe it or not. She would do anything for him.

"*Anything!*" he exclaimed, standing squarely still in the path. And in his eyes I was somehow relieved to find a trace of wonder.

Obstacles! All his life had been a turning back from small, insurmountable obstacles. Of a sudden he beheld really vast obstacles tumbling down, verily at a touch. Here was just one more of them. By a lucky chance this "Queen Daughter" did not know by

whose hand she had been made thrice a widow; it was the simplest thing to suppose it the trader, the same big, blond, European man who had presently removed her "for safety" to the summer-house behind the Residence. . . . And from the trader, by a gesture of melodramatic violence, the other and slighter man had set her free. . . . Perhaps even that would not have intrigued her essentially barbaric interest as much as it did had it not been for his amazing attitude of, well, let's say, "refrainment." His almost absurdly fastidious concern for what the West would call "the sanctity of her person." You can imagine—to a Marquesan woman! That! She was not ugly!

As her gaze, from the platform, dwelt upon the shrewd, blade-sharp features of the man beside me, the elementary problem in her eyes seemed to redouble the peculiar, golden, Aryan beauty of her face. Let me tell you I am human. Perhaps Signet was human, too. Standing there, encompassed by the light of that royal and lovely woman's eyes, there was surely about him a glow—and a glow not altogether, it seemed to me, of "Smith's nickel and Jones's dime." I could have laughed. I could have kicked him. The impostor! Even yet I had failed to measure the man.

Back on the veranda again, dinner eaten, and dusk come down, Signet brought out an old guitar from among the Dutchman's effects (it had belonged probably to that defunct nephew of the dress clothes), and as he talked he picked at the thing with idle fingers. Not altogether idle, though, I began to think. Something began to emerge by and by from the random fingerings—a rhythm, a tonal theme. . . . Then I had it, and there seemed to stand before me again the swarded "high place," with torches flaring over upturned faces and mounting walls of green. Almost I sensed again the beat in my blood, the eye-ravishing vision of that gold-brown flame of motion, that voluptuous priestess.

"Oh, yes. That!" I murmured. "It's got something—something—that tune. . . . But how can you remember it?"

"*She* helps me out. I'm trying to put it in shape."

Indeed, when I left that night, and before my oarsmen had got me a cable's length from the beach, I heard the strumming resumed, very faintly, up in the dark behind the Residence; still tentatively, with, now and then through the flawless hush of the night, the guiding note of a woman's voice. (A woman profoundly mystified.)

A rehearsal? For what? For that almost mythical Broadway half around the bulge of the world? Had the fool, then, not got beyond *that?* Yet?

Here he was, lord of the daughter of a queen, proprietor of a "gold mine." For Signet was not to be hoodwinked about the commercial value of Taai. All afternoon and evening, as through the two days following, while my promised cargo was getting ferried out under the shining authority of the pump gun, he scarcely let a minute go by without some word or figure to impress upon me the extent of his "possessions." To what end?

Well, it all came out in a burst on the third evening, my last there. He even followed me to the beach; actually, regardless of the Dutchman's nephew's boots and trouser legs, he pursued me out into the shallows.

"A gold mine! Don't be a damned boob, Dole. You can see for yourself, a big proposition for a guy like you, with a ship and everything—"

Upon me he would heap all those priceless "possessions." Me! And in exchange he would ask only cabin passage for two from Taai beach to the Golden Gate. Only deck passage! Only anything!

"Set us down there, me and her, that's all. I'll give you a bill of sale. Why, from where you look at it, it's a *find!* It's a lead-pipe cinch! It's taking candy away from a baby, man!"

"Why don't you keep it, then?"

The soul of his city showed through. I saw him again as I had seen him swimming in his cotton pants, with that low-comedy whisker and that consuming little greedy nickel hope of paradise. Even the gestures.

"No, but can't you see, Dole? I got a bigger thing up my sleeve. God'l'-mighty, d'you think I'm a *farmer?* You could go big here; *I* don't go at all. I ain't that kind. But put me down in New York with that woman there and that there dance—and that tune—Say! You don't understand. You can't imagine. Money? Say! And not only money. Say! I could take that up to Glauber's Academy, and I could say to Glauber, 'Glauber,' I could say—"

I had to leave him standing there, up to his knees in the inky water, heaping me frankly with curses. I shall not repeat the curses. At the end of them he bawled after me:

"But I'll get there! You watch me all the same, all the same, you damn—"

The reason I didn't up-anchor and get out that night was that, when I came aboard I discovered not far from my berth the unobtrusive loom of that Dutch gunboat, arrived for a "look-in" at last.

The only thing for me to do was to sit tight. If, when the state of the island's affairs had been discovered, there should be want of explanation or corroboration, it would be altogether best for me to give it. I wasn't yet through trading in those waters, you understand.

But Signet was no fool. He, too, must have seen the discreet shade of the visitor. When the morning dawned, neither he nor the royal dancer from the Marquesas was to be found. Some time in that night, from the windward beach, ill-manned and desperate, the royal sailing canoe must have set forth tumultuously upon its pilgrimage again.

I sat in a place in Honolulu. Soft drinks were served, and somewhere beyond a tidy screen of palm fronds a band of strings was playing. Even with soft drinks, the old instinct of wanderers and lone men to herd together had put four of us down at the same table. Two remain vague—a fattish, holiday-making banker and a consumptive from Barre, Vermont. For reasons to appear, I recall the third more in detail.

He let me know somewhere in the give-and-take of talk that he was a railway telegraph operator, and that, given his first long vacation, an old impulse, come down from the days of the Hawaiian *hula* phonograph records, had brought him to the isle of delight. He was disappointed in it. One could see in his candid eyes that he felt himself done out of an illusion, an illusion of continuous dancing by girls in rope skirts on moonlit beaches. It was an intolerable waste of money. Here, come so far and so expensively to the romantic goal, he was disturbed to find his imagination fleeing back to the incredible adventure of a Rock Island station, an iron-red dot on the bald, high plain of eastern Colorado—to the blind sun flare of the desert—to the immensity of loneliness—to the thundering nightly crisis of the "Eleven-ten," sweeping monstrous and one-eyed out of the cavern of the West, grating, halting, glittering, gossiping, yawning, drinking with a rush and gurgle from the red tank—and on again with an abrupt and always startling clangor into the remote night of the East. . . .

He shifted impatiently in his chair and made a dreary face at the screening fronds.

"For the love o' Mike! Even the rags they play here are old."

The consumptive was telling the banker about the new co-operative scheme in Barre, Vermont. . . .

"For the love o' Mike!" my friend repeated. "That ain't a band; it's a historical s'ciety. Dead and buried! Next they'll strike up that latest novelty rage, 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree'! . . . Now will you listen to that. Robbin' the cemetery!"

He needn't have asked me to listen. As a matter of fact I had been listening for perhaps a hundred seconds; listening, not as if with the ears, but with the deeper sensatory nerves. And without consciously grasping what the air was I had suffered an abrupt voyage through space. I saw a torch-lit sward, ringed with blue and saffron faces and high forest walls; I saw the half-nude, golden loveliness of a Polynesian woman shaken like a windy leaf. And the beat of a goat-hide drum was the beat of my blood. I felt my shoulders swaying.

I looked at the young man. His face expressed a facetious weariness, but his shoulders, too, were swaying.

"What tune is that?" I asked, in a level tone.

His contemptuous amazement was unfeigned.

"Holy Moses! man. Where you been?"

He squinted at me. After all, I might be "stringing him."

"That," he said, "is as old as Adam. It was run to death so long ago I can't remember. That? That's 'Paragon Park.' That is the old original first 'Shimmie' dance—with whiskers two foot long—"

"The original what?"

"Shimmie! *Shimmie!* Say, honest to God, don't you know—?" And with his shoulders he made a wriggling gesture in appeal to my wits, the crudest burlesque, it seemed, of a divinely abominable gesture in my memory. . . . "That?" he queried. "Eh?"

"Shimmie," I echoed, and, my mind skipping back: "*Shemdance! Shame Dance!* . . . I see!"

"Why?" he demanded, intrigued by my preoccupation.

"Nothing. It just reminded me of something."

Then he lifted a hand and smote himself on the thigh. "Me, too! By jinks! Say, I'd almost forgot that."

He hitched his chair upon me; held me down with a forefinger.

"Listen. That was funny. It was one night—last fall. It was just after Number Seventeen had pulled out, westbound, about one-forty in the morning. There wasn't anything else till six-one. Them are always the hardest hours. A fellow's got to stay awake, see, and nothin' to keep him—unless maybe a coyote howlin' a mile off, or maybe a bum knockin' around among the box cars on the sidin', or, if it's cold, the stove to tend. That's all. Unless you put a record on the old phonograph and hit 'er up a few minutes now and then. Dead? Say, boy!"

"Well, this night it was a bum. I'm sittin' there in the coop, countin' my fingers and listenin' to Limon callin' off car numbers to Denver—just like that I'm sittin'—when I hear somethin' out in the waitin' room. Not very loud. . . . Well, I go out there, and there's the bum. Come right into the waitin' room.

"Bum! If he wasn't the father and mother and brother and sister of the original bum, I'll eat my hat. Almost a Jew-lookin' guy, and he'd saw hard service. But he's got a kind o' crazy glitter in his eye.

"'Well,' says I, just like that, 'Well, what do *you* want?'

"He don't whine; he don't handle the pan. He's got that look in his eye.

"'My woman is out in them box cars,' says he. 'I'm goin' to bring her in here where it's warm.' That's what he says. Not '*can* I bring her in?' but '*goin'* to bring her in'! From a *hobo!*

"Can you imagine? It makes me think. It comes to me the guy is really off his trolley. To keep him calm I says, 'Well—'

"He goes out. 'I'm shed o' *him*,' I says to myself. Not a bit. About three minutes and here he comes trottin' back, sure enough, bringin' a woman with him. Now, Mister—What's-y'r-name—prepare to laugh. That there woman—listen—make up your face—she's a *nigger!*

"He says she ain't a nigger.

"'Mexican?' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"I give her another look, but I can't



Painting by C. E. Chambers

"THAT WOMAN YOU SPEAK SO LIGHT OF IS A CANUCK QUEEN"

make much out of her, except she's some kind of a nigger, anyhow. She's sittin' on the bench far away from the light, and she's dressed in a second-hand horse blanket, a feed sack, and a bran'-new pair of ar'tics. And she don't say a word.

"'Well,' says I, 'if she ain't some kind of nigger, I'll eat my—'

"But there he is, all of a sudden, squarin' off in front o' me, his mug stuck up and his eyes like a couple o' headlights. Imagine! The guy 'ain't got enough meat on his bones for a rest'rant chicken. Honest to God, he looked like he'd been through a mile o' sausage mill. But crazy as a bedbug. And there's somethin' about a crazy man—

"'Hold y'r gab!' says he. To *me!* That gets my goat.

"'Just for that,' says I, 'you can get out o' this station. And don't forget to take your *woman* along with you. Get out!'

"'Get out—*hell!*' says he. He sticks his mug right in my face.

"'That woman you speak so light of,' says he, 'is a queen. A Canuck queen,' says he.

"I had to laugh. 'Since when was there queens in Canada?' says I. 'And since when has the Canuck queens been usin' stove polish for talcum powder?'

"The guy grabs me by the coat. Listen. He was strong as a wire. He was deceivin'. A wire with ten thousand volts into it.

"'Look at me!' says he, breathin' hard between his teeth. 'And take care!' says he. 'I'm a man no man can monkey with. I'm a man that 'll go through. I'm stained with crime. I've waded through seas o' blood. Nothin' in heaven or earth or hell can stop me. A month from now rubes like you 'll be glad to crawl at my feet—an' wipe their dirty mugs on the hem o' that there woman's skirt. . . . Now listen,' says he. 'Get the hell into that there box o' yourn over there and be quiet.'

"Crazy as a loon. I hope to die! the guy was *dangerous*. I see that. It come to me it's best to humor him, and I go into the coop again. I sit there countin' my fingers and listenin' to Denver tellin' back them car numbers to Limon again. By and by I'm jumpy as a cat. I get up and stick a record in the old machine. . . . That's what brings the whole thing back to mind. That record is this 'Paragon Park.'

"First thing I know I'm out in the waitin' room again. And what you think I see? I give you a hundred guesses. . . ."

"I'll take one," I said to him. "What you saw was the finest exhibition of the 'Shimmie' you ever clapped an eye upon. Am I right?"

The young fellow's mouth hung open. He stared at me.

"Half undressed! Honest! That nigger woman! Horse blanket, feed sack, ar'tics—where was they? Shimmie? Say! Can you imagine, in that there prairie depot at three in the mornin', and a wind howlin' under the floor? Say! Well, I can't tell you, but talk about *Shimmie!* Say, she's like a dead one come to life."

"Yes," I agreed, "yes. . . . But what about the man?"

"Well, that man, now. The record's comin' to the end and I go back in to start it over. And here's this hobo, come in behind me.

"'What's that?' says he, pointin' to the record I got in my hand.

"Then he grabs it and looks it over. He keeps turnin' it round and round and round, starin' at it.

"'I hope you'll know it again,' says I, with a laugh.

"My laugh seems to set him off into a shiver. Then down he throws that record o' mine onto the floor and stamps on it; busts it into a million pieces under his boots. I been tellin' you he's crazy.

"'Here there!' I yell at him.

"He looks at me. Looks right through me, it seems, and beyond, with them there red-rimmed eyes.

"'Seas o' blood,' says he. That's all. 'Seas o' blood!'

"Then he turns around, walks out into the waitin' room, and sits down in a heap in the farthest corner. Never another peep. There he sits till daylight, and the nigger woman, with the horse blanket on again, she sits there beside him, holdin' his hand.

"'What's up with him?' I ask her.

"She says somethin' in Mexican—or some language, anyway. But I see she don't know any more 'n me. . . . It's just like this. The current's gone out o' the wire. . . . Last I ever see of 'em, she's leadin' him off in the sunrise toward the box cars—leadin' him by the hand. . . . Now did you ever hear a funnier experience than that to happen to a man?"

"No," I said, "I never did."

"You had to pity him," he added.

"Yes," I agreed. . . . And I could think of her leading him by the hand.

I saw Signet again. It was on my first and last voyage to the Marquesas. Under the shadow of a mountain, on a stone platform facing the sea, sat Signet, quite nude save for a loin cloth, and with an unequivocal black beard falling down on his breast. There was a calmness about him.

"How did you come here?" I asked, at length.

"She wanted it," he said.

"She's a wonderful woman," he said to me, "a wonderful woman. She would do anything for me, Dole. *Anything!* We've got a kid."

I made shift to get in a question I had carried long in mind. "Somebody beat you out at Papeete, then, after all?"

He turned upon me a faintly quizzical look.

"I mean, somebody saw her—some tourist—that time she danced at Papeete—Remember?—and got away with it?"

The thing seemed already so remote that he had to grope back. Then he laughed.

"Lord, no. Look here, Dole. It was her herself seen the thing at Papeete. On board a tourist boat. I found out about it since I learned her language good. Her and some others went aboard to dance the *hula*—same as always, you know. Then some of *them*, the tourists, understand— Well, they have to spring the latest thing from Broadway. And then this woman of mine— Well, you can imagine. Like a woman with a new hat. Got to run right off and show it to the whole damn length and breadth of the South Seas. That's all. . . . And once upon a time I thought I was bright. . . ."

Out of the half house at the rear of the platform came the daughter of a queen, bearing under one arm a prince of this island valley, and in the other hand a bowl of coconut wine for the visitor. And for her lord. For you will see that at last, despite the malignant thrusts and obstacles of destiny, this guttersnipe of Gotham had come to a certain estate.

When I left, he accompanied me slowly to the beach.

"You ought to like it here," I said. "After all, the city could never have given you so much."

"No," he said. Wide-eyed, he took in the azure immensity of the sea. "No. Here a guy has got time to think, think, without any hurry or worry. . . . I been thinking, Dole, a lot. I ain't going to say nothing about it, but Dole, I b'lieve I got an idea coming along. No flivver this time. A real, sure-fire hunch. Something that 'll go big in the city. Big!"

And so I left him there in the shadow of the mountain, staring at the impassable sea. . . .

FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

PART II.—IN THE CLOUD OF ISLANDS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL AND CHARLES NORDHOFF

When James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff started out together nearly a year ago on their voyage of adventure among the islands of the South Seas it was their idea that the story of their experiences should be written entirely by Mr. Hall. Then they decided to separate, but to keep in touch by letter. Gradually Mr. Nordhoff's letters grew to be of such interest and importance that Mr. Hall generously insisted that they be made a part of the narrative. The present chapter is entirely from the pen of Mr. Hall, but in future installments, as in the first (Harper's for November), Mr. Nordhoff's brilliant letters will form a striking part of the story.—THE EDITOR.

WHILE Nordhoff was writing me of his adventures at Ahu Ahu—on the very day, in fact—I had my last view of the island of Tanao. We left it in the afternoon, and for three hours I watched it dwindling and blurring, until at sunset it was lost to view under the rim of the southern horizon. Looking back across that space of empty ocean, I imagined that I could still see it dropping farther and farther away, down the reverse slope of a smooth curve of water, as though it were vanishing for all time beyond the knowledge and the concern of men. In a way this was not wholly seeming, for I don't suppose there are a dozen white men living who have ever given the place a thought, to say nothing of having set foot there; and the native population, never large, had diminished through death and migration until there remained but one lonely old woman who spent her days scanning the horizon for a sail—for some means of leaving the ghost-ridden place.

She was the last of her family. There were relatives by marriage, but none of them would consent to live on so poor an atoll; and so she remained alone, after the death of her husband, living in her memories of other days, awed and frightened by the companionship of spirits, present to her in strange and terrible shapes. At last she felt that she could endure it no longer, but it was many months before the smoke of one of her signal fires was seen by a passing schooner. She returned with it to Tahiti, and if she had been lonely before, she was tenfold lonelier there, so far from the graves of her husband and children. I have already spoken of Crichton, the Englishman who had taken a ten years' lease on her island. It was at this time that he met her. "A wonderful piece of luck" he called it. He had been living at Tahiti for more than a year on the lookout for just such an opportunity, and had almost despaired of finding the place he had so long dreamed of and searched for. Although only twenty-eight, he was in the tenth year of his wanderings. During that period he had been moving slowly eastward, through Borneo, New Guinea, the Solomons, the New Hebrides, the Tongas, the Cook group. In some of these islands the climate was too powerful an enemy for a white man to struggle with; in others there was no land available, or they lacked the solitude he wanted. This latter embarrassment was the one he had met at Tahiti. The fact is an illuminating commentary on his character. Most men would find undreamed-of opportunities for loneliness there; not on the seaboard, but in

the mountains, in the valleys winding deeply among them, where no one goes from year's end to year's end. Even those leading out to the sea are but little frequented in their upward reaches. But Crichton was very exacting in his requirements in this respect. He was one of those men who make few or no friends —one of those lonely spirits without the ties or the kindly human associations which make life pleasant to most of us. They wander the thinly peopled places of the earth, interested in a large way at what they see from afar or faintly hear, but looking on with quiet eyes, taking no part, being blessed or cursed by nature with a love of silence, of the unchanging peace of great solitudes. One reads of them now and then in fiction, and if they live in fiction it is because of men like Crichton, their prototypes in reality, seen for a moment as they slip apprehensively across some by-path leading from the outside world.

He had a little place at Tahiti, a walk of two hours and a quarter, he said, from the government offices in the port. He had to go there sometimes to attend to the usual formalities, and I have no doubt that he knew within ten seconds the length of the journey which would be a very distasteful one to him. I can imagine his uneasiness at what he saw and heard on those infrequent visits. An after-the-war renewal of activity, talk of trade, development, progress, would startle him into a waiting, listening attitude. Returning home, maps and charts would be got out and plans made against the day when it would be necessary for him to move on. He told me of his accidental meeting with Ruau, as he called the old Paumotuan woman. It came only a few days after the arrival from San Francisco of one of the monthly steamers. A crowd of tourists —stop-over passengers of a day—had somehow discovered the dim trail leading to his house. "They were much pleased with it," he said, adding, with restraint: "They took a good many pictures. I was rather annoyed at this, although, of course, I said nothing." No doubt they made the usual remarks: "Charming! So quaint!" etc.

It was the last straw for Crichton. So he made another visit to the government offices where he had his passport viséed. He meant to go to Maketea, a high phosphate island which stands like a gateway at the northwestern approach to the Low Archipelago. The phosphate would be worked out in time and the place abandoned, as other islands of that nature had been, to the sea birds. But on that same evening, while he was having dinner at a Chinaman's shop in town, he overheard Ruau trying to persuade some of her relatives to return with her to Tanao. He knew of the island. He is one of the few men who would know of it. He had often looked at it on his charts, being attracted by its isolated position. The very place for him! And the old woman, he said, when she learned that he wanted to go there, that he wanted to stay always—all his life—gripped his hands in both of hers and held them, crying softly, without saying anything more. The relatives made some objections to the arrangement at first. But the island being remote, poverty-stricken, haunted, they were soon persuaded to consent to a ten years' lease with the option of renewal. Crichton promised, of course, to take care of Ruau as long as she lived, and at her death to bury her decently beside her husband.

He proceeded at once with his altered plans. There were government regulations to be complied with and these had taken some time. On the day when he was at last free to start, he learned that the *Caleb S. Winship* was about to sail on a three months' voyage in the Low Archipelago. He had no time to ask for passage beforehand. He had to chance the possibility of getting it at the last moment. It is not to be supposed that either the manager of the Inter-Island Trading Company or the supercargo of the *Winship* would have consented to carry him to such an out-of-the-way des-

tination had they known his reason for wanting to be set down there. It amuses me now to think of those two hard-headed traders, men without a trace of sentiment, going one hundred and fifty miles off their course merely to carry the least gregarious of wanderers on the last leg of his long journey to an ideal solitude. It was their curiosity which gained him his end. They believed he had some secret purpose, some reason of purely material self-interest in view. They had both seen Tanao from a distance and knew that it had never been worth visiting either for pearl shell or copra. It is hard to understand what miracle they believed might have taken place in the meantime. During the voyage I often heard them talking about the atoll, about Crichton—wondering, conjecturing, and always miles off the track. The little information they got from him only aroused their curiosity the more. It was plain that he was a good deal disturbed by their hints and furtive questionings. He seemed to be afraid that mere talk about Tanao on the part of an outsider might sully the purity of its loneliness. He may have been a little selfish in his attitude, but if that is a fault in a man of his temperament it is one easily forgiven. And what could he have said to those traders? It was much better to keep silent and let them believe what they liked.

It must not be thought that Crichton poured out his confidences to me like a schoolgirl. On the contrary, he had a very likable reserve, although a good half of it, I should say, was shyness. Then, too, he had almost forgotten how to talk except in the native dialects of several groups of widely scattered islands. In English he had a tendency to prolong his vowels and to omit consonants which gave his speech a peculiar exotic sound. He made no advances for some time. Neither did I. For more than three weeks we lived together on shipboard, went ashore together at islands where we had put in for copra, and all that while we did not exchange above two hundred words in conversation. There was so little talk that I can remember the whole of it, almost word for word. Once while we were walking on the outer beach at Raraka, an atoll of thirty-five inhabitants, he said to me:

"I wish I had come out here years ago. They appeal to the imagination, don't you think, all these islands?"

His volubility startled me. It was a shock to the senses, like the crash of a coconut on a tin roof, heard in the profound stillness of an island night. There was my opportunity to throw off reserve and I lost it through my surprise. I merely said, "Yes, very much." An hour later we saw the captain, no larger than a penny doll, at the end of a long vista of empty beach, beckoning us to come back. We went aboard without having spoken again. It was an odd sort of relationship for two white men thrown into close contact on a small trading schooner in the loneliest ocean in the world, as Nordhoff put it. We were no more companionable in the ordinary sense than a pair of hermit crabs.

But the need for talking drops away from men under such circumstances and neither of us found the long silences embarrassing. The spell of the islands was upon us both. I can understand Crichton's speaking of their appeal to the imagination while we were in the midst of them, for our presence there seemed an illusion—a dream more radiant than any reality could be. In fact, my only hold upon reality during that voyage was the *Caleb S. Winship*, and sometimes even that substantial old vessel suffered sea changes, was metamorphosed in a moment, and it was hard to believe that she was a boat built by men's hands. Often as she lay at anchor in a lagoon of dreamlike beauty I paddled out from shore in a small canoe, and, making fast under her stern, spent an afternoon watching the upward play of the reflections from the water and the blue shadows underneath, rippling out and vanishing in the light like flames of fire. For me her homely, rugged New

England name was a pleasant link with the past. I liked to read the print of it. The word "Boston," her old home port, was still faintly legible through a coat of white paint. It brought to mind old memories and the faces of old friends, hard to visualize in those surroundings without such practical help. Far below lay the floor of the lagoon where all the rainbows of the world have authentic end. The water was so clear, and the sunlight streamed through it with so little loss in brightness that one seemed to be suspended in mid-air above the forests of branching coral, the deep, cool valleys, and the wide, sandy plains of that strange continent.

Crichton, I believe, was beyond the desire to keep in touch with the world he had left so many years before. His experiences there may have been bitter ones. At any rate he never spoke of them, and I doubt if he thought of them often. People had little interest for him, not even those of the atolls which we visited. When on shore I usually found him on the outer beaches, away from the villages which lie along the lagoons. In most of the atolls the distance from beach to beach is only a few hundred yards, but the ocean side is unfrequented and solitary. On calm days when the tide begins to ebb the silence there is unearthly. The wide shore, hot and glaring in the sun, stretches away as far as the eye can reach, empty of life except for thousands of small hermit crabs moving into the shade of the palms. They snap into their shells at your approach and make fast the door as their houses fall, with a sound like the tinkling of hailstones, among heaps of broken coral. We waded along the shallows at low tide. When the wind was on shore and a heavy surf breaking over the outer edge of the reef, we sat as close to it as we could, watching the seas gathering far out, rising in sheer walls fringed with wind-whipped spray, which seemed higher than the island itself as they approached. It was a fascinating sight—the reef hidden in many places in a perpetual smoke of sunlight-filtered mist, through which the oncoming breakers could be seen dimly as they swept forward, curled, and fell. But one could not avoid a feeling of uneasiness, of insecurity, thinking of what had happened in those islands—most of them only a meter or two above sea level—in the hurricanes of the past, and of what would happen again at the coming of the next great storm.

We made landfalls at dawn, in mid-afternoon, late at night—saw the islands in aspects of beauty exceeding one's strangest imaginings. We penetrated farther and farther into a thousand-mile area of atoll-dotted ocean, discharging our cargo of lumber and corrugated iron, rice and flour and canned goods, taking on copra, carrying native passengers from one place to another. Sometimes we were out of sight of land for several days, beating into head winds under a slowly moving pageantry of clouds which alone gave assurance of the rotundity of the earth. When at last land appeared it seemed inaccessibly remote, at the summit of a long slope of water which we would never be able to climb. Sometimes for as long a period we skirted the shore line of a single atoll, the water deepening and shoaling under our keel in splotches of vague or vivid coloring. From a vantage point in the rigging one could see a segment of a vast circle of islands strung at haphazard on a thread of reef which showed a thin, clear line of changing red and white under the incessant battering of the surf. Several times upon going ashore we found the villages deserted, the inhabitants having gone to distant parts of the atoll for the copra-making season. In one village we came upon an old man too feeble to go with the others apparently, sitting in the shade playing a phonograph. He had but three records: "Away to the Forest," "The Dance of the Nymphs Schottische," and "Just a Song at Twilight." The disks were as old as the instrument itself, no doubt, and the needles so badly worn that one could



Photograph by William Crake

MAKETEA STANDS LIKE A GATEWAY AT THE NORTHWESTERN APPROACH TO THE LOW ARCHIPELAGO

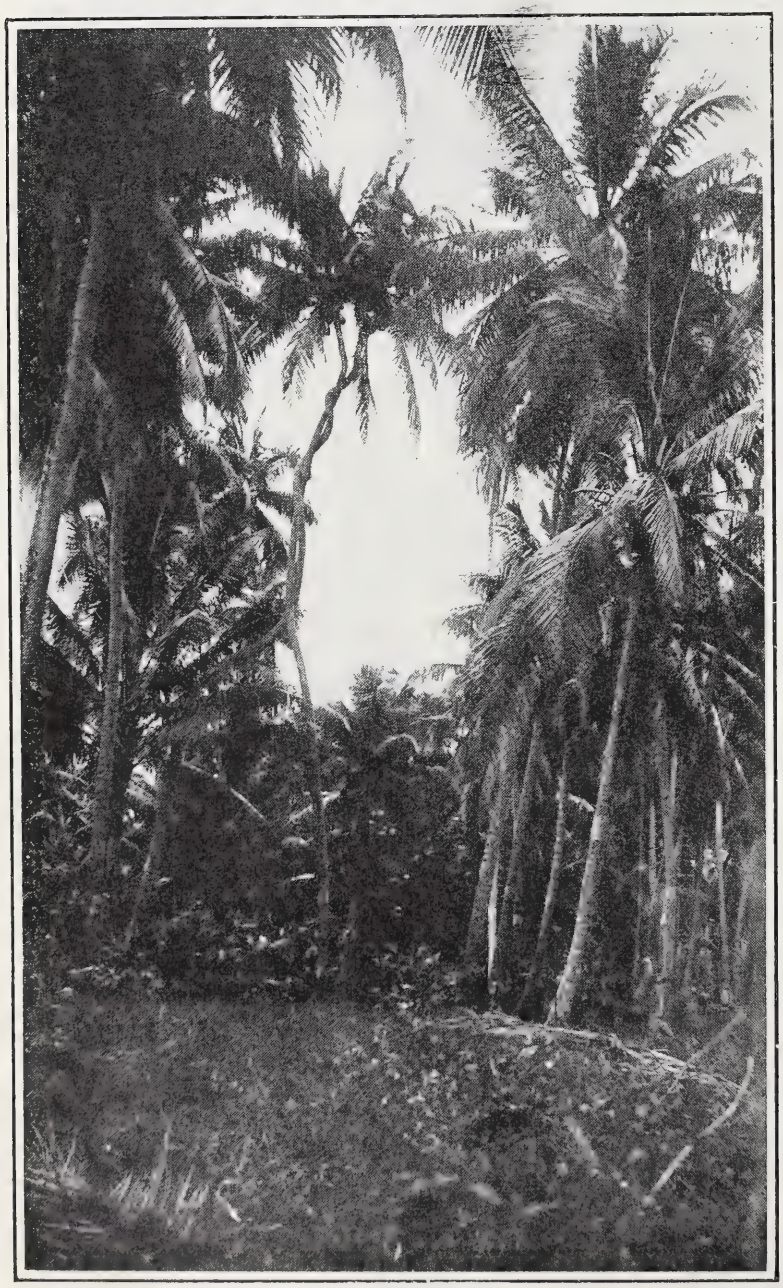
barely hear the music above the rasping of the mechanism. There was a groove on the vocal record where the needle caught, and the singer, a woman with a high, quavery voice, repeated the same phrase, "when the lights are low," over and over again. I can still hear it, even at this distance of time and place, and recall vividly to mind the silent houses, the wide, vacant street bright with fugitive sunshine, the lagoon at the end of it mottled with the shadows of clouds.

The sense of our remoteness grew upon me as the weeks and months passed. Once, rounding a point of land, we came upon two schooners lying inside the reef of a small atoll. One of them had left Papeete only a short while before. Her skipper gave us a bundle of old newspapers. Glancing through them that evening, I heard as in a dream the far-off clamor of the outside world—the shrieking of whistles, the roar of trains, the strident warnings of motors; but there was no reality, no allurement in the sound. I saw men carrying trivial burdens with an air of immense effort, of grotesque self-importance, scurrying in breathless haste on useless errands, gorging food without relish, sleeping without refreshment, taking their leisure without enjoyment, living without the knowledge of content, dying without ever having lived. The pictures which came to mind as I read were distorted, untrue, no doubt; for by that time I was almost as much attracted by the lonely life of the islands as my friend Crichton. My old feeling of restlessness was gone. In its place had come a certitude of happiness, a sense of well-being for which I can find no parallel this side of boyhood.

It was largely the result of living among people who are as permanently happy, I believe, as it is possible for humankind to be. And the more remote the island, the more slender the thread of communication with civilization as we know it, the happier they were. It was not in my imagination that I found this true, or that I had deter-

mined beforehand to see only so much of their life as might be agreeable and pleasant to me. On the contrary, if I had any bias at first, it was on the other side. Disillusionment is a sad experience and I had no desire to lay myself open to it. Therefore I listened willingly to the less favorable stories of native character which the traders, and others who know them, had to tell. But summed up dispassionately later, in the light of my own observations, it seemed to me that the faults of character of which they were accused were more like the natural shortcomings of children. In many respects the Paumotuans, like other divisions of the Polynesian family, are children who have never grown up, and one can't blame them for a lack of the artificial virtues which come only with maturity. They are without guile. They have none of the shrewdness or craftiness of some primitive peoples. At least so it appeared to me, making as careful a judgment of them as I could. I have often noticed how like children they are in their amazing trustfulness, their impulsive generosity, and in the intensity and briefness of their emotions.

The more I saw of the life of those happy people, the more desirable it seemed that they might continue to escape any serious encroachments of European or American civilization. They have no doctors because illness is almost unknown in their islands. Crime, insanity, feeble-mindedness, evils all too common with us, are of such rare occurrence that one may say they do not exist. It may be said, too, without overstatement, that their community life very nearly approaches perfection. Every atoll is a little world to itself with a population varying from twenty-five to perhaps three hundred inhabitants. The chief, who is chosen informally by the men, serves for a period of four years under the sanction of the French government. He has very little to do in the exercise of his authority, for the people govern themselves, are law-abiding without law.



THE UNCHANGING PEACE OF GREAT SOLITUDES

When I first learned that there are no schools throughout the islands I thought the French guilty of criminal neglect, but later I reversed this opinion. After all, why should they have schools? No education of ours could make them more generous, more



IN MANY ATOLLS THE DISTANCE FROM BEACH TO BEACH IS ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS

kindly disposed to one another, more hospitable and courteous toward strangers, happier than they are now. Certainly it could not make them less selfish, covetous, rapacious, for most of them are as innocent of those vices as their own children. In a few of the richer, more accessible islands they are slowly changing in these respects, owing to the example set them by men of our own race. In another fifty years, perhaps, they may have learned to believe that material wealth is the only thing worth striving for. Then will come pride in their possessions, envy of those who have greater, contempt and suspicion for those who have less, and so an end to their happiness.

I had never before seen children growing up in a state of nature and I made full use of the rare opportunity. I spent most of my time with them, played on shore with them, went fishing and swimming with them, and found in the experience something better than a renewal of boyhood because of a keener sense of beauty, a more conscious, mature appreciation of the happiness one has in the simplest kind of pleasures. Sometimes we started on our excursions at dawn; sometimes we made them by moonlight. I became a collector of shells in order to give some purpose to our expeditions along the reef. I couldn't have chosen a better interest, for they knew all about shells, where and when to find the best ones, and they could indulge their love of giving to a limitless extent. In the afternoons we went swimming in the lagoon. There I saw them at their best and happiest, in an element as necessary and familiar to them as it is to their parents. It is always a pleasure to watch children at play in the water, but those Paumotuan youngsters with their natural grace at swimming and diving put one under an enchantment. Many of the boys had water glasses and small spears of their own and went far from shore, catching fish. They lay face down on the surface of the water, swimming easily, with a great economy of motion, turning their heads now and then for a breath of air, and when they saw their prey they dived after it as skillfully as their fathers do and with nearly as much success. Seen against the bright floor of the lagoon with swarms of bril-



WE PENETRATED FARTHER AND FARTHER INTO A THOUSAND-MILE AREA OF ATOLL-DOTTED OCEAN

liantly colored fish scattering before them, they seemed doubtfully human, the children of some forsaken merman rather than creatures who have need of air to breathe and solid earth to stand on. If education is the suitable preparation for life, the children of the atolls have it at its best and happiest without knowing that it is education. They are skillful in the pursuits and learned in the interests which touch their lives, and one can wish them no better fortune than that they may remain in ignorance of those which do not.

Their parents, as I have said, are but children of mature stature, with the same gift of frank, generous laughter, the same delight in the new and strange. Very little is required to amuse them. I had a mandolin which I used to take ashore with me at various atolls, after I had become convinced that their enjoyment of my music was not feigned. At first I was suspicious, for I had no illusions about my virtuosity, and even when I thought of it in the most flattering way, their pleasure seemed out of all proportion to the quality of my performance. But there was no doubting the genuineness of it. The whole village would assemble to hear me play. I had a limited repertoire, but that seemed to matter very little. They liked to hear the same tunes played over and over again. I learned some of the old missionary hymns which they knew: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Oh, Happy Day," "We're Marching to Zion," and others.

It was strange to find those songs, belonging, fortunately, to a bygone period in English and American life, living still in that remote part of the world, not because of anything universal in their appeal, but merely because they had been carried there years ago by representatives of the missionary societies. Many eccentric changes had been made in both the rhythm and melody, greatly to the improvement of both, but no amount of changing could make them other than what they are, the uncouth expression of a narrow and ugly kind of religious

sentiment. I don't think the Paumotuans care much for them, either. They always seemed glad to turn from them to their own songs which have nothing, either of modern or old-time missionary feeling. A woman usually began the singing, in a high-pitched, nasal, or throaty voice, which she modulated in an extraordinary way. Immediately other women joined in, then several men whose voices were of tenor quality, followed by other men in basses and barytones, chanting in two or three tones which, for rhythm and tone quality, was like the beating of kettledrums. The weird blending of harmonies was unlike anything I had ever heard before. There is nothing in our music which even remotely resembles theirs, so that it is impossible to describe the effect of the full chorus. Some of the songs make a strong appeal to savage instincts. The less resolute of the early missionaries, hearing them, must have thrown up their hands in despair at the thought of the long, difficult task of conversion awaiting them. But if there were any irresolute missionaries, they were evidently overruled by their sterner brothers and sisters.

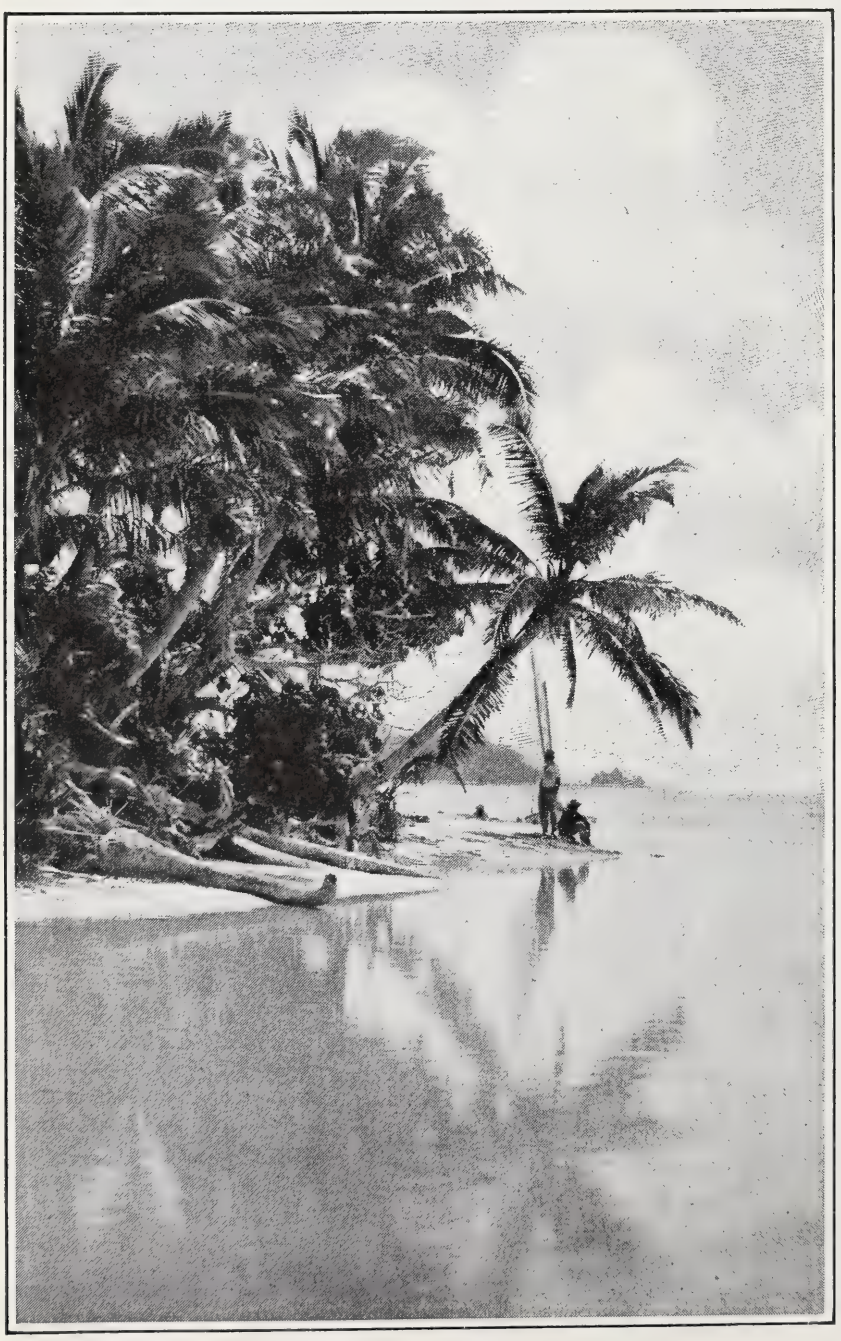
On nearly every island there is now a church, either Protestant or Catholic. In the Protestant ones the native population practice the only true faith, largely to the accompaniment of this old barbaric music. Those unsightly little structures rock to the sound of exultant choruses which ought never to be sung withindoors. The Paumotuans themselves know best the natural setting for their songs—the lagoon beach with a great fire of coconut husks blazing in the center of the group of singers. I liked to hear them from a distance where I could get their full effect; to look on from the schooner lying a few hundred yards offshore. All the inhabitants of the village would be gathered within the circle of the firelight, which brought their figures and the white, straight stems of the coconut palms into clear relief against a background of deep shadow. The singing continued far into the night, so that I often fell asleep while listening,



THE NATIVE HABITATIONS ARE IN KEEPING WITH THEIR TROPIC BACKGROUND

and heard the music dying away, mingling at last with the interminable booming of the surf.

By degrees we worked slowly through the heart of the archipelago, pursuing a general southeasterly course, the islands becoming more and more scattered, until we had before us an expanse of ocean almost unbroken to the coast of South America. But Tanao lay at the edge of it, and at length, on a lowering April day, we set out on that last leg of our outward journey. The *Caleb S. Winship* lay very low in the water. By that time she had a full cargo of copra, one hundred tons in the hold and twelve, sacked, on deck. A portion of the deck cargo was lost that same afternoon, during a gale of wind and rain which burst upon us with fury and followed us with a seeming malignity of intent. We ran before it, far out of our course, for three hours. To me the weight of air was something incredible, an unusually vigorous flourish of the departing hurricane season. Water spouted out of the scuppers in a continuous stream, and loose articles were swept clear of the ship, disappearing at once in a cloud of blinding rain. There was a fearful racket in the cabin of rolling biscuit tins and smashing crockery. Then an eight-hundred-pound safe broke loose and started to imitate Victor Hugo's cannon. Luckily it hadn't much scope and no smooth runway, so that it was soon brought to a halt by Ruau, the old Paumotuan woman, who was the only one below at the time. She made an effective barricade of copra sacks and bedding, dodging the plunging monster with an agility surprising in a woman of sixty. But what I remember best was Tane, a monkey belonging to one of the sailors, skidding along the cabin deck until he was blown against the engine-room whistle which rose just clear of the forward end of it. He wrapped arms and legs around it in his terror, opening the valve in some way, and the shrill blast rose high above the



Photograph by Sidney Hopkins

OUR PRESENCE THERE SEEMED AN ILLUSION—A DREAM



Photograph by William Crake

THE CORAL BEACHES OF THE ATOLLS MAKE LANDING DIFFICULT

mighty roar of wind, like the voice of man lifted with awe-inspiring impudence in defiance of the mindless anger of nature.

The storm blew itself out toward sundown and the night fell clear—a night for stars to make one wary of thought; but the moon rose about nine, softening the pitiless distances, throwing a veil of mild light across the black voids in the milky way, seen so clearly in those latitudes. The schooner was riding a heavy swell, and, burdened as she was, rose clumsily to it, sticking her nose into the slope of every sea. Ruau was at her accustomed place against the cabin ventilator, unmindful of the showers of spray, maintaining her position on the slanting deck with the skill of three months' practice. The thought that I must soon bid her good-by saddened me, for I knew there was small chance that I should ever meet her again. I envied Crichton his opportunity for friendship with that noble old woman, so proud of her race, so true to her own beliefs, to her own way of living. Her type is none too common among Polynesians in these days. One gets all too frequently an impression of a consciousness of inferiority on their part, a sense of shame because of their simple way of living as compared to ours. Ruau was not guilty of it. She never could be, I think, under any circumstances. I learned afterward of an attempt which had been made to convert her to Christianity during her stay at Tahiti. Evidently she had not been at all convinced by the priest's arguments, and when he made some slighting remark about the ghosts and spirits which were so real to her, she refused to listen any longer. Frightened though she was of spirits, she was not willing that they should be ridiculed.

We sighted her atoll at dawn, such a dawn as one rarely sees outside the tropics. The sky was overcast at a great height with a film of luminous mist through which the sun shone wanly, throwing a sheen like a dust of gold on the sea. Masses of slate-colored cloud billowed out from the high canopy, overhanging a black fringe of land which lay just below the level of the horizon. The atoll was elliptical in shape, about eight miles long by five broad. There were seven widely separated islands on

the circle of reef and one small *motu* in the lagoon. We came into the wind about a half mile offshore and put off in the whaleboat. The sea was still running fairly high, and the roar of the surf came across the water with a sound as soothing as the fall of spring rain; but it increased in volume as we drew in until the ears were stunned by the crash of tremendous combers which toppled and fell sheer, over the ledge of the reef. It was by far the most dangerous-looking landing place we had seen on the journey. There was no break in the reef; only a few narrow indentations where the surf spouted up in clouds of spray. Between the breaking of one sea and the gathering of the next, the water poured back over a jagged wall of rock bared for an instant to an appalling depth. Only a native crew could have managed that landing. We rode comber after comber, the sailors backing on their oars, awaiting the word of the boat steerer, who stood with his feet braced on the gunwales, his head turned over his shoulder, watching the following seas. All at once he began shouting at the top of his voice. I looked back in time to see a wall of water, on the point of breaking, rising high above us. It fell just after it passed under us, and we were carried forward across the edge of the reef, through the inner shallows to the beach.

The two traders started off at once on a tour of inspection and we saw nothing more of them until late in the evening. Meanwhile I went with Ruau and Crichton across the island to the lagoon beach where her house was. As in most of the atolls, the ground was nearly free from undergrowth, the soil affording nourishment only to the trees and a few hardy shrubs. Coconuts and dead fronds were scattered everywhere. A few half-wild pigs, feeding on the shoots of sprouted nuts, gazed up with an odd air of incredulity, of amazement as we approached, then galloped off at top speed and disappeared far in the distance. Ruau stopped when we were about halfway across and held up her hand for silence.



Photograph by William Crake

THE VILLAGES LINE THE LAGOON SHORES

A bird was singing somewhere, a melodious varied song like that of the hermit thrush. I had heard it before and had once seen the bird, a shy, solitary little thing, one of the few species of land birds found on the atolls.

While we were standing there, listening to the faint music, Crichton took me by the arm. He said nothing, and in a moment withdrew his hand. I was deeply moved by that manifestation of friendliness, an unusual one for him to make. He had some unaccountable defect in his character which kept him aloof from any relationship approaching real intimacy. I believe he was constantly aware of it, that he had made many futile attempts to overcome it. There were times when the knowledge seemed to give him a feeling of despair. It may have been that which first set him on his wanderings, now happily at an end. It was plain to me the moment we set foot on shore that he would have to seek no farther for asylum. Tanao is one of the undoubted ends of the earth. No one would ever disturb him there. He himself was not so sure of this. Once, I remember, when we were looking at the place on the chart, he spoke of the island of Pitcairn, the old-time refuge of the Bounty mutineers. Before the opening of the Panama Canal it had been as far removed from contact with the outside world as an island could be. Now it lies not far off the route through the Canal to New Zealand and is visited from time to time by the crews of tramp steamers and schooners. Tanao, however, is much farther to the north, and there is very slight possibility that its empty horizons will ever be stained by a smudge of smoke. As for an actual visit, one glance at the reef through the binoculars would convince any skipper of the folly of the attempt.

Even our own crew of natives, skilled at such hazardous work, came to grief in their second passage over it. They had gone out to the schooner for supplies Crichton had ordered—a few sacks of flour, some canned goods, and kerosene oil; in coming back the boat had been swept, broadside, against a ledge of rock. It stuck there, just at the edge of the reef, and the sailors jumped out with the line before the next wave came capsizing the boat and carrying it inshore, bottom up. All the supplies were swept into deep water by the backwash and lost. There had been a similar accident at one other atoll—flour and rice brought so many thousands of miles having been spoiled within a few yards of their destination. I remember the natives plunging into the water at great risk to themselves to save a few sacks of soggy paste in the hope that a little of the flour in the center might still be dry, and a Chinese storekeeper, to whom it was consigned, standing on the shore, wringing his hands in dumb grief. It was the first time I had ever seen a Chinaman make any display of emotion, and the sight brought home to me a conception of the tragic nature of such accidents to the inhabitants of those distant islands.

Crichton took his own loss calmly, concealing whatever disappointment he may have felt. Ruau was not at all concerned about it and, while we were making an examination of the house, went out on the lagoon in a canoe and caught more than enough fish for supper. Then we found that all of our matches had been spoiled by sea water so we could make no fire. Judging by the way Crichton brightened up at his discovery one would have thought the loss a piece of luck. He set to work at once to make an apparatus for kindling fire, but before it was finished Ruau had the fish cleaned and spread out on a coverlet of green leaves. We ate them raw, dipping them first into a sauce of coconut milk, and for dessert had a salad made of the heart of a tree. I don't remember ever having eaten with heartier appeitte, but at the same time I couldn't imagine myself enjoying an unrelieved diet of coconuts and fish for a period of ten years—not for so long as a year, in fact. Crichton, however, was

used to it, and Ruau had never known any other except during her three months' stay at Tahiti where she had eaten strange hot food which had not agreed with her at all, she said.

Dusk came on as we sat over our meal. Ruau sat with her hands on her knees, leaning back against a tree, talking to Crichton. I understood nothing of what she was saying, but it was a pleasure merely to listen to the music of her voice. It was a little below the usual register of women's voices, strong and clear, but softer even than those of the Tahitians, and so flexible that I could follow every change in mood. She was telling Crichton of the *tupapaku* of her atoll which she dreaded most, although she knew that it was the spirit of one of her own sons. It appeared in the form of a dog with legs as long and thick as the stem of a full-grown coconut tree, and a body proportionally huge. It could have picked up her house as an ordinary dog would a basket. Once it had stepped lightly over it without offering to harm her in any way. Her last son had been drowned while fishing by moonlight on the reef outside the next island, which lay about two miles distant across the eastern end of the lagoon. She had seen the dog three times since his death, and always at the same phase of the moon. Twice she had come upon it lying at full length on the lagoon beach, its enormous head resting on its paws. She was so badly frightened, she said, that she fell to the ground, incapable of further movement; sick at heart, too, at the thought that the spirit of the bravest and strongest of all her sons must appear to her in that shape. It was clear that she was recognized, for each time the dog began beating its tail on the ground as soon as it saw her. Then it got up, yawned and stretched, took a long drink of salt water, and started at a lope up the beach. She could see it very plainly in the bright moonlight. Soon it broke into a run, going faster and faster, gathering tremendous speed by the time it reached the other end of the island. From there it made a flying spring, and she last saw it as it passed, high in air, across the face of the moon, its head outstretched, its legs doubled close under its body. She believed that it crossed the two-mile gap of water which separated the islands in one gigantic leap.

That is the whole of the story as Crichton translated it for me, although there must have been other details, for Ruau gave her account of it at great length. Her earnestness of manner was very convincing, and left no doubt in my mind of the realness to her of the apparition. As for myself, if I could have seen ghosts anywhere it would have been at Tanao. Late that night, walking alone on the lagoon beach, I found that I was keeping an uneasy watch behind me. The distant thunder of the surf sounded at times like a wild galloping on the hard sand, and the gentle slapping of little waves near by like the lapping tongue of the ghostly dog having its fill of sea water.

We left Tanao with a fair wind the following afternoon, having been delayed in getting away because of the damaged whaleboat, which had to be repaired on shore. The manager of the Inter-Island Trading Company insisted on pushing off at once, the moment the work was finished. Crichton and Ruau were on the other beach at the time, so that I had no opportunity to say goodby; but as we were getting under way I saw them emerge from the deep shadow and stand for a moment, his hand shading his eyes, looking out toward the schooner. I waved, but evidently he didn't see me, for there was no response. Then he turned and walked slowly up the beach and disappeared among the trees. Long after we had lost sight of the island I imagined that I could still see it dropping farther and farther away down the reverse slope of a smooth curve of water as though it were vanishing for all time, beyond the knowledge and the concern of men.

(*To be continued.*)

A GROUP OF POEMS

BY ROBERT FROST

FIRE AND ICE

SOME say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great,
And would suffice.

WILD GRAPES

WHAT tree may not the fig be gathered from?
The grape may not be gathered from the birch?
It's all you know the grape, or know the birch.
As a girl gathered from the birch myself
Equally with my weight in grapes one autumn,
I ought to know what tree the grape is fruit of.
I was born, I suppose, like anyone,
And grew to be a little boyish girl
My brother could not always leave at home.
But that beginning was wiped out in fear
The day I swung suspended with the grapes,
And was come after like Eurydice
And brought down safely from the upper regions;
And the life I live now's an extra life
I can waste as I please on whom I please.
So if you see me celebrate two birthdays,
And give myself out of two different ages,
One of them five years younger than I look—

One day my brother led me to a glade
Where a white birch he knew of stood alone,
Wearing a thin headdress of pointed leaves,
And heavy on her heavy hair behind,
Against her neck, an ornament of grapes.

Grapes, I knew grapes from having seen them last year.
One bunch of them, and there began to be
Bunches all round me growing in white birches,
The way they grew round Lief the Lucky's German;
Mostly as much beyond my lifted hands, though,
As the moon used to seem when I was younger,
And only freely to be had for climbing.
My brother did the climbing; and at first
Threw me down grapes to miss and scatter
And have to hunt for in sweet fern and hardhack;
Which gave him some time to himself to eat,
But not so much, perhaps, as a boy needed.
So then, to make me wholly self-supporting,
He climbed still higher and bent the tree to earth
And put it in my hands to pick my own grapes.
"Here, take a tree top, I'll get down another.
Hold on with all your might when I let go."
I said I had the tree. It wasn't true.
The opposite was true. The tree had me.
The minute it was left with me alone,
It caught me up as if I were the fish
And it the fish pole. So I was translated
To loud cries from my brother of "Let go!
Don't you know anything, you girl? Let go!"
But I, with something of the baby grip
Acquired ancestrally in just such trees
When wilder mothers than our wildest now
Hung babies out on branches by the hands
To dry or wash or tan, I don't know which
(You'll have to ask an evolutionist)—
I held on uncomplainingly for life.
My brother tried to make me laugh to help me.
"What are you doing up there in those grapes?
Don't be afraid. A few of them won't hurt you.
I mean, they won't pick you if you don't them."
Much danger of my picking anything.
By that time I was pretty well reduced
To a philosophy of hang-and-let-hang.
"Now you know how it feels," my brother said,
"To be a bunch of fox grapes, as they call them,
That when it thinks it has escaped the fox
By growing where it shouldn't—on a birch,
Where a fox wouldn't think to look for it—
And if he looked and found it, couldn't reach it—
Just then come you and I to gather it.
Only you have the advantage of the grapes
In one way: you have one more stem to cling by,
And promise more resistance to the picker."

One by one I lost off my hat and shoes,
And still I clung. I let my head fall back,
And shut my eyes against the sun, my ears
Against my brother's nonsense, "Drop," he said,
"I'll catch you in my arms. It isn't far."
(Stated in lengths of him it might not be.)
"Drop or I'll shake the tree and shake you down."
Grim silence on my part as I sank lower,
My small wrists stretching till they showed the banjo strings.
"Why, if she isn't serious about it!
Hold tight awhile till I think what to do.
I'll bend the tree down and let you down by it."

I don't know much about the letting down;
But once I felt ground with my stocking feet
And the world came revolving back to me,
I know I looked long at my curled-up fingers
Before I straightened them and brushed the bark off.
My brother said: "Don't you weigh anything?
Try to weigh something next time, so you won't
Be run off with by birch trees into space."

It wasn't my not weighing anything
So much as my not knowing anything—
My brother had been nearer right before.
I had not taken the first step in knowledge:
I had not learned to let go with the hands,
As still I have not learned to with the heart,
And have no wish to with the heart—nor need
That I can see. The mind—is not the heart.
I may yet live, as I know others live,
To wish in vain to let go with the mind—
Of cares, at night, to sleep; but nothing tells me
That I need learn to let go with the heart.

THE VALLEY'S SINGING DAY

THE sound of the closing outside door was all.
You made no sound in the grass with your footfall,
As far as you went from the door, which was not far;
But you had awakened under the morning star
The first song bird that awakened all the rest.
He could have slept but a moment more at best:
Already determined dawn began to lay
In place across a cloud the slender ray

For prying beneath and forcing the lids of sight,
And loosing the pent-up music of over night.
But dawn was not to begin their "pearly-pearly"
(By which they mean the rain is pearls so early
Before it changes to diamonds in the sun),
Neither was song that day to be self-begun.
You had begun it, and if there needed proof—
I was asleep still under the dripping roof,
My window curtain hung over the sill to wet;
But I should awake to confirm your story yet;
I should be willing to say and help you say
That once you had opened the valley's singing day.

THE NEED OF BEING VERSED IN COUNTRY THINGS

THE house had gone to bring again
To the midnight sky a sunset glow.
Now the chimney was all of the house that stood,
Like a pistil after the petals go.

The barn opposed across the way,
That would have joined the house in flame
Had it been the will of the wind, was left
To bear forsaken the place's name.

No more it opened with all one end
For teams that came by the stony road
To drum on the floor with scurrying hoofs
And brush the mow with the summer load.

The birds that came to it through the air
At broken windows flew out and in,
Their murmur more like the sigh we sigh
From too much dwelling on what has been.

Yet for them the lilac renewed its leaf,
And the aged elm, though touched with fire;
And the dry pump flung up an awkward arm;
And the fence post carried a strand of wire.

For them there was really nothing sad.
But though they rejoiced in the nest they kept,
One had to be versed in country things
Not to believe the phœbes wept.

THE SOULS OF STITT

BY MARY AUSTIN

"WHAT I object to in all these discussions of spirit communication," said Nils Sevynson, "is the nature of the evidence that is accepted or demanded by either side."

This was at the threshing floor of Sandia where some of us painter men had made our camp on the way back from the corn dance at Acoma. At Laguna, where we had been held up by one of those sudden summer storms which make half the charm of New Mexico, there had been a general exchange of experience on the subject of survival. Now as we lay smoking in the twilight Nils's own story rose up and troubled him.

"We talk about the soul of man when it is freed from the limitations of consciousness," said the etcher, "and insist that the evidence of survival shall conform to the rules of that state which the spirit has just escaped.

"All this parade of the 'scientific method' . . . as if it were the only method ever invented for getting at the truth of things!"

The one way of getting a story out of Nils was to give him his own time for it. Nobody said anything, but Brinkman scattered a handful of straw on the fire, and below us a light wind came up from the river and fluttered the leaves of the cottonwoods. Down in the pueblo half a dozen young bucks sat together with their blankets wrapped around them, and moaned melodiously from the housetops.

"Now I," said Nils, "have to get at these things by the methods of an artist, which means by the methods of one wholly absorbed in the business of interpreting the essential spirit of things. We Scandinavians, when we are great at all, are great at that. Swedenborg, Strindberg, Ibsen, they penetrated to the spirit that stands within the shadow of the man of passions and flesh, the spirit that struggles with the shadow. But if they had to deal with the spirit when it comes free of the shadow, they would not require it to prove itself by the shadow, tipping tables or pushing bits of wood around over the alphabet.

"I was thinking," said Nils, after a silence, "of Horatio J. Stitt."

There was no one around our fire who did not know something of the name. Brinkman uncoiled himself from his striped Navajo blanket and sat up. He was a Chicago man, and it was reported that he owed his release from the trade to which his father had apprenticed him, and his four years at Munich, to Stitt. It was known that Stitt's money had made possible the Haworth murals for which Turnbull was then making the preliminary sketches. It was Turnbull who expressed at last the general interest.

"Go on," he said. "I've always insisted there must have been a miracle, or at least a special act of providence, to make a truly great art patron and appreciator out of a man named Horatio Stitt. Why, Stitt *knows!* Yes"—he blew salutatory smoke in the Pueblo fashion to this amazing circumstance — "Stitt really knows."

"He is a man with two souls," said Nils Sevynson—"his own, which is a Chicago packer's soul, and—another."

There was a slight movement of attention around the fire. Nils left off a ghostly drumming which he had kept up nearly ever since we had left Acoma.

His fine craftsman's hands with the flexible, back-turned thumbs hung at his knees. The light of the dropping flames glinted on the silver and raw turquoise of three or four native bracelets he had been buying for his friends and was carrying home on his own wrists. Behind them his body doubled back like a gargoyle into the dark, and his pale face with the whitish blond hair seemed to float a foot or two above the hands.

"Understand," he began, "that my story has no validity unless you can find it in the nature of the spirit of man. Of course we have the evidence of what Stitt was and what he became. But history is full of stories of men who utterly changed, not only the direction of their energies, but the very quality of themselves. There was Saint Peter after the resurrection. I have often thought of Peter and Stitt in the same breath. There he was, a peasant, with all of a peasant's fears of principalities and powers, denying his master to a maidservant. And then defying the principalities even unto death. And when I have thought of what Stitt told me himself in the Durgen gallery, I have moments of thinking that I understand absolutely what happened to Peter and the others at Pentecost. Understand it, I mean, as an event, as an actuality—quite literally—that His Spirit came and rested on them. . . .

"The Durgen gallery, as you know, is the round room under the dome of the Midwestern Institute—small, but quite the best hanging room in the building. Too good for a man of Durgen's scant achievement, however highly you may estimate his gift, or the chance of what he might have done had he lived.

"I was telling Stitt as much. I was on the advisory committee then. We were adding the left wing—Stitt, as you know, paying for everything—and reorganizing generally, and I went out of my way to point out to Stitt that he'd given Durgen too important a place. I knew of their having been friends, and of the Durgen collection being in the nature of a memorial. Quite extraordinary prices Stitt paid, I've heard, to get them all together finally.

"It was then that Stitt told me. I remember it rained that day, and nobody came into the dome room. We walked around, going through the motions of looking at the pictures. Stitt, who must have had them by heart, would rest one hand on the rail and lean forward, cocking his head as if he'd never yet quite made them out. An excuse, perhaps, for not looking at me. I suppose he wasn't any too sure how I'd take it. I've thought of this, too; he was so sure of the whole business that it never occurred to him that I wouldn't take it exactly as he told it. As I did, in fact. As I afterward did when I had thought it over.

"Of course, a good deal that I'm going to tell you wasn't said on that particular occasion. I'd known Durgen, and everybody knew Stitt. Everybody felt the unexpectedness of his coming out of that background and that upbringing.

"Old Stitt, Horatio senior, was a pork packer, inside and out. Young Stitt was brought up on the same pattern. Every proposition that was brought to them they turned upside down and shook for the dollar that was in it. Stitt senior made his millions, but Horatio junior could remember when they lived in a two-family house and he played with Phil Durgen. Horatio told me that he fought for Phil and Phil worked his examples, from the first grade up. Maybe Old Stitt appreciated that. At any rate he didn't need much persuasion to offer Phil's mother, who was a widow by that time, to take her boy along with his own through college. It was really the affection he had for Horatio that induced Durgen to consent.

"The old gentleman had a fatherly notion of taking Durgen into the business. He must have been cut up when it turned out that Durgen insisted on studying art. Stitt's ideas on art didn't run to anything more sophisticated than a pretty lady making pie crust of Stitt's

lard. The two boys were in Europe together for two years. I didn't get out of Horatio that he had put up this scheme for going abroad because he knew that Durgen was hankering for a chance to study at Paris, but I suspected it. Anyway, it was Horatio soothed the old man's indignation so that there was no break in the friendship. Durgen was in and out of the house the same as ever

"He was full of those ideas that Horatio has made famous—art as the medium of communication and a right expression of Democracy. I've seen old Stitt listen with a kind of puzzled wonder—Durgen, when he got on his hobby, could have made a cigar-store Indian listen—then the old boy would cock his head on one side and say, as if he dared you to deny it: 'There isn't any money in it, is there? Ump! I thought not,' as if that settled it.

"All this I'd seen for myself. And I had seen Horatio in Durgen's studio looking at the pictures, like a dog trying to understand what interests his master. Durgen would explain what he meant, and Stitt would listen with his tongue out, almost literally, in the hope of finding out what it was all about, charmed out of himself, and never quite sure that Durgen wasn't making up these delightful whimsical things for his entertainment, the way one makes up oddities for a child. Once in a while, when Horatio would say something that looked as if he might have understood, Durgen would throw him a compliment, and Horatio would leap up and lick his face—Well, not actually, but that was the general effect.

"There was never but one cause of disagreement, and that was when Durgen refused to let Horatio buy all of his pictures. They spent all of their vacations together. Stitt was fond of camping out. They'd go off for weeks in the mountains, Stitt hunting and doing all the work, Durgen sketching and letting him do it. Stitt was a good shot. All he could think of doing with anything that interested him, was to bring it down and have it skinned or stuffed or something. Sort of pork packer's instinct. He went after rare game the way his father went after other people's money. They were looking for bear when that thing happened that Stitt told me, walking round and round the Durgen gallery, with the rain plopping on the glass of the dome, and now and then a museum attendant showing himself at the door, like one of those figures in a musical clock, and disappearing again noiselessly.

"It happened here in New Mexico, at the foot of Questa la Osha, that spur of the Sangre de Cristo that heads up the valley of Peñasco and Pecurís. They'd been hunting bighorn in the Carrizal, and had turned in here because a man Stitt had employed as guide told them the whole country was simply crawling with bears. New Mexico hadn't been discovered by painters then, and Durgen was gloriously happy.

"Maybe there had to be a man like Durgen to see it first. Most painters can't really see anything that hasn't been seen and seen—as if the thing didn't properly exist for them except in the eye of the beholders. Stitt told me that up to that time he hadn't seen it himself, except as a background for bears. He admitted that the evening light on Sangre de Cristo was pretty—and for the rest he considered it as likely as any place for a good bag.

"'Gad! Horatio, I've got to make you see this thing sometime, if it kills me,' Durgen had said.

"'Phil, there's something I've always wanted to ask you,' Horatio came back. 'Somehow up in your studio you have me buffaloed, but man to man now, just how much of this, that you are always getting off, is real to you?'

"'Horry, it's the only reality there is.' Durgen took him as seriously as he wished to be taken.

"'That sunset you painted last evening,' said Stitt—'a photograph, all but the colors, would have looked more like it.'

"And that was Horatio Stitt, mind

you, the greatest art appreciator in America, at thirty-two.

"Perhaps if Stitt hadn't worried so much about the difference between Durgen's painting and a photograph he would have looked after the cook more closely, and Durgen wouldn't have fallen frightfully ill of ptomaine poisoning. There was a sort of a doctor at Peñasco, but the men that Stitt sent down for help didn't know that. They went on past Truchas to Chimayo, and the poison traveled rather faster in poor Durgen's system. Stitt and the remaining guide rigged a sort of stretcher and tried to bring Durgen to one of the Peñasco settlements, but they had to give it up the second day. The guide found some of the herb the mountain is named for, and made a tea that eased the sick man off at the end, which came quickly.

By the middle of the afternoon Stitt felt it his duty to say that he didn't wish to give alarm, but, still, if there was anything he wanted looked after—Durgen sent some messages to his mother. 'I've nothing to leave you, Horry'—that was the old schoolboy name—'but my love of the world.' He looked out on it, the smoky mountains, at the quaking asps with their slim trunks and the blowing of their fragile boughs like young ladies sunning their yellow hair between the tall duenna pines. 'God,' he said, 'let me live until I've made the people understand it just a little.' A moment later he spoke out strongly: 'It's all nonsense, Horry, talking like this,' he said. 'I have the deepest conviction that I'm presently going to be all right again, absolutely right.' He snuggled back into the blankets, gave a long easing breath, and died.

"Stitt got the body down to one of the little settlements. I suppose when a man has just lost his best friend he goes dazed like, for a while. Stitt told me wasn't conscious of anything for a day or so, except immense, unbelievable surprise. He hadn't any sort of conviction that he had left Durgen back there in the Campo Santo under a blue cross, and that he was making his way down to Santa Fé to arrange for having the body sent east in due time. He said that the feeling of having Durgen still with him held on until he was somehow ashamed not to show more sorrow before the guide. He traveled as long as the light lasted after the burial, and had dropped asleep at last in sheer exhaustion.

"By this time they must have been in the gorge of the Rio Grande, where the Peñasco water comes through. Stitt remembered the high walls and the marching stars. He was aware that they marched, wheeled, and swung in the velvet void that holds its blueness on until the last hour before the morning.

"He had waked, he supposed, after two or three hours' sleep, to the sound of the water talking to itself amid the stones. He felt the wind stroke him as it stooped; threw out his arm across the sleeping earth, and thrilled to it as to a woman. He also thought of his friend with deep peace.

"Above him on the hill the cross of a Penitente Calvario reached upward with that sign of intolerable defeat which is so like the lift and the shout of victory. He thought things like that lying there on the stark earth, and now and then it occurred to him as strange that he, Horatio Stitt, meat packer, should have thoughts like these. He lay looking up until the stars which had bent to him, through the dark as a woman bends, retreated in the vast space of morning light, and thought this must be the hidden meaning of the world of which he had caught faint echoes from his friend, the only reality. He would tell Durgen in the morning. And then, as he recalled where Durgen was, slowly, like far-off music, and at the last swiftly with a blinding rush of light, he understood that all this was unnecessary. He knew then, though he was afterward to lose sight of it, to lose the fact in its realization, but for the moment he fully grasped and comprehended that there, and for as long as he would keep him, there was his friend inside him."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN DRAMA

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

IN the domain of literature, and especially in that of drama, the question "Watchman, what of the night?" is almost always answered in the key of pessimism. This is such a foregone conclusion, indeed, that no one ever dreams of framing the question optimistically and asking, "Watchman, what of the day?" The professional watchmen of letters, the critics, are always in the doleful dumps. Individual works of art they may praise, but the general tendency, whether of poetry, of fiction or of drama, is always declared to be devilward or dogward. Ben Jonson, the contemporary of Spenser, the friend of Shakespeare and Bacon, conceived himself to be living in a decadent age. Macaulay, in the eighteen-forties—at a time when Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle and Mill were at the height of their power—confided to his journal the conviction that scarcely any product of that period would survive for half a century. Yet Macaulay was constitutionally such an optimist that he saw in the Exhibition of 1857 the harbinger of an imminent millennium. Sarcey has given a list of pamphlets or treatises on the "decadence" of the French theater (the word is used in the title of almost every one of them), published in the years 1768, 1771, 1807, 1828, 1841, 1842, 1849, 1860, 1866, 1871, 1876, and 1880—an average of one to every ten years.

Who shall flatter himself that he has the power of seeing in their true perspective the spiritual phenomena of his own age? Certainly not I. Yet in some judgments there is such a manifest neglect of perspective as almost to wring from one a word of protest.

Both in England and in America a great many people—the majority, one may safely say, of the intellectual classes—regard it as a truth too obvious for discussion that the acted drama of their respective countries is in a very bad way. A glance at the theatrical advertisements in the daily papers is generally held sufficient to establish this opinion, and indeed it has a good deal of plausibility. Yet I believe it to be fundamentally false. I admit that in both countries there is room for much difference of opinion as to the absolute value of the dramatic literature of the moment, but I think there is no reasonable doubt that in both countries the drama is very markedly on the up grade. The fact, indeed, that it is possible to speak without absurdity of an Anglo-American dramatic literature is profoundly significant. Thirty years ago the phrase would have had no meaning.

Let me at the outset guard against a possible misunderstanding. The praisers of the past who lament our decline from a golden age, called in theatrical parlance "the palmy days," are not wholly under an illusion. The theater is, to them, primarily the home of acting; to us, of the opposite faction, it is primarily the home of living drama. From the days of Betterton a great tradition of rhetorical acting was handed on to the days of Edwin Booth. In England it passed away with Macready and Phelps; in America it survived a good deal longer. We elders who watched its departing glories saw enough of it to estimate its value, and I say without hesitation that it was a very fine thing. Its ideal was the masterly interpretation of the drama of the past,

comic as well as tragic. Its representatives had neither the wish nor the means to hold the mirror up to contemporary nature and illustrate or criticize on the stage the manners or the morals of their own time. But this latter effort is, after all, the true purpose of drama, as laid down by no less an authority than the accomplished Prince of Denmark. It is natural, no doubt, but something less than reasonable, to bewail the supersession of rhetoric by realism. We may freely grant that there are no actors today like Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, or Joseph Jefferson. There is not even any permanent artistic organization like the Daly Company when it included James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, John Drew, and Ada Rehan—incomparably the greatest comic actress of our time. But to what did that brilliant combination of talents devote itself? Either to Shakespeare and eighteenth-century comedy, or to the most trivial of adaptations from the French and German. It never (at any rate within my recollection) attempted a serious study of contemporary American life. Let us by all means mourn the passing away of a generation of actors who, individually and collectively, gave us so much pleasure, but do not let us talk as though American drama died with them. On the contrary, specifically American drama came to life just about the time of their decease. The people who regard the past twenty years as a period of decadence, and those who see in it a period of remarkable growth, are not talking or thinking of the same thing. The pessimists bewail the decline of classico-rhetorical acting, the optimists rejoice in the birth and healthy adolescence of a truly national drama. Each party has something to say for its particular point of view; but the optimists, in my judgment, hold the right end of the stick.

Just twenty-one years ago I was commissioned by Mr. William Waldorf Astor (afterward Lord Astor) to write for the *Pall Mall Magazine* a series of articles on the American stage. Before setting forth on my voyage of discovery I had an interview with Mr. Astor, who told me what I must be prepared to find in America. There were two classes of play, he said, on the American stage: there were adaptations from the French, which were patronized and encouraged by the best people; and there were American plays, which were utterly beneath contempt. I did not tell him that I knew this was not so, and that if it had been so he would have been wasting money in sending me to America. It was true, no doubt, that the New York stage was too largely occupied, not so much with adaptations from the French, as with English plays. I saw, for instance, Pinero's "Trelawney of the 'Wells'" much better acted than it had been in London, because the type of old-fashioned actor with whom it dealt had survived in America while it had died out in England. But, amid the English and French plays, one found the very distinct beginnings of a native American drama. Some of its manifestations were decidedly crude. The "hayseed" drama, such as "The Old Homestead" and "The County Fair," were artistically unpretentious; so were the productions of Harrigan and Hart and of Charles H. Hoyt. But in "Shore Acres" and "Sag Harbor" James A. Herne was producing delicately faithful pictures of rural life[1], while in "Griffith Davenport" (an unappreciated and now lost work) he had created an exquisitely true and beautiful drama of American history. Bronson Howard—a little too French in his methods—had not only written the popular war play, "Shenandoah," but had produced such noteworthy social comedies as "The Banker's Daughter," "Aristocracy," "The Henrietta," "The Charity Ball." There was a marked movement in fiction toward the study of local characteristics, and this was reproduced on the stage in such plays as

[1] This type still survives in a few examples, such as "Shavings," a play depicting the life of the Cape Cod fisher folk.

Augustus Thomas's "Alabama," "In Mizzoura," and "Arizona." A younger man, Clyde Fitch, was at the beginning of his fertile, but too brief, career. I write from memory, without consulting records, but this enumeration is enough to show that already in 1899 there was a very perceptible rebellion against the dominance of Europe on the American stage, and a deliberate endeavor to make the drama what it ought to be—a mirror of the national life.

At the same time there was not the least doubt that the drama was going to the dogs. On every hand I heard the most lugubrious accounts of the misdeeds of a nefarious combination called the Syndicate, which was crushing individual effort and doing all sorts of undefined and insidious mischief. Nor were these complaints by any means groundless. It was impossible to maintain that the financial conditions of the stage were satisfactory or conducive to the development of a high order of drama. But some of the evils complained of were the inevitable result of geographical and social conditions, while others arose from the fact that, wherever the drama is a pure article of commerce, management is bound to fall into the hands of the astute business man—and the astute business man is not apt to be a fine artist to boot. Fortunately, things are never quite so hopeless in the theater as an analysis of conditions would suggest. Even the astute business man has sometimes—not always—ambitions to which he is prepared to sacrifice immediate profit. At worst he is impartial, and will as soon make money out of good plays as out of bad. The influence of the actor is often on the side of the better class of work, for characters with some substance in them offer better opportunities than mere conventional puppets. There are, in short, many subtle forces working for the good, and counteracting the more obvious tendencies toward vulgarity and puerility. The late Charles Frohman, the most prominent producer of twenty years ago, exercised, on the whole, a desirable influence. He was in reality more of the cheerful sportsman than of the astute business man; and, though he was certainly anything but an Antoine or a Reinhardt, his bias was toward what he vaguely felt to be the better class of work. His worst fault was his internationalism, his preference for ready-made foreign goods. He would have left a deeper mark in theatrical history could he have forgone that annual trip to Paris which was destined to cost him his life.

In 1899, then, I did not fail to recognize and to report in my articles (I hope to the enlightenment of Lord Astor) the stirrings of healthy and vigorous independence in the theatrical life of America. But I cannot pretend to have foreseen the rapidity of the development which was then beginning. It has been in some respects one of the most remarkable in dramatic history—a fact which is often overlooked, and to which it is the purpose of this article to draw attention. The development has been remarkable in quantity rather than in quality. The parallel movement in England, though less vigorous and multiform, has produced greater individual dramatists and individual plays. The American drama has, on the whole, remained more on the journalistic level. But alert and vital dramatic journalism is a very good thing in its way, and there have been many plays to which this sweeping classification does grave injustice—plays which unquestionably cross the indefinite boundary between journalism and literature.

It was my good fortune to watch this development year by year from 1904 or 1905 to 1914, and during the war the inrush of American plays into London enabled me to keep more or less abreast of the movement. It is this intimate aloofness, if I may so express it, which perhaps excuses my temerity in addressing the American public on the subject of its own drama. Those who dwell in a wood, see not the wood, but the trees; in order to estimate its

extent one must view it from a certain distance.

A single paragraph has sufficed for the enumeration of the scant beginnings of American drama as they existed in 1900. In 1920 the theatrical life of New York is immeasurably more intense; theaters have multiplied amazingly, and the great majority of these theaters are occupied by American plays. In other words, America has now an exceedingly luxuriant drama of her own, and, though still hospitable to foreign works, is no longer dependent upon Europe for either the interest or the prosperity of her theater. The mere quantity of plays which she produces is very surprising, when we consider that to write a stageworthy play at all, of however humble a type, is no easy matter. Many men and women of great literary power—many fine artists in fiction, and even, one would have said, in dramatic fiction—have longed to write plays and have totally failed. They have either written wholly abortive stuff which could not find, and did not deserve, a hearing; or, if they have forced their way to the stage, it has only been—as in the case of Henry James—to reap disappointment and vexation. There is, in fact, a certain knack in playwriting which is indispensable to all work that is fit to face the footlights—to the humblest and the greatest alike—and this knack is possessed in America by an astonishing number of people. Certainly there are twenty men and women who can now write actable plays for every one that could be discovered twenty years ago. This increase in the mere quantity of dramatic talent is statistically demonstrable, and is a thing of great significance. The question of quality is, of course, much more debatable. It may be said, rightly or wrongly, that the luxuriance of contemporary American drama is that of lush underwood or shrubbery, with few forest trees of any stature rising above it. But even if this image be accepted as just—and I am not sure that it is—a rich undergrowth bears testimony to a certain quality in the soil, from which great things may reasonably be expected. Where dramatic instinct is strong and widespread the conditions are manifestly favorable to the appearance of a great dramatist or a great school of drama.

There is nothing discouraging in the fact that the average of literary or technical merit in contemporary drama is not high. *At no period and in no country has popular drama shown a high average of merit.*[1] It certainly did not in the days of Shakespeare. No one but a fanatical Elizabethanist would maintain that even the extant dramas of the years between 1580 and 1640 attain a high average of genius or accomplishment; and it must be remembered that the worst rubbish of the period has fortunately perished, probably in large quantities. In the Restoration period the average was extremely low; in present-day England it is far from high. Even in nineteenth-century France, though men of talent were unusually numerous, an immense mass of ephemeral stuff was produced which, were it fairly taken into account, would make the average seem mean enough. The theater which ministers to a vast population at all stages of culture is bound to produce a great quantity of very poor work, and it is a pure illusion to suppose that the drama of any age or nation ever consisted mainly, or even largely, of masterpieces. If we occasionally fall into this illusion it is only because we remember, and very likely overestimate, the few good plays of a given period, while the many bad ones have passed into oblivion. It is idle, then, to complain that the average merit of contemporary American drama is not high. The point is that, with an immensely increased output, the average is far higher than it was a generation ago.

[1] Some days after I had written and underlined this sentence I came across the following passage in *These Many Years*, by Prof. Brander Matthews, "I can recall no period in all the long history of drama when the average play was even tolerably good."

It is not too much to say that in the past fifteen years America has become one of the great play-producing countries of the world. Certain it is that, as between America and England, the balance of trade has, during that period, entirely shifted. In England, too, these years have been far from infertile; yet our transatlantic exports are now smaller than our imports. In 1899 it was quite the other way. The New York stage was crowded with English plays, and American dramatists found it hard to compete, on their own soil, with their British rivals. Now the boot is on the other foot. Some of the greatest London successes of recent years have been American plays; and though failures, too, are frequent, there is a steady stream of importation from America which quite sensibly restricts the field open to British playwrights.

But though the question of quantity is very important, it is, after all, subordinate to the question of quality. The dramatic output of Norway in the later nineteenth century will scarcely fill a couple of bookshelves, yet the country which produced the plays of Ibsen and Björnson possesses a great dramatic literature.

I have already indicated my view of the merits and limitations of American drama in its present phase of development. Its chief merit seems to me to lie in what may be called a general relevance to life. The typical American dramatist is sensitively in touch with reality as he finds it in the newspapers. On that reality he makes vivacious comments, and he possesses the art (no mean one, as I have already suggested) of putting his comments in competent dramatic form. He has, moreover, a keen eye for everyday character and a deft hand at humorous caricature—a perfectly legitimate form of art. He is not an Ibsen, nor a Hauptmann, nor a Shaw; he is neither a searching psychologist nor a profound sociologist, but he is an alert and thoughtful man of his own world, with a remarkable command of the technic of his craft—a technic in part universal, but dictated in part by peculiarly American conditions. In saying this I have no individual playwright in view, but am attempting a composite portrait of at least a dozen men whose work has interested me.

Let me name a few typical plays of this typical American dramatist as I conceive him. In the forefront I would place the Glass-Goodman "Potash and Perlmutter" and the Chester and George Cohan "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Of such delightful pieces, brimful not only of humor but of observation, it would be sheer stupidity to speak without respect. It is true that they ignore the old critical categories. Hazlitt and Schlegel, Sainte-Beuve and Sarcey, provide no pigeonholes for them. I fancy they would leave Aristotle gasping, but I am much mistaken if Menander would not delight in them. They are racy of the soil, and that is to my thinking a very high encomium. How many plays of the bad old time, when Scribe and Sardou dominated the Anglo-American stage, were racy of nothing but the footlights—of the stale footlight gas of those unelectrified days! Other plays of the same type which I have seen with interest and pleasure are Medill Patterson's "The Fourth Estate," Megrue and Hackett's "It Pays to Advertise," Harrison Rhodes's "A Gentleman from Mississippi," Winchell Smith's "The Fortune Hunter," Forbes's "The Traveling Salesman," Craven's "Too Many Cooks," Norris and Pollock's "The Pit," Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" and "The Boss." Plays which I have not seen, but of which I have heard good reports, are George Ade's "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow," Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour," and Roy Cohen's "Come Seven." A notable specimen of the type is Samuel Shipman's "Crooked Gamblers" which I saw in New York a few months ago. Of this play I understood scarcely a word. It dealt with the maneuvers and

manipulations of Wall Street, in the language, presumably, of that classic thoroughfare. This is a region I have not frequented either in the flesh or in the spirit, and its slang is a foreign tongue to me. But my very incomprehension was a testimony to the faithfulness of the picture; and of its vivacity there can be no doubt. It was suggested, I am told, by a recent and notorious case of "crooked gambling" in stocks. It was, in short, an excellent piece of dramatic journalism.

Another form of dramatic journalism, unpretentious, but not without a real relation to life, is the "crook" play and the detective play. In this entertaining genre America leads the world. It was in America that the immortal Sherlock Holmes himself found his way to the stage. Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law" and "The 13th Chair," Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford's "The Dummy," Armstrong and Mizner's "The Deep Purple," Willard Mack's "Kick In," Marcin's "Cheating Cheaters," Broadhurst's "Crimson Alibi" are prominent representatives of a large class. Works of genius they are not, but they are often very adroit and are by no means devoid of character and observation. To this class may be added "On Trial," by Elmer Reizenstein, with its curious retrospective method of presentation. The spirit of experiment is much stronger in America than elsewhere, and the spirit of experiment is a sign of life.

A type of drama which is naturally an American specialty is the picturesque play of frontier life. It has been largely cultivated by a producer of genius, David Belasco, who has fixed the type in "The Girl of the Golden West." But the most delightful frontier drama I ever saw was not, I think, sponsored by Mr. Belasco. It was "Salome Jane," founded by Paul Armstrong on a story of Bret Harte's. If another Eleanor Robson could be found to play the heroine, this drama of twenty years ago ought to be revived, and might well become a classic of the theater. To the same class belongs William Vaughn Moody's somewhat overrated play, "The Great Divide." "The Faith-Healer" gave a much truer measure of this author's talent, and shows how much the American drama lost by his too early death.

A favorite generalization with regard to the American stage is that it excels in "shirt-sleeve drama" and is weak in the drama of society, which the English stage rather too exclusively cultivates. There is a measure of truth in this observation, and the reasons are fairly obvious. But society has not been without its interpreters. Had Clyde Fitch not been unfortunately cut off just as his talent was reaching maturity, he would certainly have done much to redress the balance between the "stoop" and the drawing-room. He suffered from a too great facility and an ingenuity that bordered on trickiness. But in his later years his self-criticism had awakened, and he was steadying his talent. The author of "The Climbers," "The Truth," and "The Girl with the Green Eyes" had in him the makings of a social dramatist of the first order. Another writer who has all the gifts of a social satirist is Langdon Mitchell. It seems a great pity that his brilliant comedy, "The New York Idea," should not have been the first of a series.

The works of Percy Mackaye belong rather to the literary than to the popular drama, but his "Scarecrow" (adapted from Hawthorne) is a notable *tour de force*, while his "Mater" and "Anti-Matrimony" take hold of modern life.

Augustus Thomas, whose early plays of local color I have already mentioned, has in his later work shown an alert and intelligent interest in psychological and social questions. "The Witching Hour," "The Harvest Moon," and "As a Man Thinks" are powerful and original plays. "The Other Girl" I have not seen, but have heard it described as a very interesting picture of New York life.

A gift for devising and handling situations of great intensity is the distinguishing mark of Eugene Walter's tal-

ent. "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way" are realistic studies which show the handiwork of a born man of the theater.

The same description applies to Edward Sheldon, who has the theater in his blood. Two of his plays, "Salvation Nell" and "The Boss," I have already mentioned. "The Nigger" is a very able treatment of a great national problem. "Romance," much inferior in intellectual quality, has proved its popular appeal in England no less than in America. "The High Road" is unknown to me, but is highly praised by good judges.

A writer who combines observation with scenic skill is James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady," "The Commuters," and that delightful comedy, "The Show Shop." His social drama, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," seems to me unequal to his earlier works, but from this judgment the public has emphatically dissented.

The late Charles Klein combined the gifts of the theatrical journalist with a somewhat conventional method in the handling of character and situation, but "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree," and "The Gamblers" were by no means negligible plays.

The writers thus summarily enumerated are those who appear to me to show most of that quality of relevance—or, one might say, direct outlook upon life—which I regard as the distinguishing quality of American drama. There remains quite a long list of more or less skillful and more or less witty theatrical amusers, whether in the department of farce, of fantasy, of satire, or of melodrama. At their head one must place Avery Hopwood, a writer of great fertility, ingenuity, and wit. I have not the knowledge, even if I had the space, to characterize individually Channing Pollock, Owen Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, George Scarborough, A. E. Thomas, William Hurlbbut, George Middleton, Booth Tarkington, Charles Goddard, Paul Dickey, Edward Peple, H. J. Smith, R. W. Tulby, W. C. de Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hatton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Margaret Mayo, Eleanor Gates, Clare Kummer, Zoe Akins, Rita Weiman. The methods and the merits of these writers are no doubt very various, but I have assured myself, either by personal knowledge or trustworthy report, that they are all possessed of considerable talent.

A catalogue is inevitably tedious, but it seemed necessary in this instance in order to bring home to American readers the mere numerical strength of their cohort of playwrights. All these authors have achieved considerable success; several of them can claim repeated and long-enduring triumphs. It is mere nonsense to say that, under existing conditions, success can be attained without talent of any sort. Once in a while, indeed, it is attained by undesirable forms of talent, but that is quite exceptional. The people who speak with contempt of the art of the stage are always those whom nature has endowed with a total incapacity for it. Very often their scorn is embittered by the thought of several unacted and unactable masterpieces reposing in their drawers. The sense of the theater is a very peculiar gift. From the time of Goldsmith and Sheridan until the last decade of the nineteenth century it was almost entirely dormant both in England and America. Then there came, in both countries, a sudden awakening. The renascence in England has given birth to greater individual talents, the renascence in America to a wider diffusion of talent. Such is the situation as I see it, and as it is seen, indeed, by all who have given careful thought to the matter. Those who have not done so are in the habit (in both countries) of repeating the pessimistic and contemptuous commonplaces which were true enough thirty years ago, but are now as out of date as the crinoline or the hansom cab.

Another very important feature of the situation remains to be considered. Hitherto I have spoken only of the popu-

lar theater—of what are currently known as Broadway plays. I have said nothing of what may roughly be called the Little Theater movement, which has been the most notable phenomenon of the past ten years. It has sprung, if my analysis is correct, from two converging sources. In the first place, there has been, both in Britain and in America, a remarkable uprising of dramatic instinct and aspiration outside the regular theater. In Britain it has manifested itself in local pageants, in village plays, and in amateur societies which are not content, like the amateurs of old, to ape the professional stage, but who design their own costumes, make their own scenery, and write as well as act their own dramas. The struggling, and for the most part impermanent, Repertory theaters of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham,[1] Glasgow, and Bristol, may be reckoned as products of this movement; but its chief outcome, beyond all doubt, has been the Irish National Theater and the admirable literature to which it has given birth. In America this spontaneous effervescence, so to speak, of the spirit of drama, has been reinforced by academic influences, which have not, unfortunately, come into play in England. At many of the leading universities, and notably at Columbia, Harvard, and Yale, the modern drama has been closely studied, and students have been encouraged to put principles in practice, and to investigate the secrets of technic by means of experiments in authorship. This movement has not been without its bearing on the Broadway theaters. Several successful playwrights have graduated from the classes of Prof. Brander Matthews, or Prof. G. P. Baker, or Prof. W. L. Phelps. But it has mainly resulted in outside efforts, on a small scale, in various localities too numerous to mention. Young men have betaken themselves to Europe to study not only authorship and acting, but theatrical construction and decoration, in Germany, Italy, and Russia. A great deal of talent, indeed, has been centered upon the decorative side of dramatic art, and new ideas in decoration have even, at several points, filtered through to Broadway. In literature the movement has been chiefly marked by the production of a host of one-act plays—the midget craft of the dramatic navy—many of them of notable talent. I do not pretend to have made an exhaustive study of this very considerable literature. If I select for mention George Middleton's vividly noted episodes of social life, and Susan Glaspell's clever sketches entitled "Trifles" and "Suppressed Desires," it is mainly because chance happens to have brought them within my ken. But one more substantial play must, I take it, be placed to the credit of this movement—Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." It is not only a substantial, but an exceedingly impressive, piece of work. I am sorely tempted to call it the finest play yet written in America. Even from a commercial point of view, it appears to have made a considerable success.

It is obviously desirable, if not essential, that a dramatic literature should not merely exist in prompt-books, but should be capable of being read. Even by this test, American dramatic literature is very rapidly growing. Not only the professedly literary plays of the academic and Little Theater movement are printed and read, but the works of popular playwrights are being more and more commonly placed on the book market. I am assured that, without being "best sellers," they are in very considerable demand, and that the habit of play reading is being acquired by an increasing section of the American public. This is a very healthy sign.

In 1920, as in 1899, one is met on every hand by demonstrations that the drama is going to the dogs; that the financial situation is becoming absolutely impossible; that even the commercial impresario, and much more the manager with any artistic aspirations,

[1] Where John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" was originally produced.

will soon have nothing but bankruptcy to look forward to. This pessimism has, I think, more solid grounds to-day than it had twenty years ago. The fundamental fact, as I understand it, is that prices of admission cannot possibly be raised in anything like a fair proportion to the rise in rents, salaries, and expenses of production and transportation. The payment demanded by stage hands and "supers" has risen with the general rise in wages; but the salaries of actors and actresses have been forced up to an even more extravagant level by the competition for their services which has grown with the growth of moving-picture enterprises. The result is that a weekly receipt which, before the war, meant a handsome profit, now leaves a fatal deficit. The entertainment which does not play "to capacity" is forced to shut down, and the intermediate ground between sensational success and absolute failure, always inadequate, is narrowed to nonexistence. This is the state of things to which the long-run theater constantly tends, and the tendency seems now to have reached its limit. The position is, however, the same in England, except that there the competition of the "movies" is rather less acutely felt. Such a posture of affairs is manifestly hostile to the healthy development of drama, for the really fine play is seldom or never that which aims at, or is fitted to achieve, sensational success.

Fortunately, as I said before, the drama is never in such hopeless difficulties as the bare statement of its economic conditions would seem to indicate. We must bear in mind, for one thing, that we are at present in an acute crisis begotten by the war; that a certain readjustment, a new balance of forces, is in time inevitable, and especially that the disturbing influence of the moving-picture trade must soon reach its limit. That industry is, for the moment, in a state of bounding expansion, but it cannot bound forever. I do not myself believe in any necessary hostility between the screen and the stage. It seems to me that they will in time work hand in hand and that the wordless play may become, from the economic point of view, a source of strength, and not of weakness, to the spoken drama.

Again, it must be remembered that the man of the theater is even more unlike that fabulous animal, "the economic man," than the man of any other trade or profession. The theater has such manifold attractions, legitimate and illegitimate, noble and base, that economic argument in the abstract has little or no application to it. Individual psychology, always too much neglected or simplified by the economists, is paramount in the theater. The theatrical financier, the producing manager, the dramatist and the actor, are in the business, one and all, not because they have deliberately selected it from motives of filthy lucre, but because they cannot help it. In one form or another, the glamour of the footlights has possessed them, even if it be only the same glamour that hovers over the green cloth of Monte Carlo. The two most prominent men of the theater during the past thirty years have been Mr. Charles Frohman and Mr. David Belasco. Their influence has been criticized, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly; but no one has ever denied that they loved and lived for the theater, quite apart from any question of the profit to be derived from it. Mr. Frohman, if I am rightly informed, died a poor man; yet he would probably have owned himself absolutely satisfied with the career he had adopted. The plain fact is that the theater is not a trade, but partly an art and partly a gamble, and that the artist will always work at his art so long as he can keep body and soul together, while the gambler will go on playing so long as he can beg, borrow, or steal a five-franc piece to stake. If the trade of cheese-making were, on the whole, absolutely unremunerative, cheeses would soon cease to be made—no one would carry on the business for the sheer love of it. But if we could prove—as, in fact, we probably could—

that, taking the theater all round, more money was lost than was gained by the producing of plays, we should be quite wrong in concluding that plays would cease to be produced. On the contrary, production would go on as merrily as ever; for money made in other callings flows into theatrical speculation, and, one may add, is lost with a certain cheerfulness. Thus the most gloomy presentation of the theatrical balance sheet can at worst prove that the theater, as a whole, is not and cannot be self-supporting; to which demonstration the optimist will reply, "Who cares?" He will add, if he be interested in the higher drama, that the forces above alluded to—managerial ambition and the demand of the actor for work in which he can develop his powers—will always secure for the more artistic class of plays a certain share in the annual endowment of the stage arising from its unique attractiveness as a field for speculation.

Optimism itself, however, will scarcely accept this as an ideal state of affairs. It is certainly not desirable that the better sort of drama should, so to speak, live on the crumbs which fall from the gambler's table. If it must be endowed —and I have argued that the drama as a whole lives, in all probability, upon what is practically endowment, an annual deficit being covered by money from outside[1]—if the higher drama must be endowed, let it be intelligently and purposefully endowed, by men who know what they are doing and take pleasure in it.

The obvious cure for the evils of the present condition of things is the local Repertory theater, not as a substitute for, but as a supplement to, the existing long-run theaters. And America is the country which most needs and can best support local Repertory theaters. It needs them more than England because its great cities are farther from the theatrical capital, New York, than are the great British cities from London; and it can better support them because the people of its great cities are, in the main, more ardent theatergoers than the people of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, or Glasgow. The existing stock-company theaters contain the germ of what is wanted, but in a very undeveloped state. The true Repertory theater does not change its bill week by week, but night by night—at all events it never presents the same play more than two nights in succession. Giving eight performances a week—six evenings and two matinées—it presents at least three, commonly four, plays in each week. If we let A, B, C, and D stand for four plays, a typical week may be thus arranged:

Monday	A
Tuesday	B
Wednesday matinée	B
Wednesday evening	A
Thursday	C
Friday	D
Saturday matinée	A
Saturday evening	A

Thus A, which we may take to be the popular play of the moment, will have four performances in the week, the maximum permitted by the rules. B we may suppose to be a new production; if it is highly successful, it may probably take the place of honor from A, and be repeated four times in the following week. C we may assume to be a classical revival, and D either an old favorite of the repertory, or perhaps a foreign play

[1] Mr. George Jean Nathan (in *The Popular Theatre*, Chapter XVI) takes the opposite view of the case, and represents the producing of plays as, in the balance, an enormously lucrative employment. Mr. Nathan, of course, knows immeasurably more than I do of American theatrical finance, but I am not quite satisfied by his reasoning. His motto seems to be that of the old sundial, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*"—he registers the successes of the more fortunate or adroit producers, and takes no account of the failures. Besides, he seems to me to prove too much. If catering to the public taste were as childishly easy and unadventurous a profession as he would have us think, the greatest fortunes in America would be harvested on Broadway. But when we look for multimillionaires, we still turn to steel, oil, and automobiles rather than to the drama. That many large fortunes have been made in the theater is undisputed, but what about those which have been lost? It may be noted that Mr. Nathan was writing during, not since, the war.

of note. The order of performances—what the Germans call the *Spielplan*—of each week should be announced at latest on the Friday morning of the previous week, so that the habitués of the theater may arrange their engagements. But there is no magical virtue in any of the rules here suggested; they are merely generalized from the practice of the Théâtre-Français and the leading theaters of Germany. The essential point is that, *while no play can have an unbroken run, any play which is in public demand can be performed three or four times a week throughout a whole season, or even, if the demand continues, through two or three seasons.* Thus the first vogue of a play can be reasonably exploited, and no author need feel that in giving his play to a Repertory theater he is making an immense pecuniary sacrifice. If there were a system of Repertory theaters throughout the country, the fact might be quite the other way. A new play by a popular author might be produced almost simultaneously in half a dozen different cities, and royalties would come rolling in merrily. But simultaneous production, no doubt, would not occur frequently, for one great advantage of the spread of Repertory theaters would lie in the economies that could be effected by a systematized interchange of actors and material. The companies would be for the most part stationary; but if the success of a play produced, say, in Boston manifestly depended on the art or personality of a leading performer, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco might have to wait for the new piece until it had exhausted its first popularity in Boston, and this particular performer was free to appear in it in the other centers.

It may be asserted without hesitation that this is *the only quite healthy theatrical system.* The long run has certain advantages for particular classes of plays. It permits of greater expenditure on scenery and costumes than is usually possible at a Repertory theater, and it would be foolish to deny that spectacle has its legitimate place upon the stage. But the long run is inimical to good acting, since it hardens actors in tricks and mannerisms, and prevents them from attaining the flexibility which frequent changes of character can alone beget; and it is inimical to good authorship, since it tempts and even compels dramatists to write down to the average intelligence and tastes of an enormous multitude of people. The short-run theater, which has been attempted in Britain—the enterprise in which pieces are mounted for two, or three, or four weeks as the case may be, and then taken off to make way for others—is hopelessly vicious from a financial point of view. If a play is a dead failure a run of two weeks is two weeks too long; if it is a success it has to be taken off just as it is proving its powers of attraction; and though it may, of course, be revived, its first flush of popularity is lost forever. No author, then, will ever give a play to a short-run theater who can possibly secure its production under another system. The flexible Repertory system secures for the authors of really first-rate plays all the remuneration they can reasonably expect—and in case of success it will be very handsome. They may not, indeed, make such vast fortunes as are sometimes made out of long-run successes; but, then, long-run successes are seldom or never first-rate plays.

"But who," it may be asked, "is to supply the endowment necessary for these Repertory theaters? Is not endowment an undemocratic and un-Anglo-Saxon institution? Where it exists on the Continent of Europe, is it not always a survival from the days of blood-sucking despotism?" To these questions there are many answers. I will only put forward two, which may seem mutually contradictory, but are none the less true.

In the first place, all good art of the executive order is more or less endowed. Orchestral concerts and grand-opera performances could not exist without the organization of local art lovers and finan-

cial support from the wealthier among them. I have tried to suggest, if not to prove, that even the popular stage is in reality endowed, though without intelligent purpose or direction.

The second answer, however, is more to the point. It is not continuous endowment that is required for a Repertory theater or a system of Repertory theaters; it is rather an initial fund for equipment and education. A theater at which three or four different productions are presented every week must be specially designed for the purpose, both before and behind the curtain. The front of the house, *though not large*—it should seat some twelve hundred spectators at the outside—must be specially commodious and attractive, so that people may learn to make it a habitual resort, a recognized social rendezvous. The stage, again, must not only be spacious, but provided with large scene docks and with every modern device for handling and shifting scenery swiftly and economically. In the matter of scenic apparatus Germany leads the world; America should first learn German methods and then improve upon them. The provision of a specially suitable building would thus demand a certain initial outlay, and it is desirable that the money should be provided by a "consortium" of wealthy men rather than by an individual millionaire, because a widespread interest in the theater as a social institution is thus promoted. But, besides the provision of the building, a certain annual subsidy would probably be required for the first five years or so, until the institution had established itself and *had educated its public.* I do not mean that intellectual education would be necessary, but rather an education in the mental habits necessary for the maintenance of a high-class theater. It cannot be doubted that in every great American city there are already plenty of people who are capable of appreciating high-class (which does not mean "high-brow") drama; but many of them may not at first realize that it is at once their duty and their privilege to give intelligent support to the Repertory theater of their city or their district —for in the greater cities, if once the system were established, one Repertory theater would scarcely meet the public demand.

The promoters of the ill-fated New Theater in New York were men of liberal views and excellent intentions. Unfortunately, they were technically ill-advised at the outset, and, before better advice had reached them, they were committed to a building at least twice as large as it ought to have been, and to a heavy expenditure on nonessentials. A too-large building is in every way fatal; it lacks intimacy, it overtaxes the actor's powers, and it has a depressing appearance of emptiness even when it contains an audience that would fill to overflowing an auditorium of the right dimensions. In the case of the New Theater, the causes of failure were manifest from the outset—not least to some of those who devotedly threw themselves into the working of the institution. It is wholly unreasonable to regard this failure as in any degree a discouragement to renewed and better-advised effort. But—if I may express an opinion —I do not think New York should be its scene. It is more needed and would be better appreciated in another city. The ideal thing would be that two or three cities should simultaneously start Repertory theaters in friendly rivalry, which would by no means exclude cooperation. Wherever the experiment is first tried with intelligence, energy, and adequate initial resources, I have not the least doubt of its success. The American drama, even more than the British, is languishing for the Repertory theater. Its absence is the one serious check upon development; and when once that check is removed, who shall set a limit to the height which development may reach?

THE LEFT-HANDED PICCOLO PLAYER

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"I HAD a strange experience, last night," said Wordeman, eagerly. "I must tell you about it."

"Must you?" asked Bingham, dryly.

Wordeman, ignored him, and, as a matter of fact, the time should have been ideal for a story. The first fire of autumn had just been lighted in the carved stone fireplace, at the Forrest Club, and two or three of us had lingered, with a certain reminiscent melancholy, to watch it.

The tradition was that Edwin Forrest had lighted the original fire on that hearth with much Victorian revelry to celebrate the occasion. Like most club traditions, this one was clumsy and apocryphal, for Edwin Forrest had never even seen the building which now housed the club which honored his name; but even clumsy traditions are worth preservation. For a number of years, in the eighties and nineties, the lighting of the first fire of autumn had been a signal for jest and outcry, for song and story, but of late years attempts to keep up the custom had grown increasingly forced and stilted, until it had finally died from inertia.

On this particular evening a few men coming out from the dining room paused, with a fleeting sentiment, to watch the first flames creep up the cold chimney, but these were men of a dull and spiritless generation. It was only a moment before they were all passing on, with unhushed voices, clamoring for the pool room or chattering of events uptown, leaving only Bingham and Bracken and me. Wordeman joined us after the rest had departed, but we were gazing moodily into the flames. None of us felt like talking, but Wordeman seemed not to sense that fact.

"An odd experience," he persisted, glibly. "I don't know whether it would have affected you the same way, but to me it was strangely uncanny."

Again no one spoke, but Bingham saw that he was going to tell it anyway, so he roused himself in a half-hearted manner.

"Indeed, Mr. Bones," he said, "and what *was* this strange experience of yours that affected you in such uncanny fashion?"

"Oh, it was nothing to get sarcastic about," retorted Wordeman. "It was simply that I was up at the Sheepshead Club last night and met *Mister* MacInnes!"

He paused expectantly, but his announcement fell absolutely flat. We all waited patiently for something further, but nothing came, and Bingham shook his head slowly.

"That certainly was a stirring experience," he said, solemnly. "No wonder you trembled."

"Yes," I added. "It reminds me of the time that I was walking along Forty-second Street and met *Mister* Murphy."

"You're a bunch of dubs," replied Wordeman, hotly. "What I meant was that I met the husband of Mary MacInnes."

"Then why the deuce didn't you say so?" demanded Bingham.

"Because that's just the point," replied Wordeman. "You fellows are having exactly the same queer sensation that I had, only you don't realize it. You all know who Mary MacInnes is. Everybody knows that. Not only as

an actress, but as a personality, she is probably one of the three most famous women in America. Just say 'Mary MacInnes' and that is enough, but say 'Mister MacInnes' and that means nothing to you or to me or to anyone else. That's what made it uncanny—to find that there *was* a Mr. MacInnes and that he actually walked and moved and had his being—"

"And put in his time at the Sheepshead Club," suggested Bracken.

"Exactly," said Wordeman, gratefully. "The whole idea of a Mr. MacInnes, apart from Mary MacInnes, was strange and unreal. I wanted to poke him and find out that he was really alive. I kept wondering what he did while Mary was being famous, and what they said to each other when they happened to meet, with no one else present. Now do you see the point?"

"We do," said Bingham. "The point is well taken. We apologize, to a man. The court overrules the demurrer, puts out the ignorant bystanders, and settles down to business. What happened next?"

"Nothing," replied Wordeman. "That was all."

"Wordeman," said Bingham, "as a story-teller you are a fine musical critic. You've got us all worked up for nothing. You ought to see what our friend Bracken here would have done with that layout—with that background and that cast of characters. Why, in ten seconds, he would have had us clutching our chairs. There wouldn't have been a dry eye in the house. Would there, Bracken?"

"Please leave me out of this," replied Bracken. "Personally, I think that Mr. Wordeman has started a most interesting train of thought."

Poor Wordeman freshened up like the jaded leaf to the summer shower. To tell the truth, it did not take very much to encourage Wordeman. He was a curious man of a type that is not uncommon in New York to-day. He was actually famous, and yet it was hard to say why. He was not exactly a journalist, he was not exactly a critic, he was not exactly anything in particular, yet his name seemed to mean a great deal. You were constantly seeing impressive groups in the Sunday pictorial sections and "reading from left to right" the names of the mayor of New York City, a college president, a couple of other celebrities, and lastly, "David Wright Wordeman." He was always on public commissions to unveil statues. He always went out on tugboats to welcome notable foreigners. He had been a director of the Authors' League, a vice-president of the Artists' Association, and a governor of an actors' club, without being really an author, an artist, or an actor. I do not think that he ever intentionally pushed himself, yet somehow you were forever seeing in the papers that "David Wright Wordeman" had "come out strongly" in favor of this, that, or the other—municipal art or better movies. Naturally, Bingham did not like him, but that was nothing against Wordeman, for Bingham never liked anyone who ever took anything seriously.

For the moment, thus, Wordeman turned eagerly to Bracken, honestly supposing, unhappy man, that he had found one earnest soul in that group of triflers.

"You see what I mean," he resumed, his eyeglasses once more beginning to shine with enthusiasm. "What a curious paradox you have there! To be the wife of a famous man is really an honor, but to be the husband of a famous woman is almost a disgrace."

"Oh, I don't know," mused Bingham, idly. "I've often thought it would be rather fun to be the husband of Venus de Milo. Just think. Nothing to do all day but smoke cigarettes while she was off at the studios, posing."

"That's about all you do, anyway," I suggested.

"Quite true," confessed Bingham, "but I have to buy my own cigarettes."

"And then again," I argued, "some-



AN INSTANT LATER WE WERE CLASPED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS

body 'd have to cut up her meat for her at table and cool her soup. You'd get sick of that, Bingham, about the third day, and shy a plate at her, and take fifty dollars off her artistic value—a hundred, maybe."

Wordeman was visibly holding himself in check while these idle thoughts were passing. He was listening with a sort of tight-lipped tolerance, but the minute that I had finished he turned winningly to Bracken.

"And what do you think, Mr. Bracken? Do you believe that the husband of a famous woman must always be more or less of a cipher?"

"In the average family," replied Bracken, slowly, "there seems to be room for just about so much genius—and no more."

"Exactly!" rejoined Wordeman, enthusiastically.

Alas! poor Wordeman. He was so eager and he meant so well. You could see that he thought that in Bracken he had found just the foil for his own fussy little theories. How could he know, poor chap, that in Bracken he had really run across the club's most famous and most beloved liar, the Münchausen of the Western World, a bond broker from Chicago who had never been east of Cape Cod or south of Memphis, but who, from his curious reading and his strange, card-index of a mind, would spin by the hour the most marvelous and lifelike tales of crocodile shooting on the Congo or tea smuggling in Japan? One by one, we had all fallen victims to Bracken's deceptive realism, and now it was Wordeman's turn. Bracken lit his pipe in a way we knew only too well. Bingham winked at me and Bracken looked up at Wordeman innocently.

"Did I understand," he asked, "that you were a music critic?"

"Why—er," said Wordeman, "I do just a little in that line."

"Well, then," said Bracken, "naturally you have heard of Rosa Lund."

"Rosa Lund?" repeated Wordeman, vaguely. Of course there was no such woman in the world. We watched Wordeman quizzically, and, sure enough professional pride made him swallow the bait. His face lighted mechanically. "Oh yes, of course! She was—she was—"

"Exactly," said Bracken, solemnly. "That's the one. I *thought* you'd know her."

"But *I* don't know her," interrupted Bingham, brazenly. "Who was she, Bracken?"

Slyly I glanced at Wordeman, and I had an inkling that he was waiting as keenly as we were for the answer to that question.

Bracken blew some live sparks off the top of his pipe.

"Well," he said, "it is easier to tell you who she *wasn't* than who she *was*."

"I've no doubt of that," said Bingham, grinning, "but do your best."

"To begin with," said Bracken, slowly, "her name was not really Rosa Lund. Her real name was Madeline Barnes."

Bingham considered the matter impartially. "Well," he said, "much as I find to criticize in the name of Barnes, I think that I still prefer it to Lund. What did she have against it?"

"Nothing as a name," explained Bracken, "but she was an opera singer."

"I see-e-e, I see-e-e," answered Bingham, in apologetic tones. "Barnes was her private name and Lund her professional name; but now you are beginning to cloud the issue and Wordeman here will never stand for that. Before you took hold of the meeting and ran away with it we were talking about Mary MacInnes and saying what a rotten thing it was to be Mister MacInnes. Now you try to stampede the convention with your Rosa Lund, who was really named Madeline Barnes, and that is entirely another basket of seaweed. Suppose that Wordeman had come in to-night and said, 'Here's a raw one, boys. I just met Mr. Barnes.' 'Who's he?' I ask, innocently. 'He's Rosa Lund's husband,' says Wordeman, with a coarse laugh. Now, *any* fool could see the humor of that, but the proposition *we're* trying to argue calls for trained thinkers. You've got to learn to bridle your fancy, Bracken, if you want to sit with us. You've got to learn to see an issue clearly and state it simply, the way the rest of us do. I suppose that, next, you are going to say that Rosa Lund's husband was a chap named Fortescue, but that he did business under the name of Miller."

"No," said Bracken, unruffled. "Rosa Lund didn't have a husband, at least not at the time of which I am speaking. Whether she has one now or not, I can't tell you. Can you, Mr. Wordeman?"

Wordeman pretended to think for a moment. "I'm afraid that I really cannot," he replied. "There have been so many new singers in recent years."

"But not for me," replied Bracken, promptly. "For me there can only be one Rosa Lund. Do you remember how she used to sing that thing of Huerta's? How does it go? '*In questa vita del collegio è riposo*—' What's the rest of it?"

Wordeman looked at the ceiling and began to hum thoughtfully on one note. "I can't think for the moment," he said. "It's completely gone from me, but I'll get it presently."

"Let me know when you do," replied Bracken, solemnly. "I'd like to recall it. Will you ever forget how the crowds used to go mad when she touched the high notes of the passage beginning—" but Wordeman waved his hand frantically for him to stop.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I think I've got it. Isn't this it? Dum de dum da da da DA?"

Bracken listened critically, his head cocked on one side. "No," he said, regretfully. "I'm afraid that you've got

it mixed with that thing of Delsarto's. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I'm afraid I have," admitted Wordeman. "Aren't they quite a lot alike?"

"Not if you really know them," replied Bracken. "The thing you're thinking of is the one that goes Tum te tum ta ta ta TA."

"Look here!" ordered Bingham, "Will you two stop talking the language of love and give us a little more gossip about Rosa Lund? I like the girl and I want to see her settled down with some nice, obscure husband."

"That," said Bracken, "is a desire in which I am afraid that I cannot humor you. My whole acquaintance with Rosa Lund lay during that chapter of her life when she stood on the threshold of a great and devouring love."

Bingham, for his part, suddenly became so subdued that, for a minute, I was actually fooled myself. He looked at the end of his cigarette pensively, just as they do in the English novels, and, when he spoke, it was in a low, repressed voice.

"And that threshold," he asked, quietly, "she was never destined to cross?"

"Never," replied Bracken, in tones exactly like Bingham's. "At least never to my certain knowledge. In fact, I think I am safe in saying that she never did cross it. How could she?"

"One doesn't," said Bingham, as if his own thoughts were getting too much for him. "At least not a woman."

"Hardly," said Bracken.

Personally I lighted another cigarette at this juncture, for those two mad idiots might have been actors in a problem play—and good ones, too. Wordeman sat looking at them, eager to enter into it, but not knowing quite how to take it. Bracken suddenly straightened up, as if the atmosphere had become too tense for him.

"Have any of you," he asked, briskly, "ever chanced to be in Yuma, Arizona?"

This was too much for Bingham. "Look here, Bracken," he burst out. "You know damn well that none of us has ever been anywhere. Why do you always start with that rot?"

"Because it was there that I met Rosa Lund," answered Bracken.

"Oh, all right, then," said Bingham. "If Rosa is there my heart is there. What I object to is having you tell us a story about the Congo, and then begin



IT WAS ON THE PLATFORM OF THE LAST CAR THAT WE TRIED OUR DUETS

by asking us whether we were ever in Cleveland."

"I'm sorry," said Bracken. "If it will make you any happier, I will start at any spot you name—San Bernadino, say, or even Phœnix, but sooner or later we have got to get down to Yuma, because Rosa was there at the time and she couldn't get anywhere else."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because there had been a train wreck. Oh, it was a terrible wreck, one of the worst ever known on the Southern Pacific. Two giant engines—"

Bingham held up his hand. "Gently, gently," he cautioned. "I realize the impression it must have made on your mind, but art is long, and the time is quarter to ten."

"May I interrupt?" asked Wordeman.

"Certainly," answered Bracken.

"That's what we're here for," added Bingham.

"All I wanted to ask," said Wordeman, "If it is not too personal, are you a professional musician?"

"Well, you see, that's the story," answered Bracken. "As a matter of fact, at the moment toward which Bingham is gently coaxing me I was a journalist."

"Indeed?" replied Wordeman, with heightened interest. "On what paper?"

"I had a paper of my own," said Bracken. "It was called the *Laundryman's World and Western Shirt Trade Journal.*"

"Oh!" said Wordeman, stiffening imperceptibly.

"You have guessed it," said Bracken. "It was a trade paper."

Bracken looked down at his pipe, and into his narrowed eyes came the nearest thing to malice that I had ever seen in them.

"Did you ever work on a trade paper?" he asked, innocently. "You ought to try it. There's lots of money in it for the right man.

"But," he added, "I wasn't the right man. My mind was too Napoleonic. When I bought out the two papers and tried to combine them I found that I had hold of a hydra. The men who supported the *Shirt Trade Journal* wanted me to urge the policy of buying new shirts, whereas the men who supported the *Laundryman's World* wanted me to urge the policy of washing the old ones. The two points of view were incompatible. The merger collapsed, and I was ruined. Where were we?"

"We were headed for Yuma," said Bingham, in weary tones.

"Let us skip the intervening distance," I suggested.

"Yes, let's," agreed Bingham.

"Well, then," said Bracken, "at last I found myself on the station platform, a broken man—"

"But nevertheless in Yuma," said Bingham.

"If," continued Bracken, "you force me to omit the very important events which led up to that situation, I can simply say that there she was in the station when I arrived. She had been there for twenty-four hours."

"Who? Rosa Lund?" I asked.

"No, Number Eight," said Bracken, "the Southern Express, eastbound. She had not been in the wreck, but she had been held all day at Yuma.

"It was a scene that called for the imagination of a Dante—that station platform. As all of you know, Yuma, Arizona, shares with Needles, California, the honor of being the hottest spot in the United States, and this was midsummer. There, in that heat, were one hundred and eighty-two maddened passengers—one hundred and eighty-three, now that I had arrived, although I wasn't maddened, and, as railroad officials understand the word, I wasn't a passenger. The other travelers were held there because of the wreck. I was held there because I hadn't money to go any farther. It cheered me up, I must say, to see all those affluent people in just the same fix that I was. The railroad, of course, was supplying them all with free meals without counting heads, and, while I am usually scrupu-



EVERYWHERE WE MET WITH ACCLAIM

lous to a fault, yet I have to confess that there are times when I share the belief of the Latin poet when he says—what is it he says?—you know what I mean."

"I can't think for the moment," said Wordeman, "but I know what you mean."

"The point being, in plain English," suggested Bingham, "that you lived like a king at the expense of the Southern Pacific Railroad?"

"Crudely," said Bracken, "that covers it, although I am sure that I more than paid for my keep. In no time at all I was quite a figure among the passengers, running around and boosting up their morale. In fact, I was one of five to sign a telegram to railroad headquarters, demanding that something be done to get us out of there.

"Among other important persons to whom I lent my moral support was Rosa Lund. When I first saw her she was standing far out at the end of the platform, a morose little figure, idly picking the labels off steamer trunks. Shall I ever forget that moment?

"Of course," explained Bracken, "I had no idea who she was, but, thinking that she looked as if she needed a little cheering, I went out to cheer. Almost instantly some subtle bond was struck up between us. She had her art and I had mine—"

"Meaning by your art the Laundryman's Journal?" asked Bingham.

"What else?" queried Bracken. "To every sincere workman his work is an art. She understood that feeling, even if you do not. That evening she told me her whole life story. To Mr. Wordeman, of course, it is now ancient history, but I doubt whether even he has ever heard it as I heard it, coming from her own lips down there on that sultry

platform in Yuma, while the heavy scent of the eucalyptus trees hung around us and brakemen tramped by with red lanterns.

"She told me of her girlhood in Ithaca, N. Y., of her early struggles, of her student days in Leipzig and Rome, of her ultimate triumphs, and how, on coming back to this country, she had been obliged to change her name from Barnes to Lund."

Bracken sat for a moment in silent reverie.

"Late that evening," he said, "announcement was made that a train would leave at twelve-one. My own telegram had worked only too well. The railroad had yielded to pressure and, with a catch at our hearts, we both realized that, when that train pulled out of Yuma, Rosa, too, would pass out of my life forever.

"You see," explained Bracken, "I am not a man to keep anything back. As soon as Rosa had given me her confidence I gave her mine. I frankly confessed my state of affairs. I told her that one relief train or ten relief trains would be no relief to me unless transportation were gratis. Artist that she was, she understood my position. We both laughed about it at first, but as the hour of midnight drew nearer, both of us saw that it was becoming anything but a joke, that it was utter tragedy.

"Rosa thought it over, seated pensively on a truck.

"'Where would you like to go,' she asked, suddenly, 'if you could go at all?'

"My heart leaped and my hand trembled at a sudden daring desire which had grown up within me. I hesitated, then answered, with a voice that was husky, 'Wherever you go, there I want to go.'

"'Do you really mean that?' she asked, quietly.

"'I do,' I replied. 'Where are *you* going?'

"She looked at me sharply, and even in the darkness I could see her eyes gleam. 'Does it make any difference?' she asked.

"'None whatsoever,' I answered. 'I just wanted to know what kind of clothes to take.'

"She laughed at that and the ice seemed to be broken.

"'As a matter of fact,' she said, 'I am going from here to Nogales, and then down to Guaymas, in Mexico, and from there up to Mexico City and then back to Guaymas, where I shall take a boat for Guayaquil, Ecuador, then to Lima and Santiago, then over the Andes to Buenos Aires and Montevideo, then up to Sao Paulo and Rio, then over to Liverpool and back to New York.'"

"Bracken," said Bingham, "I take off my hat to you. You sure do know your Bædeker."

"Oh, you get used to it," said Bracken, carelessly. "It seemed a matter of course in time, but as Rosa outlined it on the station platform at Yuma it looked quite a trip, especially for a man who hadn't a nickel.

"'There is one question on which everything depends,' Rosa said, as we talked it over. 'Do you happen to be left-handed?'

"My heart gave a leap. I saw it was fate. Left-handed was one of the few things I happened to be.

"'And one other thing,' she pursued. 'Can you play the piccolo?'

"I hesitated. 'That depends,' I said, 'on what you call "playing".'

"'Can you play at all?' she insisted.

"'Oh, more than that,' I assured her.

"'One last question,' she said, 'and then we are through. Do you think that, with a little practice, you could learn to play a left-handed piccolo? I don't mean play a regular piccolo left-handed, but play a genuine left-handed piccolo—one that has the mouthpiece at the wrong end. I mean an instrument on which the E finger plays C sharp, and *vice versa.* Do you think you could ever do that?'

"'I not only think it, I know it,' I

answered. 'I learned the trick two years ago from an old Italian musician at the annual outing of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.'

"Rosa leaped from the truck on which she was sitting. 'Was his name Carbo?' she cried.

"'It was!' I replied, and an instant later we were clasped in each other's arms."

Bracken slowly refilled his pipe and lit it. As was his custom, he watched the match reflectively, until it had burned to the very end.

"And so," he began again, "when the train pulled out that night Rosa and I were on it, bound for our South American triumphs."

Wordeman, however, was perplexed. "But," he said, "I don't understand."

Bracken seemed rather surprised. "Why!" he exclaimed, "the whole situation was wrapped up in that left-handed piccolo!"



I CREPT TO THE PORTHOLE AND LOOKED IN

"Well, then, unwrap it, please," begged Bingham, for the first time in his life on the same side of a question as Wordeman.

"To do that," replied Bracken, "it would be necessary for you to understand thoroughly the life and times of Rosa Lund and the peculiar conditions under which her art was evolved."

"Isn't that a good deal for one man to know?" asked Bingham.

"Thoroughly, yes," replied Bracken, "but I will try to give it to you in tabloid form."

He turned solemnly to Wordeman. "Being a musical expert yourself," he began, "you will understand that when Rosa used the word 'piccolo' she didn't really mean a piccolo at all."

"Then why did she say it?" demanded Bingham, indignantly. "Did she call that honest?"

"Because," replied Bracken, "that was what the orchestra men of the period called it. It had been originally a term of contempt, but now it was common professional slang for the instrument. It really wasn't a piccolo in any sense of the word."

"Well, then, what *was* it?" demanded Bingham. "What did she mean when she said 'piccolo'? Personally, when I say 'piccolo' I *mean* piccolo."

"No doubt you do," answered Bracken, "but she meant a silver flute." He again turned to Wordeman and fixed him with his eye. "You remember, of course, that when Rosa Lund made her debut she was hailed as one of the world's great coloraturas. Perhaps you heard her on her first night at the Metropolitan?"

Wordeman flushed. "If I am not mistaken, I was abroad that year."

"However," explained Bracken, "you know what the public demands of a

coloratura soprano. In her concert work poor Rosa had to give nothing but trilling numbers, like Handel's 'L'Oiseau' and similar songs, in which the voice is matched against a silver flute."

Bingham sat suddenly upright. "I begin to see light," he whispered. "I begin to see light. You were signed on as the silver-flute player!"

"You read my inmost thoughts," said Bracken. "That was indeed how I came into Rosa's life and she into mlne. I was not a bad flute player, as flute players go, but, of course, this was bigger than anything that I had ever tackled up to that date. Fancy! My matching my tones against Rosa Lund's! However, when it came to a choice between going to South America with Rosa Lund or staying in Yuma with the station master, I would have sworn that I was an expert on the three-string marimba."

Wordeman was again looking perplexed. "Just one moment," he begged. "Don't think that I seem impertinent, but why in the world did Miss Lund go to Yuma in search of a pic—of a silver-flute player?"

"She didn't," explained Bracken, patiently. "She had been to San Francisco on a hopeless quest. That I met her at Yuma was simply kismet—fate. You see, Rosa Lund was the first great singer to introduce the silver flute to America as *obbligato* for a coloratura soprano. Before that time they had used the ordinary wooden flute in middle D—the cone flute or the cylinder flute, according to whether the player had received his training in a symphony orchestra or a military band."

Bingham, aghast, looked at me, and I looked at Bingham. Where in the world had Bracken ever picked up that bunk? Bracken, however, proceeded as if only Wordeman were present.



MY FLUTE-PLAYING RIVAL WAS THERE, THE SILVER FLUTE AT HIS LIPS!

"Doubtless," he said, "you remember the uproar in musical circles when Rosa first announced that she was going to sing to a silver flute. Musicians derided the instrument. They called it a 'piccolo' and a 'penny whistle,' but Rosa had made her plans carefully and her victory was complete. Thereafter her name was inseparable from that of the silver flute.

"To begin with, she had gone to Italy, where she had had a special flute made to order at the Naples Flute Works in East Naples. It took months to make it, but when it was done it matched her voice so perfectly that you could not tell one from the other. Even before that, she had secured the famous flautist, Mordecai Scarlatti, to come to America with her, but Scarlatti was deaf in his right ear. He would never play anything but a left-handed flute, so the flute had been made that way."

"Is that at all common?" asked Wordeman, deeply interested. "Playing the flute left-handed?"

"I have only known of two really first-class left-handed flautists in the world," replied Bracken. "One was Scarlatti and the other was my old *maestro*, Cleofonte Carbo."

"Don't forget yourself," suggested Bingham.

"*Faugh!*" said Bracken. "Who am I, to be compared with a Scarlatti or a Carbo?"

"Just the same," argued Bingham, "you seem to have fought your way into fast company."

"That," said Bracken, "was due to no virtue of mine. I could name three or four men who are living to-day who are better musicians than I am. The point was that Rosa Lund, having established her fame in the United States, had set out for the conquest of Mexico."

"Like Prescott," said Bingham.

"Pizarro, you ass," I corrected.

"Well, I knew that it began with a P," said Bingham.

"Rosa had with her," continued Bracken, "a small company of supporting artists, but of course the most important was Scarlatti. At Mexico City, she singing, he playing the *obbligato*, they made a sensation. The emotional Latin people simply went mad about them. From Mexico City they went down to Guaymas, on the west coast, to take ship for South America, but there disaster o'ertook them. Scarlatti fell sick of one of the tropical fevers which are prevalent on that coast, and died.

"What to do? That was the question. Scarlatti and the specially tailored flute were quite as important as Rosa's own voice. To replace the flute by a right-handed instrument, matched to her voice, would require six months and a trip to Naples. Scarlatti, of course, could never be replaced, but was there another man within three thousand miles who could play a left-handed flute as it should be played? The whole South American tour was about to be abandoned, when suddenly one of the orchestra men thought of Carbo, who was then living up in San Francisco. Rosa herself immediately started overland, but when she reached San Francisco, Carbo was breathing his last."

"Left-handed flute playing," commented Bingham, "seems to be what I should class as a hazardous occupation. If I have a son, he plays right-handed or he doesn't play at all."

"It *was* an ominous record," agreed Bracken, "but I was young and I was desperate. Also," he added, "I was in love.

"Mexico at that epoch was one of the most peaceful countries in the world. At Nogales, Rosa and I turned to the south, and the minute we crossed the international border I got out the flute and began to practice."

"Why?" asked Bingham. "Wouldn't they let you play in this country?"

"It wasn't that," explained Bracken, "but, as I keep on telling you, the flute was made of solid silver. If Rosa had brought it across the line just for that trip to San Francisco, she would have

had to pay duty both ways, so she had had it sealed up in bond at the custom house. As soon as we entered Mexico I got it out, tore off the stamps, and began warming up."

Bracken leaned back and his eyes became dreamy. "It was out on the rear platform of the last car on the train that we tried our first duets together—Rosa and I. Shall I ever forget those clear, dry, Mexican evenings, steadily traveling southward, here and there a cactus bush or a lonely herdsman and the music of Rosa's voice and my flute floating out over the *mesa?* At Guaymas the rest of the company joined us—simple, agreeable people—and we went up to Mexico City for Rosa's return engagement."

"Were you nervous?" I asked.

"Of course I was nervous. In reality I was playing against the memory of Scarlatti, the greatest left-handed piccolo player the world has ever known, but Rosa sustained me. Her eyes and her voice were inspiration to me. Somehow I got through the evening, and after we had left Mexico I began to breathe easier. In South America they had never heard Scarlatti."

Bracken leaned back, stretched up his arms, and yawned.

"Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!" he said. "The life of a traveling artist seems very fine to the outside world, but to the old-timer it palls. Plaudits, plaudits, nothing but plaudits. Flowers, flowers, nothing but flowers. Everywhere we met with acclaim. In Ecuador, the students took the horses from our carriage and drew us to our hotel. In Chile, young Spanish hidalgos fought duels over Rosa, and mantillaed ladies secretly sent me jewels and cigarette cases. We, however, had eyes only for each other. Every night we played and sang together, our hearts as truly in tune as our notes, but as time went on I became less interested in Rosa Lund the artist, and became more fascinated by Rosa Lund the woman. Every quality that a woman could have she had."

"You could hardly ask more than that," said Bingham.

"I didn't," said Bracken. "I adored her, I worshiped her. In Lima, in Santiago, our successes were riotous, and as we crossed into the Argentine I told her what was in my heart. At the highest point of the Andes we agreed to become man and wife."

"Very dramatic," commented Wordeman.

"Very dramatic and very symbolic," said Bracken. "In fact it was unhappily symbolic. As we crossed the great divide in the continent, so did it seem that we crossed some great divide in our love. On the west side of the mountains it had been nothing but ecstasy. The moment that we had crossed the divide we seemed to find nothing but discord. It started at Buenos Aires. Rosa, one day, began to feel ill."

"That left-handed flute again!" groaned Bingham. "I'll never have one in my house!"

"Oh, it was not as deadly as that," replied Bracken. "Rosa's illness was not very serious. At least it would not have been serious for anyone but a singer, but for a singer it was fatal. You see, the sudden change from the dry air of the west coast to the moist atmosphere of the pampas, had affected her throat. She struggled heroically with her first concerts, but at last there came a day when she knew that she could not sing.

"You understand," explained Bracken, "that for an ordinary dramatic soprano the case might not have been so serious, but coloratura singing requires a throat in a state of perfect resiliency. Why, Rosa had one song in which the orchestra stopped when it came to the word '*fine*,' but Rosa kept right on and trilled for one hundred and ninety seconds, without any accompaniment, returning, absolutely true, to the note from which she had started. You can imagine what she was up against with a throat not in perfect condition.

"The management was furious. The

house had been sold out for weeks ahead, and Latin audiences are vindictive. One failure to sing and Rosa might be hissed off the stage night after night. Rosa was in despair, until finally I suggested a scheme so daring that, when she first heard it, she was aghast; but she finally agreed to it, and so did the management."

Bracken turned to Wordeman. "You are familiar, of course, with French theaters?"

"Certainly," said Wordeman.

"Well," said Bracken, "the theaters in South America are just the same. The prompter's box is a little hooded affair right at the footlights, facing back toward the stage, but, of course, perfectly shielded from the audience.

"The plan, as we worked it out, was this: In Rosa's biggest wardrobe trunk was a long, nickel-plated rod which held the coat hangers from which her evening gowns were suspended. This rod we sawed off and then rigged it up with holes and odd keys from an old clarinet and all sorts of gimcracks, until it looked just like a silver flute. Oh, I tell you it was a work of art!

"Then we put one of the regular flute players from our own orchestra up by the footlights to go through the motions of playing it while Rosa sang. You understand that he was only a dummy. He never played a note on the clothes horse, although you *could*, because we once tried it. As for Rosa, she could manage the ordinary lines in her songs without hurting her throat. The ordinary lines in a coloratura song don't amount to much, anyway. They are merely a sort of takeoff for the high jump. Rosa actually sang those, but, like the man with the dummy flute, when she came to the trills she merely opened her mouth like a robin. Meantime I was hidden down in the prompt box with the real silver flute, which was so like Rosa's voice that it couldn't be told from it, even by an expert.

"You see how it worked. The imitation-flute player would go through the motions of playing ascending scales, 'Lala-LA, Lala-LA.' Then Rosa would go through the motions of singing 'Lala-LA, Lala-LA,' but actually I played them both, both the voice and the flute parts!"

"Of course it worked like a charm," remarked Bingham, laconically.

"It worked only too well," replied Bracken, sadly.

"What do you mean?" asked Wordeman.

"I mean that it was the end of our happiness," said Bracken. "It brings us right back to the proposition from which we started—that a single family can only hold one great genius and still be happy."

"Of course not meaning to imply—" began Bingham.

"Of course not," protested Bracken. "The second great genius in this case did not lie in me. It lay in the silver flute, but it amounted to the same thing. Rosa was a noble woman, but, first of all she was an artist, with all the artistic weaknesses.

"That evening when I played her part," Bracken explained, "was the greatest triumph we had yet attained. Buenos Aires had been wild about Rosa on the previous evenings, but this evening it simply went insane. It stormed the stage and rioted in the streets outside the opera house. It organized a torchlight procession in her honor.

"Naturally, of course, I thought that, when we met, after the concert, she would receive me as her deliverer. To my utter amazement, she was actually cold. She gave me her cheek for the good-night kiss, as usual, but it was frigid and unresponsive. The next night, in spite of all advice from her private physician, she announced that she would sing her own part herself. She did remarkably well under the circumstances, but her triumph was not that of the evening before.

"And that," announced Bracken, "was how it went on, to the very end of the tour. Rosa's throat became

slowly acclimated, but as long as we were in South America it still remained tricky. About one evening in three I would have to play her part for her, and those evenings were always her biggest triumphs.

"What happened in our artistic life was reflected in our love. When Rosa scored her own triumphs she adored me. When I scored them for her she almost hated me. In that first moment of happiness in the Andes we had planned that we would be married as soon as we reached New York, but now Rosa spoke of it with less and less ardor.

"In those days, in order to get from Rio to New York in any kind of comfort, it was necessary to go clear to England and then back again. We gave three concerts in England, but after those were over and we had started for home Rosa announced that arrangements had been made for a special welcome performance at the Metropolitan, and that it would be better to postpone our marriage until after that concert was over. Her words chilled my heart, for I knew that that was as good as saying that our marriage would never take place at all. However, I was still loyal, as I am to this day, and went on learning the new songs which, as I supposed, I was to play with her at the New York concert.

"On the very last lap of our tour, from Liverpool to New York, things suddenly seemed to get better. Without any apparent reason Rosa suddenly became as devoted as she had been on the Andes. All at once she appeared to consult my every whim. She seemed to want to be off with me alone at all hours of the day. On every excuse she would lead me off to the very bow of the boat, where we could sit undisturbed by the other passengers. Momentarily I was in paradise again. I suspected nothing. What decent man could suspect the woman he loves? Fool that I was, I merely thought that Rosa had seen how ignobly she had been acting.

"One day, however, while we were sitting up there at the front of the ship, I found that I had left my pipe in my stateroom. Strangely, Rosa seemed determined that I should not go back for it. She did all she could to detain me, but in some sudden fit of obstinacy I insisted on going. As I reached the promenade deck, amidships, what did I hear? Low tones on a flute, but unmistakable tones!

"I crept to a porthole and looked in. There, in my own stateroom, sat the flute player who had acted as my own dummy, practicing on the left-handed flute!"

Bracken shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "Don't think," he said, "that I blame Rosa. She was a noble woman, but first of all she was the artist. As I stood there at the porthole the entire plot was spread under my eyes. Before we had left South America I had noticed that Rosa had been strangely attentive to that rival flute player—a very good chap, but a hopeless nonentity.

"Without a word I went back to where Rosa was sitting.

"'Did you find what you wanted?' she asked.

"'I did,' I replied, but I had no pipe."

Bracken fell into silence again. "You can guess the rest," he resumed, at last. "I went right on as if I suspected nothing. I even talked as though I were to play at the great New York concert, but the pretense grew more and more hollow. One day, after we reached New York, I went up to Rosa's apartment. My flute-playing rival was there, the silver flute at his lips!

"I looked at Rosa and she looked at me. She flushed. She saw I knew all.

"'Toto,' she said, for that was what she had always called me—'Toto, can you ever forgive me?'

"'Rosa,' I said, 'Rosa, there is nothing to forgive. The woman I loved is dead. She died in Buenos Aires. Her name was not Rosa Lund. Her name was Madeline Barnes.'

"She hung her head. 'I know it,

Toto,' she said. 'We might have been happy, but it was too big for me. It has been too big for me all my life. Ever since I began my career the Rosa Lund in me has been killing the Madeline Barnes in me by inches.' That is just what happens to every artist.

"She waved her hand toward the rival flute player, who sat there helpless, trembling. 'You must not blame Leonard,' she said. 'It is not really he who has come between us.'

"'No,' I replied, 'it is not Leonard. It is art itself!'

"We both looked sadly at the silver flute which was dropping from Leonard's inadequate fingers. With a sudden fury I snatched it from him. I sounded the trills from Handel's 'L'Oiseau.' I had never played in my life as I played at that moment. For an instant Rosa turned pale; then suddenly she burst into song.

"Not in Buenos Aires, not in Lima, not even in London, had we played and sung as we played and sang at that moment. Nowhere in the world had we ever reached such perfect accord—except on those precious first nights of our love, on the train, speeding southward over the lonely mesas of Mexico.

"The music ceased. The flute was still. We stood there as in a trance. Had I said the word I know that she would have come back to me at that moment. For a day, for a month, we might have been happy, but then, inevitably, the question would have arisen again.

"'Good-by, Rosa,' I said, at last.

"'Good-by, Toto,' she answered.

"Lovingly I ran my fingers for one last time over the keys of the silver flute. Sadly I laid it down and walked out. I have never played another note in my life."

The fire burned low at the Forrest Club. We sat for a moment in silence, and then Wordeman stirred.

"A remarkable story," he said, "a most remarkable story. And yet," he mused, "it seems a pity that you could not have gone on. Living separate lives, you might have won your own triumphs and she won hers."

"No," said Bracken. "That is just the point. I was not the true artist. I was the lover first and the artist second. I wanted no triumph without my Rosa."

Then suddenly his eyes twinkled. "Besides," he added, "it is not every day that you find a left-handed flute."

DESPAIR

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

IT is not days I count, nor lonely nights
When all the stars are dead—
The days and hours go past me, meaningless,
Leaving a void instead.

The day you left is that same day to-day,
For I have ever stood
Alone and waiting, listening for your voice
Within the silent wood.

It matters not how long, though seasons change,
Yet am I here to greet
The happy rustling in the autumn leaves
Of your returning feet.

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

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PART IV

AT the opening of the seventeenth century a man of letters, of sufficient genius to be suspected by some of having written the plays of Shakespeare, directed his distinguished literary ability to the promotion and exaltation of natural science. Lord Bacon was the chief herald of that habit of scientific and critical thought which has played so novel and all-important a part in the making of the modern mind. When but twenty-two years old he was already sketching out a work which he planned to call *Temporis Partus Maximus* (*The Greatest Thing Ever*). He felt that he had discovered why the human mind, enmeshed in mediæval metaphysics and indifferent to natural phenomena, had hitherto been a stunted and ineffective thing, and how it might be so nurtured and guided as to gain unprecedented strength and vigor. And never has there been a man better equipped with literary gifts to preach a new gospel than Francis Bacon. He spent years in devising eloquent and ingenious ways of delivering learning from the "discredits and disgraces" of the past, and in exhorting man to explore the realms of nature for his delight and profit. He never wearied of trumpeting forth the glories of the new knowledge which would come with the study of common things and the profitable uses to which it might be put in relieving man's estate. He impeached the mediæval schoolmen for spinning out endless cobwebs of learning, remarkable for their fineness, but of no substance or spirit. He urged the learned to come out of their cells, study the creations of God, and build up on what they discovered a new and true philosophy.

Even in his own day students of natural phenomena had begun to carry out Bacon's general program with striking effects. While he was urging men to cease "tumbling up and down in their own reason and conceits" and to spell out, and so by degrees to learn to read, in the volume of God's works, an Italian, Galileo, had already begun the reading and had found out that the Aristotelian physics ran counter to the facts; that a body once in motion will continue to move forever in a straight line unless it be stopped or deflected. Studying the sky through his newly invented telescope, he beheld the sun spots and noted the sun's revolution on its axis, the phases of Venus, and the satellites of Jupiter. These discoveries seemed to confirm the ideas advanced long before by Copernicus—the earth was *not* the center of the universe and the heavens were *not* perfect and unchanging. He dared to discuss these matters in the language of the people and was, as everyone knows, condemned by the Inquisition.

This preoccupation with natural phenomena and this refusal to accept the old-established theories until they had been verified by an investigation of common fact was a very novel thing. It introduced a fresh and momentous element into our intellectual heritage. In earlier articles the historical accumulation of the mind has been briefly traced; we have noted some of the con-

tributions made by our simple-minded savage ancestors, by the sophisticated Greeks, and by the devout scholars of the Middle Ages to our stock of beliefs, range of interest, methods of reasoning, and intellectual aspirations. We recalled, in the preceding article, the mysticism, supernaturalism, and intolerance of the Middle Ages, their reliance on old books, and their indifference to everyday fact, except as a sort of allegory for the edification of the Christian pilgrim. In the mediæval universities the professors, or "schoolmen," devoted themselves to the elaborate formulation of Christian doctrine and the interpretation of Aristotle's works. It was a period of revived Greek metaphysics, adapted to prevailing religious presuppositions. Into this fettered world Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, and others brought a new aspiration toward untrammeled investigation and honest, critical thinking about everyday things.

These founders of modern natural science realized that they would have to begin afresh. This was a bold resolve, but not so bold as must be that of the student of mankind to-day if he expects to free himself from the trammels of the past. Bacon pointed out that the old days were not those of mature knowledge, but of youthful human ignorance. "*These* times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those we count ancient, *ordine retrograde*, by a computation backward from ourselves." In his *New Atlantis* he pictures an ideal state which concentrated its resources on systematic scientific research with a view of applying new discoveries to the betterment of man's lot.

Descartes, who was a young man when Bacon was an old one, insisted on the necessity, if we proposed to seek the truth, of doubting *everything* at least once in our lives. To all these leaders in the development of modern science doubt, not faith, was the beginning of wisdom. They doubted—and with good reason—what the Greeks were supposed to have discovered; they doubted all the old books and all the university professors' lecture notes. They did not venture to doubt the Bible, but they eluded it in various ways. They set to work to find out exactly what happened under certain circumstances. They experimented individually and reported their discoveries to the scientific academies which began to come into existence. As one follows the deliberations of these bodies it is pathetic to observe how little the learning of previous centuries, in spite of its imposing claims, had to contribute to a critical knowledge of common things. It required a century of hard work to establish the most elementary facts which would now be found in a child's book. How water and air act, how to measure time and temperature and atmospheric pressure, had to be discovered. The microscope revealed the complexity of organic tissues, the existence of minute creatures, vaguely called infusoria, and the strange inhabitants of the blood, the red and white corpuscles. The telescope put an end to the sacred and precious misapprehensions in regard to the heavens. Without a certain un-Greek, practical inventive tendency which, for reasons not easily to be discovered, first began to manifest itself in the thirteenth century, this progress would not have been possible. The new thinkers descended from the magisterial chair and patiently fussed with lenses, tubes, pulleys and wheels, thus weaning themselves from the adoration of man's mind and understanding. They had to devise the machinery of investigation as investigation itself progressed.

Moreover, they did not confine themselves to the conventionally noble and elevated subjects of speculation. They addressed themselves to worms and ditch water in preference to metaphysical subtleties. They agreed with Bacon that the mean and even filthy deserve study. All this was naturally scorned by the university professors, and the universities consequently played little or no part in the advance of natural science

until the nineteenth century. Nor were the moral leaders of mankind behind the intellectual in opposing the novel tendencies. The clergy did all they could to perpetuate the squalid belief in witchcraft, but found no place for experimental science in their scheme of learning, and judged it offensive to the Maker of all things. But their opposition could do no more than hamper the new scientific impulse, which was far too potent to be seriously checked.

So in one department of human thought—the investigation of natural processes—majestic progress has been made during the past three hundred years, with every promise of continued and startling advance. The new methods employed by students of natural science have resulted in the accumulation of a stupendous mass of information in regard to the material structure and operation of things, and the gradual way in which the earth and all its inhabitants have come into being. The nature and workings of atoms and molecules are being cleared up, and their relation to heat, light, and electricity established. The slow processes which have brought about the mountains and valleys, the seas and plains, have been exposed. The structure of the elementary cell can be studied under powerful lenses; its divisions, conjunctions, differentiation and multiplication into the incredibly intricate substance of plants and animals can be traced. In short, man is now in a position, for the first time in his history, to have some really clear and accurate notion of the world in which he dwells and of the living creatures which surround him and with which he must come to terms. It would seem obvious that this new knowledge should enable him to direct his affairs more intelligently than his ancestors were able to do in their ignorance. He should be in a position to accommodate himself more and more successfully to the exigencies of an existence which he can understand more fully than any preceding generation, and he should aspire to deal more and more sagaciously with himself and his fellow men.

But while our information in regard to man and the world is incalculably greater than that available a hundred, even fifty years ago, we must frankly admit that the knowledge is still so novel, so imperfectly assimilated, so inadequately co-ordinated, and so feebly and ineffectively presented to the great mass of men that its *direct* effects upon human impulses and reasoning and outlook are as yet inconsiderable and disappointing. We *might* think in terms of molecules and atoms but we rarely do. Few have any more knowledge of their own bodily operations than had their grandparents. The farmer's confidence in the phases of the moon gives way but slowly before recent discoveries in regard to the bacteria of the soil. Few who use the telephone, ride on electric cars, and carry a camera have even the mildest curiosity in regard to how these things work. It is only *indirectly*, through *invention*, that scientific knowledge touches our lives on every hand, modifying our environment, altering our daily habits, dislocating the anciently established order, and imposing the burden of constant readjustment on even the most ignorant and lethargic.

Unlike a great part of man's earlier thought, modern scientific knowledge and theory have not remained matter merely for academic discourse and learned books, but have provoked the invention of innumerable practical devices which surround us on every hand, and from which we can now scarce escape by land or sea. So while scientific knowledge has not greatly affected the thoughts of most of us, its influence in the promotion of modern invention has served to place us in a new setting or environment, the novel features of which it would be no small task to explain to one's great-great-grandfather, should he unexpectedly apply for up-to-date information. So even if modern scientific knowledge is as yet so imper-

fect and ill understood as to make it impossible for us to apply much of it directly and personally in our daily conduct, we nevertheless cannot neglect the urgent effects of scientific invention, for they are constantly posing new problems of adjustment to us, and sometimes disposing of old ones.

Let us consider a few striking examples of the astonishing way in which what seemed in the beginning to be rather trivial inventions and devices have, with the improvements of modern science, profoundly altered the conditions of life. Some centuries before the time of Bacon and Galileo four discoveries were made which, supplemented and elaborated by later insight and ingenuity, may be said to underlie our modern civilization. A writer of the time of Henry II of England reports that sailors when caught in fog or darkness were wont to touch a needle to a bit of magnetic iron. The needle would then, it had been found, whirl around in a circle and come to rest pointing north. On this tiny index the vast extension of modern commerce and imperialism rests. That lentil-shaped bits of glass would magnify objects was known before the end of the thirteenth century and from that little fact have come microscopes, telescopes, spectroscopes, and cameras, and from these in turn has come a great part of our unprecedented knowledge of natural processes in men, animals, and plants and our comprehension of the cosmos at large. Gunpowder began to be used a few decades after the lens was discovered; it and its terrible descendants have changed the whole problem of human warfare and the public defense. The printing press, originally a homely scheme for saving the labor of the copyist, has not only made modern democracy and nationality possible, but has helped by the extension of education to undermine the ancient foundations upon which human industry has rested from the beginnings of civilization.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the steam engine began to supplant the muscular power of men and animals, which had theretofore been only feebly supplemented by windmills and water wheels. And now we use steam and gas engines and water power to generate potent electric currents which do their work far from the source of supply. Mechanical ingenuity has utilized all this undreamed-of energy in innumerable novel ways for producing old and new commodities in tremendous quantities and distributing them with unprecedented rapidity throughout the earth. Vast factories have sprung up, with their laborious multitudes engaged on minute contributions to the finished article; overgrown cities sprawl over the neighboring green fields and pastures; long freight trains of steel cars thunder across continents; monstrous masses of wealth pile up, are reinvested and applied to making the whole system more and more inconceivably intricate and interdependent; and incidentally there is hurry and worry and discontent and hazard beyond belief for a creature who has to grasp it all and control it all with a mind reared on that of an animal, a child, and a savage.

As if these changes were not astounding enough, now has come the chemist who devotes himself to making not new *commodities*, but new *substances*. He juggles with the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, chlorine, and the rest, and far outruns the workings of nature. Up to date he has been able to produce artfully over two hundred thousand compounds, for some of which mankind formerly depended on the alchemy of animals and plants. He can make foodstuffs out of sewage; he can entrap the nitrogen in the air and use it to raise wheat to feed, or high explosives to slaughter, his fellows. He no longer relies on plants and animals for dyes and perfumes. In short, a chemical discovery may at any moment devastate an immemorial industry and leave both capital and labor in the lurch. The day may not be far distant when, should the

chemist learn to control the incredible interatomic energy, the steam engine will seem as complete an anachronism as the treadmill.

The uttermost parts of the earth have been visited by Europeans, and commerce has brought all races of the globe into close touch. We have now to reckon with every nation under heaven, as was shown in the World War. At the same time steam and electrical communication has been so perfected that space has been practically annihilated as regards speech, and in matters of transportation reduced to perhaps a fifth. So all the peoples of the earth form economically a loose and, as yet, scarcely acknowledged federation of man in which the fate of any member may affect the affairs of all the others, no matter how remote they may be geographically.

All these unprecedented conditions have conspired to give business for business' sake a fascination and overwhelming importance it has never had before. We no longer make things for the sake of making them but for money. The chair is not made to sit on, but for profit; the soap is no longer prepared for purposes of cleanliness, but to be sold for profit. Practically nothing catches our eye in the way of writing that was written for its own sake and not for money. Our magazines and newspapers are our modern commercial travelers proclaiming the gospel of business competition. Formerly the laboring classes worked because they were slaves or because they were defenseless and could not escape from thraldom—or, mayhap, because they were natural artisans; but now they are coming into a position where they can combine and bargain and enter into business competition with their employers. Like their employers, they are learning to give as little as possible for as much as possible. This is good business; and the employer should realize that at last he has succeeded in teaching his employees to be strictly businesslike. When houses were built to live in, and wheat and cattle grown to eat, these essential industries took care of themselves. But now that profit is the motive for building houses and raising grain, if the promised returns are greater from manufacturing automobiles or embroidered lingerie, one is tempted to ask if there are any longer compelling reasons for building houses or raising food?

Along with the new inventions and discoveries and our inordinately pervasive commerce have come two other novel elements in our environment—what we vaguely call democracy and nationality. These also are to be traced to applied science and mechanical contrivances. The printing press has made popular education possible, and it is our aspiration to have every boy and girl learn to read and write—an ideal that the Western World has gone far to realize in the last hundred years. General education, introduced first among men and then extended to women, has made plausible the contention that all adults should have a vote, and thereby exercise some ostensible influence in the choice of public officials and in the direction of the policy of the government. Until recently the mass of the people have not been invited to turn their attention to public affairs, which have been left in the control of the richer classes and their representatives and agents, the statesmen or politicians. Doubtless our crowded cities have contributed to a growing sense of the importance of the common man, for all must now share the street car, the public park, the water supply, and contagious diseases. But there is a still more fundamental discovery underlying our democratic tendencies. This is the easily demonstrated scientific truth that nearly all men and women, whatever their social and economic status, have much greater possibilities of activity and thought and emotion than they exhibit in the particular conditions in which they happen to be placed; that in all ranks may be found evidence of unrealized capacity; that we are living on a far lower scale of in-

telligent conduct and national enjoyment than is necessary.

Our present notions of nationality are of very recent origin, going back scarcely a hundred years. Formerly nations were made up of the subjects of this or that gracious majesty and were regarded by their God-given rulers as beasts of burden or slaves, or in more amiable moods, as children. The same forces that have given rise to modern democracy have made it possible for vast groups of people, such as make up France or the United States, to be held together more intimately than ever before by the news which reaches them daily of the enterprises of their government and the deeds of their conspicuous fellow countrymen. In this way the inhabitants of an extensive territory embracing hundreds of thousands of square miles are brought as close together as the people of Athens in former days. Man is surely a gregarious animal who dislikes solitude. He is, moreover, given to the most exaggerated estimate of his tribe, and on these ancient foundations modern nationality has been built up by means of the printing press, the telegraph, and cheap postage. So it has fallen out that just when the world was becoming effectively cosmopolitan in its economic interdependence, its scientific research, and its exchange of books and art, the ancient tribal insolence has been developed on a stupendous scale.

The manner in which man has revolutionized his environment, habits of conduct, and views of life by inventions is perhaps the most astonishing thing in human history. It is an obscure and hitherto rather neglected subject. But it is clear enough, from the little that has been said here, that since the Middle Ages, and especially in the past hundred years, science has so hastened the process of change that it becomes increasingly difficult for man's common run of thinking to keep pace with the radical alterations in his actual practices and conditions of living.

Man has never been able to adjust himself very perfectly to his civilization, and there has always been a deal of injustice and maladjustment which might conceivably have been greatly decreased by intelligence. But now it would seem that this chronic *malaise* has become acute, and some careful observers express the quite honest conviction that unless thought be raised to a far higher plane than hitherto some great setback to civilization is inevitable. The chaos and suffering in the world are daily evidence that the ideas appropriate, mayhap, a century or more ago, are quite unsuited to the unprecedented conditions of to-day. Yet instead of subjecting traditional ideas and rules to a thoroughgoing reconsideration, our impulse is to hasten to justify existing and habitual notions of human conduct. There are even those who flatter themselves that by suppressing so-called "radical" thought and its diffusion, the present system can be made to work satisfactorily on the basis of ideas of a hundred or a hundred thousand years ago. The new knowledge is still very far from being a common possession, and most of us still cling to hampering ideas about man and his development which would not bear scientific scrutiny, nor the test of modern discoveries. We have, in short, permitted our free thought in the natural sciences to spoil the old world, while we allow our schools and even our universities to continue to inculcate beliefs and ideals which may or may not have been appropriate to the past, but which are clearly anachronisms now. Indeed, the "social science" taught in our schools is an orderly presentation of the conventional proprieties, rather than a summons to grapple with the novel and disconcerting facts that surround us on every side.

At the opening of the twentieth century the so-called sciences of man, despite some progress, are in much the same position that the natural sciences were three centuries earlier. Hobbes says of the scholastic philosophy that it

went on one brazen leg and one of an ass. This seems to be our plight to-day. Our scientific leg is lusty and grows in strength daily; its fellow member—our thought of man and his sorry estate—is capricious and halting. We have not realized the hopes of the eighteenth-century "illumination," when confident philosophers believed that humanity was shaking off its ancient chains; that the clouds of superstition were lifting, and that with the new achievements of science man would boldly and rapidly advance toward hitherto undreamed-of concord and happiness. We can no longer countenance the specious precision of the English classical school of economics, whose premises have been given the lie by further thought and experience. We have really to start anew.

The students of natural phenomena early realized the arduous path they had to travel. They had to escape, above all things, from the past. They perceived that they could look for no help from those whose special business it was to philosophize and moralize in terms of the past. They had to look for light in their own way and in the directions from which they conjectured it might come. Their first object was light, not fruit. They had to learn before they could undertake changes, and Descartes is very careful to say that philosophic doubt was not to be carried over to daily conduct. This should for the time being conform to accepted standards, unenlightened as they might be.

Such should be the frame of mind of one who seeks insight into human affairs. His subject matter is, however, far more intricate and unmanageable than that of the natural scientist. Experiment on which natural science has reared itself is by no means so readily applicable in studying mankind and his problems. The student of humanity has even more inveterate prejudices to overcome, more inherent and cultivated weaknesses of the mind to guard against than the student of nature. Like the early scientists, he has a scholastic tradition to combat. He can look for little help from the universities as now constituted. The clergy, although less sensitive in regard to what they find in the Bible, are still hotly opposed on the whole to any thoroughgoing criticism of the standards of morality to which they are accustomed. Few lawyers can view their profession with any considerable degree of detachment. Then there are the now all-potent business interests, backed by the politicians and in general supported, by the ecclesiastical, legal, and educational classes. Many of the newspapers and magazines are under their influence, since they are become the business man's heralds and live off his bounty. Business indeed has almost become our religion; it is defended by the civil government even as the later Roman emperors and the mediæval princes protected the Church against attack. Socialists and communists are the Waldensians and Albigensians of our day, heretics to be cast out, suppressed, and deported to Russia, if not directly to hell as of old. The Secret Service seems inclined to play the part of a modern Inquisition, which protects our new religion. Collected in innumerable files is the evidence in regard to suspected heretics who have dared impugn "business as usual," or who have dwelt too lovingly on peace and good will among nations. Books and pamphlets, although no longer burned by the common hangman, are forbidden the mails by somewhat undiscerning officials. We have a pious vocabulary of high resentment and noble condemnation, even as they had in the Middle Ages, and some of it is genuine, if unintelligent, as it was then.

We are really afraid of thought. We know that it is, as Bertrand Russell says, "the light of the world and the chief glory of man," but we also dread its indifference to authority and its carelessness of the well-tried wisdom of the ages.

It is fear that holds men back—fear lest their cherished beliefs should prove harmful, fear lest they themselves should prove less

worthy of respect than they have supposed themselves to be. 'Should the workingman think freely about property? Then what will become of us, the rich? Should young men and women think freely about sex? Then what will become of morality? Should soldiers think freely about war? Then what will become of military discipline?'

Such are some of the obstacles which the student of human affairs must surmount. Yet we may hope that it will become increasingly clear that the repression of discussion, even if it takes the form of a denunciation of existing habits and institutions, is inexpedient and inappropriate to the situation in which the world finds itself. Let us assume that such people as really advocate lawlessness and disorder should be carefully watched and checked if they promise to be a cause of violence and destruction. But is it not possible to distinguish between them and those who question and even arraign with some degree of heat the standardized unfairness and maladjustments of our times? And there is another class who cannot by any exaggeration be considered agitators, who have by taking thought come to see that our conditions have so altered in the past hundred years and our knowledge so increased that the older ways of doing and viewing things are not only unreasonable, but actually dangerous. But so greatly has the hysteria of war unsettled the public mind that even this latter class is subject to discreditable accusations and some degree of interference.

We constantly hear it charged that this or that individual or group advocates the violent overthrow of government, is not loyal to the Constitution, or is openly or secretly working for the abolition of private property or the family, or, in general, is supposed to be eager to "overturn everything without having anything to put in its place." The historical student may well recommend that we be on our guard against such accusations brought against groups and individuals. For the student of history finds that it has always been the custom to charge those who happened to be unpopular, with holding beliefs and doing things which they neither believed nor did. Socrates was executed for corrupting youth and infidelity to the gods; Jesus for proposing to overthrow the government; Luther was to the officials of his time one who taught "a loose, self-willed life, severed from all laws and wholly brutish." Those who questioned the popular delusions in regard to witchcraft were declared by clergymen, professors, and judges of the seventeenth century to be as good as atheists, who shed doubt on the devil's existence in order to lead their godless lives without fear of future retribution. How is it possible, in view of this inveterate habit of mankind, to accept at its face value what the police or Department of Justice, or self-appointed investigators, report of the teachings of people who are already condemned in their eyes.

Of course the criticism of accepted ideas is offensive and will long remain so. After all, talk and writing are forms of conduct, and, like all conduct, are inevitably disagreeable when they depart from the accepted standards of respectable behavior. To talk as if our established notions of religion, morality, and property, our ideas of stealing and killing, were defective and in need of revision, is indeed more shocking than to violate the current rules of action. For we are accustomed to actual crimes, misdemeanors, and sins, which are happening all the time, but we will not tolerate any suspected attempt to palliate them in theory. It is, I fear, inevitable that new views should appear to the thoughtless to be justifications or extenuations of evil actions and an encouragement of violence and rebellion, and that they will accordingly be bitterly denounced. But there is no reason why an increase of intelligence should not put an increasing number of us on our guard against this ancient pitfall.

If we are courageously to meet and successfully to overcome the dangers

with which our civilization is threatened, it is clear that we need *more mind* than ever before. It is also clear that we can have indefinitely more mind than we already have if we but honestly desire it and avail ourselves of resources already at hand. Mind, as previously defined, is our "conscious knowledge and intelligence, what we know and our attitude toward it—our disposition to increase our information, classify it, criticize it, and apply it." *It is obvious that in this sense the mind is a matter of accumulation and that it has been in the making ever since man took his first step in civilization.* I have tried to suggest the manner in which man's long history illuminates our plight and casts light on the path to be followed. And history is beginning to take account of the knowledge of man's nature and origin contributed by the biologist and the anthropologist and the newer psychologists. Few people realize the hopeful revolution that is already beginning to determine the aims and methods of all these sciences of man. No previous generation of thinkers has been so humble on the whole as is that of to-day, so ready to avow their ignorance and to recognize the tendency of each new discovery to reveal further complexities in the problem. On the other hand, we are justified in feeling that at last we have the chance to start afresh. We are freer than any previous age from the various prepossessions and prejudices which we now see hampered the so-called "free" thinking of the eighteenth century.

The standards and mood of natural science are having an increasing influence in stimulating eager research into human nature, beliefs, and institutions. With Bacon's recommendations of the study of common things the human mind entered a new stage of development. Now that historic forces have brought the common man to the fore, we are submitting him to scientific study and gaining thereby that elementary knowledge of mankind in general which needs to be vastly increased and spread abroad, since it can form the only possible basis for a successful and real democracy.

I would not have the reader infer that I overrate the place of science or exact knowledge in the life of man. Science, which is but the most accurate information available about the world in which we live and the nature of ourselves and of our fellow men, is not the whole of life; and except to a few peculiar persons it can never be the most absorbing and vivid of our emotional satisfactions. We are poetic and artistic and romantic and mystical. We resent the reduction of life to the commonplace and well substantiated, and this is, after all is said, the aim of scientific endeavor. But we have to adjust ourselves to a changing world in the light of constantly accumulating knowledge. It is knowledge that has changed the world and we must rely on knowledge and understanding to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings and establish peace and order and security for the pursuit of those things that to most of us are more enticing than science itself.

No previous generation has been so perplexed as ours, but none has ever been justified in holding higher hopes if it could but reconcile itself to making bold and judicious use of its growing resources, material and intellectual. *It is fear that holds us back.* And fear is begotten of ignorance and uncertainty. But one can as an individual overcome the fear of thought. Once I was afraid that men might think too much; now I am only afraid that they will think far too little and too timidly, for I now see that real thinking is rare and difficult and needs every encouragement in the face of innumerable ancient and inherent discouragements and impediments. We must first free our own minds and then do what we can to hearten others to free theirs. *Toujours de l'audace!* As members of a race that has required from five hundred thousand to a million years to reach its present stage of intelligence, there is little reason to think that any of us are likely to overdo the matter.

A TRAGEDY OF GUSTATORY SELECTION

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

"Be guided by me," the rhinoceros said.
"Wear a heavier skin, and a horn on your head.
Abandon this highly impolitic dream
Of seeking to emulate peaches and cream.

"The earth we inhabit is cruel and wild.
Even its cities are jungles, my child.
Wherever you go it's apparent enough,
To be healthy and happy you have to be tough."

He smiled on the maiden and took her in hand—
Remodeled her somewhat the way he was planned.
And facing the future I witnessed them leave,
Like a new and more competent Adam and Eve.

IT is strange how little we can foresee the future of boys we know well at school. Character? Yes, perhaps you can tell what kind of character a fellow will have, but so often it takes a quite different turn from what you would expect.

There's Hooker; he used to be secretary of the Sunday Club when I was at Brockway, and we all supposed he was headed for the ministry. We used to guy him about it. He was a serious boy; he even would talk, if you let him, about the dangers of Methodism, and of how the low-church denominations were gaining on the Episcopal. He kept records in the back of his algebra of their annual increase of communicants. Yet when I met him the other evening at a dinner of old Brockway graduates, he had on the sportiest looking evening waistcoat that I've ever seen—bright yellow with green dots and buttons—and he talked nothing but baseball. He had the records of all the baseball clubs figured out as exactly as he used to have the scores of the Presbyterians and Baptists at school.

Then there was Loaf Maxson who wore rings and wrote for the school paper little verses about what the grass said in spring by the pond. He, too, was at this dinner, plump, affable. Said that he was a banker. Not a regular down-town banker, however, with a hard football face, but one of those gentle banker managers of an up-town branch of the Etna, where the wives of wealthy New-Yorkers keep their pin-money accounts.

But of all those at the dinner the man I was most struck by was Probe. At Brockway he had been the school's fat boy. A regular roly-poly with dimples across the backs of his hands, and stockings that split over his calves. He was interested only in eating. He was an awfully decent little boy, conscientious, but popular: had two pet mice in his bureau. Well, here he was at fifty, tall, lean, with an ironlike look, eating none of the delicious foods and pastries which they always have at these dinners, but munching some queer-looking biscuit he had brought in his pocket. He had a bit of ribbon in his buttonhole, the insignia of some foreign order, a corrugated face; great, bony shoulders—

I thought of that time when we chased the sheep out of the old lower meadow. Brosy Probe tried to catch one of the lambs and it plunged off the rock; broke its leg. Brosy cried. The matron said he had a good heart. She thought it was beautiful of him. He cried for two days, and would eat none of the lamb when we had it for dinner.

I reminded Hooker of this. "Yes,"

he said, "that was the only meal when Probe didn't stuff himself."

"Good heart, eh?" added Maxson. "Well, that's what the matron would say, of course. I should call it bad nerves. Two whole days of blubbering! Was that beautiful, or simply unhealthy? A psychology shark would probably tell you that his breaking the lamb's leg was a shock which may have formed what they call a neurosis. Anyhow, he's quite changed. He was all right as a boy, but I wouldn't be seen with him nowadays. No business to come here to-night."

I asked him what the dickens he meant. What could be wrong with a fellow like Brosy Probe who had always been perfectly straight. Maxson muttered something about a woman, and tried to change the subject.

"Oh, lordy!" I said. "Probe, too? Well, I'm not going to believe it till I have to."

"If you must know," Hooker angrily put in, "it was Fiddle Bayne's sister. Nicest girl you ever saw. The sweetest, prettiest, most charming little thing a fellow could find. And Probe simply broke his engagement to her and waltzed off to Europe, and now here he is back with a fishy-looking decoration, trying to look like a statesman."

I thought of the comfortable old age I had imagined for Brosy, a fat, chubby paterfamilias with everyone loving him. Instead of which I beheld a semi-human rugged steel building, with a black past and with everyone down on him, chewing away at odd biscuits.

Several other fellows told me a few additional facts about Probe, in that vague way which Brockway men have when a thing's out of their line. I learned that he was "doing something in science," and was much talked of in Europe, especially in places like Italy and the Balkans, where he had made quite a hit. "That order? Grand Companion of the Dobrudja." But, on the other hand, his scientific standing in England was *nil*.

Toward the end of the evening I went around and spoke to him. He shook hands warmly, smiled down upon me in a dignified way, and asked how I was getting on, as though I were his favorite nephew.

"Oh, pshaw! Brosy," I said, "I'm just shuffling along like the rest, but what's this I hear about *you?* All I've done is to look at the scenery, but you've taken a whack at it."

He said that outside of his contests with the Royal Society he had given most of his time to his books and his classes at Wilkenson. He searched his pockets and found a printed circular about one of his works, "*New Studies Showing the Sensory Reactions of the Glossopharyngeal Nerve.* By Prof. Ambrose A. Probe. Wilkenson University Press. Pp. 847. With charts."

"What's it all about, Brosy?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "that book was only a postscript to my *Gustatory Selection.* Since completing the Annals of the Mammals Series I have had to give most of my time to defending myself from these constant attacks by Darwinians."

He explained that Darwinians declined to accept his *Gustatory Selection.* And he proceeded to make some bitter references, which I could not understand, to the prejudices of certain powerful scholars of whom I'd never heard, whose principal object in life was to persecute Brosy.

His talk sounded interesting to me in spite of his circular and his charts and his annals. I felt that he had a story about him. I got him off one side in a corner, with a box of cigars, and asked him to tell me about it.

"I'm no scientist, Brosy, you know," I said, "so skip all of that that you can, but tell me how this—er—this happened to you. You used to be one of the crowd; I mean, at Brockway, you were just like the rest of us, and I—well—I can't get used to—"

He laughed in quite his old natural way. But as soon as he began telling

me about it he slipped back into seriousness.

"I doubt if I could fix the exact period," he said. "I seem always to have had the idea. Perhaps it was at Brockway. I recall watching the—er—well, to tell you the truth, it was the sheep there, and wondering at times to myself."

"What about?"

He tapped silently on the arm of his chair, pursed his lips. "I had better explain what I mean by gustatory selection. I begin with this very strange fact: that the beings which inhabit this earth have an appetite for one another as food. Isn't this the one of our traits that would astonish you most, if you came here from Mars? It is a repugnant and horrifying custom, yet to us it seems natural! On this particular planet some instinct has created this habit. As a result, many species have disappeared, having been completely devoured; while all the rest of the birds, beasts, and bugs that now survive are steadily eating one another up; and the toothsome die young.

"I am no vegetarian," he said. "I eat meat. I believe it is necessary. I participate in our planetary orgy—but it's not a nice spectacle. From the point of view of science, however, it is immensely significant."

He went on to say that after long study he had written a book, addressed chiefly to scientists, pointing out that we should have to change our theories of selective survival. Instead of the survival of the fittest, it was more accurate to say that the true course of events had been the survival of the least edible.

"But that's horrible, Brosy."

He set his jaw and replied that he knew it, but one had to face truth.

"Well, but look here," I objected, "lots of edible species exist. How do you account for the fact that they have survived in such numbers?"

He said few had survived except those we had artificially preserved for our tables.

"We have kept pigs alive," he explained, "though in a deformed obese state; semi-stupefied cows; hens, provided they will turn their maternal instinct into a mania. But all the most edible species, such as the dinosaur and the ichthyosaurus, whose disappearance has hitherto been a mystery because they were so mighty, died ages ago, and why? Because, probably, they had an exquisite flavor. Darwin's explanation was lame and unsatisfactory—that they were not 'adapted.' Mine is, I hope, a more intelligent contribution to thought on this subject. The ichthyosaurus, we may safely conjecture from its general appearance and diet, was delicious eating, far more tender and succulent than any meats we now have on earth; and, naturally, he was too good to last, when the world had no game laws."

He nodded in a satisfied way, and said that even Ehret and Bransmo Whitteker, the great dinosaur specialists, had had to admit that much, though they were two of his most bitter opponents. Ehret had once tried to get him out of Wilkenson and to put him off the map as a scholar.

"I might have realized that my book would be unpopular, though," he continued. "Darwin's theory was unwelcome enough. It was a great blow to men. Instead of having Adam as their grandsire, they had an amœba. But at least they had the great satisfaction, or so they supposed, of being a triumph of evolution—the 'most fit' to survive. My theory, I frankly admit, has been a worse blow than Darwin's. Instead of being the one chosen species, we are the world's discards. We are here in great multitudes; we have inherited the earth. Yes; but why? Because we were the most fit to survive? No; but the least fit to eat."

He stared bitterly at me, full of self-contempt, and contempt for me, too.

"Well, old man," I said, soothingly, "don't let's feel too bad about it. You don't wish we were ichthyosauri? They are dead. We're alive. Life is good."

"Life is gruesome." Probe's eyes were dark.

"So it is," I admitted. "So it is. Gruesome, good, ugly, beautiful—"

"You don't take it in, Day," Probe said. "You are just arguing back and forth on the surface. How can I bring it home to you?" He meditated, pulling at his lip with thumb and forefinger.

"I am only too glad not to be an ichthyosaurus," he finally stated, with dignity. "But suppose we men should meet the same fate. Can you imagine its nature?"

He looked earnestly at me. "Suppose," he whispered, "that you were a little lamb. Or—at your age—say, a sheep, a member of a species that was used only to feed and clothe others." His brows knitted in pain. "Talk of gruesome! Think how the world looks to sheep. . . . Or if you can't imagine that," he continued, crossly, seeing me shaking my head, "then suppose that some other race than we were the masters of earth, and kept flocks of us men, and made us breed like sheep for their convenience. We'd see those masters going around wrapped in dried human skins, made up into stylish coats. Human whiskers as mufflers. And we'd know those skins and whiskers had been taken from some of our relatives. Does that show you how a sheep would feel if he could read our all-wool advertisements?

"And the hard-hearted eating. We'd see our masters eat human dinners. Spring babies, mint sauce. Roast leg of man—"

"Oh, but hang it all! Probe," I protested. "This is too fantastic."

His eyes suddenly burned with a strange agony. "Day," he said, "I fear not.

"I hadn't intended," he presently added, in a more every-day tone, "to mention the developments of my theory that I am now working on. But I'll tell you this much about it. Some years ago I found in a newspaper, hidden away in a corner, an apparently unimportant item concerning the habits of thrushes. It simply said that thrushes had been noticed by country boys, here and there, attempting to feed on minnows near the shore and in the shallows of rivers. Now, thrushes had never been ranked among fish-eaters. So this got me to thinking. I knew that the water-ouzel had become an habitual fish-eater, though once it had never touched them, and I began to speculate on what might happen if birds and other species wanted more and more meat. Was a new epoch coming in which the diets of many species might change? I felt that there was something important, something ominous, perhaps, in the air. For the moment, however, I merely thought that we had better keep an eye on the birds."

Something clicked in my brain, and I suddenly recalled my old bulfinch that was so fond of bacon. I started to tell Probe about it, but he paid no attention, simply raised his voice and went right on talking.

"I will mention but one other instance," he said. He leaned gravely forward, and again a look of pain came in his eyes. "Have you heard about the sheep in New Zealand? How the parrots are eating them?"

I answered, uncomfortably, that I had heard it happened occasionally. I remembered seeing an article in an English paper, by some famous sportsman, describing how, in New Zealand, parrots sometimes flew down from the mountains, and actually attacked, killed, and ate a sheep. But what of it? It hadn't struck me as tragic. I didn't tell Probe this; I merely remarked I had supposed it exceptional.

Probe said no. "At first these were thought to be freak occurrences, not a habit formation, still less an illustration of a growing and menacing tendency. But year after year those splendid sheep have perished. The New-Zealanders now realize that if the parrots aren't checked all is lost.

"I have been there," he added. "I obtained a leave of absence from Wilken-

son and went to New Zealand. I had at first believed it impossible, or exceedingly unlikely, at any rate, that a parrot should kill anything so much larger than itself as a sheep. But I found that its method was to light on the sheep's back, seize the wool with its claws, and strike the animal in various vital spots with its powerful beak, until the unhappy sheep, unable to dislodge it, sank down and expired.

"Ah, Day, there's a lot of cruelty hidden away in odd parts of the world. Those parrots were once harmless enough. They lived on fruits and grain only. But since beginning to eat meat they have naturally become fiercer, more vigorous. They have multiplied so greatly that there seems to be no way to cope with them.

"I watched them for over two months," he went on, with a shudder. "They nest in the mountains. I used to wait below with my telescope. On some glorious morning I would see a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, arise in the distance and sail through the sky. Flock of parrots. It would grow larger and larger, and presently I would hear awful cries. They would come whirling down, screaming like demons, and fall on their victims. After hideous struggles they would kill them, drink their blood, tear the flesh, and then fly shrieking back to the mountains. It was ghastly. A massacre."

I didn't see why it was so ghastly. It was disagreeable—but, after all, what's a sheep? "Why don't the New-Zealanders shoot the parrots, Probe?" I inquired.

He replied, irritably, that they did, of course, but couldn't kill enough to count that way.

I made other suggestions, such as aircraft, but Probe roared at me, "Stop!

"You don't really care, I can see," he said. "Very well—but consider. It shows what may happen to *us* when we become food for others." He glared at me. He gripped the arms of his chair. His face flushed with excitement. "If parrots, or if dogs, moles, or rats were to acquire a taste for mankind, which apparently might happen at any time, our day would be over. We should either be exterminated, as we ourselves killed off the buffaloes, or at best we should have to abandon our usual pursuits and spend our lives defending ourselves from being cut up into sandwiches."

He sprang from his chair.

"Great guns! Brosy," I cried. I felt frightened; or at least I felt dizzy, and weak in the pit of my stomach.

"Can you doubt it?" he said. "We already hear of men being stung to death occasionally by wasps. Suppose, instead of doing this only in anger, the wasps did it from appetite, and grew so large and strong (a meat diet, you know) that they were like footballs. Suppose, whenever we went out walking, wasps seized us by the scruff of the neck and sank their powerful stings into our spines till we collapsed from paralysis. It seems improbable? True. But who would ever have believed that those parrots would attack and eat sheep? How would you feel if whenever two lovers met at night in a garden their bodies were found the next morning bloodily murdered by bats?"

A waiter came around with some bottles. The fellows in the other room began singing. Yet these pleasant surroundings seemed far away, somehow, and strange. I sat gazing blankly at my new vision of a cannibal earth.

"It's only a theory, however," I kept reminding myself.

We remained a long time in our corner, each thinking his thoughts. Mine were that even in school Brosy had been interested only in eating. It had seemed a harmless bent then, yet it had plunged him into conflicts with two continents of scholars and had embittered his life. Poor old fellow! Perhaps it had even had something to do with his jilting Bayne's sister.

If eating was his weakness, and if that shock at school had made him sensitive about sheep, the two were reacting on each other in a terrible way.

"Look here, Brosy," I impulsively said, "don't you go and get hipped on this. It's a big idea, of course, and all that, but don't take it too seriously. I mean, you know, we're here to live, aren't we, and you're human, and so forth, and there's a lot to life besides all this sort of thing. Why, it's only an idea, after all."

"The true Brockway attitude," he said, rising.

"Well," I said, "no offense, I hope."

"No offense?" he rejoined. "Can't you see that this isn't what you people call just a theory?"

"But as a practical matter—"

"As a practical matter it will change our whole lives, if we're honest. No one can tell where it will lead him. I never guessed what it would do to me, I can tell you. My professional sacrifices—all these years—and the personal sufferings—"

He set his jaw grimly. I wondered what the deuce he was thinking of. I supposed at the time it was the rich and fattening foods he had had to give up. But I soon saw I had done my old friend a substantial injustice. Still it was part of the truth.

"To begin with," he said, "if mankind is to guard against being eaten, everyone of us ought immediately to toughen himself and be hardy."

"So that other creatures will find us indigestible?"

"Exactly. Unless we become more inedible than the rhinoceros, even, the rhinoceros will inherit the earth after we're dead and gone. But if we have the will, we can do it, I hope. I am trying. You remember how fat I used to be. Look at me now. I exercise four times a day. I bathe in a solution of tannin. As to food, I am experimenting with a specially bunsenized diet." He felt around in his pocket, drew out a biscuit, and gazed at it angrily. "But I can't alter the framework of society or the habits of men. Yet that is what's needed. Hard physical work. Sterner attitudes. We can't go on marrying soft, pretty women, for instance. We must search for the kind that will bear us inedible children."

That broken engagement. I looked at him with a sudden understanding—and admiration and pity.

He bit off a piece of his biscuit.

"No man who realizes what the future of edible beings must be will bring innocent young things into the world to be eaten—no, no! He will rather—far rather—give up his taste for womanly charm and marry a mate so rugged that she'll be sure to have leathery offspring. A maiden who is rawboned and tough," he sighed, as if to himself, "need not, after all, be less noble. Cannot men learn to cherish and fondle a more craglike type?"

"But, Brosy," I said, "could you yourself love a—"

He raised his hand quickly to silence me. "Shall we join the fellows?" he said.

We walked into the other room, side by side. Maxson stared disapprovingly. But I knew my man now. Poor old Probe!

I wish I could tell Dora Bayne.

THE LION'S MOUTH

A FABLE FOR PARENTS

BY C. A. BENNETT

WHEN George was born his parents resolved that he should have a proper education. It was to be different from their own, which, they averred, had been a Mere Scramble. So while George was preoccupied with the hard task of getting through the first year of his life, his father and mother studied many books on Child Psychology. They read about How to Arouse and Enlist the Child's Attention and How to Stimulate the Child's Imagination. They learned What Stories to Read to Children and How. The Organization of Play, The Religion of the Child, Discipline, Co-operating with the Child, were some of the other topics which, with an almost pathetic seriousness, they deeply cogitated.

As George grew up he got the benefit of all this. He had the most instructive set of toys. Some of them surreptitiously developed his sense of touch, others his sense of color, still others his sense of form. He was never permitted to have an ordinary, unmitigated toy. So with his play. It was carefully organized. Thus, if he wanted to bound or run he must bound and run eurythmically. All his play had a Purpose in it—his parents' purpose, not George's. His imagination was stimulated in a number of places. He was allowed fairies and elves, but he also had a good dose of The Wonders of Sunshine and Flowers and Birds, and How Carpets are Made, and the Story of the Butterfly. Ogres were forbidden, thunder was fully explained, and the dark was always referred to as the Friendly Dark. His parents proudly claimed that George did not know the meaning of fear. For all that, George liked to have the light left on at night in the passage outside his room.

He was never punished—that is, not as you or I understand punishing. The books said you must use Persuasion. This was one of the subheads in the chapter on Co-operating with the Child. It was co-operation that came hardest for George. He did not want to co-operate; he wanted to have his own way, and if he did not get it he proposed to fight for it by fair means or foul. It also came hardest for his parents. Thus when the Friendly Dark came along, and with it George's bedtime, George would sit down on the floor and by yelling, kicking, scratching, and biting indicate that he did not intend to go. In these circumstances it is not easy to co-operate. The books only told you to have patience or to distract the child's attention. They did not tell you how to proceed when the child's fund of patience and persistence was much greater than his parents'. At such times George's father would think lovingly of the stick in the hall. It seemed as though the only method to distract George's attention was that appropriate to dealing with the mosquito—hit him hard.

Nevertheless, George turned into a fairly decent boy, not by any means perfect, and with some solid accomplishments. At twelve he could play the piano, skate (eurythmically), run a typewriter (correct fingering), make a camp fire, and cook a rudimentary meal. He knew the names of a large number of birds, flowers, and stars. He could read fluently, and liked the *Jungle Books*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Treasure Island*, and *Jackanapes*. He

was aware that God did not live up in the sky, and he knew How Babies Came, or, as his parents put it, he had an elementary knowledge of the physiology of the reproductive process in human beings. He had decided to be a lawyer, for—again I quote his parents—he had already visualized his career.

Meanwhile another child, born about the same time as George—his name was Tom—had been growing up. His parents did not believe in all this modern education stuff. His father said it was all damn nonsense! His mother might be said to have pshawed it and poohpoohed it, if any human being had ever been known to use those vocables. In any event, she had no time to bother with it. She had two other children; she had no nurse; she had to do all her own work and most of the maid's—when she entertained one of those rare migrants. Tom, she said, must take his chance. He did. It is not necessary to elaborate. His childhood might be described in the words of a famous record: "Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned. . . . In journeyings often in perils of waters, . . . in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren."

Nevertheless, at twelve he was a fairly decent boy. He had a number of useful accomplishments. He could swear, he could smoke, he could climb any tree, he could row a boat, and hold his own in a fight. His body and mind could digest the most baneful material, whether it was poisonous candy or comic supplements, without apparent harm to himself. He also had achievements in information. He knew the names of many of the stars (movie and baseball); he could tell the make of any automobile at a glance; he could identify the birds he killed with his sling-shot, and he, too, knew How Babies Came. He had no ideas on the subject of what he was going to be. He found the present all-absorbing.

George, after a period of tutors, went to a private school and thence to college. Tom reached the same destination by way of public school.

A prophetic eye can discern the main outlines of their destiny. Looking for them at the age of thirty-five, it sees George in the insurance business and Tom with a firm of shipping brokers. Both are fairly prosperous. They are unadventurously married to unexciting wives. George is a Democrat, takes the New York *Times*, and drives a Franklin; Tom is a Republican, takes the *Tribune*, and drives a Buick. Both believe in The Church, The Family, The *Saturday Evening Post*, Baseball, Thrift, and The Future of the United States. Both go round in about ninety-five, play a fair game of bridge, and hold that the theater is a place where one goes to forget one's troubles. Their minds are neither wholly clean nor wholly unclean. Neither of them seems destined to leave any mark on history. They are just Average Men, or, if you prefer it, they and their like constitute what is technically known as the Backbone of the Country. Neither seems much the better or much the worse for his early training, yet both are beginning to worry about the education of their children.

Moral: It is hard to know what to do.

EMILY'S TRUNK AND THE DAWNING ERA

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN women achieved the franchise most of us merely shrugged our shoulders. Our reasoning was as follows: This latest amendment to the Constitution of the United States means nothing more than the fact that some millions of voters, about equally divided in partisanship, will be added to the registration lists. In the last analysis women will gain their politics from their supper tables. Since Democrats and Republicans marry with equal vigor, and since no man can have more than one wife at a time, the balance of power will remain very much where it was before.

That was what I believed myself a few days ago. I believe it no longer. In fact I am almost ready to believe that, within a few years, there will be only two political parties in the United States—men and women. As thinkers they have nothing in common—absolutely nothing. It was Emily's trunk that convinced me of this.

Emily, although we hate to admit it, is the most important member of our family. She is my brother George's wife, and when George married Emily he was said to have done very nicely for himself. Well, I suppose he did. Emily was very "smart" in a fashionable sense; she had money, a good deal of money, and— But I imagine that I have already given a sufficient picture of Emily. When Emily comes up to visit our modest home in the country we go to meet her as a committee of the whole. When Emily gets off the train everyone on it is conscious that something is going on. There is a good deal of peering from windows on the part of the passengers, while on our part we are conscious of little except a whirlwind of veils and white spats, a background of maid and Pekinese dogs, a great deal of violent kissing and a disturbing atmosphere of a kind of perfume that wouldn't be quite respectable in connection with anyone except Emily.

All went off as per schedule when Emily came for her last visit, but as I slowly began to make out faces and shapes in the whirlwind, Emily handed me her baggage check. "Archie," she said, "please see to my trunk."

Now this is where we are going to run against a snag with women in politics. A baggage check is typical of the great divide between men and women when faced with problems of public life. Men, at heart, have supreme and childlike faith in all public institutions, even though they may actually know them to be rotten to the core. Women, on the other hand, distrust all public institutions instinctively. A man will check his trunk from Boston to Bagdad and never give it another thought. A woman will surrender her hat to a Pullman porter only with suspicion and reluctance. She will never believe a time-table, but in preference will ask the newsboy at the station. When a man gets a poor seat in a theater he thinks himself lucky to get even that. When a woman gets the best seat in the house she is sure that the box-office man is holding back something. In public officials man sees a class of rather jovial, harmless souls. In public officials woman sees only an organized band of crooks who have merely been waiting their opportunity to pounce on her hand-bag. But let us return to Emily's trunk.

I took the check and walked to the end of the platform. Only three shabby trunks and a crate of live roosters had been put off. None of them could possibly appertain to Emily, but I was not particularly disturbed. A man would not be. I stood there calmly with the check in my hand, waiting for the revolving cycles of the universe to produce Emily's trunk, but Emily could not wait that long. Followed by Rachel, my wife, by George, by the maid, the Pekinese dogs, two small boys and two station employees whom she had recruited en route, Emily bore down upon me.

"Have you got it?" she asked.

"No, not just yet—" I began, apologetically.

But Emily did not hear me out. Her eye flashed over the three shoddy trunks and the crate of roosters. She looked at Rachel and Rachel looked at her. The eyes of both began to widen in horror. I saw that they both had realized the truth. After twenty years of sly waiting the railroad had turned the trick. It had stolen her trunk! She turned to me, quivering.

"What are you going to do about it?" she demanded. She turned to George. "You must telegraph somewhere immediately."

"Now, Emily," I began, soothingly, "there is absolutely nothing to worry about. The trunk will simply come on

the next train. Why, Rachel and I have had that happen hundreds of times—"

But in my folly I had failed to realize that this was not an ordinary family affair. If I had denied falsely that I had stolen trust funds, Rachel would have lied her head off in my support, but this was a primal case of woman against officials.

"Why, Archie," Rachel retorted, "it never happened to us but once and that was Aunt Louisa's trunk, and you know yourself that she never got it for two whole weeks!"

"But she got it in the end," I answered, lamely. "Now, Emily, you just let me give the check to Mr. Murphy, our liveryman, and when the trunk comes he will bring it right up to the house."

"Give up the check?" cried Emily. "I guess not! Everything I own is in that trunk."

If this was true George had been sadly deceived, but I knew what she meant. I merely tried to edge her toward the motor, like one who is being led away from a distressing scene, but at that moment the station agent came up from the other direction, his hands full of fluttering yellow papers and his eye fixed on the telegraph office. I could see at once that his mind was full of important affairs. I myself would never have dared to interrupt him at such a moment, but Emily broke from my grasp and confronted him. I shuddered to think of what would happen. I tried to look indifferent, as if Emily did not belong to me at all, but to my surprise the station master was pleasant enough.

"Your trunk?" he said. "Just ask that man up there."

He pointed to one of the two employees whom Emily had already enlisted, but it didn't fool Emily. She could see that he was merely trying to shift responsibility, that it was all merely one of the steps of the plot. She took him by the sleeve and led him to the three trunks where, together, they verified what everyone on the platform already knew.

"But when do you think it will come?" Emily demanded.

The station master looked down at her and smiled. "Ma'am, there is not a soul on earth who could answer that question."

"But aren't you going to do anything about it?" demanded Emily.

"Why certainly, ma'am. If it don't come on the next train we'll send out a tracer."

Now there again you have the difference between man and woman. That one word "tracer" would have lulled me or any other man into complete security. Any technically sounding word, such as "reciprocity," "balance of trade," or "undivided surplus" will close up a man like a clam, but the single word "tracer" didn't lull Emily. She asked what it meant, and when the station master explained she didn't think much of it. But at last George and I got her into the car. I was about to start the engine when Emily and Rachel gave a simultaneous cry:

"Here! Archie! George! Go ask *that* man about it. He may know something."

I looked around and saw poor little Tim Donelley coming quietly back from supper. He is merely the station master's assistant on night duty. I knew that he had not been at the station all day, but Emily and Rachel had seen his brass buttons and that was enough. He was "an official." All the secrets of the road must be locked in his bosom. Leaping from the car, Emily buttonholed Tim, and he, of course, thinking it to be an entirely new case, attacked it with enthusiasm. He took the check, examined the three trunks and the crate of roosters, then step by step went over the ground that the station master had already covered. When he was through, Emily caught sight of the section foreman coming down the track with his dinner pail, and the night operator, and each in turn was required to do the same thing.

There was now no one else left in the

station except the woman who kept the lunch counter, so Rachel went in to see what she knew about it. This was unfortunate. The lunch-counter woman was a veteran railroader, but she was also a woman. She shook her head gloomily and told horror tales of all the lost trunks with which twenty years of life in the station had furnished her. Her words fell on fertile soil. Emily and Rachel voted her the one sensible person in the station. They left the place in the full belief that the trunk had made its last journey.

In a way this almost comforted them. They took a certain joy in the post-mortem. That evening they started to make a list of all the things in the trunk with a view to suing the road for damages. For instance, there were eighteen pairs of silk stockings "almost new. Some of them I've only worn four or five times and you couldn't possibly buy those stockings to-day for less than twelve dollars." Of course the court would see that at a glance, so Emily entered an item of two hundred and sixteen dollars, while George and I stood by to add up the columns.

"And then there's the silk chemises," said Emily. "You know perfectly well, Archie, that you can't buy the simplest kind of silk chemise for less than seventeen-fifty."

"Not a cent less," I agreed. "I've given eighteen, time after time."

As I recall it, the inventory footed something over twelve thousand dollars on the basis on which Emily decided to sell her old clothes to the New York, New Haven & Hartford. Rachel and she became exalted about it. In their dreams they saw themselves haunting the shops with a huge stack of crisp new bills handed out by the humbled railroad, until I decided that it was time to wake them up rudely. Grimly I showed them a ticket bearing the clause, "Liability for baggage checked on this ticket limited to $100."

It didn't bother Emily in the slightest. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Nobody ever reads all that printed matter on railroad tickets."

By the third day the trunk was still missing and Emily and Rachel had reached the state of telegraphing important officials. Women have tremendous faith in the man higher up. I had a school friend whose father was an attorney for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, two thousand miles away, and Rachel thought me a dolt because I refused to wire him about it. George was egged on reluctantly to phone a man whom he barely knew, but who was in the financial end of the road. He proved to be in Florida, and Emily was at once convinced that this was the weak link in our plans. If that man had been at his post we should have had the trunk in a jiffy. She used to spend hours on the station platform telling the agent how well George knew this high official.

This opens what seems to me the great menace of feminine suffrage. With the votes of women it has been argued that corruption and personal privilege will disappear. Perhaps it would with women like Susan B. Anthony, but from what I know of the wife of my bosom and George's, a government without personal privilege would take away half the fun of participating in the government. If Rachel had a school friend who was collector of customs she would expect, as a matter of course, to sail grandly through the ropes without paying duty. Otherwise what would be the use of having a friend who was the collector of customs?

And then again, seeing how Emily and Rachel went for that trunk, how will a feminine senate ever be able to wait for committee reports or investigations? Up to now, when a White House message has been expected, men have waited helplessly, like children, betting on its appearance. To hurry it would have seemed to them like trying to hurry the rise of the morning sun. But how about women? Already I seem to see Emily phoning the White House to ask when that message is going

to appear and what it is going to say. She certainly will if she knows the President.

There is one place in official life, however, which women should find congenial. That is the supreme court. Women love precedents. They live by them. When I informed Emily that she could collect only one hundred dollars on her trunk Rachel retorted, defiantly:

"Rot! I once knew a girl who lost a trunk in a hotel fire and they bought her a whole new outfit."

She and Emily, in fact, cited a dozen such precedents before they got through, giving names and dates and a list of the principal jewelry. The railroad hadn't a leg left to stand on.

But what became of the trunk? Oh yes. I almost forgot that. You see, a man would. It came around in about a week as if nothing had happened. No one ever explained exactly where it had put in its time. George and I maintained that it would have showed up, anyway. Emily and Rachel insisted that only their ceaseless vigilance had brought it through. You can take your choice; but suppose that, instead of a trunk, it had been a case of enacting a treaty or ousting an alderman. If a public official hereafter slacks up in his duty some woman is certainly going to ask him why and keep on asking until he answers. We're going to have trouble, we are. I can see it coming.

ON SOME DIFFICULTIES OF TELLING THE TRUTH

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE only absolutely true thing ever said is that "All men are liars," and he who claims always to tell the truth is of all men the least truthful. The organized hypocrisy of society is in no particular so demonstrable. For, while truth is the last thing society expects or desires, it is the first thing it affects to demand from its members, from their earliest infancy. And it is characteristic of our disingenuous and forbidding education of children that, among all the other difficult tasks we impose upon their bewildered minds, we lay upon them, first and foremost, the most difficult of all, that of telling the truth—as if we ourselves have ever told it, or even, with the best will in the world, have ever been able, or allowed to tell it, in the whole course of our subtly evasive lives. To tell the truth is, generally speaking, an impossibility, and to ask it of us is usually an impertinence. Even if we knew the truth about ourselves, which we do not, or only know skin-deep, it is, for the most part, our own business, no more to be surrendered to another than a poker player confides to his fellow players the cards he holds in his hands. To tell the truth, so called, about ourselves is to invite misunderstanding and to court failure; to tell the truth about society is to risk martyrdom and the penitentiary.

Pilate's famous question was, of course, asked long before he asked it, by various Greek philosophers. It has, indeed, been asked and argued since the beginning of conscious thought. But Pilate was wiser than most. As Sir Thomas Browne remarked, he "did not wait for an answer." Presumably, because he believed that there is no answer. "What is truth?" is one of the toys in the playroom of metaphysics, and is in the same category of unprofitable inquiries as squaring the circle, and the fourth dimension. We need not here concern ourselves with the innumerable "guesses at truth" with which mankind has so long agreeably, or disagreeingly, wasted its precious time. The only valuable truth about "the truth" so far arrived at is that it is relative, subject to conditions, variable as climate, and dependent on geography. One man's truth is another man's opportunity, and what is truth in Japan is merely politics in Washington.

The general assumption would seem to be that truth is what the majority of men believe to be true, but that position is manifestly fallacious. There is no

referendum for truth, and it has again and again been shown that the truth, so called, has been in the possession of but one solitary individual in the world, who, for fear of his fellows, kept it long to himself, or proclaimed it amid the flames, or denied it under torture, or whispered it cautiously under his breath, like Galileo. Truth is more precious than fine gold—because it costs so much to tell. An enthusiastic young writer once, in a lecture, told the truth, as he conceived it, regarding certain aspects of society. His audience was delighted with him, and he was happy in feeling that he had thus successfully shamed the devil. The newspapers reported him joyously, but, unhappily, one newspaper proprietor, who chanced to be his employer, took a different view of the truth, and that youthful enthusiast paid for his self-indulgence in veracity by the loss of a lucrative job. Doubtless, on second thoughts, he regretted the fine gold he thus lost, and, when next he felt the call to soothsaying, remembered his lesson, and kept his own counsel, and, incidentally, his position. Yet, in the first instance, he had but done what all good children are told to do, and all wise children learn to do—with a difference.

That difference, so to say, is the essence of the contract. Whatever telling the truth may be in the abstract, *seeming* to tell the truth is all that society really expects of us; and, while those who are righteous overmuch may indignantly condemn society as a humbug for the subterfuge, it is difficult to see how society could continue to exist without it. Society needs ideals to live down from. It knows well enough that only a small percentage of any ideal is attainable. But it is that small percentage of idealism which keeps society together. "The truth," though philosophically unthinkable and practically untellable, is idealistically useful. It may be an illusion, but society is a reality governed by illusions, and "telling the truth" is one of the illusions that govern it. It is only the bull in the china shop who tells "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and then—what becomes of the china? So long as we regard the china of society and social intercourse as worth keeping we must learn to tell the truth, as Bottom roared, like a sucking dove.

Telling the truth on a large scale—otherwise, the reformatory denunciation of society—is, as we have said, a dangerous matter, which, however, only concerns those in the business, a minority which, while we may sometimes admire, there is no need to commiserate. It is their way of enjoying themselves. Man lives even less by bread than by excitement. And there is no more exciting activity than telling the truth to society—that is, what we may call the progressive truth, for such truth can only get told by degrees, year by year, century by century, being in its nature evolutionary as well as relative. It is a matter for ourselves whether we care enough for our fellows to embark in this dangerous business. If we do, we have fair warning that we do so strictly at our own peril. Most of us, it is to be feared, do not care enough for our fellows. Maybe we did once, in our Shelleyan youth, but the revolutionary love affairs end in the light of common day, as perhaps we discover that our "fellows" are not all our fancy painted, or as we realize that we have all we can do to look after ourselves.

As a matter of fact, how *little* we care for our fellows is one of those sad truths that early begin to dawn on us, a truth, however, which it will never do to tell, but which we manfully try to dissemble, even to ourselves. As gracefully as possible to bedeck and bedrape that truth for the benefit of our acquaintance, to disguise, in fact, our deep indifference to, and tragic boredom with, our "fellows," is our social being's end and aim, our necessary shield in the struggle for social existence. The amount of genuine friendliness in the world is very small, but, happily for society, the convention has been imposed upon us of pretending

the opposite. So long as we maintain an exchange of services, or so long, say, as we amuse or otherwise attract one another, the burden of the mask is light, and we only let it fall when we forget our interests or our manners.

"Manners," that finest flower of evolution—what are manners but a system of delicate evasions by which we avoid telling the weary truth to one another, while seeming all the time to tell it? The art of harmonious social intercourse consists in our mutually conspiring to safeguard one another's illusions. We keep our friends by encouraging their illusions about themselves and their illusions about us. This could never be done if we were forever club-footedly telling one another "the truth." Of course there is, happily, a certain small amount of pleasant truth to tell in the world, and this we gratefully make the most of, eking out the deficiency with considerate "exaggerations." But what we call "disagreeable truths" are, of course, in the majority, and the kind of person who goes about telling them is, to say the least, not popular, though, if we lived up to our precepts, we should love and honor him for his implacable "sincerity." Instead, we run a mile at his approach, or hand him the cup of hemlock. To tell another his defects very seldom removes them. One is more likely to help him by attributing to him merits he does not possess, and which, by our gracious suggestion, he may come to acquire. And in any case, "the truth" about another is seldom our affair. Moreover, to tell it, under some circumstances, is illegal, for in a court of law "the truth" may be no less a libel than an untruth. The law, indeed, recognizes the difficulties and dangers of telling the truth, in its provision of advocates to tell it for us, and in its specific warning to defendants and witnesses to attempt no amateur truth-telling, as anything they say "will be used against them." There is, indeed, sometimes no way of conveying the truth, particularly about ourselves, than by telling the half or three-quarters lie. For an isolated fact, in itself veracious, wrenched from its context, may belie the truth of a lifetime. To deny it becomes then a necessity of conveying the general truth. So long as men differ about right and wrong, and one man's food is another man's poison, such so-called "lying" is a mere matter of self-defense. We may do certain things which we consider right and proper to be done, but that another who thinks differently should have knowledge of them may result in a total misconception of our character and conduct. Outside a few simple matters, we are entitled to live by our own standards, but when the acknowledgment of those standards is inconvenient, or worse, we are within our rights in pretending to adopt the standards of others. Often what we call another's "ideal" of us is of such vital importance to them that it becomes something like our duty to seem to live up to it, for the sake of their happiness, though we may feel that they have no right to ask it of us, and though such ideal has never been our own. To seem better or kinder than we are is one of our first duties toward those who love us. This is known as telling "white lies," and, generally speaking, "white lies" constitute all the truth that can be told, or that it is necessary or desirable to tell.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

CHRISTMAS again, and is the world any better? Is it more comfortable? Is it more peaceable? Is it more confident that the future is going to be worth the adventure of testing it? People who write letters from Europe have been telling us of the prevalence of a sort of hysterical gayety in the most distressed countries. Is that passing? And if it is, what succeeds when the hysteria evaporates? Is the residuum a gayety that is natural and wholesome? Or is it soberness, which also is wholesome? Or is it gloom?

One can hardly call it a gay world yet. There are cheerful people in it—a good many in this country especially—but it is not yet a gay world. In the end the war may prove to have done the world good, but the end is not yet—if ever—and the improvement is not yet marked. Indeed, one correspondent who writes from Europe says he has yet to see anyone who has been improved by the war, whereas those who have been damaged by it are plentiful. But that is only like saying that the immediate results of illness are not good, and that convalescents are apt to be querulous and irritable.

There were many people who were improved by the war—deepened in their feelings and experience—made aware of what was in them. A good many such people died, and doubtless died the better and the more profitably, for what they had done and what the war had done for them. But take the world generally, and it must be confessed that its recent consecration seems to have worn thin, and it shows the querulousness of convalescence.

It is not comfortable yet, nor good-natured. It is anxious; it is perplexed. It is not sure what is going to happen to it, and is dubiously impatient and unreasonable.

Consider our recent efforts to elect a new President. Were they characterized by sweet reasonableness? Were the discipline and consecration of the war revealed in them by exceptional loftiness of political aim and deportment? Was misrepresentation less common than usual? Was discussion on a higher plane than ordinary? Did selfishness yield to concern for a damaged world reaching out after rehabilitation?

One cannot answer yes to any of these queries. It was hard to believe that the country that was trying to elect a President was the same country that, since its last effort of that nature, had gathered all its strength to do battle for what it thought was right. Party leaders seemed to contend primarily for control of the government, and moral issues tended to be lost in the crush. It was not very heartening.

No, the world of the moment is not very nice. It tastes strongly of "the morning after." All the bad of the war is on its hands, but the good of it has yet to be worked out.

And here is Christmas coming, and what have we to say about it? First that such a world condition is not unnatural, and corresponds pretty closely with common personal experience. In times of exaltation we get to understand a lot that seems to get away from us again as soon as we get back to concentration on the problems of earth. For us Americans, as for other people, the war, when we finally got into it, was a time of great exaltation. It took us out

of ourselves. Our part in it came home to us as a great duty beside which, for the time being, nothing else counted. We got the benefit of that feeling, and the world got it, too, but when the duty seemed to be accomplished, even for us, the other things began to count again. For a while it was a problem of how to save a world rushing on to destruction, but the moment that salvation seemed to be achieved, the problem of living in the salvaged world came back.

We know what happened in Europe and how all the nations, dreadfully damaged and impoverished, that met through their representatives to make the peace of Versailles, seemed to forget everything but what appealed to them as the necessaries of their political life. They grabbed for the means of continuing existence. Our country did not show that feeling at that time and place. It was not so ill off but that its chief representative could keep his mind on the great question of how to secure continuance for civilization; but as a whole year passed and we did nothing to help the work planned at Versailles, our inspiration grew cold and our minds gradually reverted to the great business of operating the mechanisms of our "Kultur." Nevertheless, when we look forward and imagine the world that is in making, we do not base our expectations on present thoughts and feeling, but on what we felt and what we hoped when circumstances had taken us out of ourselves, and we saw for the moment what was possible for mankind, and had visions of bringing it to pass. That was the seed time. That is what we still depend on. This present fallow period is neither seedtime nor harvest, but that intervening season so familiar to farmers, when weeds start up everywhere and grow enormously, and cultivators and hoes get in action to keep them down. The spiritual harvest of the war has not come yet, but it is coming. The

> "tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

The seed was truly sown and it took root, and, though the weeds now crowd it fearfully, if we can but keep them down, that seed will come in due time to an unprecedented crop.

Some such calculation as that must be at the bottom of the persistent conviction that, in spite of present appearances, there is a better time coming to the world than it ever has known. A great many people believe that. They don't know just how it is coming about, nor just what the details of improvement will be, but they do believe that out of the war will come in time great improvement in human life, so that people will be better and happier and will live together more harmoniously than in any time that history describes. But there is only one factor in life that needs improvement—always needs it and always has—and that is man. Get man reasonably near right and the rest of creation will do well enough, for there is in him the power to make of it what he will.

But what is the specific for the improvement of man? You may say it is education and that is nearly right, for education is power. But education is not necessarily character, since man may be educated ever so completely and still be bad. Education is the bringing out of what is in one, and providing it with tools. The requisite improvement of man calls for more than that. It calls for substitution of what is bad in him by good. The specific which accomplishes that, when it is accomplished, is religion, and it is on that that the hopeful people must depend when they insist that human life is going to be a whole lot better.

For religion is the hope, the only valid and substantial hope, of the world, and the religion that Christmas stands for is far beyond any other the basis of sanguine expectation in this particular time. Mr. Taft saw that when, speaking in September, in Boston, as Honorary Chairman of the Unitarian Committee for the Pilgrims' Tercentenary, he argued for the necessity for infusion of the religious spirit into the prevailing morality to give it life and persistent influence.

"A people without religion," he said, "are lacking in the greatest aid to the progress of society through the moral elevation of individuals and the community. . . . The study of man's relation to his Creator and his responsibility for his life to God, energizes his moral inclination, strengthens his self-sacrifice and restraint, prompts his sense of fraternal obligation to his fellow men, and makes him the good citizen without whom popular government would be a failure."

On religion of one kind or another civilization has always rested and each succeeding civilization has gone as far as the religion that it rested on could carry it. The world now contains many religions besides Christianity, and there is much good in almost all of them, and much that they all possess in common. But in none of them except Christianity has there appeared the power to make the world, as Mr. Wilson put it, "safe for democracy." Some of the adherents of other great religions see that, for it must be remembered that in all great religions there are individuals who are truly men of God and attain to great spiritual wisdom. A clergyman remarking on the current success of Christian missions in the East, said it could not have been if it had not been that native religious men, professing one or another of the religions of their countries, had helped the missionaries and paved the way for them, and that such men had done it, not because they were dissatisfied for themselves with the religion that they had, but because they could see something in Christianity that would help, and raise, the mass of the people in a way their old religion never could.

If there is to be peace on earth, or something like it, for a good while to come, nothing can bring it about but religion. That is no news. It is perceived by people who are not much stirred by religion themselves and who do not know how it comes, and have no plan about getting an increased supply of it for the world. They are not religious experts at all, but they are political experts, and they know that nothing in the political line can long succeed in keeping the peace on earth except as it is connected with something very much more potent. Mr. Choate saw that. While he was ambassador to England there came along the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He appeared at the meeting in England as one of the two representatives of the American Bible Society of New York, and at that meeting made an address. What, he asked, are the Bible societies working for, and answered that it was "to promote and advance the cause of civilization, of order, of religion, of peace, and of duty. Some," he said, "rely upon armies and on navies, upon armaments and gunpowder and lyddite and dynamite as the best guarantees of the preservation of peace, but sometimes these things explode when least expected. Others rely upon the slow and tortuous processes of diplomacy, but diplomacy sometimes fails, as we have had illustrations lately. I believe that the only sure guarantee of peace is the moral influence of public opinion . . . [a] public opinion based upon this book [the Bible], which speaks always to the world for peace and good will."

Mr. Choate's address thus quoted was made in 1914. Since then the very moderate confidence that he had in armies and navies and diplomacies as guarantees of peace has been still further weakened. We know how completely they all failed. We have had a great reminder that all the old methods of managing the world lead finally to crashes, followed by periods of decay and then gradually to building up by new effort. We have had a tremendous warning that if we do not wish this civilization that we are a part of to go the way of all the others, we must employ a new agency to save it, or an old agency with its energies very much revived. There is such an agency and has been for nearly two thousand years. The

great merit of Christmas-keeping every year is to remind us that it exists.

A great many more people will admit the necessity of a great revitalization of religion for the reordering of the world than can see any chance of its coming. Churches know the need; they show great dissatisfaction with their own performance, which is an excellent symptom. They got at the work of Christianizing the world awhile ago in a sort of desperation—raised money, organized, did everything they knew—and are still proceeding the best they can by such methods as they understand, though the enthusiasm for money drives, and for putting great projects over by main strength has somewhat weakened. All that the churches try to do and are doing is good, but it is not enough. It needs to be supplemented by an absolute increase of faith, and that, of course, is not to be commanded by material means. For that side of religion the war did a great deal more than it yet gets credit for. Out of the wholesale killing off of young men there did grow a great revival of belief in immortality, and that is the very pith and basis of all religion. Where men in the early years of life were killed by the million, the heart of the world refused to accept the idea that that was the end of them. It knew better, and out of that better knowledge there has seemed to come a closer and far more widely diffused communication with the unseen world than there was before the war. All that is of the very essence of religion, and, though there is mixed up with it a good deal that is dubious and disturbing and of doubtful value, when the mass of what Conan Doyle calls "the New Revelation" has settled and been tested, and the chaff winnowed out of it, it seems not unlikely that what is left will really help the world. In these times we should not be satisfied with common things, things that we are used to and things that tradition sustains and respectability approves. We need uncommon things—things as uncommon as Christianity was when Christ first taught it; things as uncommon as Christianity still is when it is preached to Christians who have never really grasped it. This present world is no old bottle; it is a new bottle and it will hold new wine.

And about how good a world is it that we may expect when present hopes have been realized and the more conspicuous of present defects corrected?

We had better not expect too much; not too much regeneration on too large a scale. We must not expect the Carnals to accept the conditions that the Saints think ought to be acceptable. The Carnals have not the compensations that the Saints have. They find their pleasure in material things, and not much in spiritual things, whereas with the Saints it is the other way around. The Carnals will need a world in which they can run their course about as heretofore—make money and spend it, have what fun they can. Of all horrors the Communist horror, in which everybody shares alike and a pestilent tyranny dominates the whole mass of men, is the very worst. A world stagnant, even in correct conduct; stagnant even in bliss—is repulsive. We want something with ups and downs to it; we want variety; we want people not to be all alike; we want conduct not to be all the same. We want individual development. We want the reward of ability to be greater than the reward of inability. More than all that, we want liberty and justice, and we shall not have them unless we have law.

Christmas stands for what we want—Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men. We never shall get the first until the great politics of the world is penetrated and dominated by the second. And, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the prospect that that will come to pass was never so bright as now. When the need is greatest and the remedy is plainest we may justly hope that relief is nearest.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

REFORMING JULIUS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

HANKY DIBBS looked thoughtfully into his tall glass of sparkling grape juice, then, lighting a cigarette, contemplated the somewhat dejected faces of his companions.

"It's all right," he said. "I've *always* been for prohibition—at least for a number of years—twenty-three, to be exact—twenty-three, this summer."

Hanky Dibbs sighed, as if reviewing his golden youth-time. One of the circle asked, lifelessly:

"Anything about that particular number of years?"

Hanky shook his head; then presently, and without encouragement, told this rather pointless and uncheerful story.

"I was quite a young man," he said, "in Kansas—when Kansas had gone prohibition and been through a boom. We didn't quite realize the situation, at first—that is, we didn't accept it. We pretended that the boom wasn't over and that prohibition hadn't begun yet. We went on marking up the prices on our town lots, and ordering refreshments from the neighboring states in such form and variety as our considerate officials did not think it worth while to notice. We didn't make much of a success of our bluffs. The liquid things were full of damage, but they seldom did credit to a gentleman's taste when he offered them to a friend. As for our lots, we could mark them up, but we couldn't sell them.

"A friend of mine named Del Yokum and I were long on lots. We had bought a good deal of a cornfield, at front-foot prices, when it was really worth about eleven dollars an acre in cultivation, and nothing at all, planted with lot markers and lamp posts and goldenrod. There wasn't a thing on it that was worth anything except the mortgage, and that wasn't worth its face. We didn't mention that, though, even to each other. We went around telling how our lots were right in the direction the town was growing, and getting more valuable every day. Of course, there might be a slight temporary lull in the demand, but that was just to give the market a chance to gather itself. The East had its eyes on our town and especially on our part of it. There was nothing like it beyond the Mississippi.



FOR A MAN OF HIS RACE, JULIUS WAS A LAMB

"Well, there happened to live a fellow named Julius Myers in Hamville—that was the name of our town—a stout Hebrew person who ran a shoe store and did something in real estate on the side. Julius was a good fellow, but too easy. He had a taste for liquid things, and when he was feeling mellow would buy carelessly. He seemed willing to take almost anything that was offered him, and it was really pitiful the things he bought, though he had luck, too, for he got rid of them better than you would expect. I don't remember that he ever really lost on any of his deals, which were mostly for little houses right in the town, but of course we knew it was only a question of time when somebody would attend to his case in a thorough and systematic way.

"Del Yokum and I talked it over. Somebody, we said, would import a case or so of beverages and light on Julius and sell him enough worthless stuff to ruin him. We agreed that something ought to be done about it. We said that he ought to be reformed, and the way to do it was to teach him a lesson. Not a fatal lesson, but just a little one—one just about the size of our interest in the cornfield addition. We said that was what Julius needed to reform him.

"We discussed the matter a good deal and finally decided to invite Julius to a picnic and take along the necessary soul-warming juices and sell him those lots. Then, when he came to and found out what could happen to him under such circumstances, he would begin right away to lead a changed life. We said it was the only way to cure Julius and that it was up to us to do it. It was Del's idea, but I examined it carefully and tested it out in every way I could think of, and it seemed to me fine and righteous in every particular. Del said he had a case of material that he thought would put Julius in the right frame of mind to see possibilities in those cornfield lots of ours and to want to own them. He said Julius had a passion for Sunday picnics and would certainly accept our invitation.

"He did that. We went around to his shoe place about closing time and mentioned that the woods were at their best now, and that one ought to get out into them as much as possible—especially one shut in, as he was, most of the day. Del was going on to say some more, but Julius saved him the trouble. He walked straight in at our front gate, so to speak. He proposed a picnic himself. For a man of his race, Julius was a lamb, I'll say that.

"Well, we laid ourselves out to make it entertaining for him. We got a light covered wagon, the kind we used to call a hack, and put in a basket of things to eat—chicken and pie—and took along a lump of ice, and packed our medicine in the bottom of the wagon, with some straw, where it wouldn't



REMEMBER FEELING THAT LIFE HAD CERTAINLY SHOWERED BLESSINGS ON ME



THEY HOPED IN A MONTH OR TWO TO BEGIN PAYING RENT

be too well advertised. Then we drove around and got Julius, who brought out a basket of his own. It was certainly a fine summer morning, and I can't remember that I was ever in a more cheerful frame of mind.

"It was a nice place we went to—a shady bend of a little river, where we could lie on the moss and listen to the birds sing and see the fish jump. Julius said they were bass and that he wished he had brought some tackle to catch them. He said that once he came out there fishing, but didn't have much luck. He said two suckers was all he got. Then we talked of one thing and another, and pretty soon Del said he was getting dry and we ought to cheer up a little. So he got the lump of ice out of the wagon with some of the stuff that was packed away in the straw, and some tall glasses, we had. Then he cracked some ice and it certainly sounded good in those glasses, and the general result was cold and effective, even if the taste wasn't all it should be. We all sampled it and the world improved right away, and went on improving as we continued the treatment, and Julius said that of all things he certainly did enjoy a picnic in the woods on such a day, with all the comforts of life

"By and by, when we got hungry, we got out our chicken and things, and Julius opened his basket, which had some quite unusual sausages in it, the kind he said that his people provided for occasions of this kind. They were undoubtedly good, but pretty highly seasoned, the sort of thing to give a person a wonderful thirst. They were new to Del and me, and Julius generously let us have most of them, as he said he had plenty of those things at home. He enjoyed our chicken, he said, and by and by he got out a curious-looking bottle of pinkish golden liquid which he told us came from Palestine and was what his people used at their ceremonial feasts. Del tasted it and so did I; then we gave up the material we had brought along for that ceremonial nectar which Julius said he had brought especially in our honor. It had a flavor that might have been distilled from fruits and flowers of ancient days, and when Julius declared that no amount of it could possibly hurt us we were amused that he should think such an assurance necessary. We used up his supply and then we all leaned back against trees, and I remember feeling that life had certainly showered blessings on me, and even riches, though I've never been able since to figure just how I calculated my opulence.

"Pretty soon Del began to talk about our town lots, how specially placed they were for the city's growth and how sure they were to make the fortune of any man who had them a year or two from that time. Julius said so, too—he even went further and said it might be within the next six months. He

certainly was in as tractable and lovely a frame of mind as anyone could wish. Then he happened to speak of a little house he had recently bought in the middle of town—a little red-brick house that had spreading trees in the yard and a rose climbing over the front stoop, with a bit of lawn in front and a garden at the back. I don't know how it was, but there was something about the picture of that house, as Julius presented it, that took hold of one's imagination. He said it was rented to a young man and his wife and that their two little girls were nearly always playing under the trees when he went by, and that he was always willing to go quite a distance out of his way just to look at them.

"When Julius told us those things, while I leaned back against my tree and watched the bass jumping in the water, I had a feeling that I only needed an interest in that house to make me perfectly happy. Del must have felt that way, too, for pretty soon we were talking about the price of it, and the fact that there was quite a mortgage on it didn't seem to matter, for there was a mortgage on our lots, too, though considerably less in size. Julius didn't think at first he could part with that house at all, but we finally persuaded him to let us have it, mortgage and all, in exchange for our lots and our mortgage and a thousand dollars cash, which we agreed to pay him next morning. Julius said we must further agree not to put his tenants out, as it meant so much to his happiness to walk around that way and see the little girls playing under the tree. So we promised that, too, and drew up a memorandum contract on some blanks, which Del happened to have in his pocket, and all signed them. Then by and by we drove home, and Del and I got rather quiet as the spell of that ceremonial nectar began to dissolve and we realized that we had a thousand dollars to pay in the morning and had only traded our mortgage for a bigger one. Still, of course, the place was rented; that was something, and our lots were quite unproductive.

"Well, I don't want to prolong this history. Del and I managed to borrow the thousand dollars we had to pay Julius, and closed the trade next morning. Then we went up to examine the little red house, which we had only seen casually before. It was all just as Julius said, but there was something about our feelings that was bad for the romance of yesterday. I hadn't eaten anything much that morning, and the sun or something gave my head a disagreeable sensation. Del looked pretty puny, too, and when we went inside and saw the general unrelated condition of things we did not feel any better. The woman said her husband was out selling silver polish and they hoped in a month or two more to be able to begin to pay some rent. The two little girls were having a discussion under the tree. One was pulling the other's hair.

"Del and I kept that house and paid interest on its mortgage about two years, and in that time got nearly enough rent out of it to paper the front room, which really needed it. Then we traded our title in it for a sway-backed horse, and an upright piano with a golden-oak case. We drew straws and I got the piano. I didn't need the piano, so I gave it to the new idiot asylum. They didn't want it, either, and traded it in on a phonograph. I have forgotten what Del did with the horse."

Hanky Dibbs looked into his glass of grape juice and puffed his cigarette slowly. Somebody asked:

"Did Julius profit by his lesson?"

Mr. Dibbs flicked the ashes from his cigarette solemnly.

"Oh yes, he profited by it, all right. Less than six months after we made that deal the Gould railroad system decided to build a belt-line around Hamville and they wanted that particular spot for their switches and things. Julius sold out to them, cash in hand, for about eleven times as much as the stuff cost him."

"And did Julius reform after you and Del got through with him?" asked another of the circle.

Hanky Dibbs finished the rest of his grape juice and set the empty glass down.

"No," he said, quietly, "but *we* did."

True to Life

THE Dugans, father and son, were having their photograph taken, when the photographer said:

"I think, sir, that it will make a better picture if you will put your hand on your father's shoulder."

Whereupon the elder Dugan grinned and said, "It would make a more natural picture if he put his hand into my pocket."



FEDERAL OFFICER: "*Ignorance of the prohibition laws is no excuse, sir!*"

His Fears Realized

A NORTHERN man in an optician's shop in Nashville overheard an amusing conversation between the proprietor of the establishment and an aged darky who was just leaving the place with a pair of new spectacles.

As the old fellow neared the door his eye lighted upon an extraordinary-looking instrument conspicuously placed upon a counter. The venerable negro paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing the like of which he had never seen before. After a long struggle with his curiosity he was vanquished. Turning to the optician, he asked:

"What is it, boss?"

"That is an ophthalmometer," replied the optician, in his gravest manner.

"Sho!" muttered the old man to himself, as he backed out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious-looking thing on the counter. "Sho, dat's what I was afeared it was!"

Impartiality

THERE had been six names on the list of candidates to be sent by popular vote from a town in Maine to a great fair which was to be held near by, but gradually the list dwindled as two of the candidates went so far ahead of all the others that it became a farce to retain the other names.

It was within twenty-four hours of the time set for counting the last votes that Miss Clara Collander met one of the candidates on the street.

"I didn't know what to do," said Miss Clara, with a distressed look in her eyes. "I want you to go and I want Mary Jones to go, so at last I bethought me how I could help you both. Then I went into Smith's and bought ten dozen cakes of soap and put half the coupons in for you and half for her."

Misunderstanding

A WASHINGTON man was taking a walking tour through Maryland. One night he put up at a country hotel. The next morning, at breakfast, the landlord said to him:

"Did you enjoy the saxophone playing in the room next to yours last night?"

"Enjoy it!" exclaimed the tourist. "I should think not! Why, I spent half the night pounding on the wall, trying to make the man stop!"

"It must have been a misunderstanding," said the landlord, regretfully. "The saxophone player told me that the person in the next room applauded him so heartily that he went over every piece he knew three times."

An Unconscious Claque

WHENEVER Professor Pulker was invited to speak in public his wife suffered anxiously. If she succeeded in starting him for the platform properly clothed and with his notes in his hands, some of her cares vanished, but not all of them.

One evening her husband was one of seven distinguished professional men who were to speak before a scientific society consisting of men from all parts of the country.

His speech was clear, free from the absent-minded murmurs which sometimes interspersed his discourse, and as he seated himself there were bursts of applause. . . . But suddenly his wife's cheek crimsoned.

"Did you see anything amusing about the close of my address, my dear?" asked the professor, as they started for home. "It seemed as if I heard sounds suggestive of merriment about me."

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Pulker, who up to that time had maintained the silence of despair, "for of all the people who applauded your address, you, with your head in the air and your chair tilted sidewise, clapped the loudest and longest!"

An Echo Out of Gear

DURING the height of the political campaign an enthusiastic Democratic rally for workingmen was held in a hall in a Western city.

"Fellow citizens," said the orator, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table before him, "what, I ask, are the Republicans bringing our country to? And echo answers, 'What?'"

"Excuse me, sir," interposed a man in the audience, rising to his feet, "but did I understand you to ask, 'What are the Republicans bringing our country to?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say the echo answers, 'What?'"

"That is what I said, sir."

The man in the audience scratched his head and looked round in perplexity.

"Then there's something mighty funny about the acoustics of this hall."

A New Labor-saving Device

A NEW ORLEANS man tells of a visit he once made to a small, although important, place on the Caribbean coast of Colombia.

At that time, it appears, his knowledge of South America was limited, and he viewed the sights with a keener interest than he does to-day. While he was waiting for the train in which he was to travel to Barranquilla, two peons went by with a wheelbarrow minus the wheel. It was a contrivance with handles at both ends, and it required the services of two men to move it.

Turning to a steamer acquaintance, the American asked him if there were no real wheelbarrows in the place.

"Oh no," replied the Colombian; "we use these ingenious devices so that two men may do the work of one."



'Way Down South

SANTA CLAUS: "*I wonder why artists never picture me down here in the boiling sun*"



"I say, who's the good-looking chap with Mabel?"
"Her sister"

Undeserving

WHILE loading at a Scotch port, the master of a certain vessel took on two hands—one without a written "character" and another with an abundance of documentary evidence as to his honesty and uprightness.

They had not been long at sea when they encountered rough weather, and the man with the written recommendations, while crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand, was swept overboard. The other hand saw what had happened and sought out the master.

"Do you remember the man from Glasgow?" he asked, "that you engaged wi' the fine character?"

"Yes," said the captain. "What of it?"

"Weel, he's run away wi' your bucket!"

Too Much to Ask

THERE is an old resident of a New England seaport who is now employed as driver of the conveyance which carries travelers from the trains to the hotel.

One Saturday evening three men arrived on the afternoon train from Boston. They looked about the station, and evidently were not favorably impressed by the surroundings. "What a desolate country!" one of them exclaimed. "We certainly have come to the jumping-off place this time. I don't believe we can even get a Sunday paper in this place. Can we, driver?"

There was silence for a moment, and then the old man, who had been observing them from the seat of the trap, drawled out:

"Wal, not to-night!"

Of Little Use

NOT long ago a number of masons left Scotland to settle in this country. One of them wrote to his wife shortly after his arrival, and instructed her to sell their household property and to take passage out to him.

The good wife had a neighbor who came to help her with the packing. In the midst of it they fell upon Thomas's watch. The neighbor examined it closely and then said:

"It's a grand watch, Catherine. Ye'll be takin' it wi' ye?"

"Na, na!" was the reply. "It wad be o' nae use oot there, for Thomas tells me in his letter that there is some 'oors o' difference between the time here and in California, so I needna be takin' useless things."



"From the Sublime—"

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "*Let me see, am I looking for Flora or Fauna?*"
CADDY: "*Your looking for a lost ball, sir, I don't know its pet name*"

The Day After Christmas

'TIS the day after Christmas, and all through the flat
Not a creature is smiling, not even the cat;
The cards and the papers are piled on the hob
In the hope that the ashman is still on the job;
And Jane in her bathrobe (she'd wanted French seal)
And I in my slippers (too short by a heel)
And the kid still tucked up in his little night garb
Are greeting the day with a soda bicarb.
And the postman is whistling his way down the street
With a box from the friend we've forgotten to greet;
And we reckon the days we have crowded and shoved
In the heat of the shops for the people we loved,
And the money poured out in a torrent incessant,
And the meager results, with more tissue than present;
And we patiently place on a high closet shelf
The gifts that no mortal would buy for himself;
And finding our comments, though carefully few,
All tend to begin with, "The trouble with you—"
We turn to the news, and we read of far lands,
So sadly impov'rished by war's stern demands,
They are having *no Christmas!* And—grieved for their pain—
"I wonder?" I murmur. "I wonder!" says Jane.

JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS

Dearth of Oxygen

"THE wide-awake student," observes a university man, "occasionally puts a question which the next minute he will regret. In this relation one recalls a story told by a Yale instructor who was lecturing on oxygen.

"'Oxygen,' said he, 'is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it. Yet, strange to say, it was discovered only a century ago.'

"'What did they do, then, sir?' a student asked, 'before it was discovered?'"



Painting by George Wright Illustration for "Hail, Columbia!"

THE APPEAL OF THE CIRCUS IS PERENNIAL THROUGHOUT THE LAND

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HAIL, COLUMBIA!

AMERICA IN THE MAKING

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of *Caliban*

THERE is no peace in Chicago. In Chicago the past and the future give birth to an unruly being that angrily shakes the fetters of one tradition as it creates another which it throws away as it goes, like a snake which wearies of its skin and sloughs it off for a new one. It is a city of terror and light, untamed and unwearied. It has harnessed a white-hot energy to beginnings; upon its roofs it erects cities; it has torn the vitals of its streets for railway cuttings, set up porticoes as promises of colonnades. Grim is the heart within, and hot as molten metal. The city writhes in its narrow communications, as the head of Medusa among its tangled hair. Its suburbs lie like disjointed members, deprived of easy transit to the body: the suburban stores forbid it; they fear for their custom, and the politicians tumble and crawl in graft, threat, and proclamation, over the great body that heaves, angry and chafed, yet negligent of what is not its daily labor, like a dray horse with bent head that shakes the tenacious flies. Here is room for lust and its repression, none for listlessness; here is everlasting struggle, no mild aspiration to peace. There is no peace in Chicago. . . .

In my first chapter I recorded impressions of the Land of the Bean and the Cod, but now, with the Middle West before me, dazing me by the clash of its trolley cars, blinding me with the fire and cloud of its smokestacks, I hesitate. I hesitate partly because the Middle West is big, because it is real, and because, erected upon the pedestal of its worth, America attendant upon its triumph, it may not care to be analyzed at all. For it is a fable that the truly great tolerate criticism; nearly all detest it. Already I have earned trouble, hardly by criticizing America, but by alluding to her. In my new novel, *Caliban*, I make two allusions to America, and only two. In one case I mention a Miss Daisy Hogstein of Chicago. I say nothing about her. I merely mention her. And immediately a newspaper discusses the carping spirit in which the English, etc. In another place I say that my hero, Lord Bulmer, the ruthless newspaper proprietor, would have been happier in America than in England, a remark

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which applies to a good many men. Three newspapers violently deny that such a person would ever have been tolerated in a free republic which, etc. Again, in Boston, during the *Mayflower* celebration, I shyly pointed out that the early Virginians should also be remembered. A blast from Boston intimates that an Englishman, instead of talking of the things he doesn't understand, etc.

What am I to do? Am I to take the advice of a gentleman I met in Minnesota, who said to me, "When a foreigner comes over here, we want to hear the nice things." Well, anyone who reads these chapters will find as many nice things about America as is good for her self-conceit. Only, cases such as the three I quote make one a little nervous; one is afraid to generalize, and one must generalize when one is writing impressions of a country. I cannot do separate justice to Mr. Cristobal of El Paso, and Mr. Hiram Jebbison of Maine; I must find out *in general* the things that Mr. Cristobal and Mr. Jebbison have in common. I hope to do this in a later chapter, and now I want to generalize on the Middle West.

I have not spent a lifetime in America, but during my stay I have done nothing but study her. I have observed the country between Maine and Chicago; Illinois and Oklahoma; Missouri, Tennessee, and Pennsylvania; I have visited libraries, manufacturing plants, and oil wells; I have talked to a number of people, literary, industrial, commercial, professional; to men, mothers, and girls; to *Mayflower* Americans, to galvanized Americans, to negroes, and to immigrants. And so I venture to lay down my narrow definition of the Middle West. For me the Middle West begins west of Pennsylvania. I feel that the real East never got very far away from the coast, that the West came to meet the people who sought it; it came fresh, free, untraditional, and thus very swiftly converted the old Englishmen of Colonial days into Americans. In other words, to me the Middle West is the true America. The gay Orientalism of New York, the rigid dignities of Boston, the laughter and languors of the South—to me these things are not essentially American. The true America is in the Middle West, and Columbus discovered nothing at all except another Europe. It may be, of course, that the Far West, which I shall visit shortly, may alter my impression, and that I may discover by the Golden Gate a yet more convincing America, but I doubt it; the Far West is still to too great an extent a pioneer country, just as the East is to too great an extent a traditional country. The true American spirit appears to me as a blend of traditionalism and pioneering, and that is what we find in the Middle West.

In eight months, in Chicago, three thousand automobiles were stolen. Such a fact gives one an idea of the magnitude of the commercial activities of that city. I do not mean that automobile stealing has yet become a national industry, though it is going strong, but if automobiles can be stolen at the rate of forty-five hundred per annum, many scores of thousands must be making Chicago into the city of noise which it is. My first impression of Chicago was indeed noise. For nothing had I seen the traffic in Piccadilly Circus and on Boulevard Montmartre. I had still to realize the impact upon the human ear of two lines of trolley cars running over cobbles, on wheels that are never oiled; this, combined with several hundreds of motor vehicles with their throttles open; this combined with a double line of elevated railways whose couplings are never oiled; and this combined with a policeman who acts as master of the revels by means of a whistle. What a whistle! A steam whistle? A steam policeman? In Chicago you never can tell. It was magnificent. I had a sense that here was something animal and untamed, something (as Carl Sandburg might put it) sanguinary and husky. Here no hint of leisure, nor of mercy, for mercy is a



Drawn by George Wright

THERE IS NO PEACE IN CHICAGO



THE EFFECT BEWILDERS—THE EXCESSIVE LIGHTING, THE EXCESSIVE VARIETY

draft on time and life—in Chicago there is no time for life.

This immense crowd that burrowed among the raging traffic, wanted to get somewhere; it wanted that with an intensity, with a singleness of object, which I did not discover in Fifth Avenue. As I stood dazed, while the orange-sided taxicabs flitted past me, I began to understand the Chicago that says, "I want," and at the same time says, "I will." The policeman with his whistle at once taught me something; in London the policeman puts up a languid hand and is obeyed; in New York he puts out a white-gloved hand, remarks, "Go back," and is often obeyed; in Chicago he needs a whistle as a word of command, to control a people who will not obey. Chicago is a city which must be dominated; as I write of it I am disturbed, as if I were holding some magnificent and savage animal that plunges and rears.

It is not for nothing that the predominating color of Chicago is orange. It is as if the city, in its taxicabs, in its shop fronts, in the wrappings of its parcels, chose the color of flame that goes with the smoky black of its fac-



IT IS A SAVAGE ENTERTAINMENT, A SHOWER OF PLEASURE

tories. It is not for nothing that it has repelled the geometric street arrangement of New York and substituted therefor great ways with names that a stranger must learn if he can. As a rule he fails. His brain does not work properly. He is in a crowd city, and if he has business there, he tells himself, "If I weaken I sha'n't last long."

The psychology of Chicago is deeply colored with self-love. It harbors blinding pride, the pride of the man who can do things, and has no use for the man who can't. Almost every educated person in Chicago will call his city crude, perhaps even vulgar, but the end of the sentence exhibits love and pride. Pride is the essence of his feeling; the inhabitant of Chicago seems to find in his city an immense, unruly child, something that bellows, breaks windows, says unsuitable things . . . but grows, grows magnificently, secretly grows in dominating charm, in the charm of eternal adolescence, the charm of eternal desire.

This psychology is not that of all the Middle West. In St. Louis, for instance,

civilization has more sobriety. Here is a big city. Here is Lindell Avenue, with its detached stucco or brick residences, which embody the respectability of the 'sixties. Here is the new architecture of Westminster Place and Portland Place, which have the modesty, the solidity of a rich English suburb. Here is America respectable without ostentation, and here, too, lives the self-reliance of a city rich enough to afford splendor, to afford Forest Park and its open-air theater, its seventy-five hundred seats, its stage decorated with real trees. Here is tradition, about the feet of the new America rising in the heart of St. Louis; round the American center cling hundreds of little English grocers, fruit dealers, and mercers. Here is little old England drying up, while in the middle of St. Louis the ambitious office buildings rise up seeking the new horizon.

St. Louis lost something of its old direction when its breweries lost their occupation. This applies also to Cincinnati, where again I had the impression of sobriety and comfort. To see the children of St. Louis in their playground is to understand another side of the Middle West, its material comfort. There were two hundred of them, pupils of a free school, and all were clean; not one wore dirty or torn clothes. There is not a single city in England where you could visit a free school with such a result. It is not that the English are more careless of their children than other people; it is that they do not possess the material wealth which makes the Middle West so splendid an exhibition. No more than Europe has America made full use of her opportunities; her haste of production produces commercial crises, overstocking, and therefore poverty; her tenements are vile and nurture immorality. But America has wealth in hand, which Europe has not; only work is wanted.

Possibly the American works harder, though I have never found that hard



CATTLE ARE HANDLED SO SWIFTLY THAT LIFE BECOMES MERELY A RAW MATERIAL

work naturally led to high rewards. They do work enormously hard. For instance, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the trolley cars which make for the business district are almost empty at 8.30 A.M. By that time nearly everybody is at work. And, at Chicago, I was interested by a big business building opposite my hotel, when I noticed that at nine o'clock in the evening many of the offices were still tenanted. I began to watch that building. At nine o'clock work was going on in thirty-eight offices; at 10.15 P.M. there was energy still in ten; at 11.35 P.M. three offices were preparing to break into the next day. I don't know what happened next, for I went to bed; I am not from Chicago.

In Chicago work is dramatic; its spirit is impressive; I cannot ignore a picture post card I bought there; it bears merely these words, "Experience is a dead loss if you can't sell it for more than it cost you." A variation of an immortal truth which may shock some gentle souls. Well, it doesn't shock me. I like the extremism of it, just as I like the massive place where this sentiment circulates. I like Chicago, I like the colossal lines of its point of view, its religion of utility, its gospel of fitness, just as I like its streets, its attempt on South Michigan Boulevard to force even the lakeside into straight lines. You will find this heavy power in a store like Marshall Field's, a commercial city within a commercial city, a place so vast that one would welcome as a guide through its labyrinth a thread woven by Arachne. This mystic thread of the mythological spider — does Marshall Field stock it? Probably.

You have the same feeling in Washington Park, in the vast space which suggests that America always has plenty of land, even enough for its pleasure grounds. To an outsider Chicago seems too big for mankind, but mankind in Chicago does not appear worried by that fact. Indeed, it enjoys size; it likes the enormous whiteness of the monument to Time, in Washington Park; it finds its great university worthy of itself; it is typical of Chicago's faith in its own future that, in one part of that univer-



WEALTH GUSHES FROM THE GROUND IN TORRENTS



THE GRAIN ELEVATORS ARE LIKE TURRETED CASTLES, SPECTRAL WHITE

sity, it called a certain space a quadrangle when only two sides of it were built.

The Middle West can afford to trust a future of which the present is merely the vestibule. I like to think of the time to come when the ledges between the Lakes have been dredged out, and when the fleets of the world will come sailing up the St. Lawrence, through the Lakes, and moor opposite the Congress Hotel, there to unload the spices of India and the caviar of the Black Sea. Mass and space; that, to me, defines the Middle West. Consider the Continental and Commercial Security Company's Building. It is a bank in Chicago, and conducts its activities in a hall that looks like a railway station. The building exhibits all the splendid dryness of line of American architecture; its pillars rise up contemptuous to an obscure heaven. Indeed, the Continental and Commercial Security Company is housed in a work of art made more estimable by being

also a work of perfect utility. Or again, go farther south, to little Tulsa, which twenty years ago did not exist, and look at the great Cosden Building. England has been in business for a thousand years and did not think of a building higher than nine floors; Tulsa needed fifteen floors before it was twenty years old. There is no precedent for this.

But these altitudes are by the way, though they are to a certain extent indications of spirit. It is in the manufacturing plants of America that human vigor expresses itself best. I have seen a number of them, dealing in steel, flour, timber, but in a way Armour's is most remarkable. Armour's is remarkable not so much because it has divided the operations of labor as far as human ingenuity can go, but because of the material on which it works. To watch an animal from the pen to the tin is an extraordinary experience. You see it killed; it falls; a conveyor carries it away. It is flayed while you wait. It disappears. Then, suddenly, it is an open carcass; it passes the veterinary; in a few seconds it is cut up, and hurriedly you follow the dwindling carcass that is no longer an ox, but fragments of meat; you see the meat shredded; in another room the manicured girls are filling the shreds into tins, and the tin is closed and labeled. The thing that astounds is the quiet officialdom of this murder. It is as if nothing had happened. Death is so swift, the evidence of tragedy so soon gone that one feels no shock that flesh loses its character. Cattle are being handled like brass, so swiftly that life becomes merely a raw material. That is Chicago. A superior force, which is called organized industry, has cut up the cattle on a traveling belt and carried them away. For a moment I have a vision of Chicago, carried away on its own traveling belt. Carried away . . . where to?

I did not have so strong an impression of the steel-rolling mills, no doubt because I know something about metals and know nothing about cattle. Rolling mills are familiar with their clank, their dust, and all that. It was at Minneapolis, at the Washburn-Crosby Mills, that I rediscovered the magnificence of the Middle West. Here again is the immense swiftness of modern industry, not bloody this time, but dainty. The flour mills are like drawing-rooms, lightly powdered as befits. For the first time in my life I saw a factory with parquet floors. There is a fascination in these things, the fascination of uniform movement. You watch the grain from the elevator on to the belt, then to the grinder, to the shaking sieves, to the tests which exhibit purity, to the hoppers which humanly discharge just as much as the sack will hold. The sack falls into a truck, and it is gone. There is something lovely in these great works; they are deserts, void of men. Nothing is handled that can possibly be seized by fingers of steel. There is solitude and activity; there is nothing there save iron and lumber, in the midst of which sits some secret, invisible soul. Somehow I feel that in these great plants I see before me the future of the world, a world where the machine will be a servant shepherded by new men and women, in raiment which they no longer need to soil, and who will with polished finger nails touch buttons that convey intelligent messages.

The great plants of the Middle West seem to me to sublimate human intelligence and to promise a time when mankind will be free from sweat; the curse of Adam may yet be lifted by Chicago. In so doing the Middle West is doing something else; it is creating beauty. I say this, realizing the contempt that may fall upon this opinion from academic quarters. There is beauty elsewhere than in lace; there is a rugged beauty, and there is a beauty of supreme utility. These great factories are worthy exponents of the forgotten William Morris; there everything is useful, and it is not excessive to say that everything is beautiful because everything is strong. Naturally the strong are not also the

subtle; with strength goes a certain crudity of expression and of thought. I do not refuse to see the almost comic contrast between a great plant and the mottoes in its showroom. Here are two: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." There is something a little obvious in that, and mischievous Europeanism induces me to retort, "Never do to-day what you can do to-morrow; you may never have to do it at all." Again, there is vulgarity in this other motto: "Be like a postage stamp. Stick till you get there." But Talleyrand was right in saying that you cannot make omelets without breaking eggs. The Middle West cannot be expected to prepare the omelet of the future without making a mess of the eggs of the skylark and the dove. But it can be trusted with those of the American eagle.

The Middle West, I repeat it, is doing beautiful things. It has even produced a great work of art—the grain elevator. Stop for a moment outside the mills of Pillsbury, or Washburn - Crosby, in Minneapolis, and consider the lofty towers of these elevators, their rounded magnificence, marred by no fanciful nonsense such as pediments or porticoes or garlands, or such-like Renaissance futility; consider the purity of the lines rising sheer; the elevator is like a turreted castle, spectral white, and as free from excrescences as the phrase of a great prose writer from useless words. The towers cluster under their cubic tops, dignified and serene. I have seen the cathedrals of America, and her grain elevators. I have seen nothing nobler than these factories of the moon.

BREAD

A material component in the psychology of the Middle West is the haste and intensity with which its natural wealth is being developed. One obtains a clear idea of this wealth through a short visit to one of the great state fairs, such as the one which I encountered in Minnesota. These fairs fortify the impression derived from the endless wheat and corn fields between Minnesota and Kansas fields without end: that sums up the impression. When one talks to the farmers, slow, cautious, not unamiable though faintly suspicious, one understands the speculation in real estate which has swept over the Middle West one hears extraordinary stories of farms of five or six hundred acres, which are now worth one hundred dollars an acre of market gardens sold for a thousand dollars an acre; one is told that a generation ago this was wild land for which somebody gladly took fifteen dollars One hears stories of sudden wealth; one visits a farmstead and discovers with a certain sense of the inappropriate that not only has the farmer an automobile but each of his sons has one, too; there is a grand piano—but also a gramophone. It feels sudden, improvised, and all the more so when one finds out how careless is the farming. Most of the land is being sweated, the crops taken and nothing put back by an adventurous agriculturist who intends to push out farther west when he has looted the land I encountered no crops comparing with the European; most of the yields, particularly of wheat, are about one third to one half of a French crop. And the land is better! I am not crying out "Waste!" for I do not know all the factors; what interests me is the reaction on American psychology. This wastefulness, this excess, all that is evidence of the immense bountifulness of the land. Men farm best where the land is cruel as in Scotland; in the Middle West the land is beneficent, and so it is no wonder that a trait of Middle West psychology should be good-tempered hospitality and generosities that surprise the European the Middle West can afford virtues.

It was an unforgetable impression, an impression of a Land of Cockayne, that I obtained at the Minnesota State Fair The corncobs were so large, so smooth they showed fruit fit for photography in Christmas supplements; tomatoes which threatened the pumpkin; dark grapes fish and game—and, what counts also

by the side of the leather, the oil, the horses, and the tools, the indications of pioneer culture, the posters by the school children, the still queerer emotional life, represented by the societies of the Irish and the veterans. There was a lot of everything—the word shortage is not American. No class has quite so much as it wants, but it always has more than the corresponding European class. That is why you can visit in America a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants and find there better shops, better goods, more artistic stuffs, more attractive furniture, and, in unexpected spots, a more vivid culture than in any English town—wealth leads to aristocracy; out of wealth America will breed hers. The poor aristocrat is a popular illusion. Indeed, an aristocrat may be poor, but he must be the son or the grandson of an aristocrat who was rich. Without wealth aristocracy cannot survive; without wealth it cannot be born. Wealth, does not necessarily create aristocracy, but it can do so. I feel that the aristocracy of America will not be maintained out of the elegancies of Boston or the languors of South Carolina, but is being born, born of the rugged, fierce stock of the Middle West. After all, the early aristocrats, the Normans and the Crusaders, too, were kid-gloved neither in their morals nor their manners.

The reader will realize from the foregoing that I have not joined the faintly envious clamor against the Middle West. The Middle West, by the fact of its novelty, shows its "seamy side"; the dust of ages, which has filled the seams of Paris and London town, has not had time to make for the West a glossy surface. And so the East, with three hundred years behind it, is more acutely conscious of Chicago than the foreigner can be. Certainly, from the Eastern point of view, Chicago is what you might call difficult. I can understand that a banking family in Manhattan, harking back to bankers of New Amsterdam, dislikes the unashamed boosting which Chicago indulges in. Do not attack me because I say "boosting"; it is Chicago's own word. At the top of every page of one of the Chicago newspapers you will find every day a different legend. Here are two, which I extract, collected during my stay in Chicago, "Why Chicago is great: Chicago has more than twenty thousand manufacturing plants." Here is another, "Be a Chicago booster to your friends in other cities." Well, yes, it is a little difficult; it crows over the fallen; there is nothing delicate about it. But Chicago never was delicate; no more was any man at arms. Chicago is the man at arms of modern industry; that has to be remembered when you criticize it at work or at leisure. It has a passion for fact; a passion for realities malleable as cement before they are applied to industry, hard as cement in the end. Chicago is prouder than Boston, because it is surer of itself. It has built its castle upon the future—for Chicago a secure foundation. That is why there is no peace in Chicago, and why, if ever Chicago attains peace, it will be the nefarious peace of a termination.

Indeed, the whole Middle West is Chicagoan; it is conscious of itself, more conscious than any other part of America. Its local feeling is intense. That baffles one sometimes, when one discovers that the man who is talking to you is not talking about America, but about his own state. I had two evidences of it, in each case owing to something having been said against the people or the manners of a certain state; in each case denizens of the state protested violently, but when it came to attacking America they did not mind much. The state meant to them something more intimate, something more precious than America itself.

That characteristic has been observed and laughed at; it has earned for America a provincial reputation, which seems to me absurd, when we consider that the American spirit arises from an intellectual congress of the world spirits. America is not provincial; America is

regional. That is natural when one considers that its size is so great that only a minority of Americans can afford a journey longer than twenty-four hours, and that this long journey—long enough to traverse the whole of Great Britain—will not take a man beyond the borders of the next Middle Western state. It is natural that the American should be insular, for every state is an island cut off by distance. There is another reason, which is less obvious, and that is the political arrangement of America. The traveling Englishman tends to look upon cities such as Minneapolis or St. Louis as provincial cities, provincial in the English sense of Manchester or Birmingham. He is wrong. He forgets that some of the big cities are capitals of an almost sovereign state; in many cases cities no larger than Jefferson, Nashville, Albany, have their Capitol. That makes a difference. Glasgow, with its eight hundred thousand inhabitants, is nothing but a provincial city. It sends a few members to the British Parliament, and for the rest it is nothing. It has a City Council, holds powers over traffic and sanitation, etc., but no more. Compare that with a small American capital, which has its own parliament, which makes its own absolute laws on civil relations, marriage, inheritance, etc. Consider the effect upon local life, notably the creation of a governing class in the state, an official class, a natural center for education and culture. From that point of view the difference is enormous; Lancashire is merely a province, but Rhode Island is almost a sovereign state. Therefore, a man from Rhode Island is a subject of Rhode Island as much as a subject of America, whereas a man from Lancashire is a British subject, carrying a vague geographical label.

To me this is a good thing. I believe that there are in the world only two perfect constitutions; one is the Swiss, the other the American. How these constitutions work out is another question, but, taken by themselves, they are perfect, because they provide a maximum of home rule for people living under different climates, therefore people of different mentality, and especially provide almost complete freedom for people of different races. It almost looks as if Alexander Hamilton and his friends had foreseen that their country would become the melting pot of the world.

If it were not for state liberty, I imagine that America would have experienced much greater difficulties during the war, when it had to deal with hostile German-Americans and with almost sluggish Scandinavian and Czecho-Slovak Americans. If all power had been concentrated at Washington, I wonder if the problem could have been handled at all. As it was, with executive powers that were accustomed to deal executively located in every state, the problem was minimized by being divided. If I were an American, I should be one of those who jealously resist any extension of power to the Federal authorities; I should stand for my state first, because I should believe that the people of my own state were closer to me in temperament than citizens of the same country living three thousand miles away.

The state system seems to be manifestly ideal, as I observe the German-American. Let my readers overlook the hyphen. It is no use pretending that all are 100-per-cent Americans. Some are, and some are not. What matters is that the percentage, if it is less than 100 per cent, should be a good, healthy percentage likely to grow as the generations pile up.

I encountered a good many German-Americans in Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, and farther south. They were not crushed or uncomfortable; several of them spoke German among themselves, but in most cases I felt that they were Americans first, and German only in their memory. One of them, who arrived in America at the age of sixteen, and who had married an American-born wife, expressed to me his deliberate in-

tention of "becoming" a 100-per-cent American; another, who had arrived at the age of eight, was almost completely Americanized—remembered only a few German words that his mother had spoken. A third, who immigrated at a later age, was a little sad; he could not help feeling the disaster which had come upon his country, and put his situation simply: "What's the use of thinking of the things that happened in the past? The only thing is to settle down in this country, which is good to us, and do the best we can for ourselves." Then, with a flash of insight, "To do the best for ourselves in America, it seems to me that's the best thing we can do for America itself." In other words, the American magnet seems to draw the national traits out without shaming them. For instance, in St. Paul, a large board in a building plot announces that an edifice will shortly become "The future home of the German-American industries." In the same town there is still a *Volks Zeitung*. In other words, the German-American is holding his head up, which means that nobody is beating it down. That seems to be the right way.

CIRCUS

It is part of the vitality of the Middle West that it should put as much energy into its pleasures as it does into its work. That is perhaps American, rather than Middle-Western, for, in general, the American seems to work sixteen hours a day. He may call one occupation hustling freight, another one eating, another golf, but it is all work. And whether this is a vice or a virtue may be discussed later on. But in the Middle West there is a curious intensity of organization. Almost every town has a guide-book, indicating pleasures. I have a collection of them, such as, *Now in St. Louis, The Visitor's Handy Guide to Minneapolis, Seeing Chicago, What is Doing in Cincinnati, In Kansas City This Week,* etc. You will never find that in Europe, except in the capital. In minor European towns the favorite diversion is sleep; I believe the average American would prefer nightmare. He is always doing, always planning; he follows Mr. Arnold Bennett and learns to live on twenty-four hours a day. When he takes his pleasure in a cultural form he is sometimes rather grave; in fact, there is a certain gravity in all American pleasures, though noisy, because they are taken intensely and thoroughly. If the American acted otherwise he would feel that he was wasting the good raw material of life. So the American pleasure crowds are more vivid than those of Europe; they are not so light, they are perhaps not so spontaneous, but anybody who has sat at the movies, or watched "Babe" Ruth excite his crowd, realizes the depth of feeling that the American puts into moments ferociously snatched from his daily work.

Naturally, in the Middle West with this goes what the East calls crudity. The West is plain-spoken, and does not waste anything of its appeal. It realizes that pleasure is one of the national products, just as it tells one that the film industry is the fourth in order of importance. So it puts things briefly. It advertises on a boarding that to-night there will be a "vodvil," which is a way of expressing eagerness and economy of effort foreign to the more languid tradition of "vaudeville." I had the same impression in St. Paul, where, outside a restaurant, stands merely in enormous letters the word, "Eat." It is unvarnished; it says to you: "Do you want a good time? Come inside," instead of saying, more or less, "Within will be found diversions for the families of gentlefolk." I saw the Middle West at play in Barnum's circus as it went through Kansas City. Kansas City was perhaps not the best place to see intensity, for to me it is a Southern town. It is a joyful, delightful town, with its patchwork of black and white faces, its bright colors, its lovely sunshine, and its sense of prosperity.

I found out that the circus was com-

ing because the streets filled up. The sidewalks were lined with rows of colored women and solemn piccaninnies. A little farther were the whites, who pretended not to be interested, but stood about all the same, talking hard and forbearing from going to their business. Just behind me a shine shop, conducted by seven negroes, added the sounds of a gramophone to their labors; from time to time, at the proper moment of syncopation, the shiners all together brought down their brushes upon a board! It felt very "South," but it was Middle West all the same. There was no mistake about that when you reached the main street. Kansas City, that day, was in the hands of its circus. It stayed in its hands all the week, though one would have thought that the vast tent, which seats seven or eight thousand people round the eight standards laden with electric lights, could have taken in, in one night, the idlers of the town. The point is that the circus did not appeal to the idlers, but to the whole of Kansas City, to the whole population, determined to take all the pleasure it could. I never saw a more responsive audience, piled forty feet high. In the amphitheater of the tent there was a constant swirl of excitement, a craning to the right and left, as if to miss nothing of what was going on in the three rings. Barnum's could not be anything but American; it is too large. Europe has never sent twenty clowns together, or three motor-car loads of comics on any stage; nor would we think of showing together dancing elephants, jujitsu, and a tree-chopping competition. The effect bewilders—the excessive lighting, the excessive variety. It is a savage entertainment, a shower of pleasures before some barbarian conqueror.

In the grounds they sold bright balloons, pink or electric blue. As we came back upon the trolley car it was almost full of colored people. A young negress in strawberry pink was laughing as she enticed aloft one of those light balloons. She had fine Parisian features, twinkling black eyes. As the balloon descended too suddenly upon a sharp finger nail, it burst, and she vanished, weeping, among the consolations of two enormous mammies, one in yellow satin with a blue sunbonnet.

I do not quite know what I mean, but I feel that the pleasure of the circus expresses something important in the Middle West. The circus is most successful from Ohio westward, and south of the Mason and Dixon's line. It makes an elementary contrast with the more sophisticated rhythms of Broadway. It expresses difficulty, natural strength, skill, and it gives through acrobats its thrills of terror. The Minnesota State Fair, for instance, offered as a sensation a crash between two locomotives launched upon a track; another was an aëronautical feat—the passage of the aviator from one plane to the other, both being in motion. It means something, all that; it conveys something fierce in Middle Western psychology, something rooted deep in the spirit of the pioneer. The man who has taken risks values other men only if they take risks. He likes danger for its own sake, though he is afraid, like other men, when he meets it. It stimulates him physically; he is not content with the languid songs and the rosy lights of the more ancient civilizations.

A MISSIONARY

It is an apparent paradox that the effort of the Middle West should be as cultural as it is sensational. I feel that in Middle-Western psychology you will find almost equal interest in, let us say, a fight between a lion and a bull, and the latest play by Mr. Bernard Shaw. That is not such a paradox as it seems. If we find, as I did in St. Paul, a bookshop where three complete shelves are devoted to the works of Mr. Joseph Conrad, in Chicago a place like the Walden Bookshop, where only good literature is sold; if you find universities rising upon the prairie and within two or three years collecting five thousand students,

who arrive there straight with the straw in their hair; if you find in young cities like Minneapolis a splendid university; in little Tulsa, that is not twenty years old, a high-school building made of white stone—it merely means that here again are the characteristics of Middle-Western desire.

The Middle West wants things, everything, everything that man can get, whether it is gold, or love, or knowledge; it wants even æstheticism. In the office of an editor, a little while ago, I met a woman whom I will call a missionary of the Middle West. She was one of those elderly women, full of fire and conviction, whose emotions have flowed into a single channel. With a volubility that sometimes was bitter and sometimes inflamed, she was going the round of all the newspapers in America to induce them to give space every day to facts about pictures and sculpture. She was being rather cynically received that day by a very charming editor, who had been in journalism for a long time and kept few illusions. His indifference excited her; the glow in her eyes grew as she explained that the women of the Middle West were aching for contact with pictures. She was told that not one out of ten thousand educated people cared for pictures. She replied that the love of pictures came from the emotions, and that education was not the ground where emotions flourished. When laughed at, she replied, with immovable faith, that we did not know her women, that we had not seen them, after a long day's work, go to a loan exhibition. She even told us that one of the old ladies came to her with tears in her eyes, after looking at a Turner; the moral strain, which is so strong in Americans, made her suggest that to push forward pictures was the right thing to do. She was wholly vital and full of faith. Now faith to a European is always a little funny. We cannot help it, yet I was moved by the hopefulness, the sincerity of all this, believing, as I do, that it does not matter much what one puts faith in, if one manages to have any faith at all. It seemed to me so indicative of the Middle West. I realize that much of the admiration which pictures obtain is mechanical; that it arises from a dull desire to improve one's mind, which is an awful idea. But still it is desire, it is hope, it is an aspiration to make an atmosphere where taste will have its chance, a chance which it may not secure in a more cynical and faded land.

The Middle West respects the arts. In Europe the arts are the scullions of the idle and the rich. In the Middle West they seem to be ignored by a great many busy people, but they do somehow earn their respect. There are large circles which specialize in the arts, whose appreciation sometimes takes unexpected forms. For instance, at a large tea party in Chicago, some fragments from a novel of mine were read aloud. It was very embarrassing. It was something that could never have happened in Europe. Europeans would have felt as self-conscious about it as I. But when I recovered from my embarrassment I understood that here was honest appreciation; here was a real liking for the words that were being read. It is this genuineness that in the Middle West appeals to one all the time. In places culture attains singularity. There is in Chicago a curious, decadent little club, with orange couches, gray-green walls, and orange curtains decorated with black lace; the yellow walls are flowered in black. Here are crystal and dancing and an aspiration to Paris or Vienna. That is a new Middle West, no longer the Middle West of the lecture club, but a Middle West which has digested its conquests and is developing into sophistication.

On the whole, though, the Middle West remains itself, almost untouched. You will find its solidity in its bookshops, where appear Mr. Chesterton, Miss Clemence Dane, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Beresford, etc., and many works on democratic and sociological

questions. Almost everywhere, too, "liberal" bookshops, which seem to specialize in radical pamphlets and in Russian literature. Nothing of that can be ignored. It is all part of the great rush of desire which is the central fact of the Middle West. It is the desire of the pioneer who has just made his money. Not many years ago he used to come up to the cities for a magnificent spree in the saloons. Now his wife has taught him other lessons and he is coming up to the cities to have a great spree on modern civilization.

PIONEERS

I suspect that the only way in which one can obtain a truthful picture of Middle-Western psychology is by realizing that the Middle West is still a pioneer country. In a sense, most of America is still pioneering. It has only touched the edge of its natural resources; the individual chances are still immense, and that is perhaps why socialism has made in America less progress than it has in Europe. I have been told that in America a man of forty has either made his way or will never make it at all. I do not mean by this that at forty he must be a millionaire, but at forty he must have achieved his position as director of a corporation, maker of chairs, or artisan, according to his capacities. At forty he has either failed or succeeded; as he grows older he will not find himself more respected, as he would in Europe. Therefore, he knows that the individual struggle is hot; he struggles, and has little time for socialistic ideas. Moreover, he is born to a birthright that no western European enjoys. An English boy of seventeen knows pretty well what the future can give him. If he is born in the gentleman class and has money, he knows that he can be Prime Minister; if in the gentleman class but without money, he knows that he can hope to make ten to twenty thousand dollars a year in one of the professions, and perhaps in business; but if he is a poor boy who has gone to the national school he knows perfectly well that, barring extraordinary accidents, he will always be a small man, an employed man, a minor shopkeeper, etc. That is not the situation in America. Every boy knows that nothing need stop him, that no class bar will cut him off from any position or any office. In politics, notably, he knows that he has not to fear the rivalry of the old American families, because they stand aloof from politics; lastly, he knows that in the West of his country lies land which has never been trodden by a white foot. Therefore, there are resources which he can take, and, being a normal human being, he tries to secure his share. In other words, he is born a pioneer. I do not want to exaggerate; many millions of Americans are perfectly content to go on indefinitely in the occupation they have drifted into, and seek only more wages, or more salary, but the thing that matters is the consciousness in the American mind that everything is open and everything is possible.

The Americans are called an ambitious race; that is not wonderful, for their country contains food for ambition. You have this feeling if you visit a real pioneer town. Such a thing cannot be found at all in Europe, while in America it is still fairly common. I spent several days in a town of seventy-two thousand inhabitants, called Tulsa, in Oklahoma, which twenty years ago did not exist at all. It has arisen on the oil fields; the district is still so deeply in the pioneer stage that four years ago, a few miles away, at a place called Slick, there was a big saloon where the cash desk was permanently guarded by a man with a loaded rifle. Now, what is interesting in Tulsa is the remnant of the pioneering spirit as it recedes before the bank and the trolley car. Both spirits still dwell there. Already long business streets and tall office buildings have arisen everywhere. But they cannot rise fast enough; that is the essence of Tulsa. For instance, the president of

the Exchange National Bank, which is located in a building of fifteen floors, told me that they had reserved for the bank a certain space; the bank outgrew the space in six months. But a hundred yards away from the big bank, the modern hotel with its luxurious lounge and its French restaurant, next door to the railway station, lies a green field, where at night the locusts sing in thousands. Civilization jostles the wild! It jostles it in the most extraordinary way. For in this young city there is an active social life, much dining and dancing; smart little cafés, dancing clubs, and musical societies have formed; the newspapers already have their traditions; at night the electric light blazes in the city, to the amazement of the Osage Indians, who sit in their blankets, upon the hills that overlook the town.

Tulsa has just happened. A visit to Owens Park, for instance, is a revelation of speed; it is so new, its trees are so young, that at ten o'clock in the morning it is impossible to find in it a satisfactory square yard of shade. Here is the country of the new men, the oil men. I have watched them for a long time, nearly all of them rather dry, tall Yankees, or of the new American type, dark and rather heavy. All look hard; all live on oil; I have a vague feeling that in Oklahoma the limitations of morals and of law are the limitations set by the police, and occasionally by lynch law. Here is the new edition of Brandy Gulch. The men outnumber the women, some of whom belong to a rather hectic type. But already the mothers and the young ladies range the town; civilization is swift upon the pioneers' trail.

Tulsa is still a mining camp; it expresses itself in violent films, just as a few years ago it expressed itself in its saloons. It still has a vast population housed in shacks, but a population that presses a button when it wants a glass of water or a team of elephants. All rests on oil, and I had the good fortune to be present at a well when oil was struck, when the mother sand came up, black, and smelling of the precious fluid. They are unimpressive, these oil derricks; the oil plant seems knocked together, improvised out of waste lumber and old pipes. The sense of pioneering is enhanced by so much being made out of so little, made also with little apparent excitement. The truth is that there is not very much excitement in pioneering. It is the normal job of the Middle-Westerner; adventure is his business; none see romance in the long, long trail when they come to set their foot upon it. It is part of the Middle-Western psychology that in the *Tulsa World* I should have found two columns of situations vacant and only half a column of people wanting situations. In despite of the Chicago slums, there is enough for everybody; that is the chief lesson of the Middle West. There is enough for every ambition, whether material or cultural; what the Middle West makes of its chances will inevitably, in virtue of its size, in virtue of its dominating novelty, be a simple thing; the civilization that the Middle West creates within the next fifty years will be the American civilization.

(To be continued.)

THE WAVING PALM AND THE BLUE LAGOON

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"BRACKEN," said Bingham, one evening, as we three sat in our old haunt, the Forrest Club, in Gramercy Park—"Bracken, in the many and marvelous tales which you have told us concerning your adventures in distant lands, I have noticed one singular feature. Do you mind if I point it out? Do you resent criticisms of your art?"

"On the contrary," answered Bracken, "I court them."

I looked up with a grin. "You damned idiots!" I remarked, which was all that one really could say, for Bracken was actually a Chicago bond broker by trade and his "art" consisted of nothing more than rambling on for hour after hour with the wildest and most extravagant yarns about countries which he had never seen.

"My question," continued Bingham, "is this: In all the stories with which you have entertained and beguiled us here in this club and which, if I am not mistaken, include the adventure of Lady Mary and the illegitimate crocodile, the tragic death of Auguste, the talented house snake, and your own short career as a left-handed piccolo player, I have noted a strong strain of what I may call the tropic fever—the tang of the blue sea on coral lagoons, the swish of the waving palm tree, the savor of Oriental bazaars. Although you may start a story right here in New York, or in Liverpool, or in Evanston, Illinois, your touch is uncertain; you seem to waver until you manage somehow to get your characters down to about six inches north or six inches south of the well-known and justly famous equator.

"Now what does this mean? What does it teach us? Does it mean that romance cannot flourish far from the torrid zone? Does it mean that only in the hot countries do the passions of men and the tongues of poets become really unbridled? Or does it simply mean that you have been reading Joseph Conrad?"

"Before I answer that question," said Bracken, "I must ask you one in return. Am I the only—the only—shall we say, artist?—in whom you have noted this love of the waving palm and the blue lagoon?"

"No," replied Bingham; "it seems to be the favorite *motif* in present-day fiction. In fact, running over my reading for the past six months, I cannot recall a dozen romances in which the scene is laid in Stockholm or Montreal, but I am asking you why it is so. Why do you have to have a palm tree to make a romance? Why not a snow bank or a telegraph pole? I have never had a chance to ask the brilliant young men and women who keep our popular magazines at the boiling point, but I have got the chance to ask you and so I am asking. Now what?"

Bracken took out his tobacco pouch and thoughtfully began filling his pipe.

"It is almost uncanny," he said, "that you have mentioned this subject of tropical fiction. The fact is that you have stumbled on a strange bit of literary history. As you have pointed out, Bingham, the immense wave of palm-tree stories which has swept over American letters is one of the hitherto unexplained phenomena of the twentieth century. Would it surprise you to learn that, to a certain extent, I was myself responsible for it?"

"It wouldn't surprise me in the least," replied Bingham. "The only thing that

would surprise me would be to hear you say that you didn't know anything about it."

"I overlook the venomed barb in your remarks," answered Bracken, "because I feel that I owe it to the world to tell a curious story, one of the strangest stories that ever came out of the tropics. One day, some years ago, I was in Singapore—"

But Bingham held up his hand. "Now stop right there," he ordered, "not another word until we get this straightened out. 'One day I was in Singapore,' indeed! That doesn't answer the question. That merely dodges the issue. What you've got to do is to explain *why* you were in Singapore. That's just what all these other bards and sages are doing—beginning their stories with 'One day I was in India,' but what I keep asking you is *why* they were in India? Anybody could tell a story about the tropics if he had been born and brought up there, which most of these writers distinctly were not. They went there in cold blood, with malice aforethought, to get a story. Now what I'm asking you is why they hunt out the poor old tropics if they feel that they really must write? Why don't they go to Bronxville or come here to Gramercy Park?"

"That," said Bracken, "is what I am going to explain as soon as you let me. In my own case I didn't go to Singapore specially to get a story. The story was thrust upon me. I was a butterfly hunter by trade and one of the best, if I do say it. My specialty was tropical butterflies—*mariposas tropicas*, great, big butterflies weighing as much as two or three pounds. Now if I was looking for tropical butterflies you wouldn't expect me to go to the arctic, would you?"

Bingham hesitated skeptically before replying. "I will let that pass for the present," he answered, "but you must explain every step as you go along. Now, for instance, why were you in Singapore? Why weren't you at your post of duty in the jungles where the butterflies fly?"

Bracken snorted. "I guess you've never hunted butterflies. Have you?"

"Never in a serious way," replied Bingham.

"Well," retorted Bracken, "it isn't a thing that you can do frivolously and make a living at it. 'Never in a serious way!' Let me tell you that you've got to keep an absolutely straight face if you hope to catch many butterflies. I don't think you realize the extent to which the butterfly business has grown. It is an industry in itself!"

"Singapore, Singapore," commanded Bingham, relentlessly. "Explain your presence in Singapore."

"I was in Singapore," replied Bracken, "waiting for a shipment of butterfly nets for an expedition into the wilds of Sumatra. For hunting butterflies in Sumatra you need a peculiar kind of net made out of alternate strands of catgut and changeable silk. You see we had to have catgut to withstand the hot, humid air of Sumatra, but the tropical night-prowling jungle worms—the so-called *worm jungoloso*—used to get into the catgut. At first we lost hundreds of valuable nets in that way, but previously, while hunting pumas in the Rockies, I had discovered that a rattlesnake would never creep over a horsehair lariat or anything else which was ticklish. After a series of exhausting experiments, extending over several years, I had discovered the same to be true of the *worm jungoloso*, so I had silk strands twisted in with the catgut."

"But why *changeable* silk?" I asked.

"To make the net indistinguishable in the tropical foliage," said Bracken. "Protective coloring—a little idea of my own.

"One day," resumed Bracken, "while I was down at the wharves, looking for my shipment of nets from Marseilles, which, as you know, is the great catgut center of southern Europe, I noticed a little coasting steamer, much like a tugboat, crowded with people—the strangest collection of people—English and American, they seemed to be princi-

pally, but everyone of the men had on a slouch hat, a black Windsor tie, and tortoise-shell glasses. Everyone of the women had on a smock and wore her hair bobbed, while both men and women had either notebooks or portfolios under their arms. You can't imagine how odd they looked in that out-of-the-way, Oriental city.

"I walked up to the harbor master, who was standing there with his whistle at his lips telling the ships to go out or come in. 'What in the world is that picnic?' I asked.

"'That?' he said. 'Why, that is a bunch of students from the Latin Quarter.'

"'The Latin Quarter of what?' I asked.

"'The Latin Quarter of the Malay Peninsula,' he replied. 'They've got a regular colony up on the island of Penang.'

"I naturally thought that he was trying to spoof me," said Bracken, "but later I learned that he was telling the actual truth. Incidentally, it was the answer to your question, Bingham, as to why so many authors, especially young authors, lay their stories in tropical climes."

Bracken leaned back and stared at the fireplace as if he reviewed in his mind's eye that curious picture—that boatload of horn-rimmed glasses and smocks bobbing up and down in the waters of Singapore harbor. He began again with a queer little smile:

"Rudyard Kipling, I think, was really to blame for that strange little scene I witnessed there off the Singapore wharves. Next to him the chief culprit was, as you have guessed, Joseph Conrad.

"You all remember the sensation made when Kipling first published his stories of Indian life in the early nineties? The effect on the literary world was exactly the same as that produced when gold was discovered in California. Instantly hordes of writers from every part of the world threw down their pens and made a stampede for India. Their bungalows dotted the hillsides from Bombay to Burma. Their manuscripts flooded the publishing houses from Moscow to Minneapolis. The head of one great London publishing house has told me that, during one month in the year eighteen ninety-six, out of sixteen hundred and thirty-four manuscripts received, no less than fourteen hundred and twenty-eight, or seventy-seven and twenty-six hundredths per cent, were stories of India."

"You don't tell me!" said Bingham.

"Yes, I do," replied Bracken.

He leaned back and wrinkled his brow meditatively, as if very anxious to give us the facts with absolute accuracy.

"That rush to India lasted, I think, only six or eight years. It rather died out. Disappointed writers who had failed in India came home and found that they could make much more money writing articles telling young men and women how to succeed in the hardware business or on abandoned farms. Bungalows in all parts of India were vacant by dozens and the white-paper market dropped almost to zero.

"Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, Joseph Conrad startled the world with his stories of life in the Indian Ocean. Instantly another and greater stampede was on for the Malay Peninsula."

Bracken paused a full minute, shaking his head, his gaze in the distance, his mind apparently seeing again those exciting boom days.

"I have often wished," he mused, "that I could have been in Singapore when that writers' rush was on at its height, although it also had its pathetic side—tragedy mingled with comedy, pathos with humor. In hundreds and thousands, so old Singapore residents have told me, the writers came from every part of the globe. Many of them were ink-spattered veterans of the Indian boom, more of them hopeful tyros.

"It was like the second gold rush to Nome or to Dawson. Every ship that



YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THERE WAS A RIOT ON BOARD

came in brought dozens of writers. The hotels were packed with them to the roofs. The volume of first-class mail at the Singapore post office jumped to unheard-of proportions. The price of common steel pens went up to five dollars apiece while second-hand typewriters brought as high as ten thousand dollars. Relief societies had to be organized for the most unfortunate, while entire classes of Chinese and Malays were engaged in the sole occupation of furnishing local color."

Bracken lighted his pipe, the first time he had done it that evening, so I rightly judged that, at last, he had his story in hand.

"When I myself was in Singapore," he went on, "the original rush was a thing of the past, but its after effects were the explanation of that bunch of Greenwich villagers I saw on the tugboat. Standing beside the harbor master, a most supercilious Englishman, I was watching them when suddenly we noticed a strange commotion on the boat. First one young woman stood staring in our direction, then excitedly pulled the smock of the student next her.

"Almost immediately there was such a pointing and jabbering and pulling of smocks and adjusting of spectacles that you would have thought that there was a riot on board. Within a minute the students came rushing over to the starboard rail of the boat until they threatened to swamp her.

"The harbor master became alarmed.

"'What's the matter with the blooming blighters, anyway?' he demanded. 'Hey, you! Quit rocking the boat!'

"Immediately we heard a few sharp words of command on board the vessel

and the students came to order like naughty children. I could not see who gave the orders, but apparently the harbor master knew, for he smiled.

"A minute later something amazingly like a college yell arose from the crowded deck and then I saw that the steamer was putting back to the dock. A gangplank was run out and a single figure came ashore—the figure of a young woman."

Bracken relighted his pipe, which had made a poor start.

"I wish that I could describe to you," he resumed, "the impression made on me by that girlish figure."

"Can't you?" I asked.

"No," said Bracken, "I can't. Can one describe the west wind, the breeze from the prairies? For that was exactly what this young woman was, in that strange Oriental harbor—a breeze from the prairies or, perhaps I had better say, the Connecticut River. Unlike the rest of that mob, she was simply dressed in a well-tailored skirt and plain white shirt waist, crowned with a sailor hat, from under which gazed a pair of clear, gray, New England eyes. She was the finest type of Puritan womanhood, with just a hint of the Yankee schoolmistress about her. She was, in short, just such a figure as one might find behind the counter in the Women's Exchange in New Haven, or Hartford, or Windsor Locks, Connecticut."

"Ah!" said Bingham, "enter the romance!"

"Wait a minute," said Bracken. "You are forcing me to get ahead of my story."

"No man on earth could force you to do that," replied Bingham.

"To me," resumed Bracken, "standing there in that far-off port and fresh from the hideous life of the jungle, that girl was like a letter from home. I drew a quick breath. 'For Heaven's sake, who is that?' I asked the harbor master.

"'That,' he replied, 'is the cleverest woman between Hongkong and the Suez Canal. If you don't know it now you *will* know it before you have been three days in Singapore.' With which enigmatic words he turned on his heel and left me.

"That afternoon, just after tiffin," said Bracken, "a Malay boy came up to my room at the Singapore House, where I was stopping, and announced that Miss Mary Holmes was below and wanted to see me.

"Of course I knew who it was. That girl I had seen on the gangplank could never have been named anything except Mary Holmes and, sure enough, when I went down, my lady of the gangplank rose from a shady corner of the musty hotel parlor to meet me. She held out her hand with a friendly smile.

"'Mr. Bracken?' she asked.

"'Miss Holmes?' I replied. 'I think I saw you this morning, down at the wharves, with a large consignment of writers.'

"'Yes, poor dears,' she said with a smile. 'Mr. Bracken,' she continued, 'I trust that you will pardon me for this intrusion. I secured your name from the harbor master and have taken the liberty of coming to ask you to help me in a little matter of business.'

"'Any favor that I can do for a fellow countrywoman—' I began, but she interrupted me, crisply.

"'No favor at all,' she snapped. 'This is a pure matter of business. You will be well paid for your time—and your talents.'

"I reflected. My shipment of catgut could not be expected now for ten days and my funds were never too plentiful. I asked Miss Holmes for further particulars.

"'This morning,' she explained, 'a very ludicrous thing happened while you were watching there at the docks—'

"Oh, I forgot to say," added Bracken, interrupting himself, "that at that time I wore a black beard. I found it to be very necessary in the jungle."

"So as to tickle the jungle worms when they crawled over it?" I asked, laconically.

"No," said Bracken, "I did it to look like a doctor. It gave me a standing among the natives. And also, perhaps, before I give you the explanation of that little incident at the wharves, I had better tell you something of Miss Mary Holmes's story as she told it herself that hot afternoon in the Singapore House in Singapore.

"Miss Holmes had been originally a teacher in Hartford, Connecticut, but in the summer she would chaperon groups of young ladies through Europe. Later, coming to New York, she had been assistant editor of a woman's magazine, and then had drifted into the profession of literary agent and general adviser to authors; but when the pioneers in the tropic or palm-tree school of fiction had first begun to make themselves felt in the publishing world, Miss Holmes had instantly seen that the future of American literature lay at or near the Equator.

"With Mary Holmes, to see was to act. She remembered the parties of schoolgirls which she had chaperoned through the art galleries of Europe. Why not try the same plan with students of tropical literature? Miss Holmes saw no reason why not. It was the work of a week to form a group of well-to-do, although not especially talented, writers from her own list of clients and set out to gather first-hand atmosphere in the Indian Ocean.

"When, however, she reached the Malay Peninsula, Mary Holmes discovered, to her dismay, that her pupils were anything but the first. Singapore was so crowded with writers in search of atmosphere that writers were thicker than atmosphere. In fact, at that day, they *were* the atmosphere.

"A less resolute young woman would have been in despair, but Mary Holmes had been born in Connecticut. Within a week she had new plans laid. She saw that nine out of ten of the hopeful young writers in Singapore were laboring under a sense of keen disappointment. The atmosphere had not done for them what they had expected. On some of the very wisest of them it was actually beginning to dawn that merely living where Kipling and Conrad had lived would not, of itself, make them Kiplings or Conrads. This disappointment and general vagueness Miss Holmes at once proceeded to capitalize."



"NO FAVOR AT ALL. THIS IS A PURE MATTER OF BUSINESS"

Bracken looked around shrewdly. "You know, among certain classes of persons, the idea is very common that you can learn anything, from grand-opera singing to making butter, simply by going to a 'school.' The very word 'school' or 'college' hypnotizes them. So long as they are 'taking lessons' they are completely happy.

"Now nobody had better reason to know this human weakness than Mary Holmes. In it she saw her great opportunity. She proceeded at once to set up a regular school or academy of tropical fiction. It was a *succès fou* from the start. At the time I first learned about it it meant to students of tropical literature what the Academie Julien means to students of art in Paris. No one going to Malaysia to study southern or palm-tree fiction would think of going anywhere else.

"Indeed by the time that she came to enlist my services, Mary Holmes's School of Equatorial Letters had become an immense establishment, owning all its own plant, ten acres of private jungle, three or four picturesque wrecks for class-room purposes, and its own little coasting steamer. It had separate faculties or departments—of romance, realism, local color, Oriental dialects, native superstitions, and literary seamanship. There were also tutors and visiting lecturers in minor branches, such as 'elementary tiger shooting,' 'polo and cricket terms,' 'derelict Englishmen,' 'beachcombers,' 'younger sons,' and special laboratory work in whisky-and-soda fiction. This last was put down in the catalogue as 'elective for sophomores who have taken Opium One.' It was a very popular course.

"None of this, you understand, was in Singapore. Mary Holmes had seen at a glance that Singapore was no place for a student of local color. You saw too many foreigners there, so she had established her school on the island of Penang. This latter was an ideal spot for just such an institution. It was isolated; it was in the sea; it was furnished with every variety of palm tree, native and foreign, and, most of all, being under British protection, it was perfectly safe.

"This much," explained Bracken, "I gleaned in part from Miss Holmes and partly from the prospectus which she handed me. As soon as I had glanced it over she told me the object of her visit.

"'This morning,' she said, 'I was starting back to Penang with a class of my most advanced students when suddenly I heard cheering. One of my pupils came running forward. "Miss Holmes," she cried, "Joseph Conrad himself is standing there on the platform in front of the shed—I mean the jetty in front of the *godown*." I rushed back, I mean aft, and for a moment I was deceived myself. You know, Mr. Bracken, the resemblance between you and Mr. Conrad is most remarkable.

"'As most of my pupils,' Miss Holmes explained, "'were originally inspired to write by reading Conrad, you can imagine the feather it would be in my cap if Mr. Conrad himself could be induced to go out to the school to lecture. I hastily had myself put ashore. By the time I reached the wharf you were gone, but the harbor master came out to see what was wrong. He told me who you really were.'

"'I am very sorry,' I answered, 'that I am not Joseph Conrad. I wish that I were, but it is too late now.'

"Mary Holmes laughed. 'As a matter of fact, when the harbor master told me who you really were I realized that you would be almost as valuable to me as if you *were* Mr. Conrad. Mr. Bracken, I have come to offer you a chair in my faculty.'

"'A chair of what, may I ask?'

"'Before we go into that,' replied Mary Holmes, 'we had better talk terms. My usual arrangement with my teachers is that they receive board, lodging, and laundry—and uniforms in the case of nautical teachers. For actual compensation the teachers receive



THE INSTRUCTOR, A RETIRED CHINA SEA CAPTAIN, WAS GIVING PROBLEMS TO WORK OUT

a commission from every story which their immediate pupils sell.'

"I thought of the bunch I had seen on the tugboat that morning. 'If it is just the same to you, Miss Holmes, I think I shall go back to chasing butterflies.'

"'Just a minute,' she answered. 'In the case of a man of superior attainments and established position like yourself, I can do much better than that. The truth is that the subjects taught at my school are of such a character that the expert professors are not of a class accustomed to handling much money. You take, for instance, the professor of beachcombing and the studio model for the class in English younger sons. Both are superb specimens of their respective types, thoroughly grounded in their subjects, but they are happy enough to work for their board and lodging. In fact, if I do give them any money they are only too apt to run down to Singapore and return in a condition which is rather more realistic than is necessary for strict purposes of instruction.'

"There is no need to tell you," continued Bracken, "just what terms we finally agreed on. The truth was that the more I talked to Miss Mary Holmes, with her clear, gray New England eyes, the more I became inclined to work for her on the same terms as the others. In fifteen minutes the matter was settled and we were walking down to the boat."

"But hold on," interrupted Bingham. "You haven't told us yet what chair you were to occupy."

"Oh," replied Bracken, "I was to be the professor of jungle despair—J. D., as the students called it."

"Professor of what?" I demanded.

"Jungle despair," replied Bracken. "You see, a favorite form of tropical story is one about some white man who is on a scientific expedition with nothing but natives. After months and years in the jungle he gets all woozy from being

alone. I was to teach them all about that—give them the realistic touches. I had two lectures a week and four hours of laboratory demonstration in the ten-acre jungle. Then, besides, I gave lectures on orchids and tropical foliage, but I was paid extra for that."

"Continue," said Bingham.

"Early in the morning of the third day from Singapore," said Bracken, "we touched at the private wharf of Mary Holmes's school in Penang and, at first glimpse of the institution, my respect for that wonderful woman went up to the skies. I have seen moving-picture parks, but none of them could touch her establishment. It was perfect in every detail of Oriental life and color.

"For the first day," Bracken continued, "Mary Holmes told me to ramble over the reservation and see for myself how the work was conducted. For example, out at one of the private wrecks a class was engaged in writing sea stories. The instructor, a retired China sea captain and a highly intelligent man, was giving problems for the class to work out.

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' he was saying, 'we are bound on a full-rigged ship from Singapore to Malacca. The time is the present. What kind of a crew should we be likely to have?'

"'Rotten,' said one young man from New York.

"The captain's eye twinkled. 'Quite probably,' he replied, 'but of what nationality?'

"'Lascars,' said some of the pupils. 'Malays,' said others. 'Chinese,' said one young lady.

"'All of those answers might be correct,' answered the captain, 'but for safety you had better say Malays. If you said Chinese it would imply that the vessel had outfitted at Hongkong. If you said Lascars you might create the impression that she was a P. and O. boat made up in India. That might get you into difficulties with those idiots who are always reading sea stories just to pick flaws in the seamanship. And one other point—it is always a good thing to have one white man in the crew—a man of mystery. You may not need him, but you have always got him handy.

"'Now, then. Soon after leaving Singapore it begins to blow smartly. In fact, too smartly for safety. What orders does the captain give?'

"'"*All hands aloft to man the topsail yards!*'" cried one very bright girl from Chicago.

"'Now careful, Miss Maitland,' cautioned the instructor. 'On a big, full-rigged ship with a crew of forty would the captain himself be likely to give those orders?'

"The girl blushed. 'No, sir. He would tell the mate to issue them.'

"'Correct!' said the instructor. He turned to a stupid-looking girl who was chewing gum and flirting with one of the men. 'Now, Miss La Rue, if you can spare us your attention for a moment, will you kindly tell us what the captain would say to the mate?'

"'What's the mate's name?' demanded the girl.

"'The mate's name is Thompson.'

"'Then the cap, he would probably say, "Lieutenant Thompson—"'

"The instructor hammered the bulwark with a belaying pin. 'Miss La Rue, Miss La Rue,' he shouted, 'can't you ever remember that sea stories rarely if ever deal with the royal navy and that, even if you were writing a navy story, the officer in command would address his subordinates as "Mister"?'

"'Well, I'm only taking this course as an extra,' retorted the girl, 'because most of my friends is in it. I really belong in the movie-scenario course. I'm specializing in vampires.'

"Another very popular class," said Bracken, "I found in one of the ordinary recitation rooms. The pupils, who were producing great stacks of copy, were all of them elderly women and most of them dressed in black. I introduced myself and asked the instructress the reason for this.

"'This,' she explained, 'is not a part of the regular school. It is a special

summer course for women who are writing their memoirs. You see, the tropics are full of women, mostly widows of diplomatic officials, who think that they owe it to themselves and the public to write their memoirs.'

"'Don't you find it hard to teach them at their age?' I asked.

"'Oh no,' replied the instructress. 'All we have to do is to supply them with a title, such as *Ten Years Under the Crescent Flag* or *A White Woman in Ceylon*, and then let them keep on writing. You see, the longer and duller memoirs are, the higher they rank as memoirs. We have only one difficulty. The one rigid rule for memoirs is that people must never be called by their names, but by a single initial. It is very hard for these industrious ladies to remember this. Let me show you. Mrs. Montague, will you not read us a little of what you have written?'

"At this a very stout lady dressed in black silk, with dyed hair and many cameo brooches, stood up and read:

Friday, June 24, 188–. This afternoon, as T—— was busy with official papers at the Residency, N—— and I drove out to W—— to have high tea with the Countess of Z——. R—— was radiant in a robe of pale rose. We played bezique and talked of our friends the P——s and Q——s. J—— begged me to make a little week-end trip to Y—— for the sake of old times, but I had promised already to return to F—— for a little tête-à-tête dinner with T——.

"A titter went around the old ladies, but the instructress explained with a smile that T—— was Mrs. Montague's husband and J—— her sister."

"But, Bracken," I interrupted, "if it took you as long to get to work at the school as it has to tell about it, I can't see that you can claim to have played much part in its output."

"Patience, my lad," replied Bracken. "This is a tropical story, and you must remember that in the tropics everything moves slowly."

"Very well, take your own time," I sighed.

"My own work, when I did get to it," resumed Bracken, "proved to be delightful in the extreme. I set up a model camp in the ten-acre jungle, with native porters, mosquito bars, pots, pans, and all. With my own scientific equipment, nets and collector's cases, a couple of cartridge boxes, a pith helmet or two, and several shirts, hanging on the tent ropes to dry, I was able to make it an



A TITTER WENT AROUND THE OLD LADIES

exact replica of a naturalist's headquarters in the jungle. My students in jungle despair, being naturally writers of the introspective or pathological school, were drawn from the highest class in the institution. They were mostly serious women from college towns in New England and the Middle West, with one or two earnest young men who had taken Ph.D.'s or M.A.'s in literature but wanted a touch of real life in the jungle to broaden out their academic experiences. My only trouble with them was their profanity."

"Profanity?" demanded Bingham. "The women's or the Ph.D.'s'?"

"Neither one's," replied Bracken. "The literary profanity. You see, when men, and especially women, of sheltered lives try to write stories of rough, hard men in the open they insist on using unlimited oaths, but, not having learned profanity by ear in their own homes, they can't use it delicately, the way a commercial traveler could, for instance. My pupils had learned the words, all right, but they couldn't see the subtle distinctions. They were like a child with a medical dictionary. They kept me blushing most of the time.

"I asked the retired sea captain about it. 'I had the same trouble,' he said, 'until I made up some oaths like "scupper scum" and "rot souse ye." They don't mean anything, but they sound bad enough to make those dear ladies happy.'

"But," said Bracken, "even more than by my own work, I was caught by the spirit which ran through the whole institution. You know occasionally you find some vast enterprise in every detail of which you sense the presence of a single personality. This was the case of the school. In every smallest detail you felt the genius of Mary Holmes. In any less skillful hands the whole thing would have been the most absurd travesty. In her case, every human being on the island, from the sea captain to the Japanese cook, became fired with her spirit and played the game for twenty-four hours a day. It was a marvel! Every man, woman, and child on the reservation was under her thumb, and so was the business management. Every bucket of tar that went into the coasting steamer and every ounce of elephant meat that went into the kitchens she knew about and checked up. And, with it all, she never lost a bit of her fascinating femininity.

"Gentlemen, I don't want this story to become too personal, but you could see, even if I didn't tell you, that, with every successive day that I knew her, I was becoming more and more insanely in love with Miss Mary Holmes. It was not merely love; it was worship. I became the dog to grovel under her feet. My one desire was to please her. Imagine, then, my shock when, one afternoon, she called me into her office and said:

"'Mr. Bracken, I am very sorry to have to tell you that your department has not been showing the results that it should.'

"I looked at her in amazement. 'But, Miss Holmes,' I exclaimed, 'I am sure that if you would come out and see for yourself you would find that Louis Agassiz himself could not portray the life of a naturalist in the jungle better than I have done it.'

"'That is quite true, Mr. Bracken,' replied Miss Holmes. 'For your own skill as a naturalist and a man of science I have only the deepest respect, but, in this school, we ask for only one thing—results.'

"She put her hand on a filing cabinet and drew out a printed card. 'Here,' she said, 'is my daily report from the shipping room. It shows that, during the past six months, four novels, two serials, eight novelettes, twenty-six short stories, and two prose pastels have gone out from your department to magazines or publishers in England or America. Out of all those not a single one has yet been accepted!'

"'I can't give your pupils genius if they do not possess it themselves,' I replied, rather sulkily.

"'I do not ask you to give them genius,' replied Miss Holmes. 'If all aspiring writers had genius there would be no use for such schools as mine. All I ask is that you give them that indescribable quality, that delicate *something* which will make their manuscripts sell—that indefinable *je ne sais quoi*.'

"'But *je ne sais quoi* myself,' I retorted, hotly.

"'Come, come, Mr. Bracken,' she answered, 'you must not be angry. I have a plan. Your point of view may be too narrow. I want you to spend a couple of days reading stories from other departments to see what it is that they have, but which your pupils lack. In the meantime I will relieve you from all teaching duty.'

"I, however, was much too upset to do any reading. I was too deeply hurt. I mooned around the faculty club for an hour and then set out for my camp in the ten-acre jungle. I was too unhappy to want any supper. As I passed by one of the fraternity houses one of my pupils hailed me.

"'Ah, Mr. Bracken,' he said, 'no rest for the weary.'

"'What do you mean,' I demanded, gruffly.

"'I see by the bulletin board,' he explained, 'that a meeting of your class is called for this evening.'

"'No class of mine,' I replied.

"'Yes, in the Assembly Hall. Miss Holmes has issued the notice herself.'

"'She has, has she?' I muttered. This was gall and wormwood, insult added to injury, to put another in my place before I had hardly left it. 'Let her put some nature faker in to teach,' I said to myself. 'I am through with her and her school.'

"Muttering darkly, I went to the model barroom, which was used to show what such places were like. I put in a teacher's requisition for a quart of whisky and sought my tent in the jungle where I threw myself on my cot and gave way to despair, only occasionally rising to take a big drink of the academic whisky.

"I had not been there long," said Bracken, "before I began to feel more at peace. It may have been the whisky. It may have been that, as darkness fell into the shadowy jungle, I really began to feel that I was back in my own real camp in my own real jungle. I got up and sat in my camp chair at the tent door. My native boys were cooking their evening meal of rhinoceros meat. One of them offered me some, but I shook my head. So realistic was the scene becoming that I began to get weepy and homesick. I heard a noise in the bushes.

"'Who's there?' I called.

"The boy answered, 'No one, Sahib.'

"The native boys went away to a dance in the school kitchens and I was left to myself. My moroseness returned and I took another swig at the bottle. I held it up to the fire. I saw that there was only an inch or two left, so I lifted it up to my lips to finish it all at a gulp when I heard a whisper at my elbow. I jumped and saw Mary Holmes standing there in the firelight. Her finger pointed to the bottle in my hand.

"'Why are you doing that?' she asked, quietly.

"'What difference does it make to you?' I answered. 'If I drink myself to death it will only save you the trouble of getting rid of me. You can easily find a man who will serve your purpose better than I can. There are hundreds of hypocrites, fakers, in the world who can bring you dollars—success—which is all that you care about.'

"She hung her head in the firelight. 'Is that fair?' she asked. 'What do you really know about me, except the one or two formal talks we have had on official occasions. What do you understand about the real me?'

"'I understand only too much,' I replied. 'The real you is dollars, pounds, shillings, or rupees—whatever you wish to call it.'

"I raised the bottle to my lips, but she put out her hand. 'Please don't,'



I LEAPED TO MY FEET TO CATCH HER IN MY ARMS

she begged. Reluctantly I lowered the bottle.

"'You wrong me,' she insisted. 'You have never seen me as I really would like to be if the circumstances of my life would allow it. Except for that first day in Singapore, you have seen me only when I was surrounded by shams, by pretense, by the whole travesty of my official position. Please try to look for the real me, beyond, the one who is only too willing to come to you in this tent and talk as a plain woman to a lonely man.'

"Suddenly she seemed to grow two inches taller there in the firelight and her voice grew passionate. 'Yes, you say you have never seen anything in me except the love of success and money. And why? Because you went stamping away in anger when I only tried to do my duty by those dependent on me for success. You could not give me the benefit of the doubt. You could not wait to look for the real tender me who lives behind the mask of the cold, scheming woman of the world!'

"I looked at her in amazement and her eyes grew big with invitation. Her body seemed to sway gently toward me. I leaped to my feet to catch her in my arms.

"'Mary!' I cried, but, like a shadow, she slipped from my grasp. Her whole attitude suddenly changed. Turning to the bushes around the clearing she said, in a loud, clear voice:

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen, *that* is the sort of scene which is most effective in this sort of story. Please make a note of that line, "The real you is dollars, pounds, shillings, or rupees—whatever you wish." That was masterly, Doctor Bracken.'

"From every side my pupils began flocking in toward the tent. Mary

Holmes turned to me, standing aghast. 'Doctor Bracken,' she said, 'your acting was realistic in the extreme. That is just the kind of work I want you to do.' She turned back to the class. 'In this kind of story, ladies and gentlemen, the art lies in stopping at just the point at which Doctor Bracken stopped. You see, in the story, I am not really the girl that Doctor Bracken loved, but only the image of her as he imagines her here in the lonely jungle, under the influence of his fancied wrongs and also under the influence of his whisky—which is always fatal for white men in the tropics. When the hero rises and holds out his arms you notice that the girl of his dreams evaporates into thin air. So, ladies and gentlemen, I suggest that we do the same. Doctor Bracken has had a hard day. We will leave him to rest —and also,' she said with a smile, 'to finish his whisky.'"

Bracken stopped but Bingham and I knew that he was waiting for questions.

"What did you do?" I asked. "Fling the whisky melodramatically into the fire?"

"I *did* not," said Bracken. "I drank it. It was merely school whisky, but it was better than nothing."

I tried again. "I suppose that you threw up your job?"

"No, I didn't do that, either," said Bracken. "What was the use? Whether she meant to do it or not, Mary Holmes had cured me of any love I had ever had for her. I still admired her genius, but I could only imagine what she would have done to our home life if we had married. Suppose she had taken notes on our honeymoon. No indeed, I stayed there another semester and laid up a good bunch of money."

There came a long pause, as there usually did after Bracken's stories. Bingham was the first to speak.

"Your explanation, Bracken, relieves my mind considerably, but I have just one question more. Miss Mary Holmes. Does she still flourish?"

"Yes and no," answered Bracken, slowly. "Miss Mary Holmes is still living, and while Mary Holmes lives I cannot conceive of her as doing anything but flourishing; but her school, I am sorry to say, is no more."

"Why is that?" I asked, just to keep the party from breaking up. "Didn't it succeed?"

"It succeeded perfectly," replied Bracken, "in what it set out to accomplish, but that was the trouble. Like most great geniuses, Mary Holmes was ahead of her time. So accurate were her methods that, in a few years, she had a dozen pupils who could write stories which were perfect imitations of Conrad."

"Well, then," retorted Bingham, "what more could one ask than that?"

For answer Bracken reached to the table behind him and picked up a small blue volume of recent issue. "Only one thing," he replied. "You see, by the grace of God, we still have Conrad."



"HELDA," THE MOST FAMOUS OF FRENCH SENTRY DOGS, ON DUTY

OUR ANIMAL ALLIES IN THE WORLD WAR

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

THE day of cavalry may have passed, but you cannot tell that to men who fought at Vimy, and you cannot tell it to those who saw the immortal Scots Greys go through at Mons as they went through at Waterloo. And they would laugh in your face who saw Allenby loose his whirlwind over the plains of Palestine like the scourge of God, and plow the soil beneath the hoofs of his galloping horses in such fashion that the seed of the Turk will never sprout there again. Horses were not only a factor, but a very great factor in the winning of the World War. The Allies used perhaps ten millions of them on all fronts, and about half of them died that we might win.

Mules, too, played a wonderful part of which space will not permit more than the mention. The best of them came from this country, and they served with the Americans in all operations. In fact, they were a feature of the transport in practically every Allied army, and for their general usefulness, common sense, and steadiness under fire they won respect and gratitude wherever they hauled a gun or shouldered a pack. In the Alps their importance can hardly be overestimated. One enthusiastic Italian officer said of them, "The mule won the war for Italy." Another declared, "If Italy had been deprived of her mules, the war would have been over for Italy."

And their blood relatives, the little, long-eared donkeys, also marched and worked and died with the patience for which they are famed. Eight thousand of them, carrying baskets of stones on their backs, helped General Allenby to build his roads along the front from Jaffa to Jericho. They served with all the Allied armies in France and made friends with the soldiers wherever they went. Sometimes the men took them into the

dugouts for mutual warmth. Long strings of them might have been seen trotting through the French villages and out into the country on their way to the battlefields, with panniers laden with food for the blue-clad men at the front. And because they were small their drivers could lead them into the trenches and distribute the rations as they went along.

The Italians used them especially in mountain transport, and an Italian officer told me that one of the most comical incidents he ever witnessed occurred in the Alps as a train of ammunition donkeys arrived at one of the peaks. It happened that at that very moment the Austrians on another peak began an intense bombardment, and the startled and excited donkeys, with ears cocked forward, trotted over to the edge of a precipice, and, looking toward the enemy, began to bray in chorus. It sounded like derisive laughter, and the Italians waved their hats and yelled with delight.

The most picturesque animals used in the war were undoubtedly the camels. Whether they were strung out in a long black frieze against a sunset sky in Palestine, or lying at dusk munching grain from their feed cloths on the sand, or speeding in loose-limbed flight across the desert that their Arab riders might destroy a Turkish railway train—wherever there were camels there was a picture. And they were as useful as they were picturesque. It is certain that General Allenby would have found his campaign in Palestine much harder even than it was if it had not been for the grunting, grumbling "oont." He used forty thousand camels in his transport alone, and of these thirty thousand assisted in his first great attack on the Turks who were then occupying strongly fortified positions on the line from Gaza to Beersheba. The nearest railhead was then from fifteen to twenty-one miles behind the troops engaged, and all the food, water, and ammunition had to be brought up through the desert. There



PACK AND DRAUGHT OXEN WITH THE FRENCH ARMY



AMERICAN DONKEYS GOING TO THE FRONT

were no good roads, and no reliance could therefore be placed on motor transport. The country between the railroad and the British front was intersected by wadis, the steep banks of which were in most places impassable for wheeled vehicles. So it was pack animals chiefly which did the job, and of these the camels were easily the most important. The tall, ungainly beasts supplied the troops with water long before the great pipe-line was laid from Kantara to the battlefield near Beersheba—one hundred and forty-seven miles.

Camels have a strange psychology which as yet is little understood. They are true Orientals, and fatalists as well, if we may judge by their indifference to their own wounds and the death of their companions. They have a fasting season which comes in the winter and during which many of the males go "magnoon," or mad. A mad camel is very dangerous, for he is apt to break away from his picket and run amuck. He will then chase the first man he sees, and may bite off an arm or a foot. Such an animal is usually muzzled, but he must also be securely "anchored" with several stout ropes, otherwise he will knock his victim flat and then lie down on him, a most unpleasant way of inflicting death. Sometimes he will vary his athletic exercises by bringing his hind foot around with a semicircular sweep, and kicking a man a considerable distance toward the horizon. This madness sometimes lasts for several weeks, and until it passes a camel does his best to live up to Kipling's description of him.

The war dogs were the keenest, the most intelligent, the most anxious to help, of all the animals used by the Allies. They were the only four-footed beasts who could be trusted to do a piece of work strictly "on their own." Each one knew his job and did it, not because he was made to, but because of the love which is the impelling motive for everything a free dog does for a man.

Dogs served in many capacities—as messengers, sentries and patrolmen, and occasionally as combatants; as draught animals with the machine guns, in the

transport and in the mail service, and as pack animals to carry food and ammunition to points difficult or impossible for other animals to reach. As detectives they were valuable assistants, and as watchmen they were easily superior to men. Not the least important of their many services to the Allies they rendered as "mascots" to the troops. By their merry pranks and the keen interest they showed in everything that was going on; by their readiness to respond to every kind word and to every friendly act; by their courage, loyalty, and everlasting good nature—they helped to relieve the feverish strain of war and to keep up the morale of the men in the trenches.

They were not used up to the limit of their mental capacity, but only to the limit of what is practical in time of war. Most of the stories we have read of their wonderful work for the Red Cross—of their searching for and finding wounded men after battle, and of guiding stretcher bearers to the scene—are fiction. That the Germans used dogs with more or less success in Red Cross work I am aware, but I am informed on the best authority that, so far as the Allies are concerned, not a single life was saved in France by a Red Cross dog. It was not that it was impossible to train dogs to do any of the feats required for such duties, but that it would take too much of the time of too many good men to establish and maintain an efficient Red Cross dog service in time of war. General Joffre, by a general order, abolished the Red Cross dog in the French army in September, 1915. But the fame of the war dogs may well rest on the splendid work they actually did; it needs no support from the stories of what some of the sentimentalists would like to believe they did.

Of all the Allies the French used dogs the most, and in the greatest number of ways. The French war-dog service was established after the beginning of hostilities, and its success was due largely to the untiring efforts of Sergeant Paul Mégnin, who later became a lieutenant and assistant chief of the service. The prejudice he had to overcome is well illustrated by the following story, which was told me by M. Mégnin himself:

One afternoon, about the time when



ARAB CAMELS IN CAMP

dogs were being introduced in the army, Sergeant Mégnin and an assistant appeared in the front-line trenches with Za and Helda, two Alsatian sheep dogs, trained to sentry duty. They had come to offer the services of the quartet for night work at the front, but the captain to whom the matter was referred was merely amused. Mégnin politely pressed his offer, and at last the captain said, "Well, there's a Boche outpost somewhere out there which we haven't been able to find; if your dogs can discover it for us, then I'm for sentry dogs."

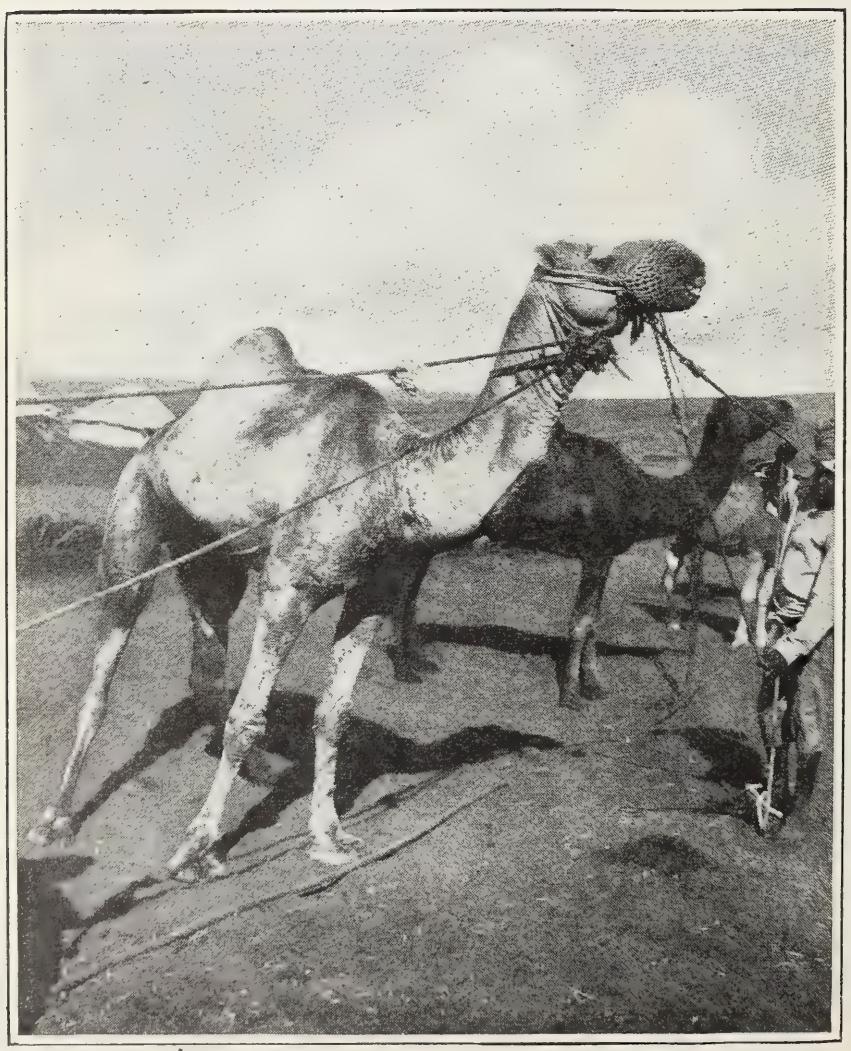
Mégnin saluted. "If the outpost is within two hundred and fifty meters," he said, "we shall probably find it. If the men on duty there move or are relieved during the night, my dogs will hear them and tell me where they are."

As soon as it was dark Mégnin took up a position in the trench, with Helda lying on the edge of it. One hundred and fifty meters to his left his assistant, a sergeant of the Twenty-second Chasseurs, and an expert dog trainer, occupied a similar position with Za. They had not been watching for more than ten minutes when Helda's ears went forward, she turned her head slightly, and began to growl. Her master tried gently to calm her, but her attention was firmly fixed on something he could neither see nor hear. So he very carefully marked the point at which he stood and the exact direction of the dog's nose from that point. A minute later he learned from his assistant that Za also had growled, and that, of course, the sergeant had marked the direction of her nose. The captain was awakened, and Mégnin indicated the lines along which the dogs had pointed.

"Where those lines meet," said he, "you will probably find what you are looking for."

"We'll see," said the captain, and, mounting an observation post, he ordered a star shell sent up above the point to which Mégnin referred. There, sure enough, was the German outpost he wanted, and a French battery did its duty.

Few war dogs received special honors, but Pyram, a ragged little mongrel, who served with the French army in Alsace, was the exception. Pyram would never have been admitted to a bench show, but he had eyes that shone like bayonet tips, and what he didn't know about sentry duty wasn't known by any dog. The sector he



A MAD CAMEL MUZZLED AND "ANCHORED"



FRENCH HARNESS-DOGS CARRYING MAIL TO SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

happened to be working in was a particularly dangerous one and gave full scope to his genius. He took the liveliest interest in his work, and again and again gave timely warning of the approach of enemy patrols, and thus prevented night attacks and probably the loss of many French lives.

In the spring of 1916, President Poincaré went to Wesserling and reviewed the troops which were resting there. As the Fifteenth Battalion swung past, with the band leading and the war dogs close behind, the President showed great interest in the canine warriors, and later, when the column was halted, he went to see them. As he walked among them, with a kindly word or a pat for each, he asked about their records. At last his eye fell upon a black, tousle-coated, but very wiry and alert little dog, and as a sergeant led him forward, eyes front and a serious look on his hairy face, M. Poincaré smiled and said, "Well, *mon ami*, what have you done in the war?" The sergeant saluted and proudly told of Pyram's deeds, whereupon the President asked an officer for a Scout badge, which he fastened to the war dog's collar. Then he patted the tousled head, and Pyram, smiling and wagging his tail, trotted back to his position in the line.

There must be thousands of people in this country who remember the broad-chested Belgian machine-gun dogs who, under the command of Lieut. Joseph Scheppers, took part in many of our Victory Loan parades. Harnessed to light-running Maxim gun carriages and ammunition carts, they strode along with a dignity which befitted war veterans who had served their country long and well. They were a few of the five hundred dogs used by the Belgian army throughout the great conflict, always at or near the front. They took part in the battles of Liège and Namur, were in action close to Antwerp and Louvain, and assisted in the capture of five hundred prisoners at Aershot.

The Italian army used thousands of dogs, all in the transport service, chiefly

in the Alps. Many of them were large mongrels of the St. Bernard type, strong and with dense coats which could withstand the bitter air of winter at great altitudes. Some of them were trained to pull carts containing hogsheads of drinking water for the soldiers engaged in making the military roads over the mountains. Others, with canvas pack saddles on their backs, were sent with supplies of food and ammunition to the men fighting on the peaks and ridges. The pack dogs were great favorites with the soldiers, and were treated with much kindness. Each dog received exactly a man's rations, including coffee for breakfast and chocolate after dinner at night.

Dogs for the British army were trained at the war-dog school established at Shoeburyness, but later moved to Lyndehurst in the New Forest. There, protected by a cordon of great Danes, the commandant, Col. E. H. Richardson and his assistants, gave the dogs short but strenuous courses, chiefly in messenger and sentry duty. But in addition to those which went to the fighting lines there were many that were perfected only in the work for which most dogs have a natural aptitude—the guarding of property. Graduate watch-dogs were in great demand for the protection of factories, stores of food and munitions, and caves filled with explosives; and in many situations they did the work better than the human watchmen, who were thus relieved for duties which dogs could not perform. I recall one case in which it was necessary to guard large stores of explosives, and three dogs did the work of six constables. Nor were the duties of such dogs always limited to guarding property. Early one morning two German prisoners escaped from an English war camp. After the police had hunted in vain for three hours, Victor, a dog who had been doing watchman duty all the night before, was put on the cold trail. He was half bloodhound, and the job appealed to him immensely. He was so eager that he broke his leash and ran clean away. He overhauled the Germans three miles from the prison, rounded them up in a stone quarry, and "turned them over" to the police.

But four-foots did not carry off quite all the honors as assistants to the soldiers. We have heard that goldfish, by thriving in water in which gas masks had been washed, disproved a charge that the British were poisoning a river



TRAINING BRITISH MESSENGER DOGS TO ADVANCE IN THE FACE OF GUNFIRE

by cleansing their masks in it. And we have heard of canaries used to detect the presence of gas in the trenches. These may be listed among the minor uses of animals in the war, but a really important part was played by homing pigeons. They were used as a messenger service, based on the strong homing instinct, remarkable flying ability, and fine courage of these birds. They came in the first instance from Belgium; and from the fact that in times of peace they are used in many countries for racing, they are also known as racing pigeons. Because they carry messages, they are sometimes confused with carrier pigeons, which are of an entirely different breed, now used only for show purposes.

It is difficult perhaps for those outside "the fancy" to realize what an almost inexhaustible supply of these messengers the several war departments had to draw on, until it is learned, for instance, that in England alone at least two million racing pigeons, old and young, are put in training every year. At the outbreak of the war the leading fanciers at once put their best trained "homers" and most promising young stock at the disposal of the government, and by adding their own invaluable experience as practical handlers of racing birds they helped to make the British Pigeon Service one of the best in the world. Practically all the important armies on both sides had similar services, although some were much more efficient than others.



A FRENCH WAR PIGEON THAT WON THE CROIX DE GUERRE

Throughout the long conflict pigeons were found on duty everywhere. They were sent with messages from the front-line trenches, from the tanks, from warships and trawlers, from seaplanes, airplanes, and captive balloons; and they were carried by scouts, sentries, and observation officers. Spies carried them because they were easily concealed and easy to get rid of in case of impending capture. The Italian airmen by means of parachutes dropped baskets of them into Italian territory occupied by the



MOUNTING GUARD WHILE HIS MASTER SLEEPS

Austrians, in the hope that by this means loyal inhabitants would be able to send them valuable information concerning the enemy.

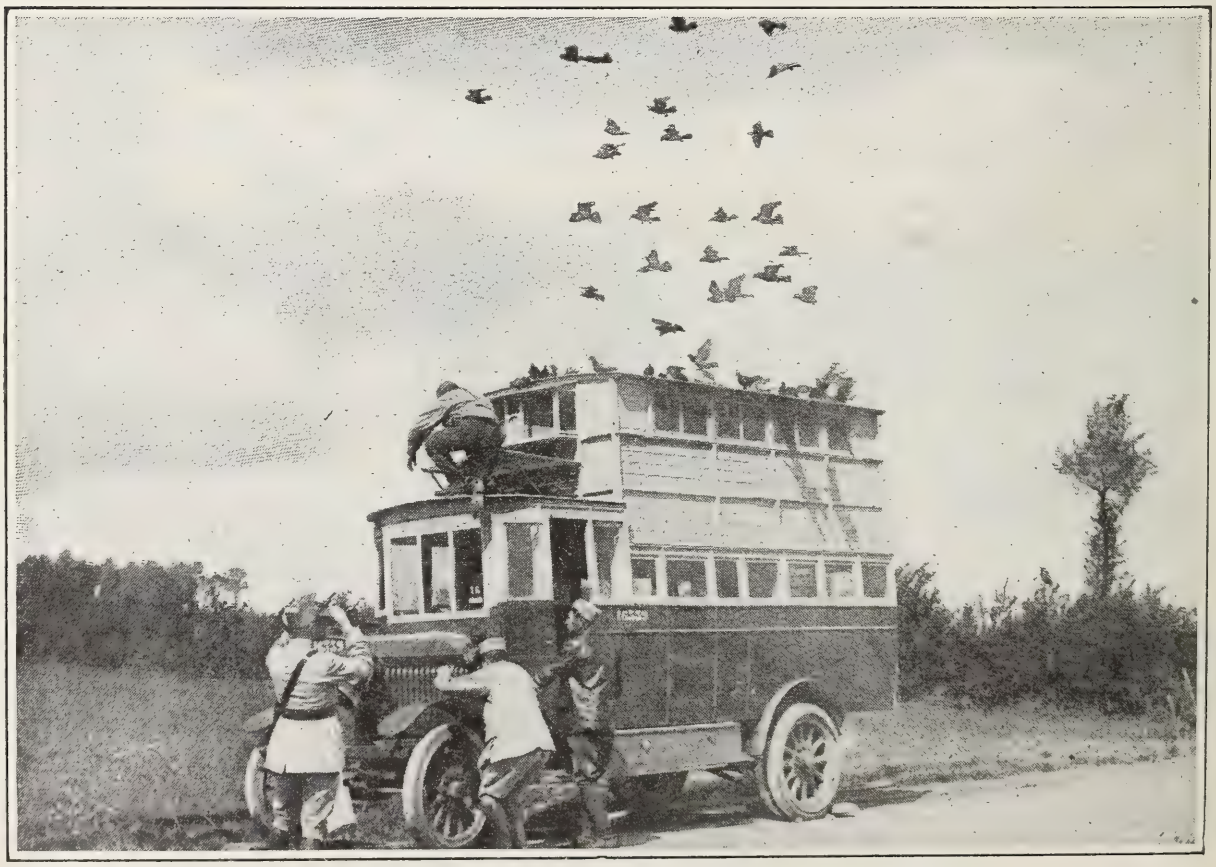
Messages were attached to the birds in various ways. The commonest and perhaps the best was by means of a pair of small aluminum tubes, which fitted snugly one into the other like sections of a telescope, forming a capsule or cylinder closed at both ends. The tube having the slightly larger diameter was fastened by metal bands, mouth upward, to the leg of the pigeon; the smaller one containing the message was then pushed into the larger, mouth downward.

The Italians sometimes used a very small chamois leather envelope which, after receiving the message, was buttoned around the leg of the bird. In emergencies the message was simply wrapped around the pigeon's leg and secured by two ordinary rubber bands.

Where unusually long messages, sketches, or maps were sent, they were put in a light cloth knapsack made to fit the rounded breast of the bird, and held in position by elastic bands which circled the body, crossing on the back. Sometimes as much as fifteen feet of moving-picture film negative was carried by a pigeon in this way.

The "homes" to which the birds returned were either more or less permanent structures at important centers well in the rear, or mobile pigeon lofts which followed the movements of the fighting forces, to supply them with the birds they needed, and to receive the messages brought back from points at the front. When a mobile loft was moved to a new position the birds were given a few days' preliminary training before being entrusted with important messages.

Although a homing pigeon has been known to fly eleven hundred miles from Rome, Italy, to its home loft in Durham, England, war pigeons were required to make comparatively short flights. For distances up to fifty or sixty miles they are practically infallible, as is shown by



A FRENCH MOBILE PIGEON LOFT IN USE AT THE FRONT

the fact that about 95 per cent of all messages intrusted to British pigeons during the war were safely delivered.

American pigeons, too, gave an excellent account of themselves, often under most trying circumstances during the comparatively short time our army was in the field. In the Meuse-Argonne sector alone, American birds delivered four hundred and three messages, some of them of great importance. Many pigeons were killed; many others crippled for life. Perhaps the best-known hero in the American Pigeon Service is Cher Ami, who lost a leg in the Argonne fight. The little courier was hit by a bullet just as he was leaving Grand Pré, and as he staggered, the boys in the trenches who were watching him expected to see him fall. But he carried on and, almost covered with blood, delivered his message at Rampont, nearly twenty-five miles away, in exactly twenty-five minutes.

Lord Adelaide, an American pigeon working with the tanks at St.-Mihiel, was badly wounded by shrapnel, but delivered his message. The Poilu, with head and neck badly cut, reached his loft in the Meuse-Argonne sector with information which enabled American gunners to effect the almost complete destruction of an enemy ammunition train. Many another plucky bird lost an eye or a leg in the service of Uncle Sam, and the deeds of each are on record.

But it remained for the French to confer in their own charming way the honors they felt were due their pigeon heroes. Birds which performed distinguished service, or showed unusual courage in the line of duty, were awarded the Croix de Guerre or the Croix Militaire. Diplomas with the citations were issued and kept at the headquarters of the French Pigeon Service, and because pigeons cannot wear medals on their breasts, special bands, with the colors of the decorations, were made for their legs.

A bird which will go down in French history just as surely as Field-Marshal Foch himself is the one which carried from Vaux to Verdun the last message for help sent by Commandant Raynal before the Germans captured the fort. This pigeon flew through a hail of fire and a gas barrage, and, wounded and gassed, dropped dead as it delivered its message. It was awarded the Légion d'Honneur.

As savers of individual lives, pigeons did some of their finest work with the seaplanes, all of which carried several birds. The following story, which the writer heard at the headquarters of the Air Force Pigeon Service in London, is typical of many which have to do with rescues, no one of which would have been made but for the unerring instinct, strong flight, and splendid courage of a homing pigeon.

It was late afternoon. One of England's largest seaplanes had just completed a long antisubmarine patrol above the North Sea, and her tired pilot gladly swung her round and headed for his base. Then something went wrong. The huge craft plunged downward, righted itself, plunged again, and dived sidewise into the water. There was an ominous cracking and ripping, some quick, dangerous work by the crew, and four men stood upon a wrecked and wave-swept seaplane. How long she would float, heavily laden as she was with motor and armament, none could tell, but what every man did know was that help must come quickly from somewhere or it need not come at all.

Then somebody shouted, "The pigeons!" A dripping basket was found and opened; but, alas, two of the three birds were dead, and the survivor so wet and chilled that its recovery was doubtful. But it seemed to be the only chance, and an officer wrapped it in a woolen muffler, which by some miracle was dry, and placed the bundle inside his shirt. In half an hour the pigeon had somewhat revived, and as the daylight was already failing it was decided to wait no longer. A brief message was

written and attached to the right leg of the bird.

It was an anxious moment when the pilot climbed to a high point on the wreck and tossed the little messenger into the air. It fell, and every heart sank with it, but it lifted a little as it caught itself just above the waves. For several seconds it barely held its own, then, seeming to gain strength by its own effort, it arose slowly, squared away, and disappeared in the battleship gray.

Somewhere on the northeast coast of England night was approaching under a drizzly mist, and a raw wind whipped land and sea around the lonely group of buildings of a Royal Air Force Pigeon Station. It was teatime, and a welcome hour to the little group of bronzed men in British uniform who were chatting and laughing around the small fire in the messroom. One of them was telling a story of a Portuguese commander who had mistaken a gift of two baskets of British homing pigeons for an addition to the food supply, and who, in his letter of thanks to the British commander, had naïvely remarked that he and his staff had "enjoyed them very much indeed." But the laugh which greeted this story was cut in two by a sound which caused every man in the room to pause and listen—it was the sharp, insistent call of an electric bell which rings automatically when a homing pigeon enters the "trap." A non-commissioned officer set down his cup of tea untasted, arose and opened the door leading to the pigeon loft. From a corner where it was huddled he lifted a light-blue pigeon, very wet and bedraggled, skillfully removed a small aluminum cylinder from its right leg, slipped the bird into a pigeon basket, and carried it into the messroom.

"'Ere!" he called, "set this blarsted pigeon on the 'arth till it dries art," and before the order could be obeyed he had drawn from the little cylinder a roll of tissue paper, smoothed it out flat, and was reading aloud:

"Machine wrecked and breaking up fifteen miles southeast of Rocky Point. Send boat."

Two men had already reached for their oilskins and were passing out of the door into the fog. Another minute and those sipping their tea heard the staccato "put-put-put" of a motor boat dying away in the general direction of Rocky Point.

Darkness had fallen on the North Sea, and four men, wet and chilled, still clung to a wrecked seaplane. They had little hope that their message had been delivered, or, if it had, that help would come in time to save them. The wind had risen, and now and then the waves tore away some portion of the wreck, which sank lower and lower in the water. At last there came a sound—the sweetest music they had ever heard—the siren of a motor boat. Again and again it sounded, each time nearer; then the heartened men arose and sent up a wild shout in answer, and a hissing bow shot toward them from the darkness.

On top of a little basket by the fire in the messroom a modest blue pigeon sat quietly preening its damp feathers. And the next morning the British papers reported:

"Seaplane N-64 lost in the North Sea, fifteen miles southeast of Rocky Point. *All the crew were saved.*"

EXPIATION

BY J. D. BERESFORD

AT the time his co-operation had seemed obvious and necessary.

Jensen had begun by being philosophical. He had argued that no man could possibly be compelled to live the kind of life that lay before him for the next two years—the extreme limit that had been forecast for him. Then he had become descriptive. "Think of me," Jensen had said, "slowly rotting; mental agony gradually giving place to physical agony. And the first part will be infinitely worse for me than for the average man because I know every detail of the process beforehand. I realize, now, how all my horrible anticipations will be drowned inch by inch in torture and discomfort. My mind will be wrecked. I shall lose all semblance of humanity and die shrieking like a mangled hare. . . ."

And at the time, Seeley had not paused to inquire why Jensen needed an accessory. It was not until he was sure that Jensen was actually dead that his own participation in the tragedy had presented itself in the light of a crime. Before that, so long as Jensen himself had still the last faint capacity for suffering and expression, he had appeared as the sole object worthy of consideration. It was so essentially *his* tragedy; and all Seeley's efforts had been directed to the task of lessening its terror. When he had argued he had had no thought of himself; he had been moved by the single impulse of sympathy. He had desired, with almost perfect self-forgetfulness, to do what was best for Jensen.

But when Jensen's spirit had hidden itself forever Seeley, in the first shock of loneliness, had felt a cold thrill of fear. This fear had had no connection with the chilled and stiffening figure that had so recently represented the spirit of Jensen, but with the plain and practical conception of the consequences that might await himself. At the best he had been a willing accessory to a self-murder. He would be asked why he had done nothing to save Jensen that crime. They would load him with the entire responsibility. And he knew, now, with such a detestable clearness just what he could have done. He could have gone away! Jensen had been afraid. He had needed support and co-operation. He had always been like that, the creature of his audience. He had not even had the independence and the courage to die alone. And in dying before an audience he had in some awful way shifted the responsibility. He had not committed suicide. He had been murdered.

Seeley had no hope of escape from that deduction. Against any sophistry of which he might have been capable, against any long-drawn excuse on the grounds of expedience or sheer humanity, there remained the clear evidence of Jensen's room. Every familiar detail of it rose up and bore witness against him, and particularly that framed certificate which testified that Robert Graves Jensen had at the age of fourteen won honors in the Junior Cambridge Local Examination. He was a boy of such brilliant promise, the certificate proclaimed, the pride of his family and his school; and where is he now? He might at least have been saved for another two years. Perhaps for longer? There were no certainties in pathology. Any day a new lymph, a new treatment, a new diagnosis might be discovered, and Jensen's disease be pronounced curable.

Seeley had had no answer to that chal-

lenge. He had known that he was condemned from the moment that he had been left alone in the midst of all those living reminders of Jensen's personality. He had recognized himself as a criminal.

He was afraid of Jensen's room. It was clamorous with reproach; it threatened him with vengeance, plotting to retain a dozen evidences of his presence there, on this fatal night. There were two tumblers on the table, more cigarette ends in the ash-tray than one man could have consumed. He could not remember whether he had brought his pipe with him, and he dared not search the room for it. He must have left finger prints—on the glass, on the furniture . . . on the hypodermic syringe that had been the instrument of Jensen's death! The room would shout its accusation of him to the most perfunctory inquirer. Yet he could not stay to eliminate one single item of all the vast number of attestations against him. He would be sure to overlook something, and in any case he could not endure the horrible sense of guilt inspired by the thought of trying to destroy the evidences of his crime. He had but one desire—to escape, furtively, silently, in order that he might find a temporary sanctuary in his own home. There he would wait, free at least from the strident voices of this desperate room, until they came to arrest him.

But they had never come.

Seeley had not been called to give evidence at the inquest, nor had his name been mentioned in the course of the proceedings. No one had known that he had been there that night. There was nothing to connect him with Jensen's death. The verdict of suicide and the excuse of temporary insanity had been arrived at without a hint of hesitation. The coroner had spoken gently of Jensen's motive as revealed by the specialist who had condemned him. The coroner had almost suggested that, in the horrible circumstances, Jensen's act might find Divine condonation.

Yet Seeley continued to believe that they would presently come to fetch him. That room would not be content until justice was done. One day it would find a listener and deliver its secret. And, at last, the thought of that room steadfastly awaiting its opportunity lured him to go and see it again.

When he saw a card in the window announcing that the room was to be let furnished, a new idea came to him. He might take the room himself. If he did that he could keep other people out of it; give it no chance to speak to anyone of the secret that he, alone, shared with it.

A new servant opened the door for him when he rang; a bright, cheerful girl who seemed to welcome his inquiry.

"Yes, we got one room to let," she said, "a nice bed-sittin'-room. It's been empty ever since I come."

He hesitated on the threshold, bracing himself for the encounter, and asked her how long she had been in the house.

"Five weeks last Monday," she told him, so he knew that she had not come there until more than a week after the inquest.

"It's a good room for ten shillin' a week," she went on, "the cheapest room in the 'ouse. Jus' been done up an' all."

He went in boldly, then, and saw that the room had been gagged and stifled for all time. They had repapered its walls with a pink inanity of rosebuds, muffled its furniture in a ribald chintz, swathed and bound this ghastly tomb in the obscene gauds and fripperies of decent respectability.

He could have laughed at its complete frustration. It seemed to him like a resentful and protesting corpse, prinked and pampered into the likeness of youth.

"A nice, cheerful room, I call it," the new maid said.

He was free. The last witness against him had been muted and bound for all time. Once more he could lift his head and look the world in the face.

The next day he began to work again. He found that he could not work well.

The thing he had been trying to write before Jensen died, now seemed stale and tiresome. But he realized that something within him was burning for expression, and he was eager to give it form.

The idea that was so urgently seeking release leaped up clean and whole in his mind, as he lay in bed one morning, watching for the spring dawn. He had to write a story that should condemn the act of self-murder in any circumstances whatever. He must take a case like Jensen's, and show that however hopeless or intolerable the issue, it was better to await and suffer it than to attempt escape by suicide. In the story that leaped clean and whole into his mind the suicide's wife connived at his unjustifiable evasion. She loved him and could not bear the thought of his agony. She acted from the best and least selfish motives, but afterward she knew that she had been wrong. It was in the analysis of her subsequent remorse that he proved how wrong had been her act of connivance.

He found the writing of the story more difficult than he had expected, and he could not find any mode of expiation for the woman. The end of the story lingered in suspense. How could she find redemption, he wondered?

But that problem, also, was solved for him in the wakeful hours of the morning. He saw the solution printed in neat black letters on an oblong white card rather like the notice of "Apartments" in the window of Jensen's old room. And on the card of his illusion, also, there was but one word.

The word was *Confession.* The very sound of it soothed him. He saw at once how the woman of his story could find comfort. It seemed strange to him that he should not have thought of that obvious solution until it was presented to him in the aftermath of a dream. The one thing that still puzzled him was to decide who was the right person to be the woman's confessor. If she told her story to some sympathetic and tolerant friend she would find such easy absolution and there would be no atonement. That would be a mere evasion and could not satisfy her need. A true expiation demanded a greater penalty. She must "give herself up." The phrase surged into his mind with a peculiar force. He knew that it had a special, slightly technical meaning. He suddenly visualized not the woman of his story, but himself, making grotesque confession in the stark, incredulous surroundings of the police station.

In a fit of exasperation he leaped out of bed and began to dress. The solution was absurd and unpractical. They would not believe him. They would take his address and tell him to go home and think it over. At the utmost he would have to submit to a medical examination. He could hear the alienist advising him to take a complete rest. He would be told that this particular aberration was quite common; that the thought of his friend's death had preyed on his mind. They would absolutely refuse to try him, and he would be unable to produce a single tittle of evidence against himself.

Nevertheless, the longing to go to the police station and make his statement began to obsess him. He could not write any more, and he began subtly to tempt himself with the suggestion that if he gave himself up he would be able to report his actual experience in the story he wanted so desperately to finish. Yet, even so, would it be finished? If that woman of his assumption made her confession and it was dismissed as a nervous freak, she would still have failed to make atonement.

He decided that he must go away to the country to think it all out, go to some place removed from the distracting influences that surrounded him in London. More particularly he must escape from that foolish lure of the police station. He had taken to passing it every day in his walks. Once he had found himself actually marching up the front steps.

He had hoped that the tie which

bound him to London would, at some point of his journey, suddenly snap. He had pictured this tie in a strangely physical image, seeing himself held by a thread of almost infinite tenuity and strength that spun out endlessly behind him from its fount of origin in the police station. And he had believed that as he went out into the West Country he would at some time stand by the open window of the train and that, perhaps at his first sight of the sea, he would breathe a deep breath of relief, the sickening pull upon him would fail with an abruptness that would bring the ecstasy of immediate surcease from pain, and he would be free forever from this intolerable suggestion of a secret urgency to return to one particular place.

But, instead of snapping, the thread seemed to increase its drag upon him. His train was an express, running the first two hundred and thirty miles of its journey without a stop; and before he reached Plymouth the tensity had so far increased that he felt the pull of it as an actual physical restraint. When he paced the corridor he could only walk ahead with difficulty, but the return had the ease of a descent.

When the train was slowing into Plymouth he made a great effort of self-control and returned to his seat. He realized that, however hard the task, he must conquer this delusion. If any possible purpose could have been served by his going back to the police station and making a full statement of his complicity in Jensen's death, he would, so he told himself, have cheerfully yielded to the impulse. It was the utter absurdity and uselessness of the act that weighed with him. And he could think, now, of no way by which he might offer atonement.

There was but one other occupant of his compartment, a middle-aged, morose-looking man with whom he had not so far exchanged even a nod of greeting; but as another inducement to hold him in his seat while the train was at rest in the station, Seeley attempted, now, to begin a conversation.

"Do you know how long we stop here?" he asked.

The stranger glared at him malevolently. "Five minutes," he replied, curtly, and returned to the reading of his magazine.

And after that rebuff a new suspicion began to take hold of Seeley's imagination. Did he bear on his forehead the visible brand of Cain? Would his fellow men regard him henceforth with an increasing distrust, observing, though they might not recognize, the evidences of crime plainly written on his face? Instantly he recalled half a dozen apparent confirmations of this horrible suspicion. Only yesterday a woman had looked at him in the street with a hesitating, startled air; his landlady's manner had been very queer when she had asked him that morning whether he were coming back; surely the booking clerk at Paddington had stared at him with an unusual curiosity when he had taken his ticket; the waiter had seemed purposely to avoid him while he was having lunch in the restaurant car. . . . Tortured by a new dismay, Seeley began covertly to watch the faces of his fellow men.

And any lingering hope that he might have cherished was soon pitilessly crushed. Everyone stared at and mistrusted him, and when he reached St. Ives he had the greatest difficulty in persuading the hotel proprietor to take him in, although he explained, perhaps too apologetically, that it was only for one night, as he meant next day to find rooms for himself in the solemn obscurity of some neglected village out toward the Land's End.

When he went up to his bedroom, he noted, with a flash of impatience at his own weakness, that he was becoming absurdly absent-minded. He had actually forgotten to put on his tie that morning. Yet, after all, he reflected, what difference could that make to the appearance of a man who bore that dreadful brand above his eyes? He could see it plainly for himself, now—a burning scar that made him look as if he

had jammed his hat down too tightly upon his forehead.

That evening he avoided the other guests in the hotel with an even greater care than they displayed in avoiding him. Nevertheless, when he awoke the next morning, a new and delightful sense of freedom had come to him. His bedroom looked out over the sea, the April sun faced him above the headland, and a fresh breeze behind the tide was shepherding an interminable procession of brisk, sparkling waves that leaped and glittered and tossed here and there an occasional plume of foam in their brief traverse of the bay. It was a morning that shouted with the sturdy voice of an English spring, and Seeley believed that in some miraculous way he had found redemption at last. Perhaps he had won salvation and release by the splendid effort of resistance he had made in the train. By refusing to yield he had snapped the cord that had bound him to London. And when he looked at his reflection in the mirror he saw that the red scar had faded from his forehead.

He went down to breakfast sure of his reprieve, and it seemed to him that everyone was smiling. The proprietor of the hotel appeared quite sorry to hear that he was still determined not to stay another night. He set out on his drive to Zennor with a light heart.

The road out of the town reared itself straight up into the hills. Two miles ahead, Seeley could see the little cleft on the sky line through which he must pass, and in the sunlight of the fresh morning he pictured that pass as the gateway of his ultimate deliverance. "When I reach the summit," he thought, "I shall be free." But by the time he came to the crest of the hill the freshening southwest wind had driven a pack of dark clouds across the sun, and as he emerged from the shelter of the rise they had been breasting they met the force of the increasing gale. Before him, Seeley could see the rain rushing to meet them like a driven bank of mist.

Instantly the sense of happy release left him. He felt that the very powers of the air were combining to drive him back. Yet, even as he cowered to the onslaught of the squall, he made a new determination to persevere. "Only by courage and persistence," he said to himself, "can I withstand this persecution."

When he arrived at Zennor it seemed to him that the conspiracy against him was steadily growing. The owners of the houses to which he was driven to find a lodging regarded him with a sullen suspicion. He did not know that the Cornish people regard all "foreigners" with suspicion; he knew only that they all too obviously suspected him. He began, for a time, to fall back into his old hesitations, doubting whether, after all, he were wise to persist in his determination. But at last the driver of the cart, a morose and silent individual, suggested to him that he might try the inn at the Head, a mile farther on. "They're bound to take you there," he said, as if none but an innkeeper could ever be induced to receive so undesirable a lodger.

They did, indeed, accept him at the inn, though without the least sign of heartiness. When the proprietor asked him how long he wished to stay, he replied defiantly that he would stay at least a week. He half expected that the man would demur, but he merely nodded—accepting his fate, so Seeley inferred, with a stubborn resignation.

When he stood before the toilet glass in his bedroom he found that the red brand above his eyes had returned, and that now it was deeper and redder than before. . . .

The next morning he decided to go out immediately after breakfast. He meant to seek some absolute solitude in which he might commune with and persuade himself that courage alone was necessary in order to obtain his freedom. But at the outset he was faced with a difficulty. If he went eastward, he would be going toward Zennor with its inimical and threatening population of men and women. And he was not sure if he had

the strength to go still farther west, for then he would have to contest every yard against the entangling, dragging resistance of the attraction that would draw him back to the terrible magnet of the London police station.

"Courage, courage!" he said aloud, to embolden himself, and found that the innkeeper was watching him with an even greater suspicion than he had shown the night before. . . .

He attempted a compromise by going northwest, straight out to the cliff's edge, leaning powerfully over to his left to counterbalance the persistent drag on his other side. He dared not look in the direction of London. He knew that if he did he would see the police station through the curve of the earth, hailing and commanding him.

He met only one human being in the course of his walk to the cliff—a small boy who ran from him in terror.

The cliff must have been at least sixty feet high, and, looking down onto the clean stretch of hard sand beneath, he found a temporary solution of his immediate difficulty. He dared not go east; he had not the strength to go farther west; but he knew of no reason why he should not go down to the sand. Without further hesitation he stepped boldly forward.

For a time he hung nearly motionless between earth and sky—long enough for him to review in the most precise and extravagant detail every thought and incident of his life since he had witnessed the suicide of Jensen. Then, quite suddenly, the flat bed of sand below leaped up and struck him with a brutal, disruptive crash.

He was amazed to find himself miraculously unhurt. He had risen from the sand and walked down almost to the edge of the sea before he realized the wonder of the discovery. He had fallen sixty feet onto hard sand, and suffered not so much as a bruise. There could be but one explanation. He bore a charmed life. No doubt the Eternal Purpose had some use for him. Sometime, somewhere, he would fulfill his strange destiny. Meanwhile he seemed momentarily to have recovered his freedom. The sun was shining again, every cloud had disappeared from the sky, and the sea, which before his fall had been rolling up in white-capped breakers, was now exquisitely calm and placid. Perhaps he had lain stunned on the sand for quite a long time before he came back to a realization of his miraculous escape? He drew out his watch, but as he looked at it, it fell to a dust of splinters in his hand. His watch, at least, had not escaped the effects of his fall.

Presently he decided to make an exploration of the sands while this blissful sense of enlargement remained with him. He looked first to the west, but a bold headland of rock projected on that side, and, even as he watched, the incoming tide came forward with a sudden spurt and lapped about the base of the projecting tongue of land. The cliff was too high and sheer to climb, so, with a complacent shrug of his shoulders, he set his face back toward London. He found that he no longer felt so intense a desire to struggle against that impulse, although he was still determined that when the opportunity presented itself he would return to the inn. . . .

The country was wilder and more mountainous than he had imagined it. Last night he had had to keep his eyes almost closed against the assault of the wind and rain, and this morning he had been too preoccupied with the achievement of his object to spare a thought for the scenery. But, now that he had come up from the shore, he found that he was shut off from the west by towering crags of basalt piled up far into the sky. There must, he knew, be some road or pass through these mountains, but he could see none.

He paused for a time, uncertain what to do. Even if he decided to go back to London, he must return first to the inn for his luggage. And then, slowly an immense and desolating feeling of loneli-

ness began to overtake him. He was, lost at the foot of these bleak mountains, a stranger among unfriendly people. He knew no one and he had nowhere to go. He was utterly and everlastingly alone in this desolation, with no purpose, no desire, except that strange urgency, increasing now with a renewed insistent compulsion, to return to London.

Suddenly he decided to resist that call no longer. Life without peace of mind, without any rest or contentment, was unendurable. He could at least make his confession. Even if they would not believe him, he might find release in the very act of admitting his sin. And with that decision he instantly set off running toward the east.

It seemed to him that he ran with incredible speed. Indeed, now and again, he had a queer illusion that his feet were not touching the ground, that he was flying with an extraordinary ease and swiftness. Yet when he turned and looked back over his shoulder he found that the wall of basalt crags was still close behind him, and all about him stretched the same bleak, inhospitable wilderness.

He threw himself down, then, with his face to the ground. He was beaten and destroyed. The whole world, animate and inanimate, was in league against him. He could do nothing. He would lie there till they found him awaiting judgment.

Yet, as he made this new resolve, he knew that he had not the power to keep it. The earth fell away from beneath him and left him poised in mid-air. He opened his eyes and saw below him a smooth expanse of hard sand, and on it was the figure of a man, lying on his back, with his arms outstretched, and his blind face open to the sky. . . .

With infinite slowness he was being drawn down toward the figure on the sand. He had no power of resisting the force that compelled him. It was as if he were being tediously hauled in, hand over hand, and presently he was floating only a few feet above the body. He had known, now, for long ages that it was his own body that lay there, and he waited patiently for the end. All sensation and all volition had left him. He had no longer any feeling, either of desire or fear.

As he touched the body the world began to grow dark, and the darkness deepened steadily as he descended until he entered the ultimate void of blackness and insensibility.

He opened his eyes to the sound of a voice pronouncing judgment. "He'll be a cripple for life, for all intents and purposes," the voice said.

But Seeley only smiled at the judgment. He knew with exquisite certainty that he had made atonement. He was aware of a sweet and enduring serenity.

THE GREAT EVENT

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE trivial, the small,
Make up our lives;
And yet there comes to all
One great event
That lifts the veriest thrall
Pre-eminent,—
Death, the imperative call
That none survives!

PROHIBITION AS THE SOCIOLOGIST SEES IT

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

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FIFTEEN years ago thoughtful Chinese woke to a realization of how the opium cancer had eaten into their vitals. The use of the drug had spread with truly appalling rapidity. The Chinese people were using seventy times as much as they had used in 1800. Annually twenty-two thousand tons of opium were absorbed, most of it converted into thick smoke and inhaled by a legion of smokers estimated to number at least twenty-five millions. In the poppy-growing provinces a shocking proportion of the adults were addicted to the habit. In the cities of Szechuan half the men and a fifth of the women smoked. In Kansu three men out of four were devotees of the pipe. Districts were to be found in which practically the whole adult population had given themselves up to the seduction and were sinking into a state of indescribable lethargy, misery, and degradation.

Realizing that unless the people speedily renounced the vice that was undermining its manhood there was no hope for China among the nations, the Empress Dowager issued, in 1906, the famous Anti-Opium Edict, the opening gun in the most extensive warfare on a destructive private habit that the world has ever known. In 1910 I traveled for months through the far interior of China and on every hand met evidences of the resolute fight to stamp out the production of opium. In many districts where the poppy had been the staple crop, like corn in Kansas or cotton in Alabama, not a poppy field was to be seen. As a result, the local price of opium was from two to ten times that of the year before, while food was more plentiful and cheap than it had been for years.

As week after week I traversed the scene of conflicts, often fierce and sometimes bloody, between the officials supported by the reformers and patriots, and the poppy growers, traders, and den-keepers supported feebly by the slaves of the pipe, I reflected, "Is any vice coiling itself about us whites as opium coiled itself about the Chinese?" As in a flash I saw that alcohol is to our people what opium is to the yellow race. And their experience had established that there are private drug habits society dares not let alone. For a very long time the hand of government had been withheld in China, and if any principle of self-limitation lurked in the opium vice it ought to have declared itself long before. But, as a matter of fact, opium smoking did not confine itself to fools and weaklings. It did not consume the chaff and leave the wheat. Like a gangrene, it ate deeper and deeper into the social body, spreading from weak tissue to sound, until the very existence of the Chinese race was at stake.

Moral suasion had not availed to arrest the progress of the gangrene. It had been found necessary to resort to heroic treatment—*i.e.*, to make opium inaccessible. Might not *our* gangrene, despite the growth of temperance sentiment, go on eating into us until we made alcoholic beverages inaccessible?

Thus China's experience with the juice of the poppy converted me to prohibition.

The "dry" movement in this country was by no means a fanatical outburst

against a vice already beaten to its knees by a half-century of temperance agitation. What happened among us was that a part of American society turned away from liquor while the rest became wetter and wetter. The army of drinkers which survived the temperance simoom of the 'forties and 'fifties of the last century had been reenforced by millions of immigrants—Irish and Germans and Slavs—many of whom, owing to their relatively high earnings in this country, found themselves able for the first time to indulge freely in alcoholic pleasures.

Another momentous thing happened —a profound change in the system for supplying drink. The catering of liquor became commercialized. It came to be a "big business" intent on profits—always more profits. From being shrinking and apologetic, it became brazen and aggressive. It no longer pleaded humbly for leave to assuage existing thirsts. In order to "promote business" it deliberately and methodically set itself to create new thirsts. It advertised, gave away samples, subsidized convivial organizations, encouraged festal customs of a "damp" character, planted saloons in new places, and brought them into close partnership with the great social plagues, gambling and prostitution. In olden time alcoholic beverages were no more "pushed" than hen's eggs are "pushed." But as production and distribution were centralized, the business grew more capitalistic and the saloon keeper came to be the brewer's man, systematic efforts were made to "shove" liquor, especially beer. Between 1880 and 1907 the annual per capita consumption of all liquors in this country rose from ten gallons to nearly twenty-three gallons! Far, then, from being a gratuitous stroke at a dying social custom, prohibition was an urgent social-defense measure forced by greedy liquor interests which were so shortsighted that they would not leave nondrinkers alone. Continually they plotted to tempt the public into a larger consumption. Their ambition seemed to be to convert the rising generation of males into peripatetic tanks.

A long and variegated experience with attempts to regulate the liquor traffic showed that it was incapable of being made decent and law-abiding. It would respect no law, heed no warnings or protests. Always it was secretly digging under or insolently breaking over any bounds the community set to it. So, not out of a sour resentment of other people's pleasures, but out of bitter experience with an unmitigated social evil grew the sentiment for destroying it, "root and branch." When parents and other earnest people realized that here was a sinister thing doing its utmost to ensnare our boys and ravel out the fabric of sound principles and good resolutions which home and school and church had been at such pains to weave into the soul of youth, they hardened their hearts and struck it down.

Certain unforeseen developments have caused prohibition to triumph sooner than one had a right to expect. In the early crusade against alcoholism what was deplored was the intemperate use of intoxicants. The "temperate" user was the model. Later, total abstinence was urged, on the ground that the moderate drinker sets a bad example to the weak and, moreover, runs the risk of being overpowered by his habit and swept into the abyss of excess. But thirty years ago evidence began to pour out of European physiological and psychological laboratories that even in small quantities alcohol is an upsetter and deranger of the functions of the mind as well as of the body. The sense of release and augmented power that comes with a glass or two was proven a cheat and a delusion. To his horror, that darling of the early moralists, the moderate drinker, was pulled from his pedestal and pilloried as an ignorant self-poisoner.

Then the development of industry came to help the besiegers of the fort of folly. The traveling public began to be

nervous about the drinker at the engine throttle, the telegraph key, the switchboard. The factory system supplanted the handicrafts, and a new class, the employers, came to realize how drink plays havoc with production. As workers became machine tenders the damage from the liquor habit in impairment of efficiency and in injury to delicate and costly machinery became ever more unmistakable. More and more employers came to look upon prohibition as a labor-efficiency policy and it was largely these men who financed the movement which brought the liquor interests to grief, despite their millions for propaganda.

The World War was the crowning disaster to John Barleycorn. In the interest of military efficiency and as a food-conservation measure all the belligerent governments set clamps on liquor. This staging of drink as an economic drain and the foe of national strength has been an illuminating object lesson to thoughtless millions. In the face of the whole world King Gambrinus has been shamed and set at naught, so that the outlawing of the drink traffic by the governments, as already the opium traffic has been outlawed, appears to be only a question of time.

Broadly seen, prohibition is the device of the young northern peoples to overcome their constitutional handicap in competing with the older and soberer races. It seems as if all varieties of men at their first contact with intoxicants literally go crazy over them. In vinous exaltation the primitive races especially find the most glorious experience of life. To supply a tribe of Eskimos or Australian blacks with plenty of strong drink proved to be a swift way of despatching them. The infatuation of the American Indian for "fire water" has been proverbial. The affinity of the indigenous population of Mexico for *pulque* and *mescal* is notorious. All down the Andean uplift the natives are gradually destroying themselves with *chicha* and *pisco*. The "unconquerable" Araucanians were in the end bowled over by the product of distilleries planted among them for that very purpose. The worst alcoholism in the world to-day is among the Chilean masses, who are more than half Indian.

Once a people has easy access to what an Irish poet, who sang a thousand years ago, called "the heavenly dew," it begins to undergo "alcoholic selection." Those to whom the delights of intoxication are irresistible sooner or later drink themselves to death or, at any rate, leave a weakened progeny which quickly perish. Conversely, the sober survive and they transmit to their posterity their distaste for vinous exhilaration. Some of the Mediterranean peoples have known the vine for four or five thousand years, so that long ago those among them who could not refrain from abusing the "blood of the grape" eliminated themselves. Sooner or later their intemperate stocks ran out, the result being that the sobriety of these peoples is the marvel of the later arrivals at the banquet of civilization. Alcoholic selection no doubt set in among the nomad Israelites with their settlement in the Promised Land. It was sure to come when every man dwelt "under his own vine and fig tree." Naturally, therefore, the Old Testament abounds in warnings against wine, but not the New Testament, for by then the Jews had become the liquor-proof people which we find them to-day.

The early Greek lawgivers struck at drunkenness with a severity we have never touched. Alexander's Greeks were so bibulous that in one of the wine-drinking matches which he encouraged thirty-six contestants died from over-drinking. Yet in a few centuries alcoholics were nearly extinct among the Hellenes, while the modern Greeks are models of sobriety.

Having never been exposed to the test of the flowing bowl, the early Teutons were terrible wassailers. Tacitus remarks, "Intemperance proves as effectual in subduing them as the force of

arms." But in the course of the Dark Ages the monasteries spread the cultivation of the vine over the slopes of southern Germany, so that all through the Middle Ages their furious drinkers were quaffing themselves to destruction. This is why to-day the Germans occupy in respect to alcoholism a middle place between northern and southern peoples. An analysis of 2,075 charity cases in our cities showed that drink as the cause of poverty occurs but half as often among the German cases as among the Irish, and two thirds as often as among native American cases. Among the foreign born in our jails and prisons only one German in twenty-two was committed for intoxication as against one out of three Irish, one out of five Scotch, and one out of eight Scandinavians.

How amazing is the contrast between races in their constitutional craving to be "lit up" comes out very clearly in the records of the charity hospitals of New York. Liquor is responsible for more than a fifth of the cases treated. It is the root of the trouble in a quarter of the native Americans treated, in a third of the Irish patients, and in *two fifths* of the native born of Irish fathers. On the other hand, one out of sixty Italian patients, one out of seventy Magyar patients, one out of eighty Polish patients, and one out of a hundred Hebrew patients is in the hospital on account of inebriety!

Or take the sons of the "land of the vine." The proportion of Italian charity cases chargeable to drink is only a sixth of that for foreign-born cases and a seventh of that for cases among native Americans. Alcoholism is found among the Italians in the charity hospitals from a tenth to a twentieth as often as among north-European patients in the same institutions.

From the hygienic point of view it is a great pity that the people of this country are overwhelmingly of northern extraction. It is certain that there would be no liquor problem here, *ergo* no prohibition, if sober Neapolitans had landed on Plymouth Rock, if abstinent Portuguese had settled Virginia instead of hard-drinking English, if temperate Wallachians had planted themselves in Pennsylvania instead of thirsty Germans and Scotch-Irish, if coffee-sipping Turks had peopled the West instead of bibulous Hibernians and Scandinavians. Had we Americans only the antialcoholic inheritance of Cretans, Syrians, and Armenians, we might dispense with "restrictions on personal liberty."

But, being what we are, there are open to us just two solutions of the drink problem. Stoically, we may submit ourselves to alcoholic selection—a process in our case made trebly devastating by the modern cheapness of manufacture of alcoholic beverages and the facilities for keeping them at every man's elbow all the time. In anguish we may endure the loss of perhaps a million lives a decade from intemperance as result of the hurricane of temptation the uncurbed liquor interests would let loose upon us. With aching hearts we may tolerate the wrecking of perhaps half a million homes in the same period. We may steel ourselves while myriads of wives and mothers have their lives poisoned by worry lest some of their dear ones fall a prey to the insidious drug. Well, the reward for consistently keeping our hands off the agent of havoc would be that by the end of this century we should have passed the peak of our suffering and by the year 2100 A.D. our descendants might be as constitutionally resistant to alcoholic beguilement as are the Portuguese to-day!

The alternative to this dismal prospect is prohibition—*i.e.*, wringing the neck of the liquor business so that our unfortunate temptables, no longer teased and baited and snared for the sake of the profit to be extracted from their weakness for alcohol, will be left free to pursue the normal interests of life.

What social effects—other than the lessening of crime and pauperism, which are too obvious to be worth discussing—

may be anticipated from the banishment of strong drink?

For one thing, it is bound to improve the position of women, especially in the lower levels of society. Liquor has been the great enemy of the abstinent sex. No thoughtful woman finds anything captivating in a drinking song or takes "John Barleycorn" as a joke. Usually deep potations let loose the satyr in man and put attractive women at the mercy of lust coupled with superior physical strength. The female vampire, of course, will lose one of her means of making infatuated males submit to her blood-sucking, but decent women, who have to trust their brains and character to command from the more muscular sex the respect to which they feel entitled, know that their moral and intellectual merits are never at greater discount than in the eyes of intoxicated men.

If we succeed in making an end of toping there will be one stone the less in the way of Cupid's car. Machine industry and certain other economic developments, by opening to the weaker sex countless opportunities of self-support, have relieved capable young women of the economic necessity of marriage. Working girls now scoff at taking husbands "for the sake of a meal ticket," and are more inclined to consider whether life with the wooer opens a prospect of happiness. With the spread of this critical attitude toward marriage no doubt there must be a growing number of young women who remain single rather than tie themselves to a man whose drinking habits arouse their distrust. So far as this is the case, the change we may look for in social customs ought to promote matrimony by increasing the number of eligible young men and diminishing the risks of the self-supporting girl who marries.

In prohibition the home scores a signal triumph. It is a matter of common knowledge that among the masses in Europe the sexes have never gone asunder in their pastimes to the extent that they have in our wage-earning population. Among us the taboo on woman's sharing of vinous delights (which came to be considered the exclusive prerogative of the male) set up as counter-attraction to the home the male drinking resort, in which, unlike the German *biergarten* and the English "public house," a decent woman was never to be seen.

Thereupon began a silent but determined duel between the American wife, seeking to retain the companionship of her mate and have his co-operation in rearing their children, and the keeper of the male resort on the lookout for profitable patrons. The wife lured her husband, and later her sons, with the comforts and charms of home—rugs and curtains, the easy chair, the trimmed lamp, games, books, music, and the society of good women. The saloon keeper lured with bright lights, the shining bar, the brass rail, glistening glass, huge mirrors, sensual paintings, privacy for "a quiet game," and (sometimes) the society of loose women.

The duel went on with varying fortunes. It turned out that in most cases the American women of the "middle" class had the time, means, and ingenuity to create for their men a domestic environment which possessed greater attractiveness than the male drinking resort. Among wage earners, however, overcrowding, poverty, and want of knowledge too often thwarted the wife's pathetic endeavor to tempt her man to spend his time and money in the home rather than in the saloon. Now, happily, prohibition comes to the assistance of this much-enduring woman and opens to her the means to build a home which will give her and her daughters an opportunity to exert a refining influence upon the coarser natures of her men folk.

Says a report from Richmond: "Hundreds of men are taking the pay envelope home now and spending their evenings there, men who had not done so before in twenty years. Without doubt, one of the first things that drinking men do when the saloon is no longer open to

them is to move back into their homes, and then to move themselves and their families into better homes." In Denver, the gas company found that under prohibition, in spite of the shutting down of the saloons, its business steadily increased because more gas was being used in the homes.

When one wearies of the home it is now not the male resort—pool room, men's club, coffeehouse, or other "substitute for the saloon"—that is likely to be visited, but rather some recreation place which men and women, parents and children, can enjoy together. It will be the park, the "zoo," the soda fountain, the motion-film theater, or the social center. With the ending of the sociability institution built up about the absorption of alcohol the members of the family are encouraged to have more of their pleasures in common.

Not only is there prospect of women enjoying greater consideration and influence with men, but with prohibition a vista of hope is opened for multitudes of hapless children. Since their security lies primarily in their unconscious appeal to the tender instinct and to the sense of obligation, children suffer the most from the drinking habits of the bread-winner. Liquor soon blunts the parental sense of obligation, while, by setting aside ordinary everyday inhibitions, it opens a freer course to the instincts. This unbridling of the primitive self seems to favor the more elemental instincts, such as pugnacity, lust, and self-assertion. In general, the man under the influence of liquor tramples brutally upon the rights and claims of his children. Occasionally a man is actually more generous and tender in his cups than when sober, but the rule is the other way. Now that, on top of free public education and the banning of child labor, the saloon keeper's till will no longer jingle with the money which should feed and clothe the wage earner's children, we may look for a generation of young people practically all of whom will have had their chance.

Those in whom the glass is wedded to good fellowship and good fellowship is wedded to the glass will have trouble in finding new means of bridging the gulf that has resulted. Still, substitute thawers will be found, for nobody has ever pretended that, on the whole, abstainers are less sympathetic and brotherly, more self-centered and shut up within themselves, than drinkers. If it requires potations to set up a genial current of feeling, how hedged and lonesome must be the Roumanian, the Arab, the Gypsy, the Syrian! And, on the other hand, what a loving expansive wight the Russian, the Norwegian, the Scot must have been half a century ago, before the desiccation of northern Europe began!

The fact is, whatever social custom bids men do together in token of friendliness will presently become charged with significance and set up a flow of good feeling between the participants. To "get next," Near-Easterners drink coffee, while Far-Easterners drink tea. Our ancestors hit upon the custom of touching glasses and swallowing beverages of high alcoholic content. There is no reason to suppose that sipping "soft" drinks together, or smoking together, or playing backgammon together might not serve equally well as symbol of amity.

Then, too, much of the crude, maudlin gregariousness that comes after the third glass is a temporary, deceptive thing—fools' gold. You can't build anything on it. Is there any continuing good work—Red Cross or Belgian relief, or the reclamation of the "down and out"—which has relied on the social feeling evoked by alcoholic drink?

The wine cup has played a part in relieving ennui, banishing care, and helping men forget their troubles. Many of long-established habits will therefore be hard put to it to open fresh sources of solace and inspiration. Still, such sources will be found, let no one doubt it. In Kansas a generation has grown up without recourse to liquor, and one hears

more young people singing of an evening in a Kansas town than one hears in the lands of the vine. In the eighteenth century much hard toping went on among American college students. The custom has passed away, but in its place have sprung up many varieties of "high jinks" unknown to the college of olden time—"rushes" and "hops," "song fests" and "circuses," athletic "meets" and football "rallies." With wassail or without, the spirit of youth will sparkle and foam.

In all previous wars it has been considered inevitable that men removed from home and exposed to the frightful boredom of barracks and camp and trenches should drink in order to brighten a black existence. One of the most glowing chapters in the history of the World War will be the story of the successful efforts to provide for the social recreation of our soldiers overseas and in the training camps. A really marvelous ingenuity and insight into human nature has been shown by the religious agencies working to supply our soldiers at home and abroad with recreation which will banish tedium and outpull the allurements of vice. It is not too much to say that the problem of satisfying the social instinct of segregated men without the aid of intoxicants has been solved and—we may be proud of the fact—solved by Americans!

That the closing of the saloon will go a long way toward purifying politics nobody will deny. The wholesale use of free drinks to sway the electorate is one of the blackest chapters in the history of political democracy. The defenders of governing dynasties and classes love to point to the role of liquor in the elections which register the will of the "sovereign people." Long before any other curb was imposed on the liquor sellers, the American commonwealths closed the saloons on election day in order to prevent scandalous scenes of orgy and riot about the polling booths. Money will continue to be used illegitimately in politics, and under prohibition men will be found who will sell their votes. But it is safe to predict that fewer votes will be corruptly swayed and that they will never again be sold at such bargain prices as in the days when no limit was imposed on the role of liquor in politics.

Since it has been the element with the fewest wholesome pleasures and recreations, the wage earners rather than the business men, the professional men, or the leisure class, which has been hardest hit by alcoholism, we may anticipate that the banishing of strong drink will result in accelerating the economic and political advance of labor. The free drinkers among the wage earners have furnished few resolute or intelligent fighters for the workingmen's cause. They have been so many weak spots in labor's phalanx. In a dry society it will be harder to fuddle and befool the worker into voting for policies which are in the interest of another class and against the advancement of his own class.

One of the great surprises of Soviet Russia has been that it has not dissolved in chaos. Contrary to what we expected, the "man-on-horseback" has not taken charge and the Russians do not think he is coming. That a workers-and-peasants' regime did not result in anarchy leading to a military dictatorship is largely owing to the heavy hand the leaders laid on liquor. Warned by the scenes of demoralization which followed access of the Red Guard to the wine cellars of the Winter Palace, the *kommissars* went about to destroy the numerous hidden stocks stored for the refreshment of the Petrograd well-to-do. In December, 1917, I beheld sights which would have cheered the heart of the royal author of the proverb, "Wine is a mocker." I saw men in wrecked wine cellars wading up to their ankles in the ruddy liquid and the snow of a street stained rich red where fire hose was draining the contents of the cellars into the sewers. Here, perhaps, is the secret of why the Russian proletarian revolution has not followed the course which history led us to expect.

ROPES

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

PERSONS

PAUL WHALEN, *keeper of the second-class light on Black Blow Ledge.*

JEN WHALEN, *his wife.*

PAULINE WHALEN, *their daughter.*

JIM PAINE, *the District Lighthouse Inspector.*

PLACE.—*On Black Blow Ledge, a solitary rock off the New England coast.*

SCENE.—*The keeper's living room in the Light.*

It is a circular room, the bare, lofty, rough-plastered wall broken by (left) a round, thick window, brass-trimmed like a ship's port, and opening inward; and a large, solid door (center), also swinging inward, and disclosing, when open, a narrow stone platform, and beyond it the upper strakes of a dory swung from davits. A spiral iron stair (right) leads through an open well from below and winds up through the ceiling to the higher regions of the tower. At the extreme left an oil stove, food cupboard, a pump with a sink, and over the sink a small mirror and bracket lamp, make a sort of informal kitchen. Near the porthole window is a large, square dining table with a Turkey-red cloth, and toward the extreme right wall a small table, to which scattered papers, a small ledger, etc., give the appearance of a desk. Under another wall-lamp behind it, so as to face the room, is a chair.

In the chair sits PAUL WHALEN, *a big-boned, clean-shaven, somewhat heavy-featured man of perhaps thirty-five—an unstirring man with a gaze of curious and intense preoccupation. During a great part of the action he continues to handle or pull at a black brier pipe, as though, in the profundity of his reverie, he takes no account of the fact that it has burned out.*

At the dining table sits PAULINE, *a thin-legged child of five or six, eating her supper of oatmeal from a yellow bowl, but without appetite or industry, more intrigued by the litter of alphabet blocks, obviously homemade, heaped on the table beyond the bowl. They are unusually large blocks, the letters painted black on white. Neglecting her supper from time to time, she becomes engrossed in piling them in pyramids. until sharply reprimanded by her mother.*

JEN WHALEN *is standing half turned from the table, her shoulders resting in an attitude of acquiescent dreariness against the inswung glass of the port, her eyes staring out at the sea, over whose rim the first shadow of a clear green dusk is beginning to creep. She is a woman who has been pretty—would still be pretty, indeed, were her hair done with some grace, her apron tidier, her blouse tucked in, and a light of animation in her eyes. She speaks in a monotonous voice, cheek in hand.*

JEN.—And he said he'd known two or three cases like it, and they all come from the same thing—some kind of a fall or blow. He asked, and I told him, yes. It's a blood clot, he says, gets into the brain, just a certain place somewheres, and that's what does it. . . .

PAULINE (*reaching farther over her bowl, intent on the blocks*).—You talking about pa, ma?

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JEN (*starting slightly and biting her lip*).—No, no! It's—a man on shore—that you never even heard of. . . . Tell her, Pa.

PAUL (*seeming to arouse himself with an effort from his abiding lethargy, in a deep, slow voice, with an uncertain wave of the arm*).—Yes, Pauline; yes, yes. A man on—on the mainland off there, ever so far, that you never even heard tell of, Paulie.

PAULINE.—What's his name, pa?

JEN.—Let your pa be, child. He's not feeling well.

PAULINE (*holding the last block poised over a pyramid*).—Why d'you always say now'days that pa ain't—

JEN.—Land alive, child! If you don't leave those blocks be and tend to your supper— I declare, I never saw the beat!

PAULINE (*relapsing into the chair and making a face at the bowl*).—Aw, ma! Aw! I've eat more 'n half. Lookie! See? Now can't I have some cake, please, ma? Can't I? I said "please."

JEN (*stamping her foot, her face contorted with impatience*).—*You eat—that—up!* How many times do I have to tell you?

PAULINE.—Aw, no—no-o-o-o! Lookie how dry it is. I won't eat it up unless I can have some more milk in it.

JEN.—Won't, eh? (*Then, with a shrug of weary capitulation*).—Oh, well then. (*Lifts the pitcher from among the blocks, and finds it empty.*) By gracious! child. You're more *trouble!* (*After an instant's indecision, however, she carries the pitcher to the sink, takes from the cupboard a can of condensed milk, stabs it twice with a can opener, and lets it drain into the pitcher. Holding it with a sloshing motion, she pumps into it two or three gulps of water. Still sloshing it, as she carries it back, she peers in, sniffs at it, her lips twisting. Pouring a little into the bowl, her free hand falls on the child's shoulder in a gesture of sudden compassion.*) Milk? Heavens! child, who'll deny you *milk?* (*She dabs a forefinger in the flowing liquid and touches it to her tongue. She makes a face, rebellious, sardonic. She looks at her husband.*) Milk! Milk And when I think! When *I* was a girl! *Milk!* That milk came from cows! And cream! And butter!

PAUL (*shifting in his chair and passing a hand slowly over his face*).—Yes, yes; I know. But—but she—she seems to come on fairly stout enough, don't you think, Jen?

JEN.—Cream and butter! Yes, and eggs! And meadows! Meadows of land! Acres of land! Miles of land! Flowers to pick and grass to roll on, and children—oh, any number of children to play with!

PAUL.—You like those blocks to play with, don't you, Paulie, that your pa made you for Christmas? Don't you, Paulie?

PAULINE.—Only I want more. I want two more "E's," pa. Won't you make me some, pa?

JEN (*as if possessed with a sudden devil of wild, bitter mirth*).—Yes, yes, Paul! Make her some. You hear your child? Now go on and make her some more, make her some more—some more— (*A hush, broken only by the continuous muffled drone of the surf below, follows upon this unexpected outburst. Even the child sits motionless, dimly appalled, her eyes turned upon her mother, who resumes presently, in a lower tone, biting her lip:*) No, but it's got on my nerves to-day, though, thinking of Jim Paine coming out to-morrow on his rounds. And how ever we're going to go through with it! For it 'll be even harder this time. Oh, I don't know, I don't know! It's got my nerves, that's why. I— Paul—I didn't mean anything. . . .

PAUL (*his eyes brooding into vacancy with a somber stare*).—I know; I know. . . . But you oughtn't to be here, Jen. It's a mistake.

JEN.—Have I ever complained?

PAUL.—No; but it's no place for you. Only, we've always thought, you know, that it wouldn't be a great while before we got shifted to a better berth, a bigger light ashore somewheres, where you could have friends and neighbors, and



Drawn by David Hutchison

"IT'S GOT ON MY NERVES—THINKING OF JIM PAINE COMING TO-MORROW"

Pauline could go to a school, and where you could go to dances and socials and lectures and things. You know, Jen, we've always said, "By this time next year!" . . . But—but—*now*—

JEN (*tapping the floor with her foot*).—Have I ever complained? Ever, once?

PAUL.—No, you never have. But now, when it's come to this or nothing. . . . Till now we've always thought, "'Twon't be long before we get promoted—"

JEN (*going toward him, leaning with her hands on the desk, her eyes fixed with a half-contemptuous pity upon the man whose gaze continued to go on past her into the emptiness of space*).—Paul! Listen, Paul. Don't you suppose I know as well as you why it is we didn't get shifted to a better berth? Don't you suppose, with Jim Paine the district inspector—don't you imagine I could see why we're kept out on this God-forsaken ledge? Don't you? With *Jim* the *inspector?*

PAUL (*turning with a slight start, but not quite meeting her eyes*).—No, that's not fair, Jen. Jim and I run together when we were boys.

JEN.—Yes; but when you got me, in place of Jim's getting me— Oh, don't you suppose I know—and that I know you know—and that you ought to hate me? . . . Well, go on and hate me!

PAUL.—Please, Jen! . . . And you're wrong. No, no, girl. Jim and I run together when we were boys.

JEN (*with a fling of futility*).—Oh-h-h-h!

PAUL (*after a moment, his gaze returning into space*).—All the same, Jen, I'm not so blind—so—so dense—that I can't see plain enough now that you ought to have married Jim Paine—

JEN.—Paul!

PAUL.—No, Jen. It wasn't said in bitterness. But it's the God's fact of it. You ought to 've taken Jim—instead of being tied up to a—

JEN (*glancing sharply toward the child*).—Paul *Whalen!* . . . Your daughter's here.

[*In the awkward silence following,* JEN *shifts aimlessly about the room.*

PAUL (*again passing a slow hand over his face*).—Guess it must be getting about time to light up—eh, Jen?

[*Going to the stair,* JEN *runs a finger down a printed card hanging from the iron standard, then glances at a small watch pinned to her breast.*

JEN.—Well—yes. Time enough yet. Though I might 's well be a minute or so forehanded, I suppose. . . . Paulie! For goodness' sakes! Now I warn you! If you're not through your supper when I get down from the light— Mind! (*as she goes up the winding stair*). Mind!

[*Exit* JEN *above.* PAULINE, *after a few bites, falls victim again to the lure of play. There is a little crash as a tower topples under her hand. She glances uneasily at her father and takes a hasty spoonful of food.*

PAUL (*in a musing tone, staring at the desk before him*).—You do like those blocks, don't you, Paulie? You take a good deal of pleasure from them, don't you? Building and spelling. I wanted especially you should learn how to spell out words. That's fun.

PAULINE.—If you make me some more "E's." Will you make me some more "E's," pa?

PAUL.—Some day. Some day.

PAULINE (*with a sudden enthusiasm*).—Only I can spell some words, though, already. You watch if I can't, pa. Now, let me see. . . . (*Picking over the blocks, she arranges a file along the table's edge, the big, black letters spelling,* "I LIKE PA." *She claps her hands.*) There! Read that, Mr. Pa!

PAUL (*making a show of indecision ludicrous to behold*).—Well, well, well! Well, well! That's fine, fine, Paulie, my girl! (*Again the slow hand goes over his face and brow.*) Splendid, Paulie! P-perfectly splendid! Now—now something else.

PAULINE (*standing up in her chair, elated, but affecting cogitation*).—Let me think. . . . (*Her abstracted gaze goes out of the porthole window; she is abruptly*

alive.) Pa! Pa! Look! The tender! Honest, right there, now, coming close aboard. Pa! Honest! And there's Uncle Jim in the stern, steering. (*Rushing to pull open the heavy door, waving both hands down.*) Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo! Uncle Jim! Uncle Ji-i-i-i-m! (*Running to pluck at the unmoving man's sleeve.*) You hear me, pa? The tender! And Uncle Jim! (*Skipping to the stair to hail her mother, who is already hurrying down.*) Ma! Ma! Uncle Jim!

JEN (*breathless, her face oddly pale, her fingers tucking in stray wisps of hair*).—Y-yes. I—I saw him—up—aloft. Paul! Do you hear? Jim. Jim Paine, Paul!

PAUL (*his voice emerging with an almost startling calm*).—Yes, I hear.

JEN (*all the while dabbing at her hair, plucking off her apron, glancing distractedly into the mirror over the sink, etc.*).—But why on earth? To-day! And this *time* of day! It's almost dark! Paulie! (*Pulling the child away from the open door, where she is waving to the boat below.*) That's a good girl. Now you run along up to bed. Kiss your pa.

PAULINE.—No, ma; no! Naw! I want to see Uncle Jim. Just a minute—a minute! He maybe brought me some — some candy — like once. Ma, p l e a s e! (*She clings to the door. A voice comes up from without.*)

VOICE.—Ahoy! Ahoy there, aboard the light! Give us a word!

JEN (*pleading*).—*Paulie!*

[*Enter* JIM PAINE *from the left, clambering up to the platform. He is a man of about the same age as* PAUL WHALEN, *but of a slighter and more active figure. Clothed in the blue, semi-naval uniform of a lighthouse inspector, the cap set at a jaunty angle on the black hair above the narrow, alert, good-looking face, the roving brown eyes and the full lips (under a close-clipped mustache) of a man prepared to accept the gifts of life—his appearance is in striking contrast to the unsprightly, monotony-worn presence of the dwellers in the Light. . . . He speaks in a free "hail-fellow" tenor voice.*

JIM.—Hello! Hello, Jen! Hello! Hello! (*His eyes, failing to observe the child who, turned shy now, hovers in the neighborhood, peer over* JEN'S *shoulder into the room.*) Hello! Where's Paul? Up aloft? . . . Oh, there you are! Hello! Paul, old man. How they coming? (*Without awaiting an answer, he turns and calls down over the platform.*) Below there! Hy! Fend her off the rock, and look alive about it! But stand by to heave in them stores when I get the door open below. (*Comes into the room.*) Paul, what you say you pile down now and break open that sea door in the storeroom, so the boys can heave in them canned goods and things? (*To* JEN, *with a quick, glowing smile—in a high humor.*) I guess—*Mrs. Whalen*—I got your whole list this time. (*Once more, with a hint of impatience, to the unmoving man behind the desk.*) Say, Paul—if you dont mind—there ain't too all-fired much time, you know—and that sea door—

JEN (*swiftly*).—Don't bother, Paul. You sit and talk with Jim. He's kind of tired, Jim. . . . No, no; I'll run down myself. (*Then, pausing at the stair, prey to an abrupt misgiving, her gaze goes back to them. Her eyes fall on the child, still "hovering," tongue-tied.*) Paulie dear, why don't you show Uncle Jim your nice blocks? Jim, let Paulie show you—Yes—go on. It 'll please her.

[*Exit, hastening down the stair.* JIM, *turning back after a single half-hearted step toward the table, glances toward the stair and then, with a half-mystified contempt, at* PAUL, *who continues sitting empty-handed, brooding at the desk.*

JIM.—I see Jen likes to lend a hand.

PAUL.—Yes, she—she likes to—to lend a hand—sometimes.

JIM.—That sea door below ain't exactly a plaything, now. (*Receiving no answer from the heavy man, he draws up a chair, facing him.*) Say, look here, old man. Ain't you well?

PAUL (*with an effort at animation,*

staring at the ceiling).—Well? Me? Oh, never better in my life. Now what made you s'pose— (*Chuckles laboriously, and falls to brooding at his two thumbs.*) Ah— Hm-m-m— We weren't looking to see you out to-day—specially this late on.

JIM.—Well, I thought I would. Moon to-night going back, and I thought I'd make a day of it and have a day off for the fair to-morrow.

PAUL.—Fair, eh? Barnham Fair? So! I kind of wish Jen could— Hm-m-m— Well—

JIM (*glancing toward the stair*).—Jen having trouble with that sea door?

PAUL (*uneasily*).—No, no; it's all a knack, that door. . . . Hm-m-m! Any news ashore, Jim?

JIM (*fumbling his jacket pocket*).—That reminds me. Here's a paper. Boston *Herald*. Big fire in Chelsea. (*He holds out the folded paper.* PAUL *makes no effort to take it. Enter* JEN, *panting a little, from below.* JIM *turns to her with a laugh.*) Look at this, Jen. Honest to God, I believe your husband's turning poet or something. I offer him a paper—*a new shore paper*, mind you—and he sits there and dreams.

JEN (*hastening forward*).—Why, Paul! (*She takes the paper, glances at the headlines, then thrusts it into her husband's hands.*) A big fire in Chelsea, Paul.

PAUL (*burying himself in it*).—Big fire in Chelsea! Well, well, well! Now I want to know! What do you think of that, eh? Big fire in Chelsea!

JEN (*starting away, halting, turning again*).—As a matter of fact, Jim, Paul isn't feeling quite up to the mark to-day.

JIM.—That so? And he's just now telling me he never felt better in his life.

JEN.—Oh, well — it's nothing—nothing to amount— (*Swooping down with a sudden nervous energy on Pauline, still "hovering."*) Heavens! Pauline. Off with you to bed. It 'll be so dark you can't see. (*Almost dragging her to the stair.*) Here, I'll unbutton your waist. Now, no argument. No, no. Up you go! . . . Jim, here's Paulie off to bed.

JIM (*taking a tardy but sprightly cognizance of the child*).—Bless me! so she is. Why, Paulie, what a girl! Grows prettier every day. Every day!

JEN.—Tell Uncle Jim good night, dear. Yes!

PAULINE (*halfway up the stair, winking back the tears*).—G'd night.

JIM.—Throw me a kiss, you little divil!

JEN.—Yes!

[PAULINE *does as she is bid with a jerk, stuffs her thumbs in her eyes, and disappears, stumbling and sobbing, up the stair.*

JIM.—There, there, now! How they do hate to go to bed. She grows prettier, though—more—grows more like her mother every day. (JEN, *her hand unconsciously busy with her back hair, avoids his long glance. He shakes his shoulders with a scarcely audible laugh and turns back to* PAUL.) So you're not smart, eh? Sorry to hear that. Let's see —last time I was aboard—three weeks back—come to think of it, you were a little off your feed then, too. Is it—has it been—

JEN (*thrusting in*).—Gracious! no. Ha, ha! You'd have him an invalid for sure. No, no; that was dyspepsia, that time. To-day it's just a touch of—of rheumatism. No, no!

JIM (*hitching his chair nearer the desk*). —Rheumatism, eh? I hope it ain't bad. Bad stuff, rheumatics. 'Tain't anything, I suppose, interferes with your tending the light, or—

JEN.—Good heavens! no.

PAUL.—Land a-living!

JIM (*with growing insistence*).—Nothing that keeps you from getting about?

JEN.—To hear you talk!

PAUL (*laying down the paper*).—What's all the fuss, anyhow?

[*He yawns, stretches; then, as if casually, gets up and walks deliberately to the open door. As he steps out on the stone platform,* JEN, *who has been watching him with an odd, breathless attention, calls abruptly.*

JEN.—Where you going, Paul? Paul!



Drawn by David Hutchison

"WHAT A MAN DON'T KNOW CAN'T HURT HIM"

[PAUL *gives no answer, but stands facing down over the edge where the waiting boat should be.* JIM'S *attention, leaving the man, turns to* JEN. *He gets up, leans on his chair back, coughs slightly. Before his frankly speculative smile the woman begins to grow confused and ill at ease. Flushing slightly, humming under her breath, casting about for something to occupy her, she goes over to the kitchen side, takes matches from the sink, and lights the bracket lamp.* JIM *has moved after her slowly, halfway, his hands in his pockets. The sound of* PAUL'S *voice from the platform brings him to a halt.*

PAUL.—Hey, Jim! They want to know below how long before you're coming.

JIM (*straightening a bit and passing a palm over his lips*).—Just a second, just a second.

PAUL (*calling down*).—Just a second, boys!

[JEN, *glancing covertly at* JIM, *crosses past him with averted face, still humming under her breath.* JIM, *catching up the tune under his breath, again moves after her slowly, with the air of one secure in patience. Having lighted the second bracket lamp on the wall behind the desk,* JEN *starts abruptly toward the door.* JIM, *as promptly, but still casually, moves on a diagonal to cut her off. Both halt and relax as* PAUL *enters, out of the dusk into the light.*

PAUL.—I told 'em you'd be along in a second, Jim. (*Passing in front of* JIM, *he walks to the desk, where, coming too close, his thigh strikes smartly against a corner. He gasps and stands still. He mutters.*) Getting dark here. (*More loudly, to* JEN.) About time to light up, isn't it, Jen?

JEN (*in an odd voice, a hand going to her throat*).—But I have, Paul. I was up, lighting—remember?—when Jim came.

PAUL (*shaking his head, in the full light from the lamp before him*).—No; I mean here. The lamps. It's getting dark.

[JEN'S *other hand has gone to her throat. Her face is ashen. Her eyes come with an effort to* JIM. JIM *himself is staring, half stupefied, at the patiently waiting* PAUL. *His lips open, but a sudden, imploring gesture from* JEN *holds him still.*

JEN—Yes, Paul. Just a minute.

[*With a kind of frozen deliberation, she goes and takes matches from the safe, scratches one, rattles the lamp; crossing the room, she makes a dumb show of lighting the second lamp there.*

PAUL (*sinking into the chair and taking up the paper*).—There; that's better. Thanks. . . . Big fire in Chelsea. Well, well! I want to know! . . .

[*In the following silence* JEN *turns to confront the inspector. Again* JIM *is about to burst out, but again the look, half imploring, half defiant, checks him.*

JEN (*laying her hand on her husband's shoulder*).—Isn't it about time to be having a look at the light, Paul?

PAUL (*after an instant's hesitation, as if groping for and catching a cue*).—Why, yes. Yes, dear. I'll run up and have a look. (*He puts the paper down, rises, and walks straight to the stair.*) Oh, by the way, Jim—going?

JIM.—In just a—a few minutes, Paul.

PAUL (*climbing*).—Well, if you're gone before I get down, give our best to the folks ashore. So long!

(*Exit* PAUL *above. Nothing said for a space. The man and the woman seem to weigh each other with their eyes.*

JEN.—Well?

[*In place of answering,* JIM *goes to the door. From the platform he calls down.*

JIM.—Ay, below! Frank! Listen! Shove off a couple lengths and leave the anchor go. Clear of the rock there! No; it 'll be a little spell. (*He returns with a deliberate tread to face* JEN.) *Blind!* (JEN *nods without speaking. The enormity of the thing grows on the man.*) Blind as a *bat!* . . . How long?

JEN.—Almost a month.

JIM.—You actually mean to say—

when I was here the last time— (*The woman nods again.*) Well, if that ain't a—a hell of a proposition! You got to excuse me, Jen, but that's all you can say—a hell of a proposition! Think of it! The keeper of a *light—blind!*

JEN (*breathlessly*).—But—but *I* can keep the light. *I'm* not blind.

JIM (*tightening his lips, with an air of authority*).—No, nor either are you the keeper.

JEN.—But, Jim, I've kept it. (*Coming impulsively from behind the desk.*) Hasn't it been all right? Jim! Say! Hasn't it? Hasn't it?

JIM.—That doesn't make it any otherwise than my duty to report—

JEN (*running to him, grasping his arm, fairly shaking it*).—Jim, you wouldn't put us out! No! Not so long 's it's all right!

JIM (*enjoying his position to the full; in a judicial tone*).—How did it come to happen?

JEN (*letting go his arm and wandering about the room*).—It came from a fall. He hit his head. That was one day. And that same night— It's a blood clot, the doctor says. Yes, I've seen a doctor. Rowed myself ashore and went to Hampton where I wasn't known. The doctor said it was probably a blood clot got stuck in his brain.

JIM.—And he'll be like that till—he dies?

JEN.—Like 's not. Or again, like 's not, the doctor says, some day maybe all of a sudden he might see.

JIM (*weighing the thing impartially*).—One chance in a million.

JEN.—The doctor said one chance in—in—in a—*hundred.*

JIM (*with a shrug of irony*).—Oh, well! . . . But it's all too bad, Jen. Fact is, it's no later 'n yesterday I sent up a recommend for Paul's promotion to a better light ashore. Fact, Jen.

JEN.—Don't lie.

JIM.—I ain't lying. Honest to God I did. Why do you think I'm—

JEN (*breaking in fiercely*).—Why d'you never send it up before?

JIM (*hesitating; then deciding to meet ferocity with ferocity*).—Why should I? Tell me that! *Why should I?* (*He comes nearer and takes hold of her arm, almost roughly.*) Why should I? Tell me that! . . . Do you think I enjoyed it when I saw you going to him? Do you imagine a man like me likes to see himself get turned down? Before everybody? A man like me?

JEN (*half defiant, half ill at ease*).—He was your friend.

JIM.—Friend? Sure! Oh, sure! And when I seen him taking you off home after the wedding I would have seen him burning in hell first. . . . You don't understand a man like me. . . . And look here, look me in the eye. The worst of it was, me knowing what I did—knowing you loved me better 'n him. Knowing it was because his prospects looked brighter 'n mine—*then!* Yes, you did. Don't shake your head. Yes, you loved me better 'n him. (JEN *keeps on shaking her head slowly, and tries unsuccessfully to get her hand away from him.*) Yes, you did, though! You did, Jen! (*The woman continues to shake her head, as if sadly.*) You did, Jen! And look at you. Ever since I come to-night you been fixing yourself, smoothing your dress, patting your hair on the sly. . . . You did, and, by God! Jen—you still *do!* (*With an abrupt violence he drags her into his arms and kisses her again and again, heavily, on the lips. Putting her fingers into his eyes, she forces his head away, frees herself, stands back, pale and shaken, staring at him. He is silenced by her silence, but only for a moment.*) You did, though! You did! You did! . . . And on account of his prospects—Paul's prospects. Ha, ha! Haw! Look at the two of us now, him and I! Look what I could have give you now. I could have give you a life ashore, friends, gayety, dances—there was never such a girl as you were for a jolly dance. Was there, eh? Was there? And now look what Paul—with all his fine prospects—was able to give you. What has Paul give you, Jen? Tell me that! *What has Paul give you?*

JEN (*turning her gaze slowly about the room*).—He has given me loneliness.

JIM.—There!

JEN.—He has given me loneliness. He has given me time—time to think—time—time! He has given me a chance to see my little girl grow up without a green field to run in or a child to play with. He has given me a blind man to look out for.

JIM.—So there! Tied with a rope to a blind man!

JEN (*staying his triumph with a gesture as dead as her voice*).—He has given me pain and horror and grief. No! Wait! You don't know. We never intended anyone should know. But, Jim, Pauline had a little brother. For not quite two hours, a year ago, she had a baby brother. He was born out here, two weeks too soon, with no doctor nor nurse but Paul. And it was Paul and me buried him in the water two nights after, when the tide was going out to sea. And that was a year ago to-night. . . .

JIM (*in somber triumph*).—Now, now; there! Poor girl. (*He edges nearer to pat her shoulder.*) I tell you it's a crime, girl, the devil's own crime, the way you been—

JEN (*staring at nothing and speaking as if to herself*).—Sometimes I've hated him. . . . It's like we'd got turned out of everything. And now—we're going to get turned out even from here.

JIM.—Oh, wait, wait! Not quite so fast!

JEN (*glancing up quickly*).—But it's your duty, you said.

JIM (*with a sly, indulgent smile, his eyes running over her*).—I know. But still—still— Listen, Jennie girl. Why don't you row ashore to-morrow? Eh? Why don't we take a little run over to Barnham Fair, you and me? For old time's sake. Eh? . . . Oh yes, you will now. For old time's sake. Remember? Remember the dancing in the old pavilion—that afternoon? And Florrie and Frank were there? Remember? (JEN's *head is still shaking, but a wistful light out of the past has come into her brooding eyes.* JIM *takes her hand.*) Eh? We'll have another dance, you an' me, Jennie girl, for old time's sake.

JEN (*pulling back her hand*).—Jim, I can't!

JIM.—You can!

JEN.—Jim, I wouldn't do anything to hurt Paul Whalen—not for the world.

JIM.—'Twon't hurt him. What a man don't know can't hurt him. Can it? You just say you're going to see that doctor again.

JEN (*still tugging at her hand, almost sobbing*).—I can't, I can't.

JIM (*after an instant's pause, shifting to sternness*).—Look here; I guess you *can*. . . . You say you don't want to hurt Paul. Well, there's more ways of hurting Paul than one. Think *that* over!

JEN (*staring at him*).—What do you mean?

JIM.—Don't look at me that way. 'Tain't my fault. But unless a man's got something else important to occupy his mind—well—it's pretty hard for a man to forget what his duty is.

[*Enter* PAUL *on the upper stair.*

PAUL (*echoing, troubled, suspicious*).—Duty? Duty? (*He comes down another step or so and hesitates again.*) What's all this about duty? A—a man's forgetting what his duty is?

JIM (*in an awkward position*).—As a matter of fact, Paul, it was—it was about—

JEN (*with a gesture of imploration, grasping* JIM's *hands*).—It was about—about that—that stock list—Paul!

JIM (*smiling into her eyes*).—Yes, that stock list. By rights, you know, you ought to have had it ready for me this time. The quarter's stock list. The law says—

PAUL (*descending to take his chair again—with obvious relief*).—Oh yes, I know; it should be ready. I haven't been well. Next time, though, sure enough. That be all right, Jim?

JIM (*still smiling expectantly into the eyes of the woman, whose hands he holds tightly*).—Well—

JEN (*in a low tone*).—Thank you.

PAUL (*taking up the paper*).—Big fire in Chelsea! Hm-m-m! I want to know!

[JEN *has disengaged her hands and retreated, her eyes downcast.* JIM, *defrauded, motions her back to him. She persists in not seeing it. He gives over and thrusts his hands into his pockets. A grin moves his lips. He coughs slightly.*

JIM.—By the way, Paul, ever thought any of getting out of the service?

PAUL (*the paper crackling under his suddenly tightened fingers*).—What makes you ask that, Jim? (JEN, *like a played fish, comes back to the playing hand, but now, to make a still finer game of it, he turns away, keeping her in suspense.*)

JIM.—Oh, I was just wondering—just wondering— (*He pauses by the dining table, his eye taken by* PAULINE'S "I LIKE PA." *His idle fingers jumble the blocks. He steals a glance at the tormented* JEN.) I was just wondering, Paul Sometimes it seems to me a fellow like you would want a change. Something more exciting than tending light, maybe.

PAUL.—No. That is—no—it's not too exciting, I grant you. But— (*Laying the paper down, he goes on, like a man drifting into soliloquy.*) No, I don't know as I'd much like to get out. Maybe it wouldn't be so exciting for you, Jim, tending a light, nor for another man. But with me—well, it's different—well, my father kept a light before me. Minot's Ledge he kept. I was born in Minot's Ledge. You ever know that? (JIM, *his back to the room, makes no answer. His attention has gone to the blocks, with which his fingers are busy.* JEN'S *gaze hovers between the two.*) Well, I was. And from the first I can remember I can remember my father—a huge, big man with a brown beard—I can remember him standing up there on the walk-around of an evening, after the light was lit, watching the craft go by. All the craft in the world, it seemed to me—all the steamers and ships and barks and brigs and schooners from all the ends of the Seven Seas—coming in safe past the light to Boston port. And he knew 'em, my father did—just by the peep of a funnel or the set of a skys'l—he knew 'em by name—and where they hailed from. . . . "Coming safe and clear!" he used to say, as if he was talking to 'em, "Coming safe and clear!" . . . Exciting? You ask me if that's exciting? Well, sometimes, if I was restless at night, if I crept up there late, or in the dark of the morning—there's my father always on the walk-around. "Coming safe and clear — safe and clear!" Or when there was a gale—on a night of a gale of wind—if you could have seen my father then! "Come clear! Come safe and clear!" He'd call 'em by name, like children. (*Coming to himself, with an abrupt return of self-consciousness.*) No—no—I don't think I—I'd like to change.

JIM (*in a high abstraction*).—I was just wondering. . . . (*Taking between his palms the column of blocks he has been arranging, flipping them over deftly and silently to face the room, and with a finger tip separating the words, he steps aside, displaying to* JEN, *with a portentous wink, his handiwork,* "KISS ME AGAIN JEN." *The audacity of it takes the woman's breath away. She rubs her eyes. Her gaze comes with a curious, painful fascination to* JIM'S *right forefinger which, with a slow, imperious wagging, bids her come. Looking at* PAUL, *he repeats:*) Just wondering—just wondering. . . . But supposing sometime there should be something—well, for instance, this ailment of yours now— (JEN *breaks forward a step. Then her eyes go back to* PAUL. *Before the expressionless, but yet somehow troubled, face of that blind watcher an awful confusion stays her.* JIM, *waiting, smiles indulgently. He speaks out boldly in assurance.*) What a man don't know can't hurt him.

PAUL (*groping in mysteries*).—Wha-what's that, Jim?

JIM (*bringing* JEN *another rigid step with his wagging finger*).—I was just say-

ing—thinking out loud—it would be awful now—(*with another portentous wink*)—if we could know everything that was ever going to happen to us. Eh? (*Reaching out to tap the commanding blocks,* KISS ME AGAIN JEN:) These are nice blocks. You make 'em, Paul? I always liked to play with blocks. You like to play with blocks, Jen? Eh?

[JEN, *coming another step, moistens her lips.*

PAUL (*with growing nervousness*).—Jen! Jen, Jim asked you a question!

JEN.—Y-yes. Yes, blocks are n-n-nice—nice for little girls.

JIM (*with a laugh and wink of delight*).—For little girls! Yes, for little girls! Little girlies! (*As she falters and casts yet another glance back at* PAUL:) I suppose really it's my duty—

PAUL (*half rising, leaning heavily on the desk, his face working*).—Duty, again! Duty, duty! Jim, what's all this about duty? (JEN *has come close to* JIM. *He makes no move; secure, he simply waits.* PAUL'S *voice lifts another note, shaken by some inscrutable instinct of dread.*) What duty? Why are you staying so long, when you were going "in a second"? Why don't you answer me? Now!

[JEN, *taking sudden rough hold of* JIM'S *shoulders, dabs a kiss on his cheek. With a mute laugh, he catches her around the waist and holds her.*

JIM (*petting her hair and cheek*).—Duty, Paul? Why—why, I was just thinking, as a friend of you—both—Well, see here, Paul. Tending light may be all very well for you, seeing 's you were brought up to it. But how about the little woman? *She wasn't!* Have you ever thought—

PAUL (*rocking his shoulders as if in pain to batter down the bars of blindness*).—Have I ever thought? Have I *thought?* Lord a-livin'! *Have I thought?* (*Abandoning the chair, like a man driven from his anchorage by a dark wind, he casts heavily about the room. Once he comes toward the two.* JEN *tries to break away, but* JIM, *smiling, mocking, watchful, holds her there a little longer. And at the last moment, led by some whimsey of the battle within,* PAUL *veers to a new course. He goes to the door, gropes for handhold, leans there, staring out, panting.*) Have I *thought?* D'you suppose I don't *know* what this life means for JEN?

[JEN, *weak with revulsion from waiting before that blind advance, has gone limp in the man's arms. He lifts her chin with a finger.*

JIM (*his triumphant, mocking eyes holding hers*).—Because you know, Paul, Jen wasn't meant for—well—she was meant more for shore things—dancing and singing and going about—and seeing other girls—and—men! (*In a whisper:*) Eh?

[JEN, *held close, confronts him, unbreathing, her eyes narrowed with fury—for a moment. Then, suddenly, amazingly, with another kind of fury, she drags his head down and covers his face with a passion of kisses.*

PAUL (*turning in the doorway, rocked in a wind he cannot understand*).—God alive! (JEN *tears free. She stands swaying, breathless, staring at* JIM *as she might stare at a strange creature come out of a wood.* PAUL *starts back from the door*).—*God alive! Jen.*

[*Coming too near the stair, his head strikes the iron. He totters an instant, then goes down in a quiet heap on the floor. After a space of complete and unstirring silence,* JEN *moves toward him with an odd effect of slowness, on tiptoe. She crouches beside him. Her hand strokes his hair.* JIM, *appalled, embarrassed, wiping his mouth on his wrist, follows. He makes to lay a hand on the unconscious man's heart.* JEN'S *eyes lift to him, oddly blank.*

JEN (*in a monotonous whisper*).—Don't touch him!

JIM (*continuing to wipe his mouth with the nervous wrist*).—But—but—le's get him up off the—

JEN (*crouching a little lower over the*

quiet heap).—Don't touch him. Don't touch him!

JIM.—But the man's— He—he's hurt.

JEN.—Hurt. Yes, hurt. You hurt him. You and me. We hurt him.

JIM.—No. How's that? You mean by *that?* No. He never knew a thing—about *that.* And what he didn't know couldn't hurt him.

JEN (*beginning to shake free of this lethargy, her whisper lifting, wild, ironic*).—Didn't know? *Know?* Two persons live together seven years—love each other for seven long years—and *they know!* . . . Jim . . . (*Her eyes turn toward the door.*) Jim. Please go.

JIM.—But look a-here—

JEN.—Please go. . . . Call the boat.

[JIM, *in an ecstasy of hesitation and uneasiness, shifts to the door. To the left he calls down.*

JIM.—Tender, ahoy! Haul up! Frank! Look alive, will you? Alongside! (*Turning back:*) B-but look a-here, Jen. I'd—I'd like to— If there's anything I—

JEN (*without raising her eyes now, in a dull tone, almost of menace*).—Please go.

JIM (*still hesitating, shuffling, wiping* his mouth).—If there's anything— Well—good-by. . . . I hope Paul is—

JEN.—*Please go!*

JIM. — Well — well — good - by. If there's— Well—good-by. Good-by.

[*Exit* JIM *uncertainly, closing the door behind him. After a space of silence* JEN *begins to rock slowly, holding* PAUL'S *head in the crook of her arm.*

JEN (*crooning*).—Paul, Paul! Oh, my love, my love, my love! My Paul, my boy! (*Stroking his hair:*) Oh, my love, my love! . . . (*She pulls herself up out of this blank state. She speaks sharply.*) Paul! (*Scrambling up, she attempts to lift his body.* PAUL *sighs, writhes a little.*) *Paul!* Paul *Whalen!* (*He rolls over, lifts on an elbow, opens and shuts his eyes. Helping him to his feet,* JEN *leads him to the chair which she drags out from the dining table.*) Oh, my dear, my dear! My poor hurt dear! (*He sinks into the chair, opens and shuts his eyes, puts a hand to his head.*) Dizzy, Paul?

PAUL (*in a weak, thick voice*).—Little dizzy.

JEN.—Poor boy. Here, wait! I'll get some cold water.

[*While she is gone, running to the sink,* PAUL *opens his eyes, blinks queerly, and with a pain of wonder stares at his own hand, which he holds up, wagging the fingers. He stares at the rag rug. His weak, new-born vision, dull with miracle, passes to the table legs; wanders up almost to the* "KISS ME AGAIN JEN" *of the blocks along the edge. Almost—not quite. It comes back to his own knees.* JEN *returns with a basin and cloth. Kneeling by him, she bathes the side of his head, enveloping him all the while with the extraordinary, living tenderness of her voice.*)

JEN.—Poor, poor boy! I'm so sorry, so sorry—because I love you. I love you more than I can ever make you know—my Paul—my dear— (*He is looking straight into her eyes. Her hand falters. A strange quietude falls upon her. She draws back, almost imperceptibly, staring into his pupils. . . . In a marveling, incredulous whisper:*) *Paul!*

PAUL.—Yes!

JEN.—But—*Paul!*

PAUL.—Yes. Like a miracle, Jen.

JEN.—But how—when— It was that—that fall?

PAUL.—Yes. When I got up—got here to the chair—I could see. (*He rises to his feet, expands his chest, stretches out his arms, flexing and tensing the muscles, as if borne in a tide of mounting exuberance, power, hope.*) I can see! I'm a man again! A man! (*He turns his exultant, blinking gaze about the room. It passes over the table, and, without quite pausing to read, over the blocks.*) I can see everything! . . . I can see you! *You!* (*He pulls her up, almost roughly, and holds her off by her shoulders.*) Jen girl, I can see you! You! You!

JEN (*through her tears*).—Oh, I don't know what—to do—to say. It kind of chokes me. It's all so new—all of a sudden—and happy!

PAUL.—Yes, new! We'll start off new—somewhere! This is no place for you.

JEN (*with a passionate eagerness*).—Yes, but it is, it is! We'll see it through, Paul. Yes, please! It won't be long now. Jim told me he'd sent up the recommend.

PAUL (*a ghost of trouble shadowing his face*).—Jim—Jim! Listen, Jen. D'you know I had the queerest feeling when Jim was here—the awfulest feeling—about Jim and—and—you.

JEN (*dragging one of his hands from her shoulder and kissing the palm*).—Oh, Paul!

PAUL.—Yes, yes, I know. But all the same—it was foolish in me, I know—but all the same I couldn't get away from that queer, awful feeling—

[*He blinks his eyes and puts one of his hands tight over them.*

JEN.—Poor boy! Is it too bright, after the long dark? Wait. (*She runs to blow out the light over the sink.* PAUL, *standing by the table, tries his eyes again. He blinks down at the blocks—from above, so that the legend is hidden—and runs an idle finger over the file.* JEN'S *gaze, turning back, takes in at once his figure and the* "KISS ME AGAIN JEN" *under his hand. She draws a quick breath. She starts toward him, fighting not to hurry.*) Paul, dear!

PAUL.—Yes?

[*She is at a loss for words; she tries to laugh, but it turns out a titter.*

JEN.—You—you do love me, Paul? (*Patting her hair with a sort of frozen coyness, she crosses, drawing him away from the blocks. She goes to take down the other lamp. He is following.*) It's time to have a look at the light. Let's—let's go together.

PAUL.—Yes. (*He takes the lamp and, putting an arm around her shoulders, leads her to the stair. She goes up first, smiling back at him, her face glorified with love and relief. But* PAUL *hesitates; then starts back, down into the room again.*) But wait a second, Jen. Just a second.

JEN (*putting a hand to her heart*).—What is it?

PAUL (*with a happy laugh*).—Nothing. Just a notion. But you know, this evening, while you were aloft, Paulie spelled out something on the blocks for me to read, and of course I had to laugh it off. But it seemed to me, that minute, I'd give ten years of life to be able to read out loud what that blessed kid had spelled for me. And *now*, by heavens! I'm going to.

[*He starts on again toward the table.*

JEN (*in a choked way*).—Paul!

PAUL (*half turning, quizzically, holding the lamp up*).—Yes? (JEN *comes down. With graceless, precise steps, like a sleepwalker, she approaches. An uneasiness begins to tinge his tone.*) Yes, Jen? Jen? JEN! What—is it?

JEN (*standing still before him, her cheeks pressed between her two hands*).—You love me. Don't you, Paul?

PAUL.—Why—why, Jen—you know!

JEN.—And you know I love you. Don't you, Paul?

PAUL.—Why, Jen—dear—why—yes!

JEN (*reaching out her hand*).—Well, then, won't you come—now?

PAUL (*taking her hand*).—Of course I will, dear! It was only—only a second—(*Turning his head quickly, he peers down at the blocks. In a mystified tone:*) "Kiss me a—" . . . Well, I want to know! Now did Paulie— (*He takes his hand from* JEN *and runs it through his hair.*) "Kiss me again—*Jen.*" What in the world would Paulie— (*His head and shoulders come back abruptly, as if he has taken a blow. He turns slowly to look at* JEN. *She has not moved. After a moment of mute confrontation, she leans forward suddenly and blows out the light in* PAUL'S *hand. In the darkness, unmarred save by the faint round patch of the moonlit porthole, the perfect silence continues over the drone of the surf. Then, after a long while, the man's voice is heard.*) Did you?

JEN.—Yes.

PAUL.—I *have* been blind. (*When he speaks again after another lapse of suence, there is a change—a catch of discovery—a little break of wonder and penitence.*)

Jen! He—Jim—he knew I was blind. He knew! He held it over you. I see it now. He held that over you, the hound! His duty—duty—and he made you kiss him, to save me—my place here. He made you! Jen?

JEN.—Yes.

PAUL.—And you did it—to save me!

JEN.—Yes.

PAUL.—Even that—for me. Though it was a deathly hurt to you!

JEN.—Yes. . . . (*After another moment:*) Wait! No, Paul. Wait! Wait. . . . It's like starting new to-night, isn't it? There can't be—mustn't be—any lies between us to-night. No! There mustn't! Wait! . . . Hark, Paul! I kissed Jim Paine—to save you—us—because he made me do it—first! . . . And then—(*with a broken rush:*)—then—then I kissed him again—kissed him myself—because—because I wanted to. . . . There, Paul! I've told you! (*Another hush.*) Why did I? Why did I want to? I don't know — don't suppose— Paul, do you know anything about girls? Sometimes girls are crazy—just for a minute sometimes—crazy wild for things—wild, Paul, just simply to be *made* to do—things— (*Yet another silence, pregnant with growing fright.*) Where are you, Paul? . . . Paul! . . . *Paul!*

[*There is a crash of wooden cubes, falling and scattering over the floor.*

PAUL (*his voice thick with self-mockery*).—The blocks *I* made! *I* made!

JEN (*when the silence grows again—her tone sharp with nerves*).—Paul, where are you?

PAUL.—I am alone. Everything was all new again—and now I'm alone in it. (*The door opens, letting in the pale flood of the moon.* PAUL *goes out, a black silhouette, and stands on the platform, his hands locked behind him, his eyes staring away to sea, his shoulders hunched and dogged. In bitter soliloquy:*) Yes, I have been blind! Have been blind!

JEN (*becoming visible as she comes softly near the door behind him*).—But never so blind as you are now, Paul. Ah, you don't know.

PAUL (*his head sinking a little farther into his neck*).—You wanted to kiss Jim Paine. You said that. You wanted Jim Paine's kisses on your mouth. I know that. That's all I need to know.

JEN.—Yes. Just that minute I did, somehow. Like a girl at a party, somehow. . . . And, Paul, I love you.

PAUL (*shaking his shoulders savagely*).—Love! Love! . . . I don't blame you, though. Blame you? God a-livin', no! It isn't your fault. It's fate. It's our make-up. The likes of you ought never to have cast in with the likes of me, that's all. I can see that now. I'm not blind any longer.

JEN (*leaning wearily in the doorway*).—And I say you were never so blind.

PAUL (*shaking himself, ignoring her words*).—You got to have gayety, that's what. You want it—gayety.

JEN.—I want it—yes.

PAUL.—You want the things I couldn't give you—friends, laughter, dancing—

JEN.—Did you ever see woman yet that didn't?

PAUL.—I said it to-night; I say it again. You ought to have married Jim. It would have all been simple if you'd married Jim.

JEN.—Paul, I'm yours.

PAUL.—Mine? Yes, because you're tied to me—tied to me—with a rope!

JEN (*slowly*).—Ah, not one rope. So many. So many.

PAUL (*lowering his head, bull-like, as if to charge the moonlit sky*).—You ought to have the things you like; then you'd be happy. Then love would have stayed. Not the things your living with me could give you. Not loneliness—

JEN (*musing, echoing*).—Not loneliness. Not the loneliness, of an evening, when we've stood up on the walk-around there, and not a sound nor a soul or sail in the world. Stood in the loneliness, together. But that's a rope. . . .

PAUL.—You shouldn't have had Paulie—to bother you. Maybe if you'd married Jim you wouldn't have had a child to wear you down, your nerves,

your temper, your love—till you could almost kill her—for the least thing—not eating her supper—even for just being peaked and pale.

JEN.—Yes—or for creeping into my bed before it's light in the morning, when I'm so sleepy, so sleepy—to snuggle against me and bother me and keep me awake—while she goes off to sleep again. . . . Ropes! Ropes!

PAUL (*his dogged, passionate bitterness rising all the while*).—Nor a blind man, a useless blind man all of a sudden, to have to do for—

JEN.—To have to lead by the hand. Ropes, Paul, ropes! . . .

PAUL.—Nor that—that thing. That pain and horror and grief. That thing last year. That's enough, I suppose, to kill the last—the last of—of a woman's love—

JEN.—Yes—that. . . . That was a year ago to-night, Paul. Had you thought? I had. It was a night like this, full moon, only colder. A cold wind. Or perhaps it was only it seemed cold, because I was so weak. So weak. Remember? And as we stood on the rock down there, after we'd let—the baby—go—then the cold wind seemed to blow right through me, body and soul—so cruel, so sad—it blew out with the tide, where the baby went—blew so cold against my body and soul, all except where your arm was, around me, holding me up. . . . And there wasn't anything left in life that night. Nothing but to stumble on, somehow, on and on, side by side—you and me—together. Ropes! Ropes! . . .

PAUL (*turning slowly to her, unsettled in spite of himself, groping*).—Why—why do you keep saying "ropes" . . . "ropes"?

JEN.—You don't see what love is, Paul. What the love of a woman is for the man she loves. . . .

PAUL.—Wha-what—

JEN.—Ropes, Paul. Nothing but ropes. . . . All those ropes—black ropes and white ones—happy ones and sad—but all ropes, binding us tight, hand and foot and body and soul—so we can't get away from each other—no matter—ever—ever—ever—

PAUL.—Jen, you've never looked at me like that—

JEN.—You've been blind so long. . . . But no! I've been, too. We're all blind. Almost all the time. All of us. Half blind at the least. Dull blind, all of us, almost all the time—till something hits us—and it comes light. . . . (*Fiercely:*) Paul! Kiss me!

PAUL (*taking hold of her shoulders*).—For God's sake, Jen! . . . *Jen!*

[CURTAIN]

THE ALLEGED DEPRAVITY OF POPULAR TASTE

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"THE present vulgarity of the public taste," "the barbarous taste of the public"—these two phrases occur in two separate articles in a recent number of a critical review. In their appraisal of the public taste I wonder whether these writers made any distinction between evidences of popular curiosity and proofs of popular approval! Curiosity is aroused by weeks of skillful advertising, and spends itself in a moment. Curiosity, like suspicion, anger, or amusement, is an emotion easily aroused in the popular breast by the skilled manipulator of crowds, who usually is indifferent to the fact that it is spent in a moment, provided it is spent his way.

"Susie's Double Bed," played night after night in New York to crowded houses. Perhaps even you, gentle reader, helped surreptitiously to swell that crowd. Please analyze frankly your own motives for going. "I wonder," said you, "why everyone keeps talking about that play?" "I wonder," said you again, "how bad it really is!" "Let's break loose and be really wicked," said you to a group of equally respectable pillars of suburban society; "let's have supper in some Italian back yard and then go to that 'Susie' show everyone is talking about"; and by "everyone" you unwittingly meant every billboard, and an army of pen-wielding mongers of stage gossip. So you went and ate small portions of food from soiled dishes and enjoyed it because it was a variation from your routine; and then you went and saw a large portion of "Susie" and came away oddly disappointed. Pause a moment in the lobby as you go out and listen to the comments: "Not much of a show!" "Worn-out plot, but several good laughs." "Daring, wasn't it? Nobody would have stood for that ten years ago!" "Well, now we've seen that, what next?" It is actually the fact that not one of the many comments we overhear indicates that the play has met the approval of popular taste, but rather that popular curiosity has been satisfied.

One would not believe for a moment that the crowds which thronged the Twenty-third Regiment Armory in New York City a few years ago to view the widely advertised exhibition of cubist and futurist paintings were a proof that experiments in these unconventional schools satisfied the popular taste. The exhibiting artists themselves would hasten to disclaim this. The public cannot approve until it has examined, and the chief conclusions to be drawn from the fact that vast numbers did examine are these: that the show had been well advertised, that it was within easy reach of vast numbers, and that the price of admission was not too high.

Let me admit here that I have no settled convictions as to popular taste. My quarrel is with those pronouncements of smug minds which we tend to accept without limiting their application or remeasuring their value. Repeat a statement often enough and people begin to believe you, even though what you say is true. Repeat an aspersion against a person or a public, and if it be epigrammatically expressed at once it becomes currency. "Naturally there's little good in the magazines; their editors have to please the public," says some one or other! "I never read a best seller—you know what popular judgment is worth!" "The play has made a

big hit—it must be bad!" It may be worth while to examine these common slurs upon the popular judgment before we pass them along so glibly.

If we are to discuss popular taste in the light of theater-going, it is worth while asking what portion of the public determines the quality of our drama, as well as what kind it actually approves, and we must first of all focus attention on a small section of Manhattan Island. Here a little group of managers—one might almost call it a clique—limits the public's opportunity to see plays. While undoubtedly these dictators are themselves guided by the popular preference so far as they can gauge it, yet the crowds whose tastes they study are the crowds within easy reach.

New York City's theater-going public is *sui generis*. Very largely it is a visiting public. Mr. and Mrs. Public-on-a-holiday are prone to leave better judgment at home to keep house with the babies and the cook. Pew rents or collection plates are temporarily left out of the estimates. Week-enders in New York develop a weakness at the top end. The manager's problem, especially if he be a man without instinctive taste, is to arouse the superficial curiosity of this passing throng.

It is, in fact, the lively curiosity of even healthy-minded America that plays this unimaginative manager's game for him throughout. "One hundred nights in New York" is a catchword that will fetch the gate receipts in Grand Rapids, where very possibly the New York manager has some interlocking claim upon the leading theater, and Mr. and Mrs. Grand-Rapidian say, "Let's go and see why New York went!" It is even whispered that in cases where the manager of limited vision has failed to arouse floating New York's curiosity up to a hundred-night pitch he has played to "papered" houses at a loss, for enough additional days to justify that magic phrase when on the road. This may at least be credited to his business acumen.

Yet, whatever the manager's caliber, one would assume that current plays on Broadway ought to represent his best effort to *locate* the fixed tastes of his audiences. This might be assumed if each play was a hazard—a gamble on public preferences. If the manager correctly appraises popular taste he wins; if incorrectly, he loses. But it is said on good authority that in not a single Broadway production nowadays is the manager taking any risk. His enterprise is underwritten before it starts. Payments for moving-picture rights, stock rights, and the like, contingent only upon a few days of actual Broadway presentation, are sufficient to protect him against any loss whatever. He is betting on a sure thing. He does not need to educate himself in public taste. He can thrive without such knowledge.

To growl indiscriminately at the theater is not the purpose of this screed, nor would it then fairly represent the attitude of the writer. But in considering common disparagements of the popular taste in drama, it is well to point out that other factors beside general public preference help to determine the character of the most loudly heralded plays. It is possible that the widespread "little theater" movement, the drama leagues and amateur players everywhere are not merely the passing fads of a few "intellectuals." They may be proof of popular unrest over a financial control of the stage that is insufficiently responsive to the common desires. If all butter manufacture on a large scale came under the control of a few men and they marketed a rancid product, we might accuse the public of being weakly acquiescent, but not of preferring rancid butter. And it is a safe guess that little independent sweet-butter factories would spring up here and there over the land and struggle along, despite the difficulties of distribution. It is indeed an acquiescent public, but its conscious preferences will occasionally evidence themselves.

The disparager of popular taste is sure to cite most triumphantly the "movies" of to-day in defense of his views. But

all that has been said in defense of popular taste in connection with the spoken drama may be reiterated and emphasized in the moving-picture field. I can do no better than to quote from the printed word of an expert—one who writes movies as well as of them. He says:

> The infancy of motion pictures has been left to the supervision of (take it by and large) the most dangerous element of our population, the element that represents primarily greed. Greed is part ignorance. The two are inextricably interwoven. . . . To them we have intrusted the early years of the motion picture. For this, our children, and our children's children, must pay. With the appearance of the first motion pictures there was a rush to the new field closely comparable to the rush to some new gold district when a strike has been made in most unpromising regions. The first to arrive on new ground are the daring adventurers who take big risks for the possibility of easy profit—the something-for-nothing men. The first writers for the motion-picture industry, taking it as a whole, were those who happened to be on the ground or in touch with the first studio makers, *with nothing better to do.* The office hangers-on, unable to make good in their own field, willing to take a chance at anything—these were the first men to drift into writing for pictures. And, as with the writers, so with the other branches of the industry, so that by the time the moving-picture industry assumed substantial proportions and began to attract a greater number of high-caliber workers, the stamp of inefficiency, ignorance, and an astounding lack of intelligent idealism already marked the new "art." The more competent of the incompetents—keeping always to generalities and avoiding the specific exceptions that mitigate conditions here and there—found themselves in controlling positions, and formed a barrier which the tides of betterment have been able to beat down but slowly. And the pictures turned out represented, in the aggregate, the low mental and moral and spiritual tone of those first drawn to the industry.

In other words, this writer suggests, as I have suggested in the case of the theater, that its worst manifestations—in fact, its general manifestations—do not so much reflect the tastes of the public as the instincts of the group which control it as an industry; that it has not become fully responsive to the wishes of the public, but only to the misguided efforts of unimaginative greed to interpret those wishes.

The other day I sat in a crowded moving-picture house in a small Colorado city. A "comedy" was on the screen. It was a succession of slapstick situations, almost any one of them so grotesquely absurd as to justify laughter, but following one another in such perplexingly rapid succession as to benumb the risibilities of the audience; and it was a patent fact that either an apathetic or a dazed audience, rather than a delighted one, watched the farce. Suddenly into the midst of the plot was introduced an episode of unnecessary and even inconsistent vulgarity. I watched the reaction with interest, and I believe without prejudice. This was a ten-cent matinée audience, crowded with children. It was a "low-caste" audience, if a supercilious critic might be allowed to classify it, and beyond question it was either offended or embarrassed—probably it could not have analyzed its own emotions and told you which. One can easily imagine the process of evolving that scenario. The producer examined it, interpreted the popular demand by means of his own wizened apperceptions, and said: "Give 'em more rough-house," "Put that there young lady into full tights." "Get more suggestion into the third reel. That's what the public wants." Heaven is most unkind to its common people, in that it provides them with such interpreters.

Yet this producer is by no means stupid. If he injects enough of the startling, the shocking, the arousing, his film will advertise itself to curiosity seekers; even the police powers of the city or some crusading clergyman may give it a boost. True, it will die in a day, but in the meantime it "paid" and he has "turned over his capital." As long as

unadulterated greed exists unchecked such men will give the public curiosity—not the public taste—what it wants.

The present-day trend in moving pictures is comforting to those who have faith in the popular judgment, for surely the producers have not determined to run contrary to a general demand and force upon the people something better than they want; yet everywhere producers, even the stupidest, are revising their editorial staffs, hunting hurriedly for better sources, and vying with one another to destroy that ugly god which they created in their own image and called Public Opinion; groping for a true god which they have no native means of recognizing.

But let us get along to books. In the field of the theater a brilliant Belasco or an imaginative Hopkins might dispute my assertions and I should be at a loss for retorts. The publishing business is obviously in the hands of more men, more widely distributed. A hundred highly competitive publishing houses are striving to ascertain the popular taste and to cater to it. Moreover, the public may send for the books it wants (from among those it has heard about), while it must take whatever theaters it can get to. What sort of book does it mostly want, and who are the buyers of these books?

My friend Jones is a professional critic. He, too, has gauged the American public. He is fond of saying that it prefers to read "sentimental drivel," or "nasty society stuff." I think he has specifically in mind the highly moral fiction of the Rev. Henry B. Williams. I agree with Jones in his estimate of these writings, but I want to be sure that he is right in saying they determine the popular taste.

Sixty million people in this country never see a book, and only about 4 per cent of our population ever get into a bookstore. The book buyers select from among the books they have heard about. Yet they hear of very few, because, for a popular commodity, books are remarkably underadvertised. This must be so. Mr. Gillette makes one safety razor and his entire advertising appropriation pushes its sales. Mr. Henry Holt publishes one hundred books and whatever advertising appropriation he can afford must be divided among them. Each may get a hundredth part of his budget. Mr. Gillette will make the same razor next year. Mr. Holt will make a hundred new books, with brand-new names demanding entirely different advertising.

Moreover, book-distributing methods are painfully inadequate. It is said that there are fewer retail bookstores in the United States to-day than there were fifty years ago. In a half million homes where reading is desired, what do you find? The Bible, a "home doctor," a history of the world, sold on subscription by some itinerant vender, and then what? *Ben Hur*, perhaps, and a worn volume of Scott or Dickens, and some school books. Please realize that when a new volume of Mr. So-and-So's salacious stuff is tossed from the presses next spring, it is seized upon by the merest fringe of our vast literate population. At the end of six months its sales are dead as a doornail; yet *David Copperfield* is still selling in twenty or thirty different editions, and *A Tale of Two Cities* in forty or more. "Ah," says critic Jones, "that isn't public taste; that's habit. Sets of Dickens aren't books; they are furniture, library wall paper, certificates of culture." Jones would be right if the chief sale of Dickens were by sets, but it is not. One of the many low-priced editions, the year before the war, sold, of *David Copperfield*, 4,700 copies; of *Nicholas Nickleby*, 2,100; *Pickwick Papers*, 2,000; *Tale of Two Cities*, 2,000; *Our Mutual Friend*, 1,100; and other individual volumes of his works in almost negligible quantity. All this was despite the fact that every public library had them. In the year of Dickens's death twenty-one different editions of his works were on sale in America; forty-five years later there were as many as

fifty of certain volumes. In that same year before the war a certain best seller went up to one hundred thousand copies in six months and then went down—and out.

It is easy to be misled by flash-in-the-pan successes, when judging popular taste. Mr. So-and-So's society scandals make a very loud noise and then die. Any publisher in the land, if offered a choice between the works of best-seller So-and-So and the works of Joseph Conrad, for instance, would choose the latter, because Conrad's works are a better property in their second year than in their first. Let us substitute the phrase "quick seller" for "best seller" and keep our meanings clear. Two of America's best sellers in the field of copyright fiction are *Ben Hur*, with close on two million sales, and *David Harum*, with more than a million. The publishers of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* a few weeks ago manufactured fifty thousand copies each of these two books, to carry them through the coming year, and these stories were first published over forty years ago. It is a safe bet that five out of this year's "six best sellers" will, two years from now, be as the grass that withered; while in the same year *Captain January* and *A Bird's Christmas Carol* and *The Man Without a Country* will approach or enter their second million; and even next year *Lorna Doone* will outsell them all.

What the public wants in the way of literature is a slightly different question from "What does the public like?" I have said that it quite naturally wants to see what it has heard about. And there is always this dominant third question, "What is it able to get?" I am not sure what it likes, but I am optimistic in my guessing.

No, the vast general public, as far as it is buying books at all, is not buying quick sellers, anomalous as that statement may sound. An English publisher announces a new series of cloth-bound books at a low price and of a handy size, and within a few months over a million copies are sold. The editor of the series does not choose his titles from among those books whose sale in their day was due wholly to an aroused public curiosity. He finds the books whose continued sale, however slow, proved that they had *met the approval of popular taste*, and these are republished, and now sell all over again in a fashion to put the six-months-old quick seller to shame.

I have urged that one may not estimate by means of quick sellers the standards of popular literary taste. Yet when one hundred thousand people, out of our small total of book buyers, see fit to buy a new book within six months of its publication, that is a phenomenon that I must not dismiss over lightly. They tell me that those sentimental novels by the Rev. Henry B. Williams, for instance, which to Jones's annoyance have sold so phenomenally, were advertised and distributed with unprecedented lavishness and skill. They were brought to the notice of people who wanted to read, but never had a book thrust upon their attention before, as safety razors had been thrust upon their attention, or made so easy to buy. But perhaps that does not tell the whole story. Jones says, "Those books are without merit; the public buys them; therefore the public has no literary judgment." I admit that I don't like the stories, but, since so many human beings do, there may be certain merits in them that I fail to appreciate. Jones and I proceed from different premises. But it seems to me important to note that certain other books by the same author, although equally sentimental and distasteful to Jones, had the same selling force back of them and yet failed to win public approval. Some simple quality, overlooked by the critic, causes this difference. Perhaps its very simplicity is the reason he overlooks it.

When *David Harum* appeared and gradually secured a sale that was a record-breaker in its day, my friend

Jones and others said it only went to prove the poor quality of popular taste. Now we realize that there was in the book an artistic and spiritually truthful picture of a certain homely American type. That character sold the book and kept on selling it. I have known Jones himself to sit patiently through a great deal of bad vaudeville and feel well repaid when Madame Bernhardt came on. I have heard him extol Drinkwater's "Lincoln" and quite ignore the impossible negro dialect, or the maidservant with English manners out in Illinois in 1859. Perhaps the public, too, does not place the seal of its approval on a whole book when it buys and buys, but only upon some one quality or some one character in the story that it is able to recognize as true in spirit. And it accepts, or ignores as nonessential, certain accompanying characteristics that to Jones may mean the book's damnation.

If so, I am sure it is not any subtle element, for the popular mind is not subtle. Whatever actually suits the public taste must be as simple and as obvious as Millet's "Angelus." Moreover, it may not be cynical or inconoclastic. Virtue must be extolled, sin deplored. The popular taste prefers optimism to pessimism just as the "general public" still believes in God and the ten commandments. It is true that an indecent book if well advertised can can secure a large sale. But publishers will tell you that the limit of sale, though large, is definite and can soon be reached; and no amount of skillful merchandizing could therefore be made to pay. A certain magazine has attained success by appealing to prurient curiosity. It has gradually built up and maintained a definite and profitable circulation. But that circulation is a small fraction of potential magazine readers. On the other hand, those household magazines which have run into circulations of a million and a half or two million, weekly or monthly, find it worldly-wise to be virtuous to the point of vapidity; and they could, if it were not unprofitable to do so, extend their circulations indefinitely.

If I were to create a story that approached literary perfection, and then wrote it in French, no one could assert that popular lack of interest in it proved the public's lack of good taste. The public in this instance would be limited to those with a reading knowledge of French. If my story presupposes a knowledge of applied psychology and makes use of many technical terms in that field of research, then I have again shut out a large portion of the public. My "price of admission" is too high.

A publisher friend of mine calls these superficial qualities of literature "entrance requirements." As you add to their number or to their esotericism, you reduce the number of those who can get into your book. But that limited number has not necessarily a finer sense of what is the good and the true and the beautiful in literature. Many of them may have. But some may be as blind as bats in the sunlight. You have merely a cross section of the public, cut to the lines of your entrance requirements.

I doubt whether it is any disparagement of the public's good taste to say that it prefers the simple and the obvious. Add a frock coat and silk hat to the rudimentary costume of the "Discus Thrower" and, though the fine lines are still underneath, you have made the statue less perfect by reason of these embellishments—and it will become still more grotesque with the passing of the silk hat. It is because of those qualities in the sculptor's achievement which are unhidden by fads and ephemeral embellishments that it still lives. My friend Jones would protest against such a discus thrower, but his faultfinding would be because the frock coat was not a cutaway.

In fact I begin to suspect that Jones enjoys faultfinding. Yet he himself does not face criticism cheerfully. He does not like me to tell him, for instance, that he gains more enjoyment from the contemplation of technique than of accom-

plishment. Nor does he like me to say that criticism is noncreative and a parasite among the arts, thriving upon literature as mistletoe thrives upon the oak. Far be it from me to wish the mistletoe abolished—it has certain pleasing social functions. But I notice that it only pretends to have roots of its own; and it often injures a delicate oak, while it never builds up a strong one. As for contemplating the beauty of the forest, it may see only the limbs from which it draws its sustenance. Critics can too easily lose touch with the public. They are not sure what it likes, but they know its tastes must be lower than their own.

"But, Mr. Omniscience," say you, "what does the public like?" First, something it can understand; second, something it *recognizes* as spiritually true; third, something that is not destructive of its fundamental faith in the eventual outworking of all things for good; finally, and more specifically, the things it really likes are the things it *keeps on* buying. For this last is not a vague generality. It means that if revivals of "Pinafore" or "Robin Hood" or "Wang" arouse greater enthusiasm forty or thirty or twenty years after their creation than a current light opera six months old, then they are the better criteria of popular taste. It means that any novel which sells successfully ten years after publication is better evidence on which to judge standards of public approval than one which dies in six months.

When Hardy's novels appeared, the public disregarded the judgments of the critics and, having selected certain ones for favor, *kept on buying them*. Critics now say that these certain ones are most worthy of survival. Critics tell us that Dickens must rest his reputation upon a certain three or four books. The public settled upon those books in the beginning, and keeps on buying them.

Let me frankly admit, in conclusion, that whatever arguments I may have presented in the foregoing are largely negative. I would urge that those evidences of the popular taste which you find most depressing are not good evidence. On the stage and in moving pictures the evidence seems to me to indicate that the public likes something much better than it generally gets. In books the greatest percentage of the literate public gets nothing at all. Quick sellers indicate first of all good merchandising methods and some curiosity-arousing quality. What ever else they indicate remains to be proved.

"What do you think of the popular taste in books?" I asked a bookseller of unusually wide experience.

"A most interesting question just now, for this reason," he replied. "Even before the Great War the old classics had begun to give way. Few read George Eliot now. Fewer each year are reading Scott. Before long we shall be unable to measure public taste by old standards. What are the new? Live behind a book counter year in and year out, as I have done, and you may find cause for depression in the stuff that crosses that counter. But it is noting the character of the books that buyers still call for, two and three years after their glory has departed from the advertising spaces, that makes an optimist of me."

A negative argument will not settle anything, it is true. But, as I said in the beginning, I have not sought to settle anything. On the contrary, I want to unsettle something—namely, your mind, in case it is contentedly wearing certain hand-me-down ideas about the "barbarous taste of the public" without first considering whether or not they fit. If they do, by all means wear them.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROMLEY

BY MARGUERITE LUSK STORRS

THE five people who sat about the heavy table in Johnston Croft's library were unusually silent. Portentous things had been planned within those dull-hued walls, but never anything more portentous than the problem which faced them to-night. Of the four men and one woman present each realized thoroughly that the end of Croft Potteries was imminent.

For fifteen years the vice-president, the general manager, and the business manager of the Potteries had dined with its president, Johnston Croft, every Thursday night. There had been a time when Elizabeth Croft, his wife, had not been present at the informal business meeting which followed dinner. But during her husband's illness seven years before she had taken his place at the solid oak table, and since then she had remained one of the conclave.

Elizabeth was pouring coffee now, a maid at her elbow ready to receive the filled cup. The floor lamp beside her gave a tinge of blue to the dull gold of her gown, brought out threads of gray in her dark hair, revealed a very few lines on her calm face.

Elizabeth placed two lumps of sugar in the bottom of a cup with an easy grace that made it an unconscious ceremony, added cream, poured the clear brown fluid and said, "Mr. Langdon."

Horace Langdon, vice-president of Croft Potteries, watched her from his seat across the table. He had once heard a man who knew women say that they were like rooms. If that was true, he thought, whimsically, the library was Elizabeth. The library with its high, dark walls, its fine old books which had belonged to Elizabeth's father and were themselves works of art, their age-tinted bindings mellowed into a symphony of color, its heavy chairs, its brass andirons made to represent ancient Chinese gods, the tall vase that topped the bookcase behind Johnston Croft.

This was the first vase which had been made in the Romley potteries. Of olive-green, fine and straight, with an austere decoration in black, the design being that of an Italian cypress, it was a thing of perfect proportion, its very simplicity the proof of the most difficult art. Yes, more than anything else, the vase was Elizabeth. So thought Horace Langdon.

"Stockley out in San Francisco wired for another carload to-day," said Johnston Croft.

He rubbed his partially helpless left hand with his strong right one in the way that had become customary to him since the stroke of paralysis seven years before. His stooped body leaned toward them over the table, his long-jawed face reaching out to his listeners.

"Another carload, with production at a standstill!" he said. "Ha! Funny, that!"

No one laughed. No one betrayed any great interest in the remark. It had apparently been rendered as small talk and was received as such.

Elizabeth was placing a cup upon its saucer. She did it slowly, her fingers lingering in a caress that reminded Langdon of a woman stroking the cheek of a child. The cup was Romley china, etched in gold with bands of Persian blue. This was one of the first designs that Elizabeth's father, Gresham Romley, had perfected in the Romley factories, now a part of the larger Croft Potteries which made, not china, but more prosaic bath fittings.

Drawn by John Newton Howitt

"THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY," SHE SAID IN A HALF WHISPER

Langdon thought of his first visit to Romley Potteries and of Elizabeth's father, half blind, prematurely aged through long years of experiment and business adversity. He had moved like an eccentric patron spirit about a table on which were a few pieces of Romley china.

"None better made!" he had said. "Europe can't beat it. Make me rich some day. Maybe not me, but anyway my daughter. She's worked here with me since she was a child. Ever meet my daughter?"

Langdon had replied that he had not. Gresham Romley had put out a trembling hand and lifted a plate close to his eyes. His touch had caressed the china as Elizabeth's now caressed the graceful cup.

"Florentine, I call this," he had said. "Worked a long time on it. The colors were hard, hard! Last I'll ever make, I'm afraid. Eyes very bad now."

Langdon had seen many pieces of Florentine since that day, Florentine with the luster of old ivory and colors that might have been splashed on by the brush of a Raphael.

"My daughter likes Wycherly best," Gresham Romley had said, "but I think my favorite's Florentine."

The silence of the room was heavy with the thoughts of the people about the table. Elizabeth's movements were the same as they had been in all those seven years during which Langdon had sat and watched her fingers curve about the handle of the squat silver teapot, yet to Langdon there was now a certain solemnity about them as if she were performing some final holy rite, and her voice when she directed the maid held a new hush as if she spoke in the presence of a great disintegrating force, like death.

Oscar Dent cut the stillness of the room, his hearty, overloud voice striking a note of discord as does the high-toned curiosity of a passing tourist in the grand and empty nave of a cathedral.

"Hear you reduced your golf handicap to-day!" he asked Elizabeth

"Yes."

The hush of her voice sent Dent back into an uneasy silence. He had been one of the group for less than five years and he never seemed to grow accustomed to Johnston Croft's beautiful silent wife.

Maurice Glinert smiled at Dent and stroked his mustache in a slow, satisfied way. His smile irritated Langdon. It sighed at Dent's clumsiness while it approved too blandly of Glinert's own apperception.

They drank their coffee, accompanied by the *tchk* of delicate cup on fragile saucer and mumbled remark by Johnston Croft about the recent retirement of a valued head clerk. A few weeks ago Langdon would have answered this with a suggestion as to who might be chosen to fill the absent man's place. Now he heard it with dull detachment, as if Croft Potteries had passed already into other hands.

The maid placed a log on the fire. The coffee things were removed and cigars passed. Each man leaned back to the full comfort of his chair, regarding the lighted end of his weed as if he found that easier than to meet his fellows' eyes. Finally Johnston Croft hitched himself upright.

"Well!" he said.

That was his way of introducing the issue. They looked at him and about the table, each one waiting silently for the others to speak, knowing the words that would come must be but the pronouncement of a doom.

"Well, Well!" repeated Johnston Croft. "You know what you're here for."

"To talk it over," said Oscar Dent. "But what's the use of talking? We're all bled dry, we know that! Bled dry, all of us!" he repeated, mournfully, and he appeared to have lost even his awe of Elizabeth as he looked around, seeming to challenge denial of his statement.

"Bled dry!" The words repeated themselves to Langdon and with them recurred the thought which had come

first that morning after he had received Athalie's letter. A surprise—that letter. His wife had taken her own road to virtual freedom ten years ago. He had supposed Athalie would be glad to have him legalize that freedom . . . and now, to have her not only protest against divorce, but ask for reconciliation. . . . "Bled dry!" Yes, *he* was all of that. But there was Athalie's money—in his hands if he took her back. . . . Athalie's money more than doubled now by her uncle's recent death . . . and Croft Potteries doomed.

Langdon roused himself impatiently and looked at Elizabeth. Her eyes were lowered to her clasped hands that twitched slightly as they lay on the table edge. That gold color suited her. Whatever she ever wore was always a part of her—as was the library. He tried to think of Athalie in the library but he could not. *Her* room would be a boudoir—yes, a boudoir.

Looking at Elizabeth, Langdon's resentment toward his wife slipped to pity. Poor Athalie! Coming to him like the little filly that spends her days running around and around the high fence inclosing her, yet turns back from the open gate to the safety of the big barn. He stood for respectability to Athalie . . . and perhaps she was beginning to realize the worth of that. He reflected that Athalie must have been frightfully snubbed in those ten years. Childishly she felt that to return to her husband's house, to be reinstated as his wife, would erase all that lay between. How tremendously like Athalie!

Maurice Glinert spoke slowly. His voice was soft and properly shaded as if in deference to the dead.

"The point to-night is supposed to be how the potteries shall be saved," he said; "but, shall we say, it is rather how we shall let them go?"

"What *part* of them we shall let go," corrected Johnston Croft, and now his heavy face was keen, the dullness of his eyes had given place to a rapacious eagerness. Langdon knew the look. It was the one he wore when he planned big issues.

"What part?" puzzled Oscar Dent.

Johnston Croft laid his right hand over his slightly twitching left one.

"Foster," he said. "Remember how Foster came to us five years ago?"

Langdon did remember Foster, a heavy, pushing man who had talked to them in Johnston Croft's private office.

"You mean the china-potteries Foster?" inquired Glinert. "I didn't know he ever came to us. What did he want?"

"Want?" repeated Johnston Croft. "The Romley Potteries—and the formula."

Langdon turned to Elizabeth at the words. Her eyes were wide and fixed uncomprehendingly upon her husband's face. Her hands unclasped themselves and slipped along to grasp the table at either side of her.

"The Romley Potteries!" A certain excitement had crept into Oscar Dent's voice. "What was he willing to pay?"

"I told him they were not for sale. To-day I went to New York and talked the proposition over with him."

Langdon saw the muscles of Elizabeth's throat contract with the effort of her swallowing, but she made no sound. The dazed question of her eyes was turning to a look of stricken understanding.

"Yes, yes!" said Glinert.

"He'll buy," said Johnston Croft.

"At a figure that will save the big potteries?"

"Yes."

"No, no!" Elizabeth's voice cut through the haze of tobacco smoke. "No, no! You can't!"

She was standing. Langdon too had sprung to his feet. Johnston Croft leaned back looking up at her. His eyes, with their baggy pouch of wrinkles underneath, showed a faint trace of impatience.

"Sit down," he said. "Don't get excited! Nothing done yet."

She seated herself, slowly, tensely.

"There must be some other way," she said, in a half whisper.

"If there is, tell us about it," said Johnston Croft.

Elizabeth drew her hand across her forehead as if to drive away the smoke. Langdon saw that her eyes went above her husband's head and stopped on the olive-green vase.

"If it came to bankruptcy," said Oscar Dent, with elaborate attempt at consolation, "the Romley Potteries would have to go anyway."

"We might have saved—*them!*" said Elizabeth.

"It's the big potteries that matter," said Johnston Croft, impatiently. "Romley's never paid extra well, anyway."

"But they've been paying splendidly since the war," said Elizabeth. "I saw the statements when I was at the Potteries this morning."

"Can't help it! Matter of saving our own necks."

"The very fact that Foster wants them shows what the Romley's reputation has become!" Elizabeth's voice was despairing.

"They're worth more to him than to me. Foster's got miles of china potteries. Cost of production correspondingly less."

"Foster!" shivered Elizabeth. "I've seen him! I've seen his china. He'd take . . . the soul . . . out of Romley!"

"The soul!" Johnston Croft dragged his withered hand up to hold the cigar he was relighting. "The soul! Ha! Funny, that!"

"It looks like the only way out," said Glinert, "if Foster pays enough."

"He'll pay enough!" said Johnston Croft. "You haven't said what you think of it, Horace."

Athalie's letter! It flaunted itself before Langdon's eyes so that Johnston Croft's words came to him dimly. "Pay enough . . . pay enough" . . . . Some one had asked him a question and they were all waiting for his answer as if it were of great importance. It was, too, greater than they dreamed. He spoke dully through the insistent question of his thoughts:

"I see no other way out."

Elizabeth settled slowly back in her chair. Somewhere in the house a clock chimed ten musical strokes. Oscar Dent looked at his watch.

"I told Foster I'd take the matter up at the next directors' meeting," said Johnston Croft. "That's a week from Friday."

Langdon rose impatiently. The cigar smoke was pressing in upon him. He wanted to open wide the throttle of the gray roadster that waited for him outside, and feel the wind against his face.

Oscar Dent mumbled his embarrassed "good night" to Elizabeth. Glinert assured her that her dinner had been as unvaryingly perfect as her dinners always were. Langdon wondered at the poise of her, the sane sureness of her handclasp, then he saw the tragedy of her eyes and understood.

"There's always a way out!" Johnston Croft said as he followed Oscar Dent from the room with the slight dragging of his left foot that was now a part of him. "Always a way out. The only thing is to find it."

Langdon passed after them into the hall, but there he hesitated, glanced back toward the library door, then reentered it. Elizabeth was walking toward the bookcase that held the green vase. It struck Langdon that she moved unseeingly, like a blind person. In the same way her hands fumbled upward until they rested on the smooth china. She leaned her forehead wearily against the top of the bookcase.

"Mrs. Croft!" said Langdon.

She faced him slowly, one hand still touching the vase. Her eyes were hopeless, but they held no tears.

"The Romley Potteries—" said Langdon. "I am sorry about them."

Elizabeth's hand moved caressingly back and forth across the vase as if it stroked the cheek of a child.

"Thank you!" she said.

"We may yet find a way out."

"I am—afraid not."

"The Potteries mean a great deal to you. I understand. I think I understand better than the others. I knew your father."

"It was my father's dream," said Elizabeth, "that America could do everything as well as or better than Europe if she but gave the time to it. He said he would make a china as fine in workmanship, color, and design as any foreign potter had ever devised. People laughed at him. They said he was a fool to think he could compete with Europe. But he persisted.

"He would not sell a piece of Romley until his method had been perfected and he felt it to be all he had dreamed for it. People look now at that wonderful, ivory-tinted glaze and say, 'How beautiful!' They do not know *that* alone represents ten years of my father's life; that the designs and color-blending mean many more. They don't think of the molds that were destroyed before the symmetry and grace of one cup could be accomplished."

Elizabeth's cheeks were deeply flushed. Her eyes bright as they were never bright except when she talked of Romley china.

"He was an artist, my father!" she exclaimed. "An artist and an American! Why, you know what the great ceramic expert from London said of Romley, here in this very library! He said, 'Mrs. Croft, I am an Englishman, but before that I am an artist and I tell you frankly, Europe cannot compete with you!'"

She brushed her hand impatiently across her eyes.

"And they would sell it to Foster!" she cried. "Why, they had better destroy every piece and the formula with it! Foster making Romley! It would be like a painter of magazine covers attempting a Sir Joshua Reynolds. How could *he* understand a china that was art?"

She smiled apologetically, her voice dropping into its usual quiet tones:

"I'm sorry to have said so much, but —Romley was my father's life. Now—it is mine!" The last word was a whisper.

"You have seen that Romley kept the perfection your father created," said Langdon. "I know the hours you spend every week in the factory."

"It will be hard—when the pottery is gone." Elizabeth's voice was dull and tired now; "if I had had children—they might have compensated, but . . . ."

"You have spent your maternity on Romley china," said Langdon.

"Yes," her eyes thanked him for having expressed it so neatly. "If it went to anyone but Foster," she added, hopelessly. "He will take—the *soul*—out of it!"

"The soul you and your father put in."

Elizabeth's hand moved slowly back and forth across the olive-green vase.

"I saved Romley once," she said, as if speaking to herself, "but I can't do it —again."

Langdon knew what she meant. He remembered Johnston Croft by his office desk fifteen years before.

"Old Romley died this morning," Johnston had said, rubbing his hands—both strong and healthy then—slowly together.

"Wonder what will happen to Romley's Potteries?" Langdon had answered.

"Oh, that!" Johnston had shrugged. "Scrap heap! It won't pay the creditors. He was a fool to think he could compete with Europe on fine china. He tried to interest me in it years ago, but I knew it was too damned expensive to pay."

"Romley leave much of a family?" Langdon had asked. "When I visited his potteries seems to me he mentioned a daughter."

Then had come a strange flicker beating its way through the shrewd blue of Johnston Croft's eyes above their pouch of wrinkles.

"A daughter, yes!" he had said. "Only a daughter."

A month later had come the news that Johnston Croft was to marry Elizabeth Romley and close upon that Langdon had been summoned to the president's office.

"I'm taking over the Romley Potteries," Johnston Croft had said. "May be able to make them pay after a bit and then consolidate with the Croft Potteries. Might go down and look it over, Horace."

Elizabeth drew her hand slowly from the vase and held it out to Langdon.

"Thank you for waiting—and understanding," she said.

"Don't feel so sorry about the potteries," said Langdon; "there may be another way out. I think perhaps there is."

"How?" asked Elizabeth, and her eyes quickened with a newborn hope.

"It is a bit hazy as yet. I must think it over."

Elizabeth Croft, that rare woman, who seldom talked, withdrew her hand. Her eyes smiled questioningly at him as she murmured her "Good night!"

In the outer hall Johnston Croft was just turning away from the door.

"Not off yet, Horace?" he asked.

"Not off yet."

"You'll have to get your own coat. Elizabeth's dismissed the butler. Retrenchment, you know. Egad! we seem to get along well enough without him, though!"

"Well enough, I'm sure. Good night!"

On the following Saturday Johnston Croft did not come to his office. Elizabeth telephoned to Langdon that her husband was ill.

"I don't know how serious it is," she said. "The doctor tells me he must have complete rest."

Her voice was colorless, all its vibrance gone. Langdon thought of her beside Johnston Croft's bed and it was to her his heart gave sympathy rather than to her husband.

On Monday the president of the Croft Potteries was reported no better. It was Tuesday morning that Langdon wrote a letter without the aid of his stenographer. He addressed it to "Mrs. Athalie Langdon, Hotel Biltmore, New York City." Then he placed it before him on his desk. Twice his finger hovered above the bell ready to summon the office boy to drop the letter down the mail chute, but each time he drew back.

The impassive superscription on the envelope questioned him. He read the morning mail with his eyes turning constantly to that unanswered query. When he looked up to find Elizabeth Croft in the doorway it was with no feeling of surprise, but rather that this was what he had waited for. He advanced to meet her with a new elation, feeling that this must be different from any former contact he had had with her. It was the clear poise of her own words that brought him back his business self, vice-president of Croft Potteries.

"Johnston wanted me to talk over a few things with you," she said, "and bring him any letters you thought particularly important."

"He is better?" Langdon questioned, drawing out a chair for her.

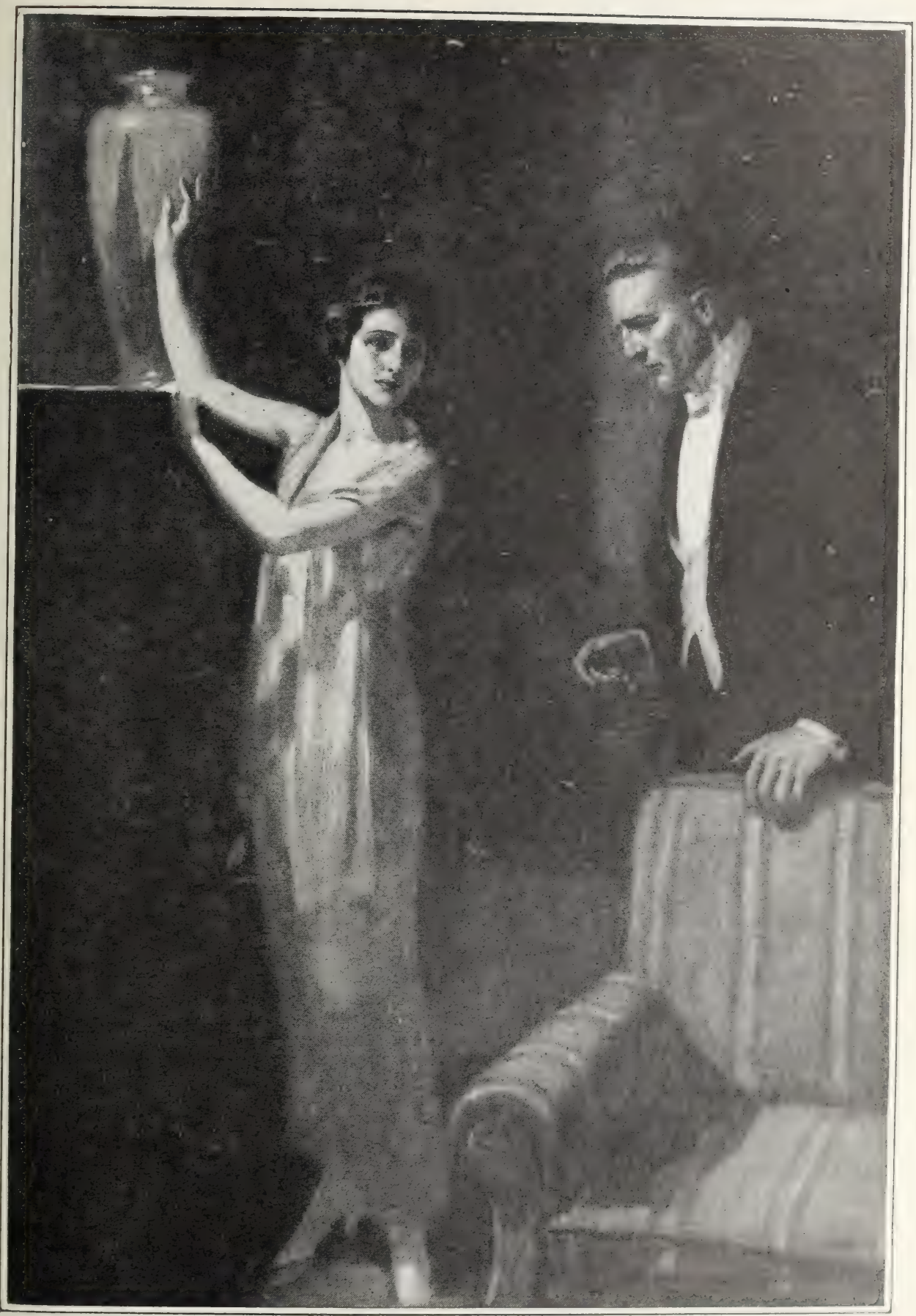
"I am—afraid not."

As she was a part of the library, so she was a part of Langdon's office with its well-chosen pictures, its soft-toned rugs, its wide mahogany desk containing a squat Romley vase with a design in colors and filled with daffodils.

While they talked of business, her mind grasping instantly the problems he put to it, he noticed that her eyes went again and again to the flowers. When Langdon turned to search in a drawer for a contract Johnston Croft must sign, she put out her hand and touched the piece of Romley china.

"Florentine," she said. "It was the last my father designed before his sight grew too dim for him to do more. He called it Florentine because he said the colors were of Italy as he and my mother saw it on their wedding trip. He loved this best. I always liked—Wycherly!"

Langdon wanted to comfort her.



Drawn by John Newton Howitt

"ROMLEY WAS MY FATHER'S LIFE. NOW—IT IS MINE!"

Eager, tender words crowded suddenly to his lips, born from the new nearness of her this day had brought. But, afraid of himself, he cut them off by handing her the contract.

"Here it is!" he said. "Have him sign it, and I should like it this afternoon if you can manage conveniently."

Elizabeth placed the paper in her velvet bag and stood across from him looking down into the heart of the flowers.

"Mr. Croft is — more ill than he knows," she said. "The—the doctor tells me it may be less than a year; possibly, if he takes care of himself, three or four."

"You mean he has had another stroke?" Langdon came quickly around the table to her.

"Only a threatened one. But his heart—it has been troublesome for a long time you know."

"This is hard! I'm mighty sorry. Is —is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"I wish you didn't have to bear this alone," he said. "If there were only some one to help you!"

"I have always been alone," she said, as one who quietly accepts the inevitable. "I am accustomed to it." Her voice held no hint of complaint. It but stated a fact.

"Yes, it has been true," said Langdon, "but it need not be true always. Perhaps later . . . ."

He caught a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes and wondered if his were telling her all the things his lips could not say, things even his heart had hardly dared say until that moment. Always he had seen her across the heavy, stooping figure of Johnston Croft, the mental figure, if not the physical. Now Johnston Croft was very far away.

"You have been most kind," said Elizabeth, and now the uncertainty was in her voice as well, a little catch that made the blood flow through Langdon's veins with a new, throbbing richness, as if he were on the eve of a glorious discovery.

Her eyes fell from their steady regard of him and he saw that she was looking at the letter with its bold, questioning superscription. The fact that she had seen it did not embarrass him; rather it was as if she had the right. He took the letter and stood holding it balanced on his palm.

"I told you I might be able to save Romley," he said.

"Yes!" and now the uncertainty was gone from her eyes and the light which only mention of Romley could bring to them rested there.

"My wife wants a reconciliation," said Langdon. "This letter is to her. It opens the way for me to save Romley, if I send it."

She raised her hand slowly to her throat and her eyes seemed to battle against the thing she was beginning to realize. It was characteristic of her that she grasped so quickly the meaning of his enigmatic words, characteristic, too, that she made no pretense of misunderstanding. She said, after a moment:

"You love her?"

"No."

And now, though he did not speak further, he was giving her with every fiber of his being the triumphant message that thrilled through him. That "No" seemed to leave him free. It erased Johnston Croft, Romley Potteries, even Athalie, from his reckoning. Elizabeth half put out her hand as if to push away the thing he was giving, and yet her eyes held a new, groping gladness. Then she turned from him to the door.

"I must go," she said. "No! Please don't see me downstairs. I want to go—alone."

He yielded to her. There was time—a whole lifetime. He stood looking at the door where she had disappeared, seeing only that new precious light in her eyes. Finally his eyes went down to the letter in his hand. He turned it over and over as if it were one he had just received and he puzzled what its contents might be. Then he slit the envelope and read the words he had written that

morning, the words that would bring Athalie back to him, the words that would save Romley. After that he tore the sheet of notepaper across once and again and again, letting the jagged pieces flutter to the waste-basket. One fell upon the floor and he stooped to pick it up and place it carefully with the remainder.

Elizabeth telephoned Langdon on Thursday to say that they would have dinner as usual. Johnston Croft would not join them, but he might come down later if the doctor thought him well enough. She added that Johnston had a few business matters he wanted to discuss privately with Langdon. Possibly if Langdon came early—

There was nothing in the world he wanted more than that. The sound of Elizabeth's voice on the wire had brought back that feeling of triumphant conquest before which everything else faded. His pulses throbbed as he drew his gray roadster up before Johnston Croft's house and he paced the mauve-toned carpet of the reception hall eagerly while he waited for her to appear.

Elizabeth was in olive-green, a black scarf over her shoulders. Langdon thought again of that straight green vase with its austere decoration in Italian cypress. He went to meet her impetuously, feeling that she understood, that she belonged to him. But her clear voice stopped him and chilled the beating of his blood.

"Good evening, Mr. Langdon!" she said, and she was farther away from him than she had been in all those days when he had not seen her.

As Langdon walked beside Elizabeth up the stairs toward Johnston Croft's room his confidence returned, and the hurt boy in him laughed at itself. What had he expected Elizabeth to do? There could be nothing definite now. He had been able to forget Johnston Croft, but she, constantly in attendance on his querulous wants, could not forget him. That did not matter! Langdon could wait. He could wait.

"Well, well! Glad to see you!" said Johnston Croft from his heaped pillows. His face was gray against their whiteness, and the wrinkled pouches seemed to push his dull blue eyes half shut. There was a shaded lamp on a table by the bed. Langdon seated himself near this while Elizabeth drew back into the shadow. Johnston Croft's left hand twitched slightly on the coverlid and he quieted it with his strong right one.

To Langdon the questions Johnston Croft asked sounded strangely puerile and inconsequential. The business man of him sat there and answered them while the lover of him was conscious only of Elizabeth. Once his eyes met hers and he caught a glint of fright in them. He wondered if she was thinking of that moment in the office, the moment that had drawn them together.

"You haven't heard anything from Foster?" Johnston Croft questioned, presently.

"Nothing." Langdon had seen Elizabeth wince at the name.

"Too bad we have to let Romley go," said Johnston Croft, with a glance at his wife, "but there is no other way."

"There might be." Langdon was not aware that he had spoken until the words were out. Perhaps they unconsciously answered the sudden tragedy of Elizabeth's eyes.

"Eh! What's that?" Johnston Croft started to draw himself erect, then sank back upon his pillows. "What do you mean?"he demanded.

"I was—thinking," said Langdon, slowly, "there might be a way," and he looked at Elizabeth.

She sprang to her feet and he with her. Her hand was at her throat.

"What's this about? What are you trying to say, Horace?" Johnston Croft asked, testily.

"Nothing. I— It just occurred to me. Not really formulated . . . probably nothing to it."

"Well, tell me and let me see what there is to it!"

"If I think the idea is worth anything

I'll outline it in the library this evening," said Langdon. "Don't you suppose, Mrs. Croft, that I had better go downstairs now?"

Elizabeth went with Langdon to the library where she belonged. She stopped before the high-flung flames in the fireplace, her hands lightly clasped before her. The fire made golden flickers on the dull green of her gown. Langdon looked from it to the vase. Yes, they matched perfectly.

"Elizabeth!" he said. He had never spoken her name before, yet he did it with no consciousness that it was unusual. "Elizabeth, do you still care so greatly for Romley?"

"Romley?" Her voice was almost inaudible. "Yes, I shall always care for Romley."

"Elizabeth, I . . . I didn't send the letter I showed you in the office that day. I—destroyed it."

"Yes." She was apparently unsurprised. She tilted her head back and looked up at him. It seemed as if they stood again in his office for her voice held that uncertain catch.

"*You* know why I didn't send it," he said. "You knew I wouldn't after—" She was withdrawing herself from him again. He felt that, even though she made no actual movement of her body. It was as if Johnston Croft stepped between them with his long-jawed face, his pouched eyes.

"Suppose," said Langdon, more quietly, "well—suppose you bought a vase of inferior make, a pretty enough thing, but no more, and later you learned you might have had a Romley—like that up there . . . a Romley with a soul!"

Elizabeth was looking at the olive-green vase. Langdon moved nearer to her so that he might lay his hand upon her arm.

"It wouldn't do for a man to make a mistake like that!" he said.

Elizabeth turned to him again, and now her eyes were only deeply sorrowful, her voice hushed, as if she spoke in the presence of death.

"*He* would take the soul from it!" she said, and Langdon knew she meant Foster.

The man's touch fell from her arm as she moved across the room to the vase. She raised her hands and laid them against the smooth china. There was a silence with the crackle of logs in the grate, the whisper of a curtain moving against a partly opened window. Then came the sound of a distant bell, men's voices in the hall. Langdon crossed the room to Elizabeth. She dropped her arms and stood facing him.

"I can save Romley," he said. "Whether I do it or not lies with you."

She looked at him searchingly, quietly, then put her hands to her face.

"No, no!" she cried. "It must not lie with me!"

"But it does."

"I can't—they are here! . . . I must go!"

His voice stopped her at the door. "You must decide—to-night!"

"To-night!" Her voice was panicky as he had never heard it before. Her eyes seemed to fight against the thing they feared they might betray. She looked past him to the vase, then straightened. "Before the evening—is over!" she breathed.

"You will tell me?"

"Yes." And she was gone.

Dinner in the candle-lighted dining room was a quiet affair that night. Elizabeth spoke seldom, Langdon not at all. Oscar Dent's labored small talk fell heavily from time to time. Maurice Glinert filled in awkward moments with his easy social acumen. There was an air of relief about them all when they could return to the library.

There the fire danced a greeting to them. The heavy leather chairs were drawn up about the table, and a nurse was wheeling Johnston Croft to his accustomed place.

"Well!" he greeted them, "a bit battered, you see, but here just the same. You can't down me! No, you can't down me!"

There were greetings, inquiries about his health. Langdon heard it all dully as he pulled out Elizabeth's chair, then took his own seat opposite. The light of the floor-lamp tinted her green gown to gold. She drew forward the first cup, her hands lingering on its ivory-tinted surface.

She had said she would tell him tonight. Langdon wondered how she would do it. Had she made her decision now? She seemed as reposeful as usual except that once a cup clicked as she placed it on the saucer.

Johnston Croft talked of business, asking questions, reiterating that he would be back at the office in time to take up this or that problem. Langdon answered the inquiries addressed directly to him, yet he did not know of what Johnston Croft was speaking.

They drank their coffee with unaccustomed haste and no one took a second cup. Cigars were passed.

"Not for Mr. Croft," Elizabeth said as the maid approached her husband.

Johnston ejaculated: "Damn the doctor! Bring that here, Jane. That fool medico says I mustn't smoke!" he went on as he puffed slowly. "I told him to go to hell! Told him I wasn't dead yet!"

There was a silence, less heavy, more electric than the one a week ago. It was as if the partial settlement of what would be sacrificed had cleared the atmosphere of dread and left it merely expectant. Elizabeth looked at her clasped hands on the table. Langdon's pulses were racing. He wondered that she could sit so quietly. He wondered when she would tell him—and how.

Johnston Croft removed his cigar and said, "Well?"

There was a slight hunching forward of shoulders, the knocking of ashes against beaten-brass trays.

"Looks as if Romley Potteries 'll have to go!" said Oscar Dent, his voice an attempt at hearty cheer. He stole a furtive look at Elizabeth, but she gave no sign that she had heard.

"That is about the only conclusion a week's thinking could bring to us," said Glinert. "Now about the directors' meeting to-morrow—"

"Not so fast!" said Johnston Croft. "Horace, what was it you said upstairs about another plan?"

Langdon was trying to see Elizabeth's face through the tobacco smoke. It swam mistily before him, but—now he knew!—she was looking at the green vase. She had said she would tell him—but they were all waiting—waiting for him to speak.

"What was it, Langdon?" asked Glinert.

Elizabeth's face was clearer now. It struck Langdon that there was a rapt glory in it as when a mother raises her eyes from the contemplation of her sleeping child. She turned to him and leaned forward across the table, flinging her hands out to grasp the smooth wood at either side of her. Her voice came, clearly, with a throbbing little undernote of entreaty.

"A plan to save Romley?" she asked. "Oh! if there is any way to save Romley"—her voice caught in a little sob, then went on again—"If there is any way to save Romley, tell us about it!"

And she sank back, looking at the green vase.

Langdon rose slowly. He felt very old and very tired. He addressed Johnston Croft.

"I hardly think it will be necessary to sacrifice any part of the potteries," he said. "I am hoping to be able to invest a large sum in the company shortly—for a relative."

Elizabeth was alone in the library. From the hall came the murmur of men's voices, then the closing of a door and a momentary silence. This was cut by the sound of motor engines. Elizabeth went slowly to the window and drew aside the curtain. Outside trees arched above the wide street.

A motor car passed, another, and then a third. The last was a small, gray roadster, and a man drove it alone, his

body hunched low over the wheel. Elizabeth watched it turn the corner, heard the final throb of its engine upon the night's stillness. In the street a few autumn leaves whirled about lazily at the advance of a tiny breeze. Nothing else disturbed its emptiness.

Elizabeth Croft turned from the window and walked with slow steps, half groping her way as one who has no sight, to the bookcase that held the Romley vase. Lifting her arms, she took it down and held it against her breast, resting her cheek on its smooth, cool surface.

"TELL ME YOUR DREAM"

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

HOW as a child I used to tease,
"Tell me your dream—I will tell mine, too!"
They told me whatever they thought would please,
And I waited to see the omen come true.
My childhood fancy I still pursue,
Though in other wise, and on each I call
"Tell me your dream!" . . . But your dream is *you:*
We are our dreams—and the Dream is all.

Do not deride me, do not deny,
And point me not to the things you have *done,*
But tell me your dream! Have you held thereby—
The clue that was with your destiny spun,
Walked with it ever, through shadow and sun?
Does the vision remain?—no ill shall befall;
Lost?—there is nothing worth while to be won!
We are our dreams—and the Dream is all.

Oh, why to memorial places repair,
Where the lamps in the shrines perpetually burn?
Your hero, your saint, or your sage is not *there:*
Born of his dream, his deeds can but earn
That unto a dream in the end they return!
For this, is the trophy, the wreath, on the wall;
And for this is your worship, that well ye may learn
We are our dreams —and the Dream is all.

L'ENVOI

Fathers of Men, ye will leave your heirs poor,
And the treasures ye heap shall be mean and small,
If nothing ye leave of the dreams that endure. . . .
We are our dreams—and the Dream is all.

FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

PART III.—UNDER THE SOUTH

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL AND CHARLES NORDHOFF

Photographs by Sidney Hopkins, Rarotonga

SINCE one of the charms of travel lies in making no definite itinerary beforehand, it was not until we were some three thousand miles on our way southward that Nordhoff and I spread our charts and began to talk of destinations. Traveling in the imagination among groups of islands is a fascinating pastime—the more so when it is but a preliminary to the reality. We pricked off distances and planned many journeys for the future, knowing that it was quite within the limits of possibility that we should make them.

Nordhoff went on to the southwest after our separation at Papeete. He wrote me from an island he called Ahu Ahu, and from there, apparently, he took passage to Rarotonga, the principal island of the Cook Group. Long before the discovery of New Zealand, Rarotonga was the goal of Polynesian mariners from the north and west—fearless explorers, traveling in their double canoes across hundreds of leagues of ocean, guided by sun and stars, some of them arriving at their destination, many others, doubtless, perishing in search of it.

From Samoa—in the early centuries of our era—came the Makea family, to reign in Rarotonga down to the present day; and Samoa is believed to have been the principal starting point of the voyages which peopled the groups of the South Pacific. In the language of those old-time voyagers, *tonga* meant south, and they gave that name to the Friendly Islands. Farther to the west and south they came upon the Cook Group—in those days, no doubt, the southernmost ends of the earth—and the high island of the group, the faint blot on the horizon which led the canoes to land, they called Rarotonga—"Under the South." Nordhoff wanted to see the descendants of those old explorers, whose contact with Europeans dates from less than a hundred years ago; but that his interest was not confined to the people is apparent from the following letter:

I was close to beginning this letter with a little fun at your expense; you would have been mystified—perhaps convinced that my haunted friends of Ahu Ahu were just a bit uncanny. It is really a pity not to do it! I should have begun with a vivid glimpse of a séance; the quiet moonlight outside, seen through an open door; the glimmer of a turned-down lamp in the house, revealing the rapt sightless face of the medium; the summoning of old Rakamoana from her sleeping place in the *marae;* the unnatural voice proclaiming the coming of the spirit.

Then I would have told how a message from the visitor was announced—for the strange white man vouched for by the mother of Apakura. "I see an island," the ghostly voice might have gone on—"a little land surrounding a great lagoon. It is Nukuhina, in the far-off Sea of Atolls. A schooner lies at anchor in the calm water off the settlement; she does not move, for the lagoon is very still. A boat is putting off for shore, and in the stern

sits a dear friend of the white man—a slender man, who gazes eagerly toward the shore with dark eyes like the eyes of our people. A crowd is gathered on the beach; the girls carry gifts of necklaces and wreaths, and in the village the old women are preparing a feast. The man in the boat believes that this welcome is for the captain of the schooner, not knowing that this people was once a race of warriors, and that they are gathered to give *him* welcome—the first soldier from the army of France to visit their island since the war. The keel of the boat grates on the sand; a score of men seize her to pull her up; the women crowd about the stranger (*Aué!* They are good to look upon, these girls of Nukuhina!), to throw their necklaces over his head and crown him with wreaths of flowers and shell. His face grows red; the old men smile, the girls laugh aloud. One, bolder than the rest, runs at him suddenly, puts her arms about him, and kisses him after the fashion of the white man. His face grows redder still; at that, the old men, too, laugh aloud. One after another, pushing and pulling to be first, the girls scramble to kiss him; he is overwhelmed, suffocated, and now his face is like fire, but he is not angry, for he smiles."

Well, what do you think of Ahu Ahu magic? I really ought to refrain from telling you the truth, which—like the stuff of most spirit messages—is simple, unexpected, and disillusioning. When we got to Avarua I found S—— there, over from Tahiti to buy cattle; before his departure the *Alouette* had turned up from the Paumotus, bringing word of your reception on Nukuhina.

I fancy you haven't had much time, in your progress through the Low Archipelago, for the pursuits of a landsman, so I'll give you an idea of how I've frittered away the days on Rarotonga.

Soon after our arrival there was a great stir over the coming of a shipload of parliamentary visitors from New Zealand, making a tour of the Cook Islands; a feast of welcome was to be given in Avarua, scores of pigs and hundreds of chickens were set aside for fattening, and the dancers of each village were to be seen rehearsing in the evenings. We drove to Avarua on the appointed day and found the government boat already anchored in the roadstead off the town—an anchorage dreaded by skippers, for unless the anchor strikes exactly on the summit of a sharp submerged peak, it will slide clean off soundings. Long before we reached the settlement the air had been vibrant with the sound of drums, the visitors were coming ashore, the dancing was in full swing.

The performance, of course, was a perfectly sophisticated one—like Papeete, Avarua is a small ocean metropolis, the capital of a group—but it interested me to see that the people, in spite of the efforts of the missionaries to make them ashamed of everything pertaining to heathen days, were not entirely without pride in the past. Each village was represented by a corps of dancers, men and women equally divided, and had its own drums and drummers, who furnished the sole music of the dance. The drums are of three varieties. The smallest are merely hollow sticks—six inches in diameter and a yard long—open on one side, and producing a loud, resonant click when struck with a bit of wood. There are others of medium size, standing on short legs and beaten with the hand, but the huge oldtime drums, suspended from the limbs of trees, interested me most of all. Imagine a five-foot section of the trunk of a big *Barringtonia*, carefully hollowed out and smoothed, with the skins of wild goats stretched over the ends, and sides decorated with outlandish painting.

The big drums are struck with the heel of the hand—with such furious energy that the drummer streams perspiration and is soon exhausted. The deep pulsing sound of them carries for

miles in still air; sometimes at night, when there was dancing in the villages, I have heard it far and near, rising, falling, throbbing, from Arorangi, from Titikaveka, and from Ngatangiia, whence the ancients set out on their thousand-league voyages to the south.

I wish I could make you feel, as I have felt, the quality of this savage drumming. Monotonous and rhythmic sound, reduced almost to its simplest form, it is the ancestor of all music, toward which, perhaps, our modern dance-music is a reversion. There is syncopation in it when the big drum halts at irregular intervals, and the time is carried by the clicking of hollow wood; but it is solemn and ominous—anything but the meretricious syncopation of ragtime. One feels in it an appeal to the primitive emotions, at once vague and charged with meaning; fear and madness are there, with cruelty, lust, triumph, and a savage melancholy.

Except in the case of the contingent from Manihiki—an atoll far off to the north—there was little variation in the dances, for which one can only say that they showed evidence of careful drilling. The women performed a variety of the dance common to all branches of their race—basically the same whether called *hula*, *hura*, or *ura*—but their motions were awkward and stiff, without the abandon and graceful movements of the arms to be seen in Hawaii or the Society Islands. The men, who carried long staves like spears, were freer in their motions, leaping, thrusting out their arms, and clattering their sticks in unison.

The costumes—unfortunately for the eye of a sensitive spectator—were slipped on over the wearer's best European clothes; a concession to the missionary point of view; but the beauty of some of the kilts, tunics and headdresses, and the trouble evidently taken in braiding them, showed that the Rarotongans have not wholly forgotten the past.

The dance was followed by speeches, and the speeches by a feast—all very conventional and uninteresting. I wonder if you are heartily fed up on baked pig. One needs a dash of Island blood to appreciate it after the twentieth time! Any other sort of meat would be welcome here where bully beef and pork are the staples. The need of a change of diet drives one to the lagoon; fishing becomes a practical as well as a sporting proposition.

During the proper phases of the moon we lead a most irregular life, for the hours from 3 to 5 A.M. are often the ones most profitable to spend on the reef, and the evenings are occupied with a search for hermit crabs. You have probably made the acquaintance of the hermit crab, but in case you have been too busy to give him the notice he deserves, I'll venture to dwell for a bit on his eccentricities. It was not a pure love of natural history that turned my attention to him; I have been obliged to study him—at least superficially—by the fact that he is the dainty preferred by all the fish of this lagoon, and his capture, therefore, an indispensable preliminary to every fishing expedition.

There must be several varieties of hermit crab—I have counted three already: the ordinary small brown one called *kakara*, the huge red one found in deep water, and the black, hairy kind, whose pounded-up body is mixed with grated coconut to extract the oil. This latter is called *unga;* in the old days the lowest class of Rarotonga society was known by the same name—meaning, I suppose, that all of their property could be carried on their backs. The common variety is a good deal like the robber crab in habits; the natives go so far as to say that it is the same creature, in different stages of its existence. I doubt this theory, for while there are plenty of the little *kakara* on the volcanic islands, the robber crab is very rare; he lives on the atolls, and to my mind it is incredible that he

should journey from island to island, through leagues of deep sea. Like his formidable relative, the *kakara* spends most of his time ashore, frequenting the bush along the water's edge, where he lies hidden throughout the day in a hole or under a pile of leaves. His first duty of the evening is a trip to salt water, for he seems to need a thorough wetting once in each twenty-four hours. After his bath he heads back for the bush to begin his nightly search for food—nearly any kind of edible refuse—a dead fish on the beach, the fallen fruit of a pandanus, a coconut, opened by rat or flying fox, and containing a few shreds of meat.

The size of the *kakara* can be judged from his shell, which may be as small as a thimble or as large as an orange. The creature inside is marvelously adapted to the life he leads. His soft and muscular body curls into the spiral of the shell and is securely anchored by a twist of the tail. The fore-end of the crab, which protrudes from the shell when he is in motion, reminds one of a tiny lobster; the same stalk eyes, the same legs, the same strong claws. When alarmed he snaps back into his mobile fortress, and you perceive that legs and claws fold into a flat armored barrier, sealing up perfectly the entrance of the shell. Sit still and watch him; presently the claws unfold cautiously and he emerges little by little, feelers waving and eyes peering about in a ludicrously apprehensive manner. Finally he gathers courage and starts off for the bush at his curious rolling gait.

One might suppose the hermit crab the least social of living things, but in reality he is gregarious and seems to enjoy the company of his friends. They wander in little bands; very often one finds two or three small ones perched on the back of a larger comrade and enjoying an effortless trip across the beach to the lagoon. One afternoon I came upon three of them traveling in single file; the last member of the party —a frail little chap—crunched under the heel of my boot before I saw him. I stopped a moment in regret and saw that the two other crabs were also stopping—warned, by I know not what obscure sense, that all was not well with their friend. They drew together as they halted, and went through a hasty and obviously anxious exchange of ideas—face to face, with feelers waving nervously. One was reminded irresistibly of a pair of fussy little old gentlemen, halted in the street to decide which should do an unpleasant errand. At length one of the two settled himself to wait, while the other faced about and shambled off briskly to the rear. A few seconds brought him to what was left of his unfortunate comrade; his eyes seemed to start from his head as he felt over the crushed wreck. A moment later he turned and hastened back even faster than he had come. His arrival had an air of palpitating excitement; I fancied I felt transmitted to me a tiny thrill of horror at the news about to be communicated. This time the four antennæ fairly vibrated—I imagined the conversation going on an inch above the ground.

"My God!" announced the bearer of ill tidings breathlessly, "Poor Bill is dead!"

"Bill dead!" exclaimed the other, shocked in spite of his incredulity; "but no, you must be wrong—what could have killed him?"

"I don't know; he's dead all the same—crushed and mangled—it upset me fearfully."

"Come, come—you've been seeing things; he must have taken a short cut to the beach."

"I tell you he's dead; come and have a look if you don't believe me." So off they went together for a look at the corpse, and I left them to mourn their friend—perhaps to eat him.

If you want to see a curious sight get a hermit crab some day and pick up half a dozen empty shells of the size to fit him. Lay the shells on the sand in a circle a few inches across, extract



THE FAMOUS PALM AT AVARUA—SEVEN TREES FROM ONE COCONUT

the crab without hurting him from his house, and set him down naked among the empty shells. To get him out, by the way, is not so easy as it sounds, but you can do it by taking hold of his claws and maintaining a steady, gentle pull; in time the muscles of his tail will tire and his grip relax. You will be amused when you see his first attempts to walk without his shell, which weighs three or four times as much as the tenant; it is precisely as a man might act, set down on some planet where gravity is weaker than on our earth. Naked, helpless, and worried—*très, très inquiet*—the crab makes a dash for one of the shells, gives it a hasty inspection with his feelers, finds something not quite right, and hobbles off to the next one. Perhaps this suits him. He faces about, in goes his tail to take a grip on the whorls, he snaps in and out a few times as if trying the strategic possibilities of the new quarters, and next moment you will see him ambling off blissfully toward the bush.

The chase of the hermit crab is tame sport, no doubt, but not entirely without interest. One evening we set out just after dark, bucket and torch in hand—not the old South Sea torch of coconut leaf, but the modern tube of galvanized iron, filled with kerosene and plugged with burlap, which acts as a wick. The high beach is best at this hour, for one's quarry is beginning to emerge from the bush for the evening dip, and those that have passed will leave spoor in the soft coral sand. Here is the track of a small one, winding toward the water in eccentric curves and zigzags; follow it and you find him, motionless in the torchlight, hoping to escape notice. He goes into the pail with a clang—you can hear his feet scratching vainly at the smooth sides. There were not many about on this stretch of beach; they are uncertain in their habits and seem to be great

wanderers. Here is the track of a monster, broad and corrugated like the trail of a miniature Whippet Tank; the spoor leads to the lagoon—no signs of him at the water's edge—he has doubled back. Lift up that rotten coconut frond . . . an *unga*, black, hairy, armed with a vicious pair of claws; you can hear him raging in the pail, a noise halfway between a whine and a growl—a crab with a voice!

A stroll of an hour or two along the beach usually procures enough bait for a day's fishing, and one turns inland to follow the road home. Sometimes, when the new moon has set behind the Avarua peaks and thick darkness settles over the bush—when the surf murmurs almost inaudibly in a stillness broken by the plunge of a fish in the lagoon, or the grating screech of a flying-fox, quarreling with his mates in the palm-tops—one is not sorry when the lights of the plantation begin to glimmer through the trees.

We went to bed early that evening, for we had to be up long before daylight to catch the first of the flood tide, but these island nights are not meant for sleep—I was soon up again, to spend a couple of hours alone on the veranda. The feel of the air was like a caress; neither hot nor cold, and perfumed with the scents of strange flowers—waxen *Tiaré Tahiti*, sweet and heady frangipani, languorous Queen of the Night. In the mango tree behind the house a mynah twittered—a drowsy overture to one of their abrupt nocturnal choruses. They are quaint birds, the mynahs; introduced to the Islands many years ago, they have increased amazingly in this friendly environment, where they live in a state of half-domesticated familiarity with mankind. One sees them everywhere, hopping fearlessly about the streets of villages, fluttering to the table to finish the bread crumbs left after a meal, perched on the backs of cattle in the coconut groves. They are intensely gregarious, gathering in large flocks at sunset to



DANCERS FROM ARORANGI



THE ARUTUNGA PASSAGE

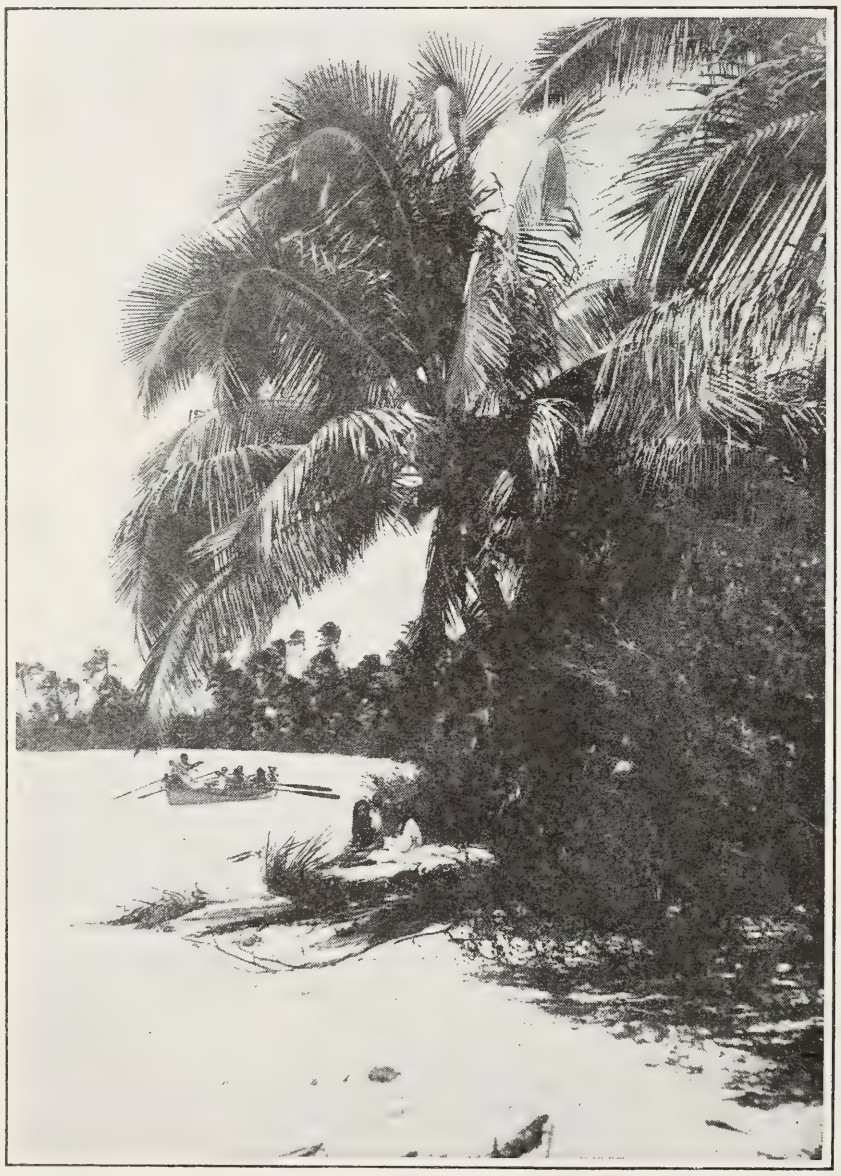
roost in some thick-foliaged tree—orange, mango, or alligator pear. From time to time during the night, with an abruptness and perfect unison that make one suspect the presence of a feathered leader of the orchestra, the two or three hundred members of the colony burst into deafening song—a chorus which lasts perhaps twenty seconds, and stops as suddenly as it began.

At last I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and turned in; at intervals, before sleep came, I heard the far-off thud of a ripe coconut, or the faint slither and crash of an old frond, falling from a palm. We were awakened at three o'clock by the cook's announcement that coffee was ready; it is a pleasure to live where dressing is only a matter of slipping on a fresh singlet and hitching the *pareu* tight about one's waist. Each man carried a pair of old shoes, for even the leathery feet of a native must be protected before he ventures on the live coral. Half a dozen plantation boys followed us to the beach, along a path leading down an avenue of coconuts, the slender boles illuminated by the glare of torch-light. In five minutes we were under the dark ironwoods at the water's edge, where the canoes are hauled up; without waiting for us, the boys plunged into the lagoon—half-swimming, half-wading toward the reef—torches held aloft in their left hands.

The tide was very low; we had only a short paddle to the shallow water on the inner side of the barrier. It was dead calm—ideal weather for the spear—but there had been a storm somewhere to the south; lines of tall glassy combers, faintly visible in the starlight, were curling with the splitting reports of field artillery—crashing down on the reef until the coral beneath us seemed to tremble at each shock. The eastern sky had not yet begun to pale—the constellations glimmered with the soft glow of the tropics: the Southern Cross, Orion, the Pleiades, the familiar outlines of the Dipper, inverted above the horizon to the north.

When the water was only knee-deep, we moored the canoe to a coral mushroom and went overboard in bare legs and tucked-up *pareus*. Wading slowly,

about twenty feet apart—the lagoon so still and clear that it was not easy to tell where air ended and water began—nothing moving in the circle of torchlight could escape notice. It was necessary to watch the bottom and walk warily; the reef is a honeycomb of holes and passages through which the sea boils in at certain tides. Many of these holes, only a few feet in diameter at the surface, lead deep down and out into the caverns lining the edges of the pass—the haunts of octopus and the man-eating rock-cod called *tonu*. A faint ripple revealed a big blue parrot fish skulking in the shadow of a bowlder; one of the native boys slipped his spear close before he thrust with a skill that needs years to acquire. He killed the fish with a stab just where the head joins the body, and strung it on the strip of hibiscus bark at his waist.



A LAGOON OF AITUTAKI

These lagoons swarm with strange forms of life unknown in northern waters; until one learns one's way about there is a certain amount of danger in wading through the shallows along the reef. A sea scorpion passed close by us—a wicked-looking thing, all feelers and enormous fins; a touch of those spines would give you a nasty leg. An even more poisonous fish is found here—though fortunately not often: the *noo*, which lies buried in patches of coral sand. I have never seen one, and do not know its name in English, but the spines of its dorsal fin are said to be hollow like the fangs of a rattlesnake, and to inject a poison—when stepped on—that is apt to kill or cripple for life. The *totara*, or sea porcupine, is another odd creature, but not at all to be feared; at the approach of danger he blows himself up like a football, and once inflated, is proof against almost anything—I've seen a man hurl a heavy stone on one a dozen times without being able to burst him open. In a different way, the conger eels are nearly as hard to kill, particularly the big ones, which are no joke to handle when one is wading barelegged. One must be on the alert every moment—torch blazing, spear poised. One moment you jump on a mushroom of coral to avoid a pair of sea snakes, long,



EACH VILLAGE WAS REPRESENTED BY A CORPS OF DANCERS

slender and spotted—active fearless creatures whose bite is said to be a serious matter; a moment later you are slipping and scrambling at top speed to cut off some large fish, working his way through the shallows. One of the boys bagged a *patuki*—a young *tonu*; I was glad to have a look at the ugly little brute. He was only a foot long—a marvel of protective coloring, irregularly spotted and blotched so as to be nearly invisible against a background of coral. The size of the mouth, the power of the jaws, and the rows of cruel little teeth, convinced me that the full-grown fish must deserve the bad name given him by the pearl divers.

The light was gray and the cloud banks along the eastern horizon flushing pale rose when the boys extinguished their torches and set out across the lagoon, each one trailing a heavy string of fish. My host had had enough sport for once, but I love to be on the water at dawn, so when I had landed him I paddled out to the pass to fish for *titiara*. The current was slack and not a breath of wind stirred the lagoon. The light grew stronger; the contours of the island developed in sharp serrations against the sky; presently the sun rose.

I anchored the canoe in a fathom of water at the edge of the pass, allowing her to swing out over the depths. Through my water-glass I could examine the precipitous walls of the channel—fifty feet high, overhanging in places, seamed, pitted, broken by the dark mouths of caverns. Shoals of fish moved leisurely along the face of the coral—appearing and disappearing like nesting swallows, seen from a cliff-top: swinish parrot fish, bright blue and long as a man's arm; *taputapu*, spangled orange and black—stopping to nibble at the coral; slender pipefish; swift *nanue;* fish of extraordinary form and coloring—indescribable, perhaps undescribed. At last I saw what I was after—a school of *titiara*, working in from the sea.

I wonder if you know this fish; it is new to me, though I have been told that it exists in the northern Pacific. It is of the true game type—swift and rapacious—with the conformation of a mackerel, and related, I should say, to the pompano of American waters. The young ones, eight to ten inches long, and appearing at certain times of year in great schools, are called *aturi*. When medium-sized—running from two pounds up to twelve—it is known as *titiara* in the Cook Islands; *paihere* in Tahiti and to the east. The fully grown fish, which attains a weight of a hundred pounds or more, is called *urua*. These different names for stages in the life of the same fish are interesting to me, for they illustrate the richness, in certain directions, of a language so poor in others. We have such terms in English, but they are rapidly becoming obsolete; I doubt, for example, if the average man at home knows that a young salmon is called a grilse, and a still younger one, a parr.

One's outfit for this kind of fishing consists of a pail of hermit crabs, a couple of stones for crushing them, a hundred feet of stout cotton line, a single hook on a length of piano wire, and several dozen pebbles, to be used as sinkers. First of all you smash the shells of a few crabs, tear off the soft bodies for bait, and crush the claws and legs to a paste. This chum is thrown overboard little by little to attract the fish and keep them about the canoe. When a glance through the water-glass shows that the fish you want are gathered beneath you, a pebble is attached to the line by means of a special hitch, which can be undone by a jerk. Now you lower the line over the side until the bait is in the required position; a sharp pull frees the sinker, and you are ready for the first client. The theory of the detachable sinker is that it enables one to fish at a distance from the boat without having the hook rest on the bottom, where it is apt to foul in the coral.

On this occasion my sport was ruined by one of those tantalizing incidents which lend charm to every variety of angling. I had caught two fish and was lowering my line to try for a third, when the small fry gobbling my chum suddenly scattered and disappeared. Next moment a monstrous *titiara*—almost in the *urua* class—loomed up from the depths, seized my bait, and made off so fast that the line fairly scorched my fingers. My tackle was not designed for such game as this—there was nothing to do but try to play him; but when only a yard of line remained in my hands I was forced to check the rush. A powerful wrench, the line slackened dead, he was off, the light hook had snapped at the bend—and I had no other! The old, old, story—it is never the fingerlings that get away.

Cut into filets and soaked for six hours in lime juice, my two fish made a raw *hors d'œuvre* of the most delicate kind. I took a plate of it to the house of a neighbor who had asked me to dinner, and this old timer in the South Seas pronounced it of the very first order. You would enjoy knowing him; he has been in this part of the world since the seventies—supercargo, skipper, trader on islands seldom visited even to-day. Now he is retired and lives on a small plantation which represents the savings of a lifetime. After dinner, as we sat on his wide veranda with pipes going and glasses on the table between us, he told me a tale so curious that I cannot resist repeating it to you—the story of an island far away to the north and west—an island I shall call *Ariri*.

Atolls are by nature lonely places, but of all atolls in the Pacific, Ariri is perhaps the loneliest—never visited, far off from any group, out of the paths of navigation. Not very many years ago Ariri was a bit of no man's land; though marked on the chart, its existence was ignored by the Powers—it had never been inhabited, no flag had

ever been raised above its beaches of dazzling coral sand. At that time, as for centuries before, the sea birds nested undisturbed on the islets within the reef, where all day long the water flashed blue in the sunlight and the trade wind hummed a song of loneliness among the palm tops.

Then a day came when two Frenchmen—shrewd traders and planters of coconuts in the Tuamotu—spoke of Ariri. Here was an island capable of an annual hundred tons of copra, and claimed by no man; they would plant it and reap the rewards of enterprise. The chief difficulty was to find a superintendent to take charge of the project; it needed a white man, but white men willing to undertake a task of such poignant loneliness were not to be found every day in Papeete. As it chanced, their man was at hand.

The natives called him Tino—perhaps his name had once been King. Years among the islands had obliterated whatever stamp of nationality he might have possessed; it was rumored that he was English by birth, and also that he had held a commission in the Confederate navy. Tall, strong, and of fine presence, with a full blond beard and eyes of reckless blue, a great singer and dancer—always the merriest at a feast and the idol of the women, a remarkable linguist and story-teller, drunken, brave, witty, and unprincipled. Tino was of a type which thrives in Polynesia.

When they offered him the position of superintendent at Ariri the two Frenchmen were not without misgivings. He was on the beach at the time, though the only sign of that condition was an unusual laxity in returning the favor when a friend invited him to drink. Tino had no money, but that was his sole limitation; each of a dozen native families vied for the honor of transferring his mat and camphorwood box to their house; when evening came he had his choice of a dozen invitations to dine, and a dozen girls competed for the joy of doing his laundry and making hats for him. But this easy-going philosophy and lack of worry over a situation scarcely respectable in the eyes of Papeete's business men were calculated to sow distrust. In the case of Ariri, however, it was difficult to see how he



DANCERS WEARING NATIVE COSTUME OVER EUROPEAN DRESS



ANCHORED OFF AVARUA

could go astray; there would be no liquor—they would see to that—and with no visitors and no means of leaving the island there seemed little chance of trouble. Tino was a famous handler of native labor.

The agreement was made and in due time a schooner sailed into the Ariri lagoon to land Tino and a score of Raiatea boys with their wives. The Frenchmen took care to leave no boat capable of putting out to sea, but as there were houses and sheds to build they left a considerable variety of tools and gear, in addition to a year's supply of medicine, food, and clothing. A day or two later the schooner sailed away.

The superintendent called his men together and appointed a foreman, The main island was to be cleared, rows staked out, and the nuts brought for seed to be planted in such a manner. Before this work began, a house was to be built for each family. That was all, except that Tino needed five men at once for special work of his own—let them be those most skilled in woodworking. With that he seems to have dismissed the business of planting coconuts from his mind.

There was a certain amount of hibiscus on the island, as well as the trees called *tou* and *puka*. In seven months' time, with the help of his men, Tino cut down trees, sawed out timbers and planking, and built a forty-foot cutter—sturdy, fast, and seaworthy. Her mast was the smoothed-down trunk of an old coconut palm; her sails a patchwork of varied fabrics; her cordage of cinnet, twisted and braided coconut fiber—the work of women, incredibly skillful and patient. For anchor, she carried a grooved coral bowlder, and her water tanks were five-gallon kerosene tins. At the end of the seventh month this improbable vessel was launched, rigged, and provisioned. Tino bade and set sail his men farewell—promising to return—to the westward, fearless and alone. His only instrument was a compass, and yet he made the passage to Fiji—twelve hundred miles—in fifteen days.

I forgot to say that before his departure he had ordered the top of a tall palm chopped off, and on this stout flagpole had hoisted a homemade edition of the Union Jack. In Fiji he wasted no time. At the office of the High Commissioner of the Pacific he announced that he had taken possession of Ariri in the name of the British Empire, and petitioned that a fifty years' lease of the island—at nominal rate—be given him. The re-

quest was granted; a few days later Tino was again at sea, still alone, and headed for his little kingdom.

The story is that he bought a sextant in Fiji, but at any rate, something went wrong and he was fifty days without a landfall. Think of this extraordinary man, drifting about alone in his absurd boat—careless, self-confident, and unworried! Even Captain Slocum, said to have navigated thousands of miles of ocean with no other chronometer than a Connecticut alarm clock, performed no madder feat. Tino fetched up at a big lagoon island, six or seven hundred miles out of his course. It is enough to say of his stop there that he spent a week and left, loaded down with provisions and drinking nuts, and accompanied by five of the younger and prettier girls of the village.

This time all went smoothly; the plural honeymoon party enjoyed a merry voyage to Ariri, where Tino established his large and amicable family, and proceeded to the less diverting business of planting coconuts. A year passed; a day came when the schooner from Tahiti rounded to in the lagoon and sent a boat ashore. Accompanied by his twenty men, Tino met the supercargo on the beach. Copra from the old trees? There was not much, but what there was belonged to him. This was a British island, and he was the lessee; here were the papers to prove it. He regretted that as the proprietor he could not allow strangers ashore—demoralize the labor, you know. The Frenchmen fumed, but they were too shrewd not to recognize defeat.

The years passed in peaceful and idyllic fashion; a score of Tino's half-savage offspring fished and swam and raced along the beach. Then one day Tino fell ill.

While he lay in bed, despondent, and brooding over the unfamiliar experience, a schooner entered the lagoon and dropped anchor opposite the settlement. Her boat—trim and smartly manned as a yacht's gig—brought ashore the first missionary to set foot on Ariri. Tino was difficult in the beginning, but the moment was perhaps the weakest of his life; when the missionary left he had married the sick man to Manini—his favorite wife—and received permission to install a native teacher for the children of the island.

It amuses me to think of Tino's recovery and probable regret over his weakness—the thing is so natural, so human; bodily illness and spiritual reform have always gone hand in hand. But his word had been given in good faith; he finished the church and schoolhouse he had promised, and in due time installed the teacher among his flock. The supreme irony of the affair comes at this point, for the native teacher, on the lookout for a flirtation, was indiscreet enough to select Manini as the object of his attentions, and ended by being caught with her under circumstances of the most delicate and compromising nature. As Tino said afterward:

"He had a score of women to choose from, beside four of mine who wouldn't have mattered—and then he picked on Manini! Why, damn it all! man, I was a bit fond of the old girl!"

The teacher paid dearly for his indiscretion. Tino lashed him to a post in the sun, where he would probably have died if the missionary schooner had not appeared just at that time. Cowed and whimpering, the culprit was thrown into a canoe by the indignant husband, who pushed off and paddled angrily alongside the schooner.

"Here's your bleeding missionary!" he roared out, as he hurled the struggling native into the lagoon. "I'm through with him—from now on this island will have to get along with me for teacher and missionary and king!"

That is all of the story, except that Tino died not long ago—happy, rich enough, and surrounded by a numerous tribe of grandchildren.

(To be continued.)

THE LOST LIP

BY PROSPER BURANELLI

SANDRO had lost his lip. His horn-playing days would soon be done. There was joking, compassion, and consternation among the orchestra men of the Calabrese Royal Grand Opera Company, which at that time was playing the Harmonion Theater in Trenton, New Jersey. Half a dozen musicians stood before the shabby red stage door. For twenty-five years Alessandro Alessandrici had played a competent first horn, and now. . . .

"And now, *corpo di Bacco!* he might as well take his French horn and cook macaroni in it." Boccoli, the oboist, moved his fat shoulders in pity.

Sandro's case was a bad one, a tragedy of music such as is forever befalling. The lip is a traitor, the French horn a Satan. To-day the lip is strong and firm and makes a beautiful embrochure, and the horn shouts like a soldier, cries like a woman. To-morrow the lip has lost the strength of its nerves and muscles, and music is turned into mockery. Then the unhappy musician might as well sing the horn part.

The orchestra men grew excited about it, and no wonder. The opera that afternoon was to be "Faust," formidable "Faust," with its Vision of Marguerite which has one of the most beautiful pieces of horn music ever composed.

"'Faust' was written for horn, voices, and orchestra—mostly horn," declaimed Schizzo, the saturnine, long-jawed Neapolitan who played the trombone.

And Sandro with his broken lip was to play the first-horn part. A clarinettist laughed, a second violinist looked grave, and they all talked.

Then Sandro came down the street, horn under arm, hat pulled over left eye. He was short, thin, gray, and slow-moving—but a brave old fellow.

"Eh, Sandro!" Boccoli called. "How are the girls these days?"

Sandro puffed at the black, acrid *toscano* he was smoking, and replied, with Italian taciturnity, which is as characteristic as Italian volubility:

"The girls—they are not saints—they remain angels." The phrase was his favorite mot.

"It is Sandro's mustaches," Schizzo jested, "that the girls admire."

It was Sandro's mustaches that drew the notice of the passer-by. They were gray and long. The right one pointed upward, the left one downward. That is a fashion sometimes affected by brave old fellows among the Italians.

They rallied him about the girls. They were sorry for him, and wanted to please him.

From a certain point of view Sandro was not an old man at all. He was only fifty, but he had never known what it was to be middle-aged. He had become an old man at forty-five, had become one because he had wanted to. An old man—one of the men of old—the Romans were men of old. They were glorious forefathers to have—the Romans.

"It is that plump Corinne Davel," shouted Boccoli, "who has made Signor Alessandro Alessandrici think himself an Alexander among women."

Sandro's deep-set gray eyes took an expression of rakish boldness. He leaned against the battered red stage door with a pose.

"You mean that pair of brown eyes who sings the smallest rôles they can find for her?" the sour Schizzo carried on the joke.

Sandro twirled grandly at his up-pointing mustache.

"That agreeable girl," Boccoli questioned, with heavy Rabelaisianism, "who should be signora and mamma and not prima donna?"

Sandro pulled open the red stage door, and went looking for Corinne. He had not intended to go to her with such scant delay, but his comrades' gibes had spurred up his sentimentality. He found her in the large dingy room that served as make-up quarters for the ladies of the chorus, and called her forth. They stood in a dark corner and talked.

Corinne had an opera singer's many complaints to make. The conductor had been rude to her. They would not give her a dressing room of her own. Sandro consoled her with philosophies that he was accustomed to propound to her designfully.

"Corinne," he said, "you know that singing is the life of an animal. It is better to be beaten by a bad husband than to be a singer. You expect to get fame. You don't get it. You expect to get your salary. You don't get it."

Corinne nodded, with as bitter an ex-



HE HAD COURTED CORINNE CAUTIOUSLY AND SAGACIOUSLY FOR A YEAR

pression as her mirthful round face would permit. Sandro continued:

"Corinne, you know you were meant for a family life."

Corinne laughed a tantalizing laugh.

She was an honest, warm-hearted girl. Back in Indiana she was Cora Davis. She had studied in Italy and had become Cordelia Daversi. Returned to America she was Corinne Davel. Her native broad country instincts had been deepened by contact with the earth-loving, wine-drinking Italians, and she had few affectations in her. She understood that she was meant for a family life. She fell to humming "Ernani Involami."

Fired by her provocative air, Sandro was swayed for a moment by boldness and passion. He disclosed to Corinne a chain of reasonings that had been moving in his head for a month. He was the son of a Milanese innkeeper. In his boyhood he had learned the art of hospitality. He had saved some money. Corinne was disgusted with opera singing, he with the discouragements of horn playing. The logic was unavoidable, and he phrased it in laconic Italian:

"Marriage—a spaghetti restaurant—progeny—wealth!

"And when I die," he concluded, with the slight smile of an old man's irony, "you will still be young, and you will have plenty of money."

"Sandro," she said, in gentle mockery, "if you are such a fool at fifty, what will you be at sixty!"

She was taller than he was, and she carried herself erect, with the womanly pride of a girl who knows she has an excellent figure, and does not mourn that it is little given to straight lines or acute angles. She looked down at him, her dark eyes curious, her kindly mouth smiling.

Sandro leaned against the drab wall and filled the air with smoke, and meditated philosophically. He had courted Corinne cautiously and sagaciously for a year. It was evident that he had made progress with her. In another year, he computed with deliberation, he would have her in a mood to marry him. He pulled his hat still farther over his left eye, and curled his up-pointing mustache. Corinne hummed coquettishly as she looked into his face, which charmed her with its small, moody smile and lowered, dream-filled eyes.

Then darkness closed upon Sandro abruptly. He heard music in his fevered brain—music from "Faust." Corinne was humming the Vision-of-Marguerite melody. Sandro heard the orchestra playing, the violins mimicking the whir of the spinning wheel, the horn singing the romantic tune—and breaking on every note. He sank back against the wall as if to slide to the floor as the sound rang through him, the misshapen gurgle of a faltering French-horn note. He saw the conductor's furious grimaces and gesticulations with the baton. And then . . . and then he saw himself discharged from the Calabrese Royal Grand Opera Company.

The loss of Sandro's lip promised to ruin Sandro's love. If he had to depart from the company prematurely, he would have to leave his campaign against Corinne half completed.

"What is the matter, Sandro?" Corinne saw the wretchedness in the old horn player's face.

"Come to dinner with me after the performance," Sandro replied, grimly, "and I will tell you."

He took her back to the chorus' dressing room and, full of unhappiness, took himself to the orchestra pit where his comrades were tuning up and where his own unhappiness was speedily doubled.

"The great conductor, Maestro Riccardi, has come from New York to hear this afternoon's performance," Schizzo was remarking.

"Maestro Riccardi will be here?" Sandro questioned in a troubled voice as he unpacked his horn.

"Yes," Schizzo replied, adjusting the tuning slide of his trombone. "Maestro Riccardi is a good musician." Sandro groaned as terror unfolded in his mind.

Maestro Riccardi to be present that afternoon! That meant disaster.

Let the violins come in a bar too soon, or the clarinets sail away off key, and a conductor is ready to swoon ordinarily; when a fellow conductor is there to hear it, he is ready to die. Androcchio, the Calabrese Company's conductor, was a good fellow, but if Sandro did any disreputable horn playing for Maestro Riccardi's benefit, it would mean instant dismissal from the company. Sandro saw the end. Good-by to Corinne.

"This will be the important 'Faust' of the season," Schizzo announced, glancing at Sandro.

"The important 'Faust'?" boomed Boccoli, catching fire. His huge brown face gathered a frown of tremendous fervor. "The great 'Faust' The magnificent 'Faust'! The historical 'Faust'! Impresario Calabrese says that this 'Faust' will make him a greater impresario than the impresario who ran the Colosseum. Miss Simpson, the American soprano he has discovered, makes her debut. She will take her place instantly, the moment she begins pedaling the spinning wheel, as the queen of Marguerites. Her 'Jewel Song' will make Signor Gounod in heaven stop the choir of angels so that he may hear it better. Her garden scene would make gardens famous, if they were not famous already. Miss Simpson will make a prodigious Marguerite. How does Impresario Calabrese know this? He told me last night over a glass of bad *gragnano* that nature had created Miss Simpson to sing Marguerite—because Miss Simpson has blond hair, just as Marguerite had. She will sing with her hair!" Boccoli concluded with a shout that drew the attention of the audience.



SANDRO FILLED THE THEATER WITH A GLORIFIED SOLO

The musicians were delighted. The ponderous, thunderous oboist was a favorite wag, and they dearly relished the many blunder stories told of their shrewd Calabrian impresario. As for the new soprano, she had sounded well at rehearsals, but orchestra players are constitutionally scornful of singers, and ridicule them in every season. They could, however, poke no fun at Maestro Riccardi. He was a good musician. It would be an important "Faust."

"And it will be Sandro's first 'Faust,'" Schizzo muttered, sardonically to the tympanist, "after he has been putting the curse on the horn in 'Lucia' and 'Cavalleria' all season. Fancy when he comes to the Vision of Marguerite and takes that divine horn melody, si-mi-sol-sol," he sang expressively, "and breaks on every note. Maestro Riccardi will hear a 'Faust' that will make him jump like an acrobat."

He played si-mi-sol-sol on his trombone, breaking ludicrously. Those who heard it in the din of tuning up laughed and made jokes on their own part.

The shadows in Sandro's sunken cheeks grew darker. He warmed up his horn with the most lugubrious intonations.

A disturbance had arisen in the audience. There was an uproar of clapping, whistling, and shouts of, "*Comincia!*"

"What is the matter with them?" grumbled Boccoli. "They don't expect us to begin on time!"

"But it is half an hour past curtain," remonstrated Schizzo. "I wonder what is wrong."

"The tenor Ruffino wants fifty dollars of his back salary, and refuses to go on until he gets it," Boccoli suggested.

Androcchio came hurrying to the conductor's desk. Schizzo shuffled over to him. He was an intimate of the conductor's, and felt that all secrets should be whispered to him. Androcchio replied to the trombonist's question with a great shrug of his shoulders and a flood of low-spoken phrases.

"At the last moment Signora Calabrese made a scene with Miss Simpson, and Miss Simpson called a taxi and went to her hotel. It was a fine situation. Then that fat Davel stepped up. What can she sing? But she said she knew Marguerite better than Faust ever knew her, and we have had to let her try it. She will sing like a thief."

"That girl of Sandro's," muttered Schizzo, incredulously.

At the mention of Sandro, Androcchio clapped his hands to his ears and cursed:

"'Faust' with neither a horn nor a soprano! *Dio! Dio!*" He looked around forebodingly.

In the principal box sat a tall, fat young man whose dark mustaches were of such length and volume that they seemed like false ones. The great conductor, Maestro Riccardi! He bore himself with the pompous tranquillity of a critic.

Androcchio scowled, which, with his habitual need of a shave, made him look like an assassin—especially to Sandro. He threw open the score violently, rapped angry attention, raised his baton as though to strike somebody, looked prayers and curses at Sandro, and swept a desperate downward beat for the fortissimo unison on F natural that begins "Faust."

During the half hour that followed Sandro gave many examples of the deadliest sins of the horn. His attacks were uncertain. He broke on sundry notes. His tone was stale and dull. The curtain rose with the audience restless. Ruffino sang his "salutation to death" passably, but received scant applause. A squat, roaring Mephistopheles was conjured clumsily, and glared as Sandro made a late entrance and spoiled a Mephistophelean phrase.

Maestro Riccardi in the principal box kneaded his voluminous mustaches as though they were putty, and made grimaces at each blunder of the horn. Androcchio's every glance at him was an agony. In his despair his beat was uncertain. The spirit of defeat was in the orchestra.

"*Povera Margherita!*" Boccoli muttered between entrances. "Sandro's Vision music will make her a fiasco before she has a chance to sing."

The moment approached. Sandro saluted its approach with several badly cracked notes. He was in despair, and had sunk into apathy as Androcchio glared to give him the entrance. He raised his horn to his lips wearily.

On the stage an awkward curtain was drawn aside to reveal the magical vision



"EH, SANDRO," HE CRIED, "WHAT TERRIBLE THING ARE YOU THINKING?"

of Marguerite, and Sandro saw his sweetheart, Corinne, sitting at the spinning wheel. A magnificent horn note rang through the theater.

It was a horn note such as might have filled the air in a forest conjured by Merlin, a note blown by a huntsman about to kill himself for love. It was a note of ecstatic passion. His Corinne was a prima donna! Sandro flamed with the matchless emotion of a youth who for the first time has a sweetheart dancing in the chorus, and who sits in a balcony chair and feels he is breathing his blood away. Sandro raised his horn high, as though serenading his prima donna, and his lip renewed its old powers once more. He blew his life, his death, his salvation, his damnation out of the bell of his horn. Si-mi-sol-sol-fa-mi-fa-si-mi-LA-SOL-SOL—he played the melody with surpassing beauty and love.

Gounod scored the Vision music for four horns, but in such troupes as the Calabrese Royal Grand Opera Company four horns are rated that unpopular thing—useless expense. Two horns suffice. And with a doddering old fellow playing an anæmic second part, Sandro filled the theater with a glorified solo.

"It sounds like Orfeo turned horn player," muttered Boccoli.

And Corinne on the stage? The illusion devices of small opera companies, and sometimes of large ones, make the vision of Marguerite disenchanting and absurd. Even the beauty of Gounod's composition fails to lift the spectacle out of its sorry setting. But now it did—through the inspiration of Sandro's playing. Marguerite was wrapped round with romance, wrapped round with music. She became more wondrous at every blast of the bewitched horn.

"Ah-h!" Androcchio groaned with happiness as he glanced at Maestro Riccardi. The great conductor had his eyes fixed on the stage. Blessedness was in his face. Androcchio applauded Sandro with great swings of his baton.

When the vision closed there was hand clapping, unusual at that point of the opera, and a raucous voice shouted:

"*Brava, Margherita!*"

After the first act, when the musicians stood in the dark, grimy cellar of the theater and smoked and congratulated Sandro, a vastly mustached little man from the Basilicata came to talk with Schizzo.

"That Davel is marvelous!" he cried with extravagant gestures.

"But you have not heard her sing," Boccoli objected with heavy reasonableness. "You have only seen the vision of her."

"She is a great prima donna," the cocksure little man babbled on, heedless.

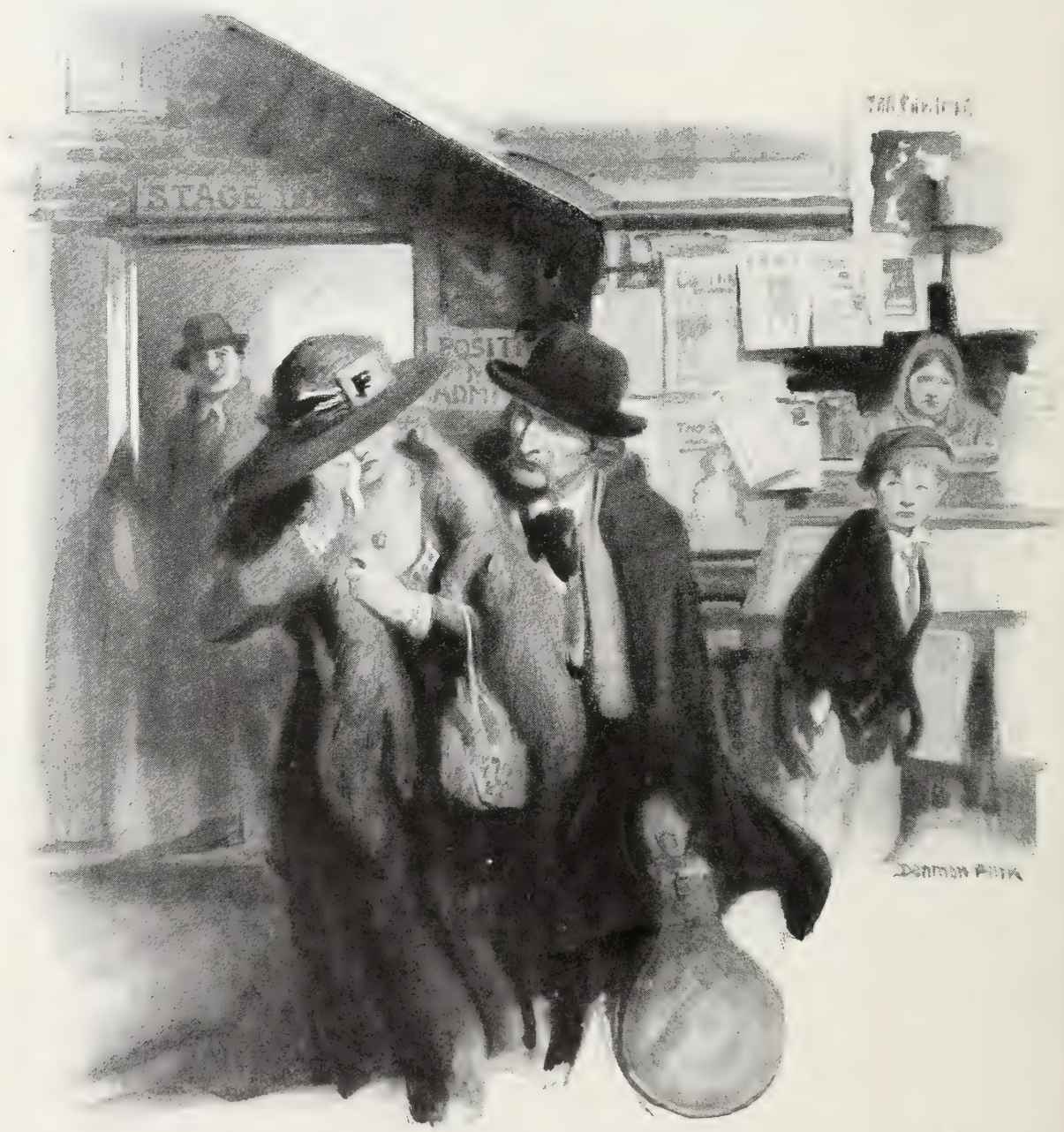
When amid the pretty waltzes Corinne stepped onto the stage she was applauded as though she were a great star. The romance of the horn still wreathed her. Whenever she sang there were shouts of "*Brava!*"

The orchestra men were gathered in the basement at he close of the second act. Schizzo said, with the air of one who makes a balanced judgment:

"She does not sing well, but she is making a great success."

The mus cians did not tax their brains with the paradox. Sandro smiled subtly and curled his up-pointing mustache.

In the garden scene the ancient dust on the rafters was disturbed by the ap-



"I WILL NEVER SING AGAIN," SHE SOBBED

plause. High above the uproar a Sicilian voice shrieked:

"*Bravissima, Margherita bella!*"

The opera ended amid an ovation.

Sandro packed his horn into its case. His haste was great.

"Marguerite, having ascended into heaven, will now meet Santo Sandro." Boccoli thought he had made a good joke. So did Schizzo, who choked with mirth as he blew a thin wavering stream out of the exhaust valve of his trombone.

Sandro wriggled his way through the crowd and toward the front of the house and the box office. Impresario Calabrese was counting the receipts for the afternoon. Sandro addressed him diffidently:

"Excuse me. I am sorry. Could you let me have an advance of five dollars?"

Sandro had enough in his pocket to dine Corinne modestly, but after the glory of the day he felt like spending money.

The impresario made a face. "You know, Alessandrici," he said, "that you have been playing very badly. Androcchio has said so."

"Did you hear the opera this afternoon?" Sandro responded with elaborate patience.

"Do you think that I do not attend to my business?" The impresario twirled at his mustache grandly but foolishly. Copying American fashion, he had shorn off his long curlers, and had not yet got used to it.

Sandro lost himself for a moment. "I played beautifully," he shouted. "I played marvelously. It was I who made Signorina Davel's triumph."

The impresario smiled pityingly and tapped his forehead. Sandro's flare of pride collapsed. Androcchio came along. The impresario hailed him. Sandro uttered inaudible curses at the delay.

"That Davel made a great success," the impresario said. "Maestro Riccardi has gone back stage full of congratulations."

"The orchestra went well to-day," Androcchio said as one who gives true explanations.

The impresario smiled pityingly. Sandro made an imploring gesture.

"Alessandrici wants five dollars," grumbled Impresario Calabrese.

"He deserves it," Androcchio replied, briefly.

The impresario slowly brought forth a five-dollar bill from his pocket and gave it to Sandro. The horn player made his way to the rear of the house with as much haste as he ever permitted himself. Corinne would have finished her dressing by now, and he did not want to keep her waiting. He got his hat and made for the principal dressing room. He exulted. It is a proud thing to seek one's sweetheart in the principal dressing room.

He saw Corinne going out of the stage door. She was togged for the street, and beside her marched the great conductor, Maestro Riccardi, wearing an air of ownership. Sandro staggered and went out onto the sidewalk and stared at the receding figures of the twain.

"*Sangue della Madonna!*" He uttered malignant curses. Several singers passed him, several chorus people. They scarcely noticed him. The spectacle of a man standing and cursing some one or something is too common among Italians to attract meddlesome interest.

Still cursing, Sandro took himself to Capretto's wine shop a few squares distant. There he found his fellow orchestra men distributed before the bar and at the tables of the eating room to the rear. Their instruments were littered everywhere. In one corner a game of *mora* was in progress, the ancient Italian game of casting fingers and counting them. In another Schizzo sat with his trombone case on one hand, a bottle of Barbera on the other, and a half-emptied glass under his nose. He stared into the glass and pondered. Sandro sat himself down beside the trombonist.

"Eh, Sandro!" Schizzo cried as the old horn player kept a gloomy silence. "What terrible thing are you thinking?"

After a further moment of brooding Sandro spoke wickedly:

"To kill a woman is to do a good deed."

Schizzo was astonished. Sandro's remark seemed irrelevant, but it was obviously a good thought, and the trombonist made it a litany.

"They would poison us all if they did not know how to play us worse tricks than that."

"There is no goodness in the world save among men," Sandro crescendoed on his part.

"But an honest man can always be revenged." Schizzo lapsed into the broadest Neapolitan.

"*Per Dio,*" Sandro assented, profanely.

Schizzo climaxed with a Neapolitan discourse upon the proper mode of requiting injuries. He told of the vendetta. He told how a woman who plays a man false should be cut into fifty pieces. Sandro nodded his head a hundred times.

"How is it best to be revenged upon a woman?" he inquired.

"A subtle revenge is the best," Schizzo exclaimed with authority. "Cut her nose off. Or make her eat glass."

Sandro remained silent for ten minutes, his hat pulled down until his left eye was covered, his fingers clutching spasmodically at his downward-pointing mustache, clouds of blue smoke issuing intermittently from his nose and mouth. At first he leered cynically at the spotted tablecloth. Then his former passive gloom settled upon him again.

"It is difficult to devise a subtle revenge," he muttered.

"We play 'Faust' again to-night." Androcchio stalked into the bar and called to his musicians. "La Davel made such a success this afternoon that Calabrese says she will draw two houses to-night." The conductor shrugged his shoulders at the artistic viewpoint of the impresario, and strolled downstairs to the kitchen to give the cook instructions pertaining to spaghetti.

Sandro had lifted his head impulsively. An expression of flashing intelligence played in his eyes. The cynical leer returned to his lips. He turned to Schizzo.

"Women are fools," he said, wickedly, "because we can revenge ourselves upon them so easily."

"*Ma* certainly," Schizzo mixed Italian and English.

Sandro smiled a Borgian smile and hummed, "Si-mi-sol-sol—"

Sandro is still playing the Vision of Marguerite," Boccoli cried from the *mora* game.

"Sandro has seen a vision of Marguerite." The old fellow essayed cryptic irony.

Boccoli returned, seriously, "Play to-night as you played this afternoon, Sandro, and Androcchio will die of joy."

"Androcchio shall live!" Sandro cried, in a tone of such mordant mockery that the *mora* players momentarily discontinued their *tre-uno-cinque-sei.*

Sandro felt like one of those great masters of revenge of the fifteenth century—like a Visconti, a Sforza, or a Borgia. An evil rapture filled him. He hummed the tune again and again, "Si-mi-sol-sol-fa-mi-fa-si-mi-LA-SOL-SOL—" and perversely imitated the breaking of a horn. Revenge, he exulted, was his. A subtle revenge, as Schizzo had recommended, an Italian revenge.

They ate dinner. Sandro emptied two plates of spaghetti *al burro.* Somebody began a Tuscan song, "*Quando di Maggio.*" Sandro began a bottle of *grignolino.* The song became a chorus in soft Italian thirds. Sandro hummed along with the dancing beat. He was full of wine, spaghetti, and goodness. He caught himself remembering that Corinne had a mouth such as the women of Tuscany have, lips like those of an angel who had eaten purple cherries. He trembled in the throes of the temptation and tried to steel himself. He turned to Schizzo.

"To kill a woman is to do a good deed," he annouced in a shaking voice.

But the trombonist, too, had eaten spaghetti, drunk wine, and listened to music. The lilt of "*Quando di Maggio*" captured him, though he would have preferred a Neapolitan song. The dour spirit of the hill country had left him, and nothing remained save the sugared romance that blows over the Bay of Naples.

"The girls of Naples are so beautiful," he replied, sentimentally, "that it is often that their lovers have to kill them."

Sandro saw that he could not fortify his soul at the fountain of Schizzo's camorrist lore.

"Sentimentality is a poison that the weak can resist better than the strong," he whispered to hearten himself, and a turbulent struggle raged in his soul.

He resisted, and yielded, like a saint who is tempted. He yielded to the allurance of love thoughts after dinner. Perfidious Corinne beckoned him with her honest smile. He tried romantically to think of himself stabbing her with a long knife. Instead he saw himself using the long knife to slice *salami* for his and Corinne's progeny, while Corinne sat and smiled like a Madonna come out of a fifteenth-century picture. Finally his mood so arose that he addressed her with inward dithyrambic phrases:

"You are a courtesan, but I love you," he said to her.

When they were in the orchestra tuning up, Sandro played great flourishes on his horn—noble, joyous, Olympian fanfares. His face was flushed, his thin, gray hair disordered. He said to Schizzo:

"Magnanimity is the greatest of virtues. The Romans were magnanimous."

"The Romans were great in everything," the trombonist returned absently. "They must have been good musicians."

"Magnanimity! Magnanimity!" murmured Sandro, with a mystical smile.

Androcchio rapped for the beginning of the prelude. The music went well. Sandro read exaltation into his bars of Valentine's song as it appears in the orchestra. The tune carries the loftiness of magnanimity.

When the prelude was done Boccoli rumbled: "Big house. Big clapping." He liked to affect American slang.

"No wonder they clap," marveled Schizzo. "Sandro's lip is as good as when he left the conservatory. That Davel has kissed him. That is what has made his lip strong." He laughed loudly.

The curtain rose upon the ancient philosopher in his study. During the moments when the music was soft half the orchestra noticed that Sandro was talking to himself.

"It would take the heart of a wolf to be revenged upon such a beautiful girl. She is as other women are—no worse. It is men who are noble and good—and magnanimous. I will make her the greatest soprano in the world. Then she will know what is magnanimity. I will play like the archangel Gabriel on his trumpet. Wait till the Vision music comes."

Sandro curled his up-pointing mustache until its tip crossed the bridge of his nose. He played beautifully whenever the horn entered.

Maestro Riccardi in his box sat solemn with approval. Androcchio swayed and beat the measures joyously. A mood of contentment and good playing prevailed in the orchestra. The men waited expectantly for Sandro to repeat his triumph. Sandro's lip was aching to take the Vision melody.

The august moment was at hand. Androcchio gave the entrance. Sandro filled his lungs until they hurt. He could not keep his eyes from the stage. The Vision was disclosed. Sandro trembled at the sight of his perfidious Corinne. She was so beautiful there, such an exquisite prima donna—but she was the property of another man. Disappointed love burned Sandro like a sheet of flame. His soul faltered—his lip faltered. A false horn note filled the theater.

It was a note such as the devil might blow to blaspheme against music, a

mockery, an abortion of a horn note. The unhappy Sandro writhed in agony. Si-mi-sol-sol— He broke on every note. Androcchio waved his arms furiously, and Sandro, filled with horror that his magnanimity had come to such a mishap, tightened his lips spasmodically and blew with redoubled force. A terrible series of overs and unders, the cracked, quavering blast of a misplayed French horn, spread consternation everywhere.

One of the 'cellists had to take the melody. There was sharp hissing in the audience, and when the despairing Androcchio turned his head he saw Maestro Riccardi's broad back. The great conductor was departing in haste, and seemed to accelerate his step through the door as Sandro, with the resolution of a desperate man, returned to his task, with a resultant succession of ear-splitting sounds. Androcchio, cursing loudly, shook his fist in a final gesture to quit. The audience laughed aloud.

Corinne, unnerved by the bad mood prevailing, sang poorly. She was hissed. The garden scene was made a parody by Sandro's terrible horn; despite all warnings he continued trying to redeem himself. By the time the prison scene had arrived the performance had degenerated into an appalling fiasco.

After it was all over the orchestra men tried to hearten Sandro.

"Who can tell when the lip will go?" said Boccoli.

"We will not play 'Faust' soon again," Schizzo blundered.

Sandro packed his horn in silence. Both of his mustaches drooped lank with perspiration. His interview with Androcchio was brief. He understood well enough that he would play no more with the Calabrese Royal Grand Opera Company.

He lingered near the stage door. After a while Corinne came out. Her step was hasty. Her wide hat hung far to one side. She was crying. Sandro walked beside her.

"I will never look at them again," she sobbed. "I will never sing again."

Sandro wanted to enter upon explanations. He wanted to tell Corinne how he had tried to be magnanimous. He could find words neither in Italian nor in English.

"Calabrese tried to tell me," Corinne raged, "that it was I who caused the fiasco."

Sandro choked as he tried to articulate. Corinne continued in a great fury:

"Because they hissed me. But I know who it was."

And still Sandro was unable to break the silence. Corinne continued:

"And I told that Calabrian that I knew who it was. And I told them all."

Sandro began to pray to the Virgin. Corinne's voice grew deep and low and rasping, and she wrung her hands in mad anger as she continued:

"It was that Simpson. She was always jealous of me. She was in the audience and she began to hiss me, and that stupid crowd followed. I told Calabrese and he didn't like it."

"He is a great scoundrel," said Sandro.

They walked along in silence.

Then slowly night and misfortune pulled them together. Nobody loved Corinne but Sandro. Nobody loved Sandro but Corinne. Finally Sandro said, with a great show of patience:

"What about Maestro Riccardi?"

"You are angry with me, Sandro," Corinne replied, plaintively. "He wanted to make a big contract with me. I had to go to dinner with him. He was bold, but you can't be haughty with the man who makes contracts. I went with him to get a contract from him. That is all."

"I presume that is not so," replied Sandro. "But it is not well to cast a woman aside until one knows things certainly."

"If you do not want me, Sandro, I will go my way," Corinne replied, with dignity. Sandro curled his up-pointing mustache.

They quarreled, and set out on the road Sandro had planned—marriage, a spaghetti restaurant, progeny, wealth.

THE LION'S MOUTH

A NEGLECTED DATUM

BY C. A. BENNETT

HIS full title was Professor of the Science and Philosophy of Religion. The Authorities had originally chosen the title not for clearness, but for safety. As they did not know how the investigation would fare, they meant to be prepared for all emergencies. If it failed, they would call it philosophy; if it succeeded, science. In any event the professor himself knew what his job was; it was to find out All About Religion. He was one of those thoroughgoing, systematic people, and so, when he had been awarded the professorial chair, he had settled down with quiet enthusiasm to his Life Work. The Essence of Religion—that is what he was going to call it—in an unpredictable number of volumes.

Everyone knows that if you want to discover the essence of anything you must assemble all the data. Of data, by far the most important are The Origins. So you must begin with the Origins. Now the interesting thing about an origin is that you can never be sure when you have got hold of one. What you take at first to be an origin may turn out to be something quite different. It may prove to be "a complex of simpler elements," or the "actual" and "explicit" form of something "potential" and "implicit"; and then your simple and potential and implicit things, whatever they be, become, for the time being, your real origins. But these in turn may—Well, you can see for yourself how there is ample opportunity for a Life Work in this sort of thing.

The professor, therefore, turned naturally to the religions of primitive peoples and to the study of everything from which religion might have been, but, on the other hand, obviously could not have been, derived: to Magic and Mythology and Totemism, to Taboo and Fetishism, to Economic Need and the Instinct of Sex. He accumulated a vast amount of curious information. He could tell you the milking time of the Sacred Cows of the Todas and the names of the fourteen different tree spirits of the aboriginal inhabitants of Madagascar. The Initiation Ceremonies of the Algonquins were as familiar to him as the Apostles' Creed to a rural dean, and he knew exactly what a man's relation to his own grandmother would be if he were to contract an endogamous marriage among the Bushmen of Australia. He welcomed the most outlandish bits of information with the avidity of the born collector. When a "competent observer" reported "traces of sun-worship" among "the Gnu-speaking Peoples of the Congo," he was thrown into a mild transport of joy and spent a week preparing materials for a footnote to Volume I, Chapter III. Once he had the luck to be included in an Anthropological Expedition and actually to see some quite fresh heads fastened to the wall of a hut among the Headhunters of Borneo. This, he used to say afterward, gave him a more direct insight into religion than all the second-hand evidence in the world.

His wife contributed measurably, in her own way, to his work. She made of his study, as he would say, with a faint, erudite smile, a τέμενος, a sacred inclosure where no disturbing thing might intrude. She warded off callers; she

answered all the telephone calls; she kept the accounts and paid the bills. In winter it was she who looked after the furnace, and she who, in summer, "got hold of a man to put in the screens."

She performed prodigies of suppression upon the two children that her husband, in fits of absent-mindedness, had somehow begotten. "Now, children, if you want to make a noise you must go right away from the house. Your father must not be disturbed." "No, Archie, you can't ride your kiddy-car on the porch. You know how it annoys your father." Naturally, they neither went out much in the evenings nor entertained. The evening was her husband's best time for work.

Her friends protested that she had a miserable life. If they were she they would not stand it for a day. This was among themselves. They did not dare to offer their commiseration to her personally; she would have withered them with scornful indignation. Moreover, their sympathy would have been wasted, for she seemed unaware that she ought to feel aggrieved. Throughout an arduous life she preserved her serenity. She believed in her husband's work. She shared in his successes, and her quiet strength and wisdom helped him through many a bad hour when he lost faith in the value of his work. Thus she had her compensations. When she came to die, not a little of her reluctance to go was caused by the thought that now she would not see the work completed. He was halfway through Volume III and the Essence of Religion still remained an obstinate mystery.

After her death some one said of her, "She was one of the few genuinely religious people I have ever known."

When this was reported to him, "Religious!" he exclaimed. "What? Margaret religious? Why, that is the last word I should have thought of using about her!" And he resumed his study of The Sacrificial Meal among the Basutos.

LETTERS TO CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE

TO THE PROOF READER

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

DETESTED ONE,—Do not be surprised at the abrupt animosity of this ascription. For years I have hated you. The object of this letter is to voice abuse with all the force of a vocabulary whose native gift for vituperation you have too long suppressed. You control my personal happiness and you regulate my public appearances by the exercise of a despotism that is no longer to be tolerated. Consider literary creation an orange—large or small, but still to every writer, obscure or famous, his own orange, unsucked—you puncture it as with invisible needles, so as to deny me forever the juice of my own elation. After the careless exuberance of writing, the sight of the proof sheets in their pitiless nakedness brings enough of reactionary despair, but it is your cruel pencil that affects the quintessence of disillusion. You are skilled to find a fleck in every flower of my fancy, and so to tag every blossom with offensive comment that, no matter how artistically the printer afterward trims my pages, I myself am condemned forever to image the blight of your criticism on the fair white margin.

I have never before had a chance to hit back at you, and, to be sure, I may not have it now, for both you and the editor may conspire to silence me, but for myself at least timely utterance shall give my thought relief. That you may know exactly where I aim to wound, allow me to enumerate your offenses. First of all, your cowardly anonymity. I myself am too obscure to need anonymity, but you, though an arbiter of my destiny, strike from the dark. You know precisely whom and where you are hitting. I could not hate you with such singleness of mind if I knew you, for I have sometimes tried to hate that other arbiter, the editor, and failed. I can hate him by letter but not in person.

The moment I enter his sanctum, and hear the genial squeak of his swivel chair, and meet the urbanity of his attention, and the sympathy of his twinkle, I succumb to his charms, and forgive him seventy times seven rejections. But it is not thus with you. I can and do detest you with utter absorption, for I never knew a proof reader in the flesh or even in the initials, so that my rancor remains as insatiable as it is impotent.

Your anonymity is not the only unkind advantage you have over me. My second grievance is your appalling erudition. I do not know precisely what academic preparation is deemed necessary for your calling, but from internal evidence I can readily believe you have taken a doctor's degree in every branch of knowledge. Instance the ease with which you handle that most exact of sciences, punctuation. With a ruthless hand you eliminate my dear dashes—and yet the only language in which I could express my feelings toward you would be in dashes. The mastery with which you correct my feeble and tentative efforts to punctuate is only equaled by the skill with which you employ punctuation on your own account. I refer, of course, to the inimitable compression of your marginal remarks. If only I could call forth a reader's emotions as instantly as you can prick mine to frenzy by the sneer you can put into an exclamation point, the sarcasm you can attach to a mere interrogation mark! You comprehend all the arcana of proof symbols, those hieroglyphics that pepper the page like this: # ⌊ 9 □. The contour of my nose has been permanently impaired by burrowing in the back of the dictionary in repeated but hopeless efforts to understand the meaning of these "arbitrary signs used in writing and printing." These momentous little marks always sicken me with worry for fear they will make me say something in public that I never dreamed of saying. My poor, helpless meaning is wholly in the proof reader's power to make or mar. That is why I distrust every symbol you employ. Of only one of those dangerous proof mysteries do I dare myself, as the writer, to make use. Whatever marks or remarks you indite in the margin, I feel myself always safe in replying *stet*. *Stet* is my only weapon against you. *Stet*, *stet*, my pen goes stabbing you! Little the reader of the published page suspects what battles I have fought on the margin with an invisible antagonist!

Punctuation is not the only department in which you are unassailable. All the strongholds of grammar and rhetoric are yours, all the grammar and rhetoric of the schools, the high schools. The diction of the juvenile valedictory is still as fresh and compelling for you as when you were in your teens. Unerringly you spot a relative clause that wanders joyously errant, or you impale a split infinitive on your knowing pencil. For you a coined word never means poetry, but always counterfeit. With Puritan morality you remarry the subject and predicate to whom I had granted the divorce demanded by their uncongenial union. If you could, you would make me into the pitiful slave to propriety that you are yourself.

I can never elude you by running off to pick words from some other language dead or living. I can't sneak in a little Sanscrit; you have been over all those ancient diggings, and detect me unerringly when I pilfer some bit of fossilized wit. In modern tongues you are polyglot. You adjust the angle of my French accents if I have sketched them in with an equivocal slant. Always abreast of the latest fashion, you are familiar with the newest drama of the newest Spaniard, and with the first lispings of every emergent Bengalese.

You command a storehouse of general information. You restrain all sidesteppings of my imagination into the privileges of picturesqueness, for you know the exact number of pigtails into which a Kaffir miner plaits his woolly

head, and the precise height of St. Sofia, and just how many people lived in Chicago in February, 1879. When I contemplate the vastness of your knowledge, my personal abhorrence of your personal self is almost swallowed up in wonder. My fiction is not stranger to you than your truth is to me.

It is not really your odious learning that revolts me, so much as your using it always as if it were a pair of poultry scissors to clip wings that would soar above the henyard. Your literal mind, your offensive accuracy, are a curb on all joyous imaginings. You would straitjacket Pegasus if you could. You examine every figure of speech with a microscope, and record your findings in the margin, as if the proof sheet were a page of a laboratory notebook, until I feel as if not alone my writing but my soul were lying beneath your dissecting knife. And behold, that knife sticks in my gorge, and I can't swallow it, and won't, one moment longer! Surely if anything could cause you pain, it would be this paragraph, with its mixture of metaphors. And I want to cause you pain! But are you capable of feeling it?

The one thing more agonizing to me than your erudition is your superiority to all sensation. Though my pen might move multitudes, it could never move you. If there is one capacity beyond another that every writer must envy, it is the power to rouse emotion without feeling it, whereas it is a matter of everyday knowledge that no author can evoke laughter or sadness without himself being first wet with the tears incident to each. But you—with one quirk of your pencil you can stir boundless emotion in me, but do you ever laugh or cry over one word I write? What a sorry lot of idiots all authors must seem to you!

Yet does my animosity perhaps do you injustice? It may be the carping nature of your profession, rather than your own cynical joy in wounding, that is responsible for the ensanguined margin of my proof sheets. You are paid to find blemishes, not virtues. Those "arbitrary signs used in writing and printing" are restricted in range. They include no symbols expressive of approbation, no "h.h." that would mean that a proof reader wishes to say "ha-ha," or "hear, hear," no "g.t.o.s." to be interpreted, "Go to it, old sport!" If there were arbitrary signs for approval rather than for opprobrium, would you use them? But, alas, you yourself have been so successful in your efforts to curb my imagination that it has become too enfeebled to conceive you as human enough to feel approval even if you were permitted the means to express it.

But why do I parade my vulnerability for the inspection of a foe who knows it only too well? Your caustic insight perceives that my abuse of you is but the inverse of my admiration. No one knows better than you that the impotent ill-will expressed in this letter is only the acknowledgment that the proof reader who corrects is infallibly the superior of the author who merely writes the manuscript.

OBITUARIES—FOR WOMEN

BY FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

WE used to wonder what Alicia would find to do after the vote was won. She was not the kind of woman to sit idly, holding the fruits of victory in her lap, beguiling the hours by reminiscences of the fray. Hers was a busy and aggressive temperament, requiring activity and a cause. We did not have long to speculate about her next work, however, for within a few weeks of the ratification of the Federal Amendment by Tennessee, she announced a campaign. It was—obituaries for women. And on September 15th, at Ardsley-in-the-Pines, the National Women's Obituary Association was formed.

"You see," said Alicia, "although we have apparently won some right to express individuality in life—we are deprived of that right, in death. Read the

obituary notices, especially in the *New York Times*, and you will find that the passing of most women serves only as an occasion for advertising the men in the family."

Alicia had an album of clippings. Evidently the matter had been on her mind for some time. Her exhibit was convincing. Here are a few taken at random from the August newspapers.

MRS. JAMES WENDELL PEARSON

Mrs. James Wendell Pearson, daughter of Harvey S. Bingham, for forty years leader of the Democratic organization of Monroe County, died yesterday at her home in Burlington, Vermont. Mr. Bingham held many important political offices during his life, including assistant city treasurer, tax collector, and deputy sheriff. He was a deacon in the Bethany Congregational Church, and vice-president of the Canandaigua National Bank. After her marriage, Mrs. Pearson and her husband moved to Vermont, where he was with the Dorset Granite Company for many years. She is survived by two sons—George Albert, who served with the American Expeditionary Force in France, and James Wendell Pearson, Jr., who is a reporter on the *Burlington Tribune*. A daughter also survives.

MRS. FREDERICK HILLTON

Frederick Hillton, a retired artist, who for many years has resided in Paris, returned to-day on the *Rochambeau*, bringing the body of his wife, Elizabeth. Mr. Hillton is widely known as a painter of animals. His famous picture, "Master of the Jungle," was exhibited in this country in 1912. Immediately after the funeral, which will occur at 10 o'clock, Tuesday, at Ellsworth's Memorial Chapel, he will return to Paris, where he is popular with the artist colony.

EVELYN LOUISE PENFIELD

Evelyn Louise Penfield, daughter of Dr. Marcus A. Penfield of Syracuse, New York, died yesterday in her 40th year. Doctor Penfield, who died in 1895, was widely known as a nose and throat specialist. He was a founder of the Syracuse Memorial Hospital and was for many years manager of the Branchville Hospital for the insane. He was a trustee of the Children's Home and one of the founders of the Syracuse Citizens' Union. He published a number of books on diseases of the throat and nose.

MARTHA SHELDON BRYSON

Mrs. Martha Sheldon Bryson, 80 years of age, died yesterday at the home of her son on University Heights. Her son, Ernest H. Bryson, is a professor of English literature and widely known as a writer of essays and poetry, which have appeared in the leading English and American periodicals. In 1910 he received the medal of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his literary work. During the war he served with the Young Men's Christian Association in France. In 1919 he was given the degree LL.D. by Amherst College, where he was graduated in 1888, receiving the degree M.A. She is also survived by a daughter.

Of course, Alicia explained, this method of writing obituaries is a survival of the days when women had no identity apart from the men of their families, but those days have passed. And it is now time that women should have a line or two in the newspapers, just about themselves. Alicia then went on to tell us about the first annual convention of the National Women's Obituary Association. Although it had practically no space in the papers, due to a controversy with regard to divorce and the presidential candidates, it was an impressive affair. Women from all walks of life were there—home makers, club women, professional women, women in politics, and women in society. Each felt that she represented an important group and was willing to stand by a concerted demand for adequate death notices.

After two days of speechmaking and the election of officers, a platform was adopted. Alicia gave us a copy of the resolutions, which read:

Whereas, to the year 1920, women have for the most part been ignored in their own obituaries, and in actual space and measurement, as compared with men, have not been adequately represented in the death columns of the newspapers; and

Whereas, in the obituary notices of women, the activities of their male relatives have been mentioned instead of those of the deceased; and

Whereas, obituary notices of women have been used as an opportunity for advertising the men instead of the women of a family;

Be it resolved, that we, charter members of the National Women's Obituary Association, in convention assembled this 15th day of September, 1920, do hereby demand that in the future obituaries of women shall contain the full name of the deceased, a mention of the important achievements of her life, and that she herself shall be the central figure of her own obituary.

Furthermore be it resolved, that we deplore and disapprove the present practice of recounting the activities of all the male relatives of the deceased, and demand that if such statements of kinship be deemed wise and expedient, the names of all female relatives, together with their activities, be enumerated with equal emphasis.

The association decided to employ an executive secretary to begin organizing state associations at once. Alicia was elected president, of course.

Within a week of the meeting of the National Women's Obituary Association, the National Women's Anti-Obituary Association was formed, and a field secretary was employed to prove that women did not need obituaries at all; that indirect mention as deceaseds is much better than the distressing publicity of direct mention; that obituaries for women would destroy the harmony of marriage by giving cause for competition, and, finally, that obituaries for women would break up the home, because women, no longer content with simple tasks and duties in the home, would immediately engage in outside activities in order to gain notoriety at death.

The first Anti-Obituary leaflet, "What Have Women Done to Deserve Obituaries?" was answered by Alicia herself. It was a masterpiece, completely refuting the charge that there were in the world any women less worthy of obituaries than men. She dwelt particularly on the point that home-making women, above all others, are entitled to individual death notices; that their achievements in bearing children, in housekeeping, and kindred lines are analogous to the business pursuits of men. She showed conclusively that there were dramatic possibilities in a statement enumerating the cherry pies made by the deceased or quoting an original recipe or simply giving statistics as to the mileage of mended socks if they were laid in a straight line across the continent.

As soon as the cause of obituaries for women is won, Alicia says that the association will engage in a tombstone campaign. The delegates were agreed that there should be some protest against the word *Relict*, and a concerted demand for separate monuments, or at least individual inscriptions.

OUR NEW POET AND HIS CHAIR

BY F. M. COLBY

AS a trustee of Carton College, I supported the candidacy of the poet, John Ellington, for the new chair of English literature when his name was presented to the board. Ellington is classed by students of the new poetical movement with the poets of the Left Center, and I must admit that my vote was not the result of an intelligent appreciation of his art. Subtleties of tone and cadence, when carried beyond a certain point, are lost upon me, or, if not completely lost, are productive only of an elementary and inappropriate emotion, as of a dog howling when he listens to Debussy.

In respect to ability to understand contemporary poets, I should say that I was about equal to the Center of the new movement; that I was generally feeble and wandering as regards the Left Center, and that among the poets of the Extreme Left I was a hopeless imbecile. In other words, while I can go with Miss Amy Lowell a good deal of the way, with Mr. John Gould Fletcher some of the way, things get pitch black at the next step beyond. I can make nothing at all, for example, out of the advanced

Cataplectic poetry of to-day, or out of the Neo-Pelasgic group of to-morrow, or out of the Tubular school, the Speechless movement, the Heterophemists, One-Dimensionists, Regurgitators, Asymptotists, Sleepers, Ipsissimists Polyphlœsbœans, or Old Red Sandstone group—to mention only a few of the more recent aspects of the art.

I could no more follow Ellington's poetry than a man moving only in straight lines could follow a curve. By zigzagging I could cut across his pathway, but what he was up to between the points of intersection I never knew. And yet I had rather pursue Ellington in vain than overtake a good many other poets who seemed to me too easily overtaken. Poetry too readily understood is commonly dispensed with altogether, like conversation after marriage. Even an old fogy, if he is made to read too often things like Tennyson's "Ringlets, oh Ringlets," may develop a penchant for cubism. This is a point seldom grasped by those who lament new movements in their middle age. It was unknown to the late M. Frédérick Lemaître, for example, when he wrote about the Symbolists, and it is unknown to the many critics since that day who have been laying the blame on every sort of new departure for the melancholy of their own incomprehension. If it is sad to understand too slowly, it is sadder still to understand too soon.

I go into these personal details in order to show that in subsequently siding against Ellington I was not moved by prejudice against his verse.

Our new chair had no duties attached to it. It was the first time, I believe, in the history of any mid-Western institution, that a chair of English literature was created for the mere purpose of keeping a poet alive. Ellington was not even required to meet the students; indeed, many of his friends believed he had better not. We all seem to have thought of him as a picturesque, half-wild object, running about the college premises, like a stag.

He turned out to be nothing of the sort. Within a week he had a class of fifty students and he was meeting them in groups or singly all day long and half the night. And, what was worse, he diverted into teaching the whole fury of his poetic composition. Trained to detect the unusual aspect of the usual thing, he believed he saw inside each sophomore a unique and complicated personality. Members of the glee club, taken to pieces under his imaginative scrutiny, would, when put together again, make beings not unlike the later Henry James. His account of the inner life of the manager of the baseball team resembled a review in the New York *Dial* of the poems of Ezra Pound. He taught sophomores as he wrote poetry. That is to say, he tried to hatch things out of sophomores—things of an unearthly loveliness prized chiefly among the Imagist group. No wonder the worry of it all, as he himself admitted, drove him almost crazy. It drove other people almost crazy, too.

And while "singularity of soul set to its own wild, private music" might be desirable in free verse, it was not desirable, from the point of view of the college at least, in a sophomore. The new poets often seemed to the college authorities less successful in "finding themselves" than in preventing almost everybody else in the world from finding them. That was not the college ideal. On the contrary, it was felt that if college students were returned to their homes all in a state so singular and wildly self-expressive as to be intelligible only to the small body of connoisseurs who constitute the usual free-verse audience, parents would have reason to complain. Things worked against Ellington from the first. It was probably at this period that he wrote the poems published later under the title of *Desmophylax* in which reviewers saw "a radiance of white-hot intensity struggling with an agonized frustration."

Rumor greatly exaggerated the unpleasant incidents that preceded Ellington's resignation. It is not true, for

example, that he made an attempt on the life of the dean, when the latter was lecturing on the development of the modern novel. He merely shook his fist at the dean and swore. It is true, however, that his point of view, if logically expressed in action, would have inevitably resulted in the destruction of the dean—perhaps of many deans. No man could have felt toward literature as he did without wishing to kill deans.

And, while he was not physically violent, he was, to say the least, exceedingly tactless. When Professor Harris's *Victorian Poets* appeared — a scholarly achievement by all accounts—Ellington said that contact with Professor Harris's mind was like reading the speech of a presidential candidate: lunacy seemed better than a mind so safe. And he went about openly urging the demolition of chairs of English literature everywhere. What's the use, he said, in trying to get literature into chairs? You only get chairs into literature. When professors write books about authors, you never can see any authors; you can see only chairs.

Take Harris, for instance, he said. Harris has no interest in any Victorian poet as a poet, but only as a Victorian. If Harris can't see poets moving always in schools like fish he won't look at them. A poet going off anywhere by himself worries Harris. He'll get that poet into a group if he has to cut off everything belonging to him except the date of his birth. He'll run him in somehow with seven other Early-Victorians all headed downstream and each with a "world message" sticking out like a fin—the "world message" usually being something just about as interesting as "Heaven bless our home." That done with, Harris can go ahead and tell about the repeal of the Corn Laws. This sort of thing has been going on in American colleges for forty years. It comes from taking the point of view of chairs. A chair would probably write like that if a chair could write. A chair or a cookstove or something might conceivably get absorbed in the resemblance of a poet to a fish while totally indifferent to his identity as a poet, but it's not the point of view of animated objects. It's time to abolish people like Harris, abolish chairs, abolish the whole blanked, ridiculous business.

With Ellington there was always the risk that it was not mere talk; that he really might do something—and something much worse than was implied in his language, which, by the way, I have but faintly reproduced. His poetry might at any time emerge in conduct. Teachers are calm persons generally, on account of the habit of dealing with human minds in bulk. Ellington was unprotected by the teacher's sense of averages, or by routine, or institutionalism, or those callosities which form on minds accustomed to humanity in bulk. The calmness of his colleagues maddened him.

I voted for the acceptance of his resignation and I would do so again if the issue were presented. And never again would I vote for any one of the really new poets for a chair of anything. Their spirit is not only hostile to the spirit of the English departments of our colleges; it is hostile to the spirit of the colleges themselves. Put a new poet in a chair and he will wish to destroy not only his chair, but all chairs. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow might logically remain seated at Carton College and do no harm even to the other members of the English staff. But John Masefield, for example, could not consistently refrain, and the more sincere John Masefield was the more afraid of him I should be. As a consistent new poet he would probably seek to destroy every chair in our department of English; and if he were perfectly true to himself, he would, I fear, try to burn down our entire institution. I would have no new poet around for fear that he might behave like one. New poetry applied to life is crime—at least to life as it is led at Carton College.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

SEVEN is a mystical number, and the coming year is the seventh since the war began. All those seven years have come freighted with immense possibilities. We didn't know it on New Year's, 1914, but a vast deal was about to happen in that twelvemonth. On every New Year's since we have been well aware that a lot was going to happen, and have had valid anxieties about how much of the world would be left when New Year's came again. It seems almost incredible that this is the third year since the war ended, but that is the truth—if one can admit that it is ended. We know plenty is going to happen this year. We know the world is in a far from satisfactory state yet. We know that a lot of serious jobs left by the war lie pretty much where the war dropped them, and that they must be picked up and got away with. We don't know how it will be done. We don't know what new cracks may develop in human society while the doing of them waits or goes on. We only know here is a new year with a lot waiting in it, and we hope the more or less convalescent world will go on improving in health, and not suffer serious relapses.

Here, in the United States, we have spent all the summer and most of the fall trying to decide what should be our part in nursing the world back to recovery, and though we have not had all our pains for nothing, we have not reached any clear conclusion. We spent the campaign talking about the League of Nations, and apparently thinking about something else. The other things we had thought about apparently decided the election. Certainly the League of Nations did not. It isn't what people say that shapes conduct. It's what goes on in the backs of their heads. That applies to this country in the late campaign, and doubtless it applies also to the League of Nations. The League will never be quite what the Treaty and the Covenant say. It will be what is in the people behind it.

Getting ready for election is an appalling employment that disturbs everything and makes people cross, but election itself is a soothing treatment. When it is over people say, "We did all we could," and accept the result, and stop arguing, and go on about their business. It makes one wish that Ireland might have an election and settle something. Ours being over, most of us are in an accommodating mood.

There seem to be just two great groups of people in this great world—the people who want the world to be better, and see a chance of making it so, and the people who like it as it is and don't want it changed. These groups have been called the Celestials and the Carnals, and perhaps these are as good names for them as any. The Celestials will always take chances for a big improvement, and the Carnals lean more to hanging on to what they have got. It seems as though the Carnals won the election, but that may be only in appearance, because the two great political parties in this country by no means represent the two great groups of men. Just as there is a Carnal and a Celestial in almost every person, contending with each other for the mastery, so the two types are mixed up in political parties. So there never really is a good party working against a bad party, but only a choice. Where both

are defective, neither is entirely bad and you vote for the one you belong to, or which you think is least objectionable, or most promising of usefulness for the time being.

Now, the Carnals seemed to win the election, but they won it by such enormous majorities that it was plain there must be a huge number of voters in their group who didn't really belong there. That is the most encouraging feature of the election. The majorities, of course, were swelled by the women's votes. They had a right to be almost double what we were used to, but even allowing for that they were very big indeed, which was a grand thing, because it meant that the victors would come into office with power enough to do what they thought best. We have had to live for a year and half in a country where nobody had that power, and we have not liked it, nor thought it at all wholesome. It is a case where any boss looks better to us than no boss.

One hears about the "tragedy of Wilson"—hears him spoken of as one of the tragic figures of history. Behold him, say some, a broken man—yesterday acclaimed as a Messiah by the common people of Europe, and the most potent and regarded mind in the councils at Paris; to-day, shattered in physical health, berated by Europeans as one who misled them, balked at home in all his purposes, and a spectator at the defeat at the polls by enormous majorities of the party that had supported him.

Of course it makes a picture of a damaged figure, but is it really so tragic? Not everyone will think so. There will be those who feel that nothing is really tragic that does not involve moral or spiritual collapse, and no one associates that with Mr. Wilson. There is physical impairment about him, but no spiritual collapse. He holds as firmly as ever to what he has believed to be right. He is still an idealist with hosts of followers. The fault found with him was not that he abandoned principles, but that he held too strictly to them. Indeed, the fault found with Mr. Wilson is rather curious. Once he said he had a one-track mind. That is a mind that keeps its direction without switching. Think of him as a mechanism that is bound to go on according to its inside machinery.

Mr. Wilson has really stood for religion expressed in politics, but people who do not know religion when they see it are not aware of that. Immense fault has been found with him because he was not more accommodating, because he could not substitute the opinions of advisers for those that he got out of his own inside. The fault found has not been altogether unreasonable, but it was all futile. Mr. Wilson has had to follow the laws of his being. To blame him for not doing differently is, in effect, to blame him for not being some one else, but at least he has taken the advice of Polonius, "To thine own self be true." No one has accused him of not being true to Wilson, and that, though it sounds almost humorous, is significant and important, for the man who is true to himself must be true, it would seem, even to his own imperfections. He cannot separate the tares from the wheat. He has to tie up to both. What is "tares," and what is "wheat" in Mr. Wilson is a matter of analysis that will have to be left in great measure to future examiners; but meanwhile, though he is in a sense a tragic figure, he is in no sense an object of pity. He has been physically broken, but mentally and spiritually, so far as anyone can tell, he remains entire, and leadership is still in him—the leadership that belongs to a man who holds to the line that he has had to choose, and does not let expediency divert him to another.

The world is full of forces, driving on like planets, according to the order of their being. Nothing is new. Everybody and everything is largely an inheritance from the past. Every newborn creature has a personality of its own, and is different in some degree from every other creature. No personalities are exact mates, but all personalities or

creatures are largely inheritances. Dispositions, purposes, powers, are inherited, and although they are changed, improved, developed, or damaged by the efforts or defaults of life, their derivation affects them to the end. It is an old world full of inheritance, and very considerably bound by the laws of it, that comes to the new year. Just as Mr. Wilson has had to take the line that his mental content determined, so it is with the world. Its various parts have to move according to the machinery inside of them. Those that persist in going the wrong way will come to smash; those that are headed more nearly right will work through to something—crowded a little off their direct line, no doubt, by other forces that dispute with them for the right of way.

There is a vagueness and uncertainty about the future that excites curiosity. What is the world going to be like when it is fixed up again? Just now it is all at loose ends. We are sure of nothing but that things are going to be different. We feel their present instability. We do not believe that they are going to be ever again as they were before the war. Some great facts will be the same. Water will run downhill, and bad money will run good money out of circulation; but we cannot yet see how human relations are going to work out. We have very little idea what sort of place Europe will be, say ten years from now. We don't know, and hardly venture to guess, whether these States will be pleasanter to live in at the end of a decade. If we think they will be pleasanter for some people, we wonder for what people. We wonder whether they will be pleasanter for the rich or for the poor, because that is the division between men that comes automatically to the mind. We might better wonder if they will be more pleasant for the wise or for the foolish, for the generous or for the greedy, for the kind or for the harsh; for really the best world that we can hope for is one in which the kind and the wise will be happy. In the coming world we think of they may not be happy, but they are pretty certain to be happier than the foolish, or the greedy, or the harsh.

The world can be improved so that all kinds of people will seem to get along better. There was, in the paper, the report of a social survey of Grand Rapids, to show the effect of prohibition, and according to that survey it seemed to have benefited that whole community. So countries, so the world in general, can be benefited for a while by wise administration. But there is nothing final about that, nothing permanent. Even though you live on a higher level, you have to meet the great questions of life, make its choices and decisions, just as regularly as you did on the level below. You never get away from the need to have character merely by getting a new suit of clothes. Clothes, if they are good, may look like character, but they need to have something inside to carry them.

It has been a handicap to the League of Nations that it seemed an effort to bring on the millennium. It never was that. It was no more than an effort to save the world from premature destruction, so that the people in it could work out their salvation as heretofore by very much the same methods that have been in use. That should be remembered. It seemed as if the world could not go on as it had been going, that it could not give so much attention to soldiering, that it could not possibly endure the developments in the art of war, and had got to take better thought for itself if civilization were to survive at all. If we think of the League as first aid to the injured, and not so much as a universal panacea, it may be more acceptable to some doubters. The real hope of the world is in the increase in the group that wants to improve it, though the resistance to their efforts of the group that objects to change can never be long spared, and should by no means be undervalued. A ship needs anchors as well as sail. The Celestials are mostly sails; the Carnals are mostly

anchor. There was a great rattle of anchor chains in the last election. Maybe they were needed.

When the world has settled down again and taken a new start, as it will in the course of time, what will be the state of literature and art? Will there be writing again that is really worth reading? Will there be great pictures? Will there be great architecture? May we hope for a new spirit that will break out glorious in all these forms of expression?

It has not yet disclosed itself. There is a bursting of bonds that shows in books, in the movies, in the theaters, in raiment, in amusements, art, verse, and discourse. Some of its manifestations are rather appalling, but it is a bursting of bonds, and that in itself is rather a good thing. The excesses of it will pass away. Moralities, which have seemed to be absent on leave, will come home. There was a great weariness and nervous exhaustion after the war, and for a while a great deal of idleness, and idleness is no help to the moralities. Lately there has been an immense amount of profiteering, and a much too general disposition to make a rake-off while profits were accessible. That is already diminishing. The general inflation of money is subsiding. Prices are falling; but still the return to composure is far from complete. There remains in everything a war-bred disposition to try to do things on an immense scale, to the detriment of quality. Somehow quality must come to its own again. Perhaps it will be able to demonstrate that it is profitable. When present things pass away a lot of trash will go with them, and then, when profiteering has ended, and the cost of living has got down to a reasonable level, people may get interested again in good work.

Meanwhile, and as we write, the League of Nations, without as yet a representative of Uncle Sam, is in session at Geneva; the Reds have won a considerable military victory over General Wrangle; stocks are reacting with uncomfortable persistency for a lower level in New York; the President-elect, who went fishing in Texas and was interrupted by a norther, is trying to get home; a great many people are trying to get coal, and Thanksgiving is impending. It looks as though the immediate cause for thankfulness between Election Day and Christmas might be that we are getting a taste of wholesome discipline. There is an excellent prospect of hard times for a while and, in spite of all the enthusiasm for prosperity and America first that was noticed in the campaign, a season of hard times and discipline may not be at all bad for us. Of late we have viewed the distresses and difficulties of Europe somewhat too callously, and with too much disposition to be thankful that we were not in so bad a fix as our neighbors, and too selfish a disinclination to be mixed up with those less fortunate than ourselves. To discover once more that we, too, are subject to reverses, and that our country, too, in spite of all its virtue and good fortune, contains in itself most of the necessary elements of discord, may bring us a measure of anxious humility that may be very much to our spiritual advantage. We have inclined to think that the rest of the world was the sport of destiny, but that we, somehow, were insured against ill fate. If we are pinched enough and worried enough to make us feel that, in spite of isolation and riches and the position for the moment of being the great creditor nation of the world, we are still inseparably joined to the rest of mankind, and linked, willy-nilly, to the vicissitudes of our neighbors, it may bring us to a bolder spirit about joining with them to make the world safer and more salubrious for all hands. To be so fortunate that we dare not be neighborly for fear of catching something harmful or losing something valuable, is to be not really in a strong position, but in a weak one. Capital, they say, is timid. If we are on the way to have some of our timidity squeezed out of us we should not repine. It may do us good.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE PROPHET AND THE PROFITEER

BY MALCOLM LA PRADE

IN a suite of chambers spacious
Dwelt a Prophet most sagacious
In the ancient town of Bagdad long ago,
And he plied his trade, contented
In the airy flat he rented,
For his overhead expense was very low.

Oft his neighbors came deploring
How the rents in town were soaring,
But the Prophet prophesied that they would fall.
All their apprehensions fearful
He dispelled with omens cheerful,
And predicted great prosperity for all.

As he sat one day foretelling
To a client, in his dwelling,
It was given over to an auctioneer,
And, despite the tenant's clamor,
It was sold beneath the hammer
To a pompous plutocratic Profiteer.



"THERE'S NO PROFIT IN REPENTING"



IN THEIR GRATITUDE, PRESENTED HIM AN ASS

Bright and early on the morrow,
To the happy Prophet's sorrow,
  Came the Landlord, and he said, "It comes to pass
From to-day all rents are doubled."
And the Prophet, sorely troubled,
  Watched him mount and ride away upon his ass.

Then he cried, "It is a pity,
For throughout this mighty city
  There are scarcely any rentals half so dear,
Yet it is to be expected
That we all shall be ejected
  If we dare attempt to fight this Profiteer!"

All the neighbors gathered near him,
Very much displeased to hear him,
  How he prophesied calamities galore,
And they cried, "We're being swindled!"
And the Prophet's profits dwindled,
  For they all refused to pay him as before.

When the Landlord, unsuspecting,
Came upon his ass, collecting,
  Cried the Prophet: "Wicked Profiteer, repent!
Thanks to you, I've grown so gloomy
That my clients come not to me,
  And I cannot raise the money for my rent!"

Quoth the Landlord, unrelenting:
"There's no profit in repenting,
  Yet I badly need an able Prophet here,
To correct the strange impression
Which amounts to an obsession
  That my rentals are unreasonably dear.

"You would find it profitable
If, as Prophet, you were able
  To declare all other rentals will increase
Far beyond the modest figger
Which I'm asking for the bigger,
  Brighter, better flats which I desire to lease."

As he grasped the situation,
Cried the Prophet, with elation:
  "Hold! From Allah I have just received a hunch
That the Bagdad rents are rising
In a manner most surprising!
  Let us talk the matter over while we lunch."

And he gave that information
As a heav'nly inspiration.
  All his neighbors paid him for the sage advice;
Then, for fear of new increases,
Hurried off to sign their leases
  And were glad to pay the Profiteer his price.

So the Prophet was provided
With the flat where he resided
  Free of rental, and it also came to pass
That his neighbors, never hearing
Of the Prophet's profiteering,
  In their gratitude, presented him an ass.

Ladies First!

"WHAT is the reason," began the irritated traveler from the North, "that the trains in this part of the country are always behind time? I have never seen one yet that ran according to its schedule."

"That, suh," said the dignified Mississippian, "is a matter easily explained. It is due to Southern chivalry, suh."

"Southern chivalry! Where does that come in?"

"You see, suh, the trains are always late in this country because they wait for the ladies, God bless them!"

Nature's Color Scheme

IT was one of the Freshman class who, meeting the janitor of the building in which he had rooms, indulged in a callow joke.

"Pretty near winter, Joe," he said, jovially. "The trees are getting almost as black as you."

"Dat's true, suh," and Joe surveyed the elms thoughtfully, as one seeing them for the first time. "Nature's wonderful, suh, no mistake. Come spring, dem trees 'll be almost as green as you, suh."

Too Sensitive

A YOUNG bride, whose maid had failed to return after her day out, was questioning her guest, who had had the last conversation with Jane:

"But, dear, are you sure that you said nothing to—er—hurt her feelings?"

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Brown. "I merely said it was strange that she and my diamond broach disappeared at the same time."

The Natural End

THE "actors" whom Willie knows most about are those who do lofty feats in the circus and vaudeville. He has a proper appreciation of the danger of their calling and the means adopted for their safety. Recently he heard his father, while reading a book on theatricals, mention the name of Sir Henry Irving.

"Who is Sir Henry Irving, father?" asked the boy.

"He was a great actor," said father.

"What show is he with?"

"He isn't with any show now. He's dead."

"What happened? Did he miss the net?"

An Outlawed Bill

THE man on the downtown car was holding on by a strap, and trying to read a few paragraphs in his paper. One of them told of a discovery by a Nippur expedition of one of our universities of a well-preserved and thoroughly authenticated tailor's bill nearly five thousand years old.

Since the man who was holding on to the next strap was himself engaged in the clothing business, the man with the newspaper thought the item would interest him, so he read it aloud. The story, however, left the listener with a blank gloom on his face.

"Don't you understand?" said the other, impatiently. "It's a tailor's bill almost five thousand years old."

"Well," said the tailor, without excitement, "what is it good for? They can't collect it."

Intensified

"STRANGE meanings are to be extracted from words," observes a Philadelphia instructor, "and the most remarkable sometimes are the result of desperation. If a boy 'can't think' of his answer, he is likely to manufacture it. Here is an example of 'drawing out' the power dormant in the pupil's mind:

"I was once explaining to a pupil that a preposition often intensifies the meaning of the verb with which it is compounded.

"'Take *cavo*, for instance,' I said. 'It means to hollow out. Now what will a preposition do to it?'

"'Intensify it, sir.'

"'That's right. Now what would *ex-cavo* mean?

"'To holler out louder.'"

His Only Fault

MR. KLINKER was negotiating with a horse dealer. "I am," he said, "not so particular about speed, but I must have a gentle horse for my wife to ride. Will you guarantee this horse to be safe?"

"Certainly," said the dealer. "He's a regular lady's horse."

"You are sure he's not afraid of anything?" asked Mr. Klinker, anxiously, and for the tenth time.

Whereupon the dealer assumed an air of reflection.

"Well, there is one thing that he has always appeared to be afraid of since I got him," he admitted, conscientiously. "It seems as if he's scared to death for fear some one might say 'Whoa!' and he not hear it."



Why mother was short a table napkin

Sure of His Ground

THE young man who had been calling so frequently on Helen at last came to see Helen's father. Finally the suitor made this announcement:

"It's a mere formality, I know, sir, this asking for your daughter's hand; but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed."

Helen's father stiffened. "And may I inquire," he asked, "who suggested that asking my consent to Helen's marriage was a mere formality?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man. "It was Helen's mother."

Words Fail

WHEN the captain of the fire department was about to resign, his men banded together and purchased an elaborate, embossed silver horn to present to him at a meeting in the town hall. The fireman who was chosen to make the presentation practiced his speech for days beforehand. The chief, who had been informed of what was to happen, also practiced his speech of acceptance. They rehearsed together and were "letter perfect" when they mounted the platform in the town hall. The throng which confronted them had, however, a disastrous effect. Holding the horn at arm's length, the fireman stalked across the platform and with a ghastly expression on his face, said:

"Well, Bill, here's your horn!"

The chief rose slowly to his feet and gasped: "Hell! Is that it?"

Politeness is Its Own Reward

THE plumber had to dig up the back-yard drain, and found that a child's toy was the cause of the obstruction.

"Here, you young rascals!" he shouted at the children watching him. "How did this thing get into the drain?"

Joe waved his hand gallantly toward his little neighbor. "We'll let Jean talk first. She's company."

Underestimated

A GENTLEMAN from the rural districts of Missouri recently made his first visit to New York. Shortly after his arrival he went into a restaurant and ordered what seemed to him like a rather meager meal. When the bill was presented it totaled $8.35. The Missourian looked at the amount twice to make sure his eyes were not deceiving him. Then he smiled. "Waiter," he called, "you've made a mistake. I've got more money than that!"



The Latest Qualification

MRS. S.: "*Your reference as to character and cooking is excellent, but it says nothing about your ability to make home brew*"

A Natural Conclusion

HARKINS, who had taken his children to a country place during the holidays, was proceeding across the fields with Louis, the youngest, when the latter saw a cow for the first time.

"What is that?" asked the child.

"That's a cow, my son."

"And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns."

And the two then moved on. Presently the cow mooed, whereat Louis was surprised.

"Which horn did she blow, father?" he asked.

Mental Arithmetic

AN old lady, walking along the path by the athletic field of a boys' school, heard through the high board fence an extraordinary sound of numbers shouted in series: "Twelve, seven, thirty-two, fourteen! Ninety-four, thirteen, twenty-five, six!" and so on. Memories of her own youth, however, quickly supplied the explanation, and on reaching home she said to her sister:

"Don't tell me that the boys at Doctor Blank's school are not in earnest about their studies. I heard them myself to-day, practicing their mental arithmetic right in the midst of their playtime."

A Golf Expert

A SOUTHERN town had just completed a golf course and an artistic country club house. The formal opening took place and famous golfers came to play the first match over the course. The local newspapers gave much space to the occasion, and everywhere golf formed the subject of conversation.

Several weeks later an old countryman came to town and, going up to one of our leading citizens, asked:

"What's all this golf business I been readin' about so much? I want to know what it is?"

"You do?" replied the citizen. "Well, we have about a hundred and fifty acres of the finest land out here on the river— But come, let's go out to see it."

So they motored to the links and climbed up a hill to overlook it all. The countryman saw the river winding away on his left, the surrounding hills, and the sheep belonging to the club down in the valley. Finally the citizen said:

"Well, old man, what do you think of it all? Fine, isn't it?"

"Wal," replied the countryman, "them golfs, ef they be golfs, is the most like sheep uv anything ever I saw."

All in the Name

A PARTY of Louisville ladies, en route to a Canadian summer resort, was delayed on the border by the usual Customs examination. To the question as to what her suitcase contained, the fairest and youngest replied:

"Nothing but wearing apparel."

Now, tucked carefully away in one of the corners of that suitcase the efficient official brought to light a tiny vial (evidence of a thoughtful mother's "safety first" measure) filled to the neck with nothing less than a generous swallow of the once justly famed "Kentucky Dew."

The officer frowned to conceal his amusement. "Didn't I understand you to say that this valise contained only wearing apparel?" he asked.

The fair Kentuckian nodded an affirmative, no whit abashed by the contradictory nature of the official's find. "Well, will you tell me what you call this?" persisted the inquisitor, holding to view the diminutive bottle, whose very contents seemed blushing for its owner's disregard for the truth.

"Oh, that?" came the reply in a soft, Southern drawl. "In Kentucky we call that a nightcap."



"I need a new tooth brush, mother; this one's getting bald"



"Why, Mary, she gets more every week than what you saved from your butter 'n' egg money all your life!"

No Escape

A CERTAIN New York business man was taken ill and was ordered by his physicians to drop everything for a rest. Accordingly, he went out to the Pacific coast, but, as even there he was not free from business telegrams, he went on to Japan. There he was pursued by cables, but while trying to get even farther away by steamer he died and went where all good men go. As he sat on the edge of a cloud enjoying himself greatly, beyond reach of wires and cables, an angel touched him on the shoulder.

"Are you Mr. Smith-Smith of New York City?"

Mr. Smith admitted his identity, whereupon the angel announced:

"You are wanted on the ouija board!"

A Dangerous Weapon

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was noted for her ingenuity in finding excuses for sins, no matter how grave, committed by the members of her class.

One day the superintendent informed her that Joe had been arrested for shooting craps.

"I hope it will be a lesson to his father," said the teacher; "no boy that age should have been allowed to carry a gun."

The Worm Turned

"TIPS, tips, nozzing but tips!" cried the Frenchman, on his first visit to New York. "First ze vaiter, zen ze maid, zen ze portair!"

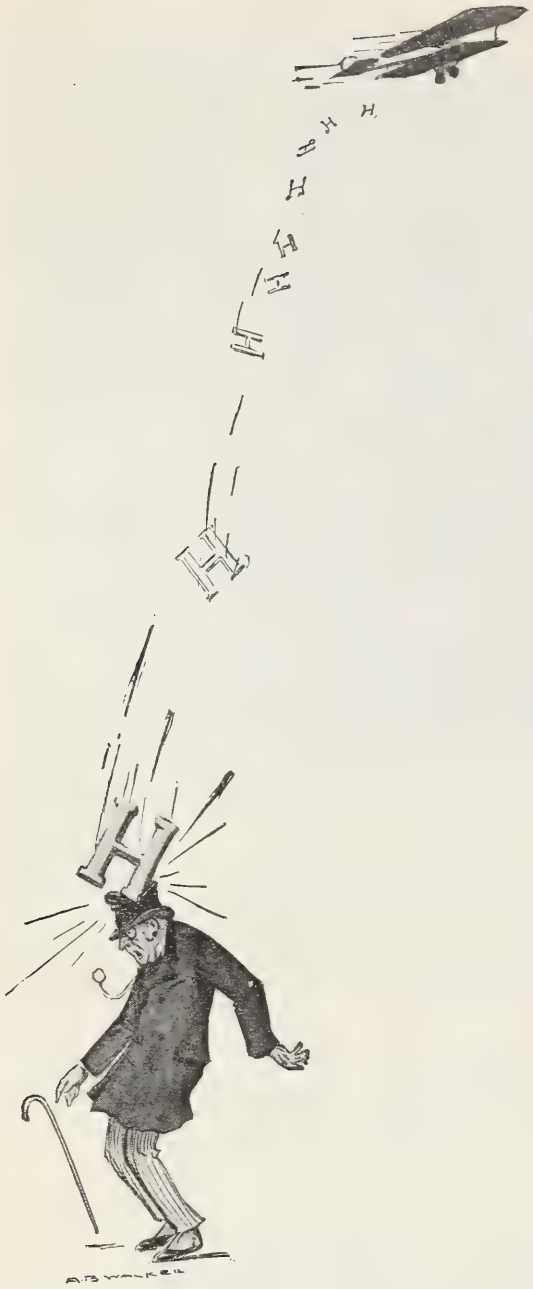
He was about fed up. In one place, where he went to wash his hands, he saw the sign, "Please tip the basin."

"I vill not do eet," he fumed, angrily. "I vill go dirtee first, yes."

A Puzzle for Tailors

AFTER having been out on the farm all summer, a small boy had grown somewhat hazy on the manners and customs of the city. As he neared the end of the journey in from the country, he inquired, thoughtfully:

"Mother, which was it that daddy used to wear down to dinner—a Tuxedo or a limousine?"



Dropping Their H's

The life of the pedestrian is becoming more dangerous, especially in England

An Object Lesson

A MEMBER of the medical faculty of the University of Michigan was sent to a small town in the state as an extension lecturer. He was to be introduced to his audience by one of the town fathers, a veteran well known for his passion for oratory. Accordingly, it was arranged by the lecture committee that he should be allowed only a limited time for his introductory remarks.

The G. A. R. veteran, as usual, began his speech with a few reminiscences of the Civil War, and gradually worked his way through the succeeding periods of our history. One idea led to another until he finally hit upon the subject of graft.

"Graft is everywhere!" he roared. "You will find it in big business, in our Senate, in our House of Representatives—you will find it in our educational system—" A pause and a hasty glance at his watch. "Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Doctor Blank of the University of Michigan."

Never Too Late to Begin

AT a party convention several years ago, Brown was making a nominating speech for his friend White. He eulogized him in every way that he could think of, ending triumphantly: "Look at him, gentlemen; a fine specimen of perfect manhood—strong, robust, in the pink of condition. Why, my friend White has never taken a dose of medicine in his life!"

This was too much for one of the opposing delegates. Loud enough to be heard all over the room, he observed, "Well, this convention is sure going to give him one!"

Preference

THOSE little, woolly, insect things
That yip and squeak I loathe, I swear;
I hate the tiny tyke that springs
Upon your lap and leaves his hair;
The silly Pekinese that stare
As though their brains were in a fog
Are something that I cannot bear.
I like a dog as is a dog!

The minute hairless freak just stings
My temper to a furious flare;
The inbred Spitz or Poodle brings
Into my eyes a maniac glare.
How can one with such playthings share
Work, hope, and pain, or with them jog
In comrade-wise life's thoroughfare?
I like a dog as is a dog!

A dog whose very barking rings
With joy and trust, whose eyes declare
A love and faith denied to kings;
Who's with you in defeat, despair;
A dog with size and strength to spare
Through roughest, toughest paths to slog;
His pedigree? What do I care?
I like a dog as is a dog.

ENVOY

Old pal, you have a knowing air.
It's you I mean, who, all agog,
Wagging your tail, sit beaming there—
I like a dog as is a dog!

BERTON BRALEY.



Painting by George Wright Illustration for "Hail, Columbia!"

THE NATIONAL RESTLESSNESS MAKES FOR A GAYETY AND CHARM OF ITS OWN

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THE MALADY OF EUROPE

I.—THE PRICE OF VICTORY IN FRANCE

BY PHILIP GIBBS

Author of *Now It Can Be Told*

TWO years ago, after the day of armistice in 1918, the French people were filled with the intoxication of victory. The faith with which they had fought had been fulfilled. It was the faith that, in spite of the immense power of the Germans, their military supremacy at the beginning of the war in man power and machine power and the crippling blows they inflicted on France in the first rush and afterward, they would be beaten in the end, beaten to the dust, by the heroism of the French armies, the genius of French generals, and the unconquerable spirit of the French people. "*On les aura!*" ("We shall have them!") was the cry of France, even in days when the enemy was sprawled over their northern provinces, when they struck close to the heart of Paris, and when masses of French troops reeled back from their frightful onslaughts.

It is true, as I know, that at times this faith in ultimate victory burned low in the hearts of some French men and women whose souls were staggered by the enormous and unceasing slaughter of their youth, and by the narrow, hair-breadth line which sometimes stood between the safety and the death of France—as when the Germans reached the Marne in August of the first year, and again after years of infernal struggle which strewed the fields of France with death, in July of 1918. But the hope never flickered out into absolute despair, rose again into a flame whenever the luck of war changed, and became a certainty of victory when, with American help and British, Marshal Foch hurled the enemy across the Marne for the second time and forced them into a retreat which only ended with absolute surrender.

So France rejoiced on the day of armistice, and on many other days that followed. The national pride of the French was satisfied. They were not ungrateful for the services of their allies and friends, but they believed that victory was due most of all to the heroic spirit of France. They had fought most, made greatest sacrifice, and won by the military genius of Foch. . . . As an Englishman, who saw, through the years of war, the valor of their men, the miseries and the courage of their women, the marvelous, unfailing, supernatural heroism of the whole French nation, I agree with them, though I know (more than they will ever know or admit) what British soldiers

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did, and, in the end, the Americans. Their joy in victory was my joy, too, though I wondered then, even in the midst of that wild intoxication of the Parisian crowds after the surrender of the enemy, how soon it would be before they were sobered by the remembrance of their million dead, their two million maimed, blind, and shell-shocked men, their enormous war debts, their devastated fields, their failing birth rate, their price of victory.

It was not very long before that remembrance, and the dreadful actuality of truth, came to them. Even on the day of armistice there were thousands of women who wept, in small rooms and in back streets. "It is victory," they said, "but it will not bring back our men." Their tears were hidden because of the rejoicing of living youth, and their cry of anguish was stifled so that it should not be heard above the cheers which greeted the men who had come back with victory on their banners. For some time after that the gradual awakening of the French people to a sense of dismal reality was soothed by the promises of their statesmen and diplomats. There were to be great fruits of victory harvested from the wealth of Germany. By the terms of the Peace Treaty, the Germans would be made to pay for all the damage they had done, apart from the resurrection of dead youth. They would be forced to pay indemnities which would reconstruct the ravaged lands of France, build up her ruins, wipe out the war debt, pay for the pensions of crippled men and widowed women. German coal from the Saar and the Ruhr would be delivered, or seized, in return for the German destruction of the coal mines around Lens. The financial ruin of France, as revealed by the falling value of the franc in foreign exchange, and by the budget statements which admitted a lack of revenue to pay even the interests on unimaginable debts, would be restored by consignments of German gold. By the Peace Treaty also, ruthless in the severity of its terms to an ignoble and brutal enemy, France would be secured from the menace of further wars, because Germany would be so crushed, and strangled, and held so tightly to the forfeit of future payments, that she would never be allowed to recover her strength and power, however great the industry of her workers or the genius of her financiers.

These promises, that Germany would pay for everything, were held up to the French people as an inducement to keep quiet, settle down to work, and suffer patiently their present poverty. There was to be a period of reconstruction under the direction of a benevolent government. For a year the word "reconstruction" was used as a kind of spell word to lull the impatience and growing incredulity of French people. Even now French statesmen keep up the hope or the pretense that the fruits of victory are only delayed, and that in a little while Germany will be made to disgorge the expenses of the war to the last sou. They still maintain their claim to the 261 milliards of francs, which represents more than twenty times the annual total of German exports at their maximum figure before the war, while Britain's claim amounts to 8,000 millions of pounds sterling, or, according to a financial authority, "far more than all the world's gold production since the dawn of history, plus the estimated contents of all the gold mines at present known."

Meanwhile what is the condition of things in France and the mentality of the French people? To say that they are suffering from "soul sickness" is but a mild way of describing their disillusionment and disgust with the effects of victory, and one sees in their political activities as well as in their private life an intense irritation with the present state of affairs, a sense of fear which has followed the intoxication of victory, a tendency to quarrel with those who were their friends and allies—because they think that they who won the greatest share of victory have gained least of all from peace—and a desperate endeavor

to grasp, by any force in their power now, the fulfillment of their most fantastic hopes.

Truly the working classes and professional middle class of France—the latter especially—have been mocked by that phrase, "the fruits of victory." It has been a dead-sea fruit, bitter to the taste. The prices of foodstuffs and all necessities of life are at least five times higher than at pre-war rates. The clerk, the journalist, the salesman in a small shop, that vast multitude of men who in a civilized community have to eke out a respectable livelihood on fixed salaries, that do not depend on manual labor or provide opportunities of profit by commercial prosperity, find themselves pinched to the point of sharp distress.

Certain articles of food and living have risen in price like rockets, in Paris and other cities. Mutton, for instance, is 15 and 17 francs; ham is 16 to 18 francs a pound. A suit of clothes which cost 100 francs in 1914 is not now to be had from any tailor for less than 700 francs. As I have said, the middle classes, and especially the clerical classes, have suffered most. In some cases their salaries have been tripled, but this increase is not in proportion to that of the laboring classes. A workman, for instance, earning 6 francs a day before the war, may now get 30 francs, or even more. A ticket collector on an omnibus gets a much higher wage than a school-teacher. But these wages are all in excess of the possibilities of national economy, and are not justified, so far, by the production of labor, so that unemployment is bound to ensue, or the downfall of industrial enterprise. In 1919 the imports of France amounted to 29 milliards of francs, whereas her exports amounted to only 8 milliards of francs. The situation, however, seems to be improving in that respect, according to the optimistic statements of ministers. I have not the exact figures of the national debt of France—they are guarded rather jealously—but it is known that before the war the debt amounted to about 32 milliards of francs, and that the expenses of the late war to France amounted, according to official estimates, to 159 milliards of francs.

In France, as in most other countries of Europe, exasperation at high prices is inflamed by the conviction that some part of them, at least, is due to the profiteering of unscrupulous traders, utterly callous of the common people, and supported in a sinister way by corrupt influences in the government, sympathizing with the old claims of a selfish capitalism intrenched against the growing menace of revolutionary labor. Strange stories are told of immense stores of vegetables left to rot in warehouses while the prices soar to fantastic heights in the Paris markets, of great quantities of meat going bad in the storage houses, while small families are starved of meat. The peasant is profiteering at the expense of the townsman, the manufacturer is profiteering at the expense of the peasant, and the government is juggling with the figures of bankruptcy, by issuing paper money which has no reality. There is some truth in all these things, and it does not make for economic recovery or health.

The magic word "reconstruction" did not have much power over the bodies and souls of those French peasants and villagers who returned to the long, broad belt of country which stretches across France like an open wound. A year after the war had finished I went back to that country to see new life where for more than four years I had seen a lot of death, and the re-ravaging of earth already ravaged by every kind of explosive gas force and poisonous gas. Nothing much had altered except that grass grew rankly on ground which was bare and barren when the guns had done with it. Many of the old trenches had silted in, and the shell holes which used to be six or eight feet deep were now filled up by the effect of rain, and the cemeteries—those little forests of our dead—were more neatly kept. In the

general landscape there was not much difference, though as I looked closer I saw that the peasants had actually reclaimed some of these acres, especially around Peronne and south of the Somme, by digging out the chunks of steel that lay thick in the soil and searching for unexploded shells with a care that did not prevent many deaths. Here and there they had plowed the land, and furrowed it, and sowed some kind of crop, and there industry has gone on since then with untiring spirit, so that now a broader stretch of country is under cultivation.

But, as they said to me, "Our progress is slow because we have no means of transport, no compensation, or very little, from the government, out of which we can get material and machinery, and no capital or labor to help us build up our villages."

Little colonies of wooden huts, like the encampments of nomad folk, have been constructed at places like Passchendæle and Langemarck, and Gheluvelt, where men of ours lived in dirty ditches from which they rose on days of battle to cross through a storm of fire, in which many fell, a score of yards or so to where the enemy waited with machine guns, bombs, and trench mortars. In these wooden huts live the repatriated peasants who fled from the red tide of war, but at the word "reconstruction" they shrug their shoulders and laugh bitterly. "We have no water," they say, "no light, no stone to build a decent house, no money to get life into the soil again. We are glad to get back to the old places, but we've left prosperity behind. . . . When are the Germans going to pay?"

For some time there was, beneath the loud expression of joy in France because victory was hers, a secret and sinister bitterness of revolutionary passion. Remember that when war broke out in 1914 the followers of Jean Jaures, the Socialist leader, who was murdered on the first day (his murderer was acquitted at the end of the war) rallied to the flag of France with exalted patriotism. They said: "We are the enemies of war, but this was forced on us. This is the war to end war. By killing German militarism we shall destroy our own, for there will be no need of it. By defeating German tyranny we shall gain greater liberty ourselves. There will be a 'sacred union' of classes, and labor, which will save France, by its body and by its soul, shall get greater reward. Capitalism of the old evil kind will be dethroned, and capital and labor shall go hand in hand, not as enemies, but as friends and partners."

Over and over again I heard French soldiers say those things in the early days when all France was stirred by passionate enthusiasm and the spirit of sacrifice. . . . They left off saying them when the war settled down into trenches, when slaughter was piled up month after month, when it seemed unending, and when the poilus, in those wet ditches, thought back to Paris, where the politicians and the rich seemed to be quite comfortable, making lots of money out of army contracts, and ready to go on fighting—by proxy—for years and years. What bitterness, what suspicion, what hatred of politicians and profiteers, was in the hearts of the French fighting men may be read in the books of Henri Barbusse; and I, myself, talking to those poilus, in their trenches and dugouts, and in ruined villages behind the line, have heard all that passion of resentment. It seemed to these men—and seems to some of them now—that Jean Jaurès, their old leader, was right, after all, when he said that modern warfare was made to bolster up one set of capitalists against another set whose markets they coveted, or whose power they feared, and that the peoples who fought and died were not fighting altogether for their own liberties or for their own reward. After the war, when the French troops were demobilized and came back to the little homes, stinted of the barest necessities of life because of the rising prices, while French society of the well-to-do classes rioted in a mad kind of

luxury during the peace negotiations, these men became even more bitter, and their spirit was menacing.

I went, one night in Paris, to a meeting of a society called *Clarté*. It was founded by the friends of that French author, Henri Barbusse, whose book, *Le Feu*, gives the most realistic and dreadful picture of the agonies and horrors of modern warfare, and contains the fiercest accusation of the evil elements in civilization which led up to the European war. *Clarté* means clearness —clarity—and the idea of the society is to bring together numbers of young men in France and other countries who went through the war and who are able to think clearly on the problems of life, the structure of society, and the means by which liberty, brotherhood, and peace may prevail over injustice, hatred, and the spirit of war. It was a night in August when I went to a back street in Paris and the rooms in which this meeting was being held. The rooms were so crowded that I could hardly push my way in, and so hot that one woman fainted, and sweat poured down the foreheads of French soldiers, and the whole company looked half stifled. It was a queer company, made up of many types and classes of men and women. Keeping the door was a handsome young officer in the sky-blue uniform of the Chasseurs, wearing many medals for valor and service. Here and there were other officers and private soldiers in uniform, some of them scarred or maimed, and one of them blinded. Those were the best types in the room. Others were clearly of foreign origin, including many Jews and Slavs, with rather sinister faces of a kind I have often seen in revolutionary gatherings in London and other capitals of Europe. With them were young women with black eyes staring moodily out of dead white faces, and young men with long, uncombed hair and neurasthenic eyes, roving restlessly, and sullen in their gaze. On a small wooden platform sat the secretary of the society, a young man also, smartly dressed, dapper, like a clerk in a bank, and with the sharp, self-confident manner of a commercial traveler. He explained the objects of the society and the progress he had to report.

Standing there at the back of the room, with my collar going limp in the heat, and the hot breath of the people about me making me feel sick and faint, I listened to the program of *Clarté* for the reformation of life. It was nothing more nor less than the Bolshevism of Lenin translated into French. It advocated the abolition of private property, the ruthless destruction of capitalism, the control by the laboring masses of all the sources and machinery of wealth, the promotion of an international fellowship among the workers of the world. Old stuff, the old revolutionary "dope," the old class hatred, and the old call to violence. The company listened to it in silence, except for the noise of their breathing. I watched the faces of the young French soldiers, to whom all this dangerous philosophy was new, perhaps, but I could not guess the effect it had upon them, nor read the riddle of those masklike faces still bronzed with sun and wind as when I had seen them under steel helmets, staring across No Man's Land from their trenches and listening to the rush of shells which threatened them with death. I thought back to bitter words I had heard from their lips in those days, their words of scorn for politicians, profiteers, corrupt society, luxurious women, old men who gained by the death of youth. Out of that bitterness, unjust very often, overcharged with their resentment against the fate which had thrust them into the ditches of death, and now inflamed by the thought of a poor reward for all their suffering, had come this spirit of revolt, this desire for sweeping and violent change, expressed in the subversive gospel of *Clarté*. . . . A dangerous crowd, yet not big enough in numbers, not representative enough of French mentality to be any real menace to the security of the French government and state.

In spite of many currents of bitter thoughts in the minds of the French people, there is no real spirit of revolution in France, but rather an intense, emotional desire for stable government, good leadership, economy, and reconstruction which will bring back prosperity and peace to France. So far from desiring to abolish private property, the French peasant, who is his own proprietor, the French shopkeeper, and small tradesman, the clerk and professional man, the large merchant and the manufacturer, wish to increase the safeguards of property, to be more fully assured of the interest on money invested in government bonds, and to be repaid for all those loans which were made to Russia before and during the war. Their anger, their discontent, their utter disgust with the effects of the Peace Treaty, are due to a sense of fear that their private property is not safeguarded and that they will get nothing out of victory to repay their losses.

All the foreign policy of France, all the irritation of the French people with those who were her friends, are due to their desperate anxiety to make their victory real, permanent, and profitable. France is haunted by the fear that her frontiers are no safer now than they were in 1914, in spite of all her immense sacrifice and losses and all her brilliant victories, and that she is not sure of peace itself for more than another spell of preparation for war. She realizes with dreadful misgivings that her population is declining steadily. Last year there were 220,000 more deaths than births, and in another twenty, thirty, or forty years the man power of France will be terribly less in proportion to the Germans on the other side of her frontiers than it was in August of 1914. What if Germany recovers her wealth and strength? What if Germany, unrepentant and passionate for vengeance, allies herself with Russia, which has betrayed France and hates her? What if the Germanic peoples now split into smaller states, with Austria cut off from the supplies of life, regroup themselves and rearm themselves, in alliance with Russian Bolshevism, or a Russian autocracy that may follow Bolshevism? Dreadful, disturbing thoughts, that are in the brain of many French men and women not only in ministerial chambers, but in city offices and shop parlors, and little rooms in apartment houses.

As far as Germany is concerned, France is determined to prevent her economic recovery at all costs, by the strict enforcement of the peace terms, which, if carried out to the letter, will strip her to the bone and keep her poor for at least a generation. However hard she works, the product of her toil will be seized to repay the damage of war in the Allied countries. Whatever her enterprise in other countries, the profits of her industrial genius will be taken if she does not pay to the full the bill which France and England and Italy and Belgium and all the other countries whom she warred against will present to her in due time. As it is impossible for Germany to pay all those claims, it is a sure thing that France will try to seize her future credits and keep her with her nose to the grindstone. If need be, France will seize the left bank of the Rhine, and, if need be again, sit down in Berlin. That is the clear-cut, definite, policy of France, coinciding with the sentiment of the people with regard to the Germans, and it is for that reason that they are perplexed, irritated, even exasperated with England and the United States, because they seem to see a different and conflicting point of view, a certain yielding weakness to the Germans, and actual acts of concession which seem to France a betrayal and a breach of friendship.

So it is with England's agreement with Germany not to seize the post-war values of German enterprise abroad in the event of her inability to pay the entire sum of indemnities by the times required. France is enraged with that concession, which weakens her power of keeping Germany in a permanent state

of poverty. She abominates also the pressure brought to bear on her, and the promises she was forced to make under pressure, to present a bill of claims to Germany based upon the present immediate capacity of Germany to pay. France says, with a great deal of truth and justice, it is absurd to reduce our claims now because Germany is in a state of ruin. Twenty years from now, by industry, by the discovery of some new chemical secret, by some invention needed by all the world, Germany may, and probably will, be the richest country in Europe. Why, then, should we be in a hurry to present our bill for immediate payment, based upon present resources when her future wealth is incalculable?

England's view is based upon a different line of reasoning, which clashes with the French view in a fundamental way. When I say England's view I mean the unofficial, instinctive reasoning of the ordinary Englishman who looks at realities without passion and in a business way. He says, more or less: "This idea of keeping Germany poor for ever and ever, of holding her in the position of a slave state working for the rest of Europe, so that all the profits of her industry go to the payment of her debts for several generations is ridiculous and unsound. In the first place, there will be no recovery in Europe, in an economic way, so long as Germany is poverty-stricken. We want to trade with Germany. We want to sell our goods in German markets. We want Germany to buy our raw material and send us back manufactured goods in exchange. Italy needs that more than we do. Italy is in a bad way because Austria and Germany, her best markets, cannot pay for her produce. The United States want the German markets. All the world is hit because Central Europe is paralyzed. But, apart from all that, which is common sense, the French policy is enormously dangerous. They think that Germany will submit to the position of a slave state. Germany won't. It is not in human nature. Certainly not in the human nature of a people sullen with defeat, remembering their strength and pride. If the pressure is made too severe, the punishment unbearable, Germany will either yield to anarchy and carry the disease of Bolshevism to the frontiers of France, or (which is much more likely) will form a close alliance with the inevitable autocracy of Russia, the autocracy under Lenin or some other, which will substitute a military regime for communistic theories, and then there will be another and more dreadful war which France will be too weak to resist. All civilization as we know it will go down, and we cannot afford to take that risk. We must not ask of Germany more than human nature will stand, and if possible we must make her a peaceful partner in some kind of a League of Nations, working with all of us for the regeneration of a stricken Europe."

To that argument the French reply with scorn and laughter, dubbing it the weakness of sentimental gibbering coupled with the treachery of forgetful friends.

The French press, inspired by their Foreign Office, has lately revealed a bellicose ardor which is deplored by that disillusioned, cynical, but wise old Frenchman, Anatole France, and, I am convinced, by the great mass of the people. Even some of the most radical papers, like the *Rappel*, clamor for the immediate occupation of the whole of Germany, or, failing that, the only other alternative policy of an alliance with those Germans who remain the irreconcilable enemies of England. The editor of the *Democratie Nouvelle*, another radical organ, insists daily upon the occupation of the Ruhr Valley. M. Maurice Barrès, one of the most famous authors of France, is passionate in his desire for the left bank of the Rhine, and tries to win over English opinion to that policy by the most fantastic argument. "It is necessary," he say, "to the security of England. England needs a zone of security on the Rhine. Let her allow

us to organize it!" In those words he abandons the French argument that the Treaty of Versailles must be kept to the letter as a sacred document. He also challenges the English view, deep seated in every English brain, I know, that if the French were to take over the left bank of the Rhine with its immense German populations, the certainty of another war would be complete and both France and England would have to spend all their remaining strength and all their remaining wealth, or poverty, in preparing for the next struggle. In the most advanced socialist papers of France there has been a prolonged campaign of Anglophobia, due to this difference in policy, and the editor of *L'Œuvre*, which used to be pacifist and international, has, like some other Frenchmen, harked back to a narrow and bitter nationalism, allied with violent attacks upon England, whose dead lie thick in the fields of France.

The attitude of France toward Russia is another cause of ill-will and distress in French mentality. Russia's desertion of the Allied cause, when revolution broke out and led to the peace of Brest-Litovsk, was a frightful blow to France and to all of us. In the French mind there was no allowance made for the immense, bloody, and futile sacrifices of Russian soldiers, sent forward like sheep to the slaughter, badly equipped, often without adequate arms and ammunition, against the flail of German machine guns and the storm of fire from German artillery. No allowance for the savage rage of the Russian masses against a corrupt, inefficient, and sometimes treacherous government, so that at last they cried out in despair and passion, "Our enemy is not in front of us, but behind us!"

One reason for the intense bitterness of the French against the Russians is easy to understand, and of immense importance to the individual Frenchman. Years before the war the French government had backed the issue of Russian bonds and encouraged its people to subscribe to them. Every little shopkeeper, every bourgeois with a sum of money to invest, had bought Russian stock, which was the price and pledge of Russian military aid in the event of war with Germany. Now, with the Russian plunge into Bolshevism, all that money was jeopardized and probably irrecoverable. The thought worked like madness in the brains of the French middle classes. It dictated the policy of the French Foreign Office and French War Office, who supported every counter-revolutionary general, providing him with arms, ammunition, and money, in the hope (so far vain) that the Lenin regime would be overthrown by a new dictator who would redeem the Russian bonds. Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel, in turn became the hope of France, and their successive disasters fell like icy waters on the spirit of the French people.

Yet it is profoundly significant that the soldiers of France, the men who had come out tired and resentful from the Great War, exhausted morally and mentally, would not engage themselves in any adventure on behalf of Russia which would lead to renewed fighting on their part. At the mere rumor that some of them were going to be sent to Russia, two regiments broke into something like mutiny. French policy was therefore directed to the urging on of other peoples against the Russian Bolsheviki, and ardently encouraged Poland in her "offensive-defensive" warfare, which, after many setbacks and a retreat which looked like final disaster, rallied under French generalship and certainly inflicted on Trotzky's Red armies the most damaging defeat they had ever suffered. France would have no peace with Red Russia, and, though Europe was suffering hunger and dearth in many countries for lack of Russian trade and grain, France resented with exceeding wrath certain tentative proposals by England and the United States to arrange a commercial and political peace with the Russian people for the sake of the world's health and reconstruction, with

the ulterior motive of overthrowing the Bolshevik devil by letting in the light to the victims of its bloody rule.

France has no faith in a League of Nations. Clemenceau shrugged his shoulders at the idea of it, and yielded to President Wilson's dream for the sake of practical support in the other items of the Peace Treaty. The French people will not admit their German enemies to any society of nations on terms of equality, and do not see any kind of guaranty in such a league for their frontiers and their national safety. The present rulers of France, men of ardent patriotism, not looking to any advance in the ideas of civilization, having no faith in the virtues of human nature to resist the call of vengeance and of greed, take the old cynical view of the European jungle, and rely upon the old philosophy of alliances, groups united in self-interest, buffer states between them and their hereditary foes, which made up the old policy of the balance of power.

So with Belgium, with Poland, with the aristocratic party in Hungary, with the small states formed out of the slaughter of the Austrian Empire, France has established, or is establishing, secret understandings, military and economic and political, which will safeguard her, she hopes, against the menace of that time when Germany may have recovered enough to be dangerous again—though by all efforts of France that time will be far postponed. It is a logical, a clear-cut, in many ways a justified policy. The only argument against it is that it harks back to the state of national rivalry, suspicion, diplomatic jugglings, military engagements, and burdens, which cast a black spell over Europe before the late war; and that it is a preparation for a renewed conflict at some future time, when this new balance of power will be tested in the scales of fate, and Europe again will be drenched in the blood of warring nations. In defense of this policy the French people, who believed that the last conflict was a war to end war, that the killing of German militarism was to be the relief from their own burden of military service, will have to maintain a great standing army, and —in their present economic ruin—will have to find somehow money enough to pay for it, with its desperate struggle to keep ahead of all other military powers in efficiency, and the invention of the machinery of slaughter. And the mothers of babes just born will know, as they rock them in their cradles, that they, like their fathers, will one day be sent forward into the fires of hell to be torn to bits by flying steel, to be choked with poison gas, to be blinded, maimed, maddened, or killed. *Is it for that reason that just now there are not many mothers in France, not many babes being born?*

The soul of France is not happy nor at peace. Her agonies are too fresh, her wounds are still unhealed, and the price of victory has been too great. Whether one goes to the château of the landowner or to the cottage of the peasant, or the poor rooms of city needlewomen and workers, one is confronted instantly, four times out of five, with the ghost of some dead boy or man who haunts the living.

In the little wooden shanties which have been built up on the old battlefields I spoke to French people who have come back again. Several of them told me that their gladness was spoiled by the thought of the sons who would never help them in the fields again, or come tramping into the kitchen, or work for them in their old age.

One old woman said to me: "When peace came with its excitement which made us a little mad with joy I thought my son would come back. They told me he was killed, but I believed he would come back. Now I know he will not come back, and this work I do seems useless."

Other women spoke like that in some such words.

The men who have come back into these villages are not altogether merry. Some of them are rather sullen. There are quarrels between them and their womenfolk. For five years they were

away from home, except for brief visits on leave, if they were lucky. During their absence their villages were the billeting places of English, Scottish, Irish, Canadian, Australian, and American soldiers. There were flirtations, love affairs, inevitable episodes between some of their women and those foreign soldiers. Some women's tongues are sharp, some of them have long memories for things done by their sisters in time of war. Gossip, slander, backbiting, happen in moments of malice. . . . The young Frenchmen with sisters and sweethearts are not very grateful to British soldiers and others for what they did in the war. They are jealous, suspicious, resentful of the friendship they established with the women of France. It is an aspect, and a tragic aspect, of war psychology which must not be left out of account in the reaction which has injured the old comradeship between the nations who fought together.

England has suffered most by that reaction. France for a time has been suspicious of England, jealous of her. Conscious that they lost more men in the war, suffered most damage—frightful and irretrievable damage to beautiful towns and churches and cathedrals and countrysides—and that they bore the cruelest shocks of war, they believe that England gained most from the peace. They point to the widened spheres of the British Imperial rule, in Palestine and Mesopotamia, the German colonies in Africa, and they think that British policy now is inspired by mere commercial selfishness, and that our power stands across the path of French interests in Syria and bars the way of France to those fruits of victory still unharvested from the beaten enemy. I think there is hardly a grain of justice in those accusations. There is no hostility, certainly, in our policy or in our popular sentiment to France, though there are strong differences of opinion between us as to the best way to make the world safe from another war more terrible than the last. The British peoples have "adopted" many French villages and have guaranteed their reconstruction. To prove their undying comradeship with France, they have undertaken to restore Rheims cathedral. In a thousand ways rich people and poor people in England are giving money to French charities because the heroism of France and the glory of France are very dear to them. So is it in America, in spite of the temporary fading of the first enthusiasm and the remembrance of little irritations. I love France next to my own country because during the years of war I saw the valor of her men and the splendid, unconquerable spirit of her women, and the patient, noble way in which they bore all their miseries. I understand the undying hatred which the French must feel for the Germans, though for the sake of the future of France I wish that there might be some peace of God between those two peoples, removing the menace of future wars. I understand even the irritation with England which is working in the brain of the French people, though I think a good deal of it is engineered by a malicious press for political motives. But because I love France and the spirit of France I cannot shut my eyes to dangerous possibilities in her European policy, which in my judgment may lead to a new grouping and arming of nations for war, which then, indeed, would complete the ruin of France and drag us all into black gulfs from which Europe would not escape with many traces of her ancient civilization. This policy, however, is that of some of her present statesmen, and not of her people as a whole.

"All this talk of French militarism," writes a distinguished Frenchman, who is an intimate friend of mine "is utterly fantastic. *It does not exist!* There will never be another European war if it depends upon our people. They are too 'fed up' with the last!"

NOURISHMENT

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

MRS. PORREN was arranging a bunch of white peonies in front of a marble statue, the hands of which were raised as if hailing a distant light, and the little legs thrown out as if in rapid walking. The effigy was not as vapid as the surrounding cemetery sculpture. This tiny creature wore a short cloak and a little rough hat, as if she had been lovingly equipped to brave any storm of time. Seen against the blue of the morning sky under the white wafers of the dogwoods, the statue had a bright ecstasy of appeal. As the tall, dark-haired woman gazed at it her face worked. An expression of tremulous delight made her strong mouth quiver. This expression changed as a thin, awkward child of seven ran up to her. The child exhibited a great handful of the coarse dandelions that starred the May grass.

"Look, ma! Look at the furry gold before it withers."

Mrs. Porren looked, but with dark impatience.

"Now, what did I tell you? Those things stain your hands. Look at your fingers! Look at your clean dress! Throw them away."

As the child demurred and pouted Mrs. Porren snatched the yellow blooms and cast them from her. The child's small, pinched face withered in automatic rebellion. She whimpered spiritlessly as she relinquished the flowers.

"I wanted 'em," she insisted. "They're pretty; I wanted 'em."

"Well, I don't want you to pick those common things," returned the mother, coldly. But her voice changed suddenly and she explained, less angrily: "If you want to pick flowers, why don't you get some of those myrtles that run out of that plot there or those forget-me-nots by that hedge? No one would care."

The reason for this change of voice was that a tall figure was coming toward them over the dogwood-shadowed grass. It was Miss Crawmon, the ex-teacher of the "art" classes in the town school. Young Mrs. Porren had been an apt scholar in these classes, and the older woman still held for her that look of interest that is on the faces of people who have studied any subject together. The teacher's expression, in spite of its negative gentleness, was one of authority. She held in her thin hands a bunch of English violets. Greeting the young married woman with almost motherly kindness, she brushed the fragrant clusters lightly past the face of the staring little girl.

"Have you seen this statue?" demanded the young woman, abruptly. "It's just been put up; five hundred dollars, they tell me; it's lovely." The dark, brooding eyes looked meditatively on the ardent lines of the little stone shape. Mrs. Porren glanced into the ex-teacher's face: "Oh, didn't they just idolize that child? Five hundred dollars! To spend money like that! This statue was done by some one from away —some one who makes statues just for the love of them. You can see how the person who made it—cared."

Miss Crawmon had by this time given some violets to the youngster, who smelled them rapturously—she smiled tenderly at the child face looking stealthily up into her own.

"There are too many of these little statues to suit me." She said it with a sigh . . . . Then, alluding to the child's death: "I can't help thinking she might have been saved. I tried to help, but it was too late. I cut off her beautiful hair for the poor mother. Those young parents were really ignorant—little Bessie was undernourished—or they might have pulled her through."

Gladiola Porren felt suddenly of her own stiff pigtails bunched up with ugly plaid ribbons.

"My hair ain't pretty," she observed, acutely. The child's face looked cold and satirical, and there was an unlovely trick of her mouth as she concluded, sagely, "If I died mommer wouldn't keep *my* hair."

Mrs. Porren turned upon her sharply. "Now, you be still!" she snapped.

But the young woman rolled her eyes with the village expression of confidential amusement. "Did you ever see anything like it? Where'd she get that tongue? There's nothing she doesn't dare to say."

As the child wandered off on a fresh seeking of flowers the ex-school-teacher looked thoughtfully after her. Though her academic days were over, Miss Crawmon was wistfully interested in children. They had for her the magnetism of their helplessness.

"She's a bright little girl," she protested, kindly. Her shrewd eyes swept the married woman's face. "Is she—quite strong? You were such a superbly strong child yourself, Madeleine, and your husband has splendid vigor."

Mrs. Porren seemed not to hear the inquiry; she was staring at the little white statue. "Isn't it—well, like life?" she breathed. The young dark-haired woman reached out and laid her hand with its womanly wedding ring on the curve of the slender little stone body. "Oh," she moaned—"oh, to be able to make you see that little bare leg under the drapery!"

A baffled look came over the face of the teacher. For a moment she seemed not to understand. She looked only pitifully at the glittering white form against the blue sky.

"My father was a stonecutter," remarked Mrs. Porren, after a little pause. "I guess that's why I'm so interested in these cemetery statues—but this is the best of all." She turned to the teacher. "They make more artistic things nowadays than when he was alive." The young woman used the word "artistic" a little unaccustomedly, yet with a sort of reverence. Suddenly she clenched with conviction her fine, supple hand. "When I see these white shapes among the trees, at sunrise or moonlight, or even in the rain—I feel—well, I feel *queer*. . . . I just can't speak. I couldn't tell you what it does to me." The girl looked with soft eagerness into the teacher's face. Then her brown eyes dilated suddenly. "There's that young one dancing up and down on that private vault. "Gladiola! *Gladiola!*" The young country mother called out the elaborate name with a certain vindictiveness that seemed to fit its commonplace pretentiousness. "Gladiola, you come right down from there!"

The sharp tones checked the bacchic Gladiola in her prancings on the gray mausoleum. Her spindle legs took her down grudgingly. She turned a sullen scowl toward her parent's prohibition.

"Now you're going straight home—you march!" commanded the young woman. She turned to the teacher. "You'd think, the way I scold her, she'd mind."

The indifferent Gladiola strolled off. Miss Crawmon looked quizzically after her. Then she hesitatingly began to speak to the young mother of a magazine article that told how to feed growing children.

"Nourishment"—Miss Crawmon said the word with a peculiar inflection—"nourishment is so important." The thing was clearly a sort of religion with her. "Gladiola," she suggested, "would be healthy and happy-looking and the naughtiness wouldn't seem so irritating

if she were given plenty of milk and eggs and fresh vegetables." Miss Crawmon hesitated. "Your husband is doing so well, my dear." She looked tentatively at the younger woman. "Some poor mothers can't get the right things for their children."

The mother to whom she spoke listened abstractedly. "She gets the same as I do," she answered, shortly. The brooding look came back into her eyes; petulant words stammered from her red, slightly sensuous lips. "I feel more mother to a thing like that"—indicating the statue—"than I do to that cranky little kid. Gladiola's like her father, contrary and sour. She isn't like me. I—I don't like to have her around—but I love to look at anything that stands out so against the sky."

Young Mrs. Porren gave an abashed laugh at her own infatuation. "I'm queer, I guess." She turned to her old-time teacher for sympathy. "But you know how it feels. You used to show us those pictures—and all. Oh, what mustn't it be like to *make* a thing like that, make it yourself and see it grow, come alive?" She thrilled to the idea.

"I'd rather make real little children beautiful and strong than all the statues in the world. *I* don't like five-hundred-dollar dead-child monuments." Miss Crawmon sighed at her own words.

The two separated. Miss Crawmon went to lay the bunch of English violets on the graves of her father and mother. She remained a long time in the box-bordered place, seeing with a sort of soothed feeling a round little bird's nest in the hawthorn tree at the entrance and blue-eyed grass threading iridescent



SHE GREETED THE YOUNG WOMAN WITH ALMOST MOTHERLY KINDNESS

timothy around the leaning stones. Miss Crawmon could remember herself, a little solemn child, standing with some older person, staring at these two graves which were all she had ever known of father and mother. To have two uneven graves for parents is a chilling matter, and it had made the lonely school-teacher vividly alive to the possible beauty of the bond between parents and children. Now came the thought of little Gladiola growing shrewish and sordid in charge of people who would not properly rear her.

"She's more orphan than I ever was," declared Miss Crawmon. "She's mother-hungry in spite of that big, vital, imaginative woman who owns her; she's starved. How I'd like to turn that scrawny little thing loose in her own world. . . . *Nourishment—nourishment;* that's what she needs!"

Herself deprived of many kinds of nourishment, the school-teacher stared down under the thorn tree at the graves, lumpy in the long grass, thinking of that table of life she would like to spread before the hungry eyes and hearts of all little Gladiolas. Sitting in the exquisite absorbed silence of the dead, swept into their great wordless dream, the gray-haired woman dared let her face go, let her hands and hungry heart go as she told herself her own dream.

"My little girl would not have to be beautiful for me to love her. I think I should love her even better if she were homely. It would be wonderful to put joy, service, courage into a little plain face like Gladiola's." Lovingly the spinster reviewed her ritual of services for childish well-being. Out of past experience with neglected school children stored-up knowledge of modern hygiene, she evolved the perfect gardening of that marvelous possibility, one happy, healthy little child.

It was an old maid's dream, but dreamed out of the teacher's quiet and steady experience of life, dreamed now in the circle of sweet-smelling box on a late May day; it was curiously strong and vivid and exquisite. No wonder the quiet woman sitting there started and blushed as she heard a step among the trees hard by.

It was old Mrs. Nidderman, trowel and basket, her gray, worsted-clad back bent with rheumatism, a straw hat of the vintage of twenty years ago placed well over her small, bright, curious eyes. The old woman bent down and scooped up with a sly trowel a tiny pansy plant escaping from the confines of a near-by plot. She winked meaningly at Miss Crawmon.

"The dead don't notice it. They ain't pertickler. Besides, nobody 'ain't put one in this here plot for a long time. I allus keep away from where they've just put one in. My daughter-in-law she says that's where *she* always visits first. My daughter-in-law she comes and c'lects the ribbons off of the funeral wreaths. It's mostly laylac and purple that a good rain would wash out and nobody 'd be the better for it! My daughter-in-law—she trims her hats with them wreath ribbons, and we got a silk quilt—well, I wouldn't say nothin' about it if I was you—but the dead don't care. They don't notice nothin'."

Mrs. Nidderman leaned heavily on the box hedge; she surveyed the teacher with friendly eyes.

"Now you ain't teaching school no more, I bet you're lonesome! I see you over there talkin' to Morris Porren's wife. I made out you was askin' her would Morris cut this here plot grass fer ye. Needs it, don't it? Some likes their cemet'ry pieces wild, but I can see you'd feel awful bad to have the whole world passin' this plot come Memorial Day with I don't know what all runnin' up in it."

Mrs. Nidderman surveyed the teacher's face narrowly, her small eyes steady with intensity as she whispered: "Did she speak anything to you about Morris? Him and her has quarreled again. They say it's over that movin'-picture feller. I see she was up here this mornin' puttin' flowers on her paw's piece and

all. Well, her paw was a real high-toned stonecutter. Her paw was the only one could manage her, and *he* couldn't, but he humored her. I used to see her, a little tot rovin' all through this cemet'ry wherever he used to be chiselin' the gravestones. He was a handsome stonecutter. I knew one corpse," said Mrs. Nidderman, with an air of privilege, "she played the piano; she was Gus Weezer's girl. Well, Madeleine's paw he cut a real fancy piece on to her tombstone. Seems there's a piano with an angel playing on to it, just as natural; and there's a good many says the angel is Gus Weezer's girl."

Mrs. Nidderman paused for a moment, then she screwed the old straw hat more firmly on her head, demanding, shrewdly: "That there Gladiellea—ain't she the poor, skinny young one? Seems she don't have no right care, and her mother up here nights with that there movin'-picture feller, flirtin' and loafin' around amongst all these here bare images."

That evening Miss Crawmon closed the door of her boarding-house room and took the green spring-bordered path to the Porren home. She looked interestedly at its neat ugliness, one spindling shrub in a small circular bed being the only attempt at flowers. A spare iron chair stood upon the unvined porch, and a dull little letter box emphasized the practical character of the arrangements. Inside there was the same clean, unloving ugliness; not a fold of a curtain, not one soft-colored lamp shade spelled effort to idealize the living spot called home.

Morris Porren was there alone. Miss Crawmon proffered her request about the grass cutting without embarrassment, for the young lumber dealer was known to be courteous and obliging; but to-night the ex-school-teacher thought her onetime pupil looked at her evasively, trying to hide a poisoned misery in his eyes. To her plea he replied, respectfully:



"HAVE A DOCTOR SEE HER," SAID THE SPINSTER

"Sure I will, Miss Crawmon." Then, with an effort to appear more gracious, he went on: "My grass cutter's up there, anyhow. I was workin' on Madeleine's father's plot; seems she wants it should have better care. She says he was a big tombstone cutter in his day—but I tell her I 'ain't got money to pay for monuments; all I got is goin' for Gladiola's education."

"Is the little girl well?" inquired the visitor, kindly.

To Miss Crawmon's amazement, the loose-jointed lumber dealer turned abruptly from her. He stood, his head against the open door, and was silent.

"Why," she said, nervously—"I'm afraid there's something— Are you worried about her?"

The young father let her see a tragic face whose bitter helplessness revealed a defeat he had evidently not acknowledged before.

"Gladiola isn't well," he protested, fiercely. "She's *never* well; she's had a terrible winter. To-night she's lying there, her little hands too hot and her head all damp— I don't know what to do for her—I'm not a woman," the young father burst out, fiercely, "and her mother—well, Madeleine's to the movies, that's where *she* is. Seems she can't live without excitement."

There was a moment's silence.

"I wonder if I may see the little one?" inquired the woman, gently. The man looked so relieved that she did not wait for his answer. Together they went up the stairs and entered the little room. Every window was tightly closed, the same sharp aching neatness pervaded the place, but there was a look of bored indifference about the arrangements. There were no pictures on the walls, nothing but ugly green shades at the windows. The little face on the pillow looked woefully sharp and pallid, and in the stuffy, airless room the teacher heard open-mouthed breathing that was not reassuring.

Morris Porren motioned despairingly to the bed. "My family all went with consumption," whispered the man, excitedly. Then, with morbid emphasis, "It 'll be her next."

Miss Crawmon, from her own interest and sympathy in such matters, felt mistress of the situation, but she felt also dumb anger and reproach at the young mother who could on this night go out to the moving pictures. She looked quickly at the tall, depressed figure of the man.

"I wouldn't worry about consumption," she said, quietly. "We invite tragedy sometimes that we don't need to accept at all." Miss Crawmon looked closely at the sleeping child, feeling the normal pulse. "There's a growth in the nose and throat that many children have. It makes them breathe badly; it is called adenoids."

As the ex-school-teacher made the authoritative statement the young father looked at her like a faithful dog. She guessed that this was the first time he had felt the comfort of an intelligent attitude toward his child.

"Have a doctor see her," continued the spinster, calmly. "The operation is very simple. And sha'n't we raise the window a little? Next to right nourishment"—Miss Crawmon said the thing like a sort of glorified Law of the Prophets—"it is important to have abundant fresh air in a child's sleeping room."

"Yes—but I can't make Madeleine think about these things." The young man fidgeted with the handle of the door. He looked worried at the visitor as he made the shamed admission. Then he added, with a dull tone of inevitability: "Madeleine's—well, she's peculiar. Half the time you wouldn't think she knew Glad and me was here. Seems she's always got her mind set somewhere else, on something unreal—far away." He paused confusedly.

The dogwood blossoms lasted long that year, and with lovely indirection floated their moored *sampans* on the water-white slide of the sky. Their strange Greek-Japanese patterns wavered above the white gravestones and opened rosy cups against the smoky blue of the spruces. But they were most magical in the moonlight, where their sprayed delicacy brushed the forms of a man and woman standing hesitatingly by the little white statue in rough hat and traveling cape. The man's gray, well-cut clothes made a suggestive outline against the glimmering spring trees; the woman's form in cloudy white had all the poetry of wistful worship as she stood face raised to the ethereal figure.

"I don't know what it is," the husky voice of Madeleine Porren confided. She

seemed to feel a curious confidence in the understanding of this man so close to her. "I don't know what it is, but when I see things like this, in the moonlight—I'm different, all of a tremble; I ache, sort of. I feel like praying. Oh"—she moved restlessly—"I don't know as I can make it plain how I feel."

She turned her eager face. The man marveled at the look of her as she went on:

"You know how trees look in winter—gray webs of beautiful lines?" The country woman laughed a little consciously as she added: "Least that's the way they look to me, though Morris laughs when I say they're beautiful. Well, such things—just those gray, win ter trees—make me sort of wild, crazy to copy 'em! They always did." The woman looked musingly at the little stone traveler. "But I've never had any instruction. If I had"—she turned to him eagerly—"I wouldn't paint—I'd try to make things like that." She blurted it out with the uneasy shyness of an awkward boy. "They say you model things first with clay. Have you ever seen anyone do it?" She turned her great eyes on him and, plying her long, firm fingers, went involuntarily through the motions of modeling wax. "Ah! wouldn't I love to *form* something—that way!" the girl breathed.

"Why don't you?" asked the moving-picture man, idly. He was thinking how well she would register in a romantic picture, her dark head against the white, moonlit trees, the piano playing agitated triplets of minor chords.

"I shouldn't know how, not the first thing." Madeleine gave a little conscious laugh, the immature laugh of the woman kept immature because of the nondevelopment of her deepest possibilities.

"Ah, go on; you could, too," insisted the moving-picture man. He was familiar with her and his voice had personal sympathy that was dangerous, while it was still decent. . . . "Why couldn't you?" he demanded, idly. "Why



SHE POINTED TRAGICALLY DOWN AT THE LITTLE HOUSE. "THAT'S MY LIFE!"

shouldn't you go to classes and learn to make things—things as good-looking as you are?"

It was a new world to them both, this world where you could talk sympathetically about making things and understand each other like that, and yet not mean any harm. For these two emphatically did not mean harm; they brought crude, quick, newly awakened natures to their common sympathies, but they brought also definite fundamentals, beliefs, and squareness not always true of the denizens of that more sophisticated art world they approached.

"But I wasn't brought up to it," protested Madeleine, vaguely. She was moody now. "If I only had my father back! He was a great stonecutter." The young woman looked at her friend, her dark eyes full of faith in her father's gift. "I didn't know then, but I know now. Father saw things the same as I do—forms and shapes and color, and—and lines," she said, dreamily, adding: "but he's dead, and I can't talk to anyone about things. Talk art to Morris Porren! All *he* cares for is the size and price of his old planks. Oh!"—she turned vehemently on her companion—"I've heard him talk for a whole evening about just sawdust—sawdust!" She pointed tragically down at the little house below them. "That's my life! To wait on him and that cranky little kid—and talk about sawdust!"

The moving-picture man flinched a little. Much as he enjoyed an episode with a good-looking woman, curiously as he felt all the creative in his own crude nature rising to assist this imaginative girl, he had a wife and children and loyalties of his own. He loved his home and its ideals. Sawdust-talking husbands! Well, that was a woman's own concern—but—but one's child— The moving-picture man stated that to himself as his limit. He didn't care to hear a woman speak contemptuously of her own child.

"Morris Porren isn't so bad," he objected. "He'd let you go away, maybe, and take a course in something—lots of ladies do such things nowadays. Only"—said the moving-picture man, with worldly wisdom—"only, ask him nice. The trouble with you women is you never *let* a man be decent, because then you'd lose your main grouch and you like your grouches. You know you do. Look how you grumble about your little girl!"

"Oh—Gladiola!" Madeleine sighed indifferently.

They were silent, she still wistful toward the magnetic little marble figure, he with half-amused, not very respectful, look considering her. Neither of them was aware of some one who had come softly to the clump of dogwoods where they stood. At a slight rustle they suddenly sprang apart; there was a choked curse back of them, and there in the moonlight, his face like the distorted face of a wrecked statue, stood Morris Porren.

The lumber dealer did not notice the confused smile of the moving-picture man; he strode to the woman in white. Morris took her arm in a masterful grip that was somehow insulting.

"Go back home!" he said, in a curious, suffocated voice. "Go back home! Do you hear? Ola she's choking!"

The grip on her arm, the commanding tone, sent a curious rage of revolt into the wife's startled face. Madeleine pulled violently away, laughing contemptuously. "That's what you're always saying—'Ola's choking! Ola's choking!'" Scornfully she dramatized it for the benefit of the moving-picture man. He, however, stood silent, irresolute, for there was nothing of raillery about Morris Porren's face; he peered at his wife's levity with incredulity. The girl might have understood for pity the thing that was in his strangely working features.

"Madeleine, Ola's *sick*, I tell you! She lies there—choking!"

The other man stepped forward. "Perhaps you'd better go, Mrs. Porren,"

he advised, sympathetically. "I can run us all down there in my machine."

Porren turned on the speaker with a snarl of anger. This man should not give directions to his wife—this man should not come first with his wife, no matter what she— Suddenly with one blow of his big fist the lumber dealer felled the spruce moonlit form. "Ah, you—!" He coughed the strangling words out of a heaving chest. He turned as furiously to his wife; staring into her startled face, he spat out one contemptuous name, then saw her running from him in the moonlight. Even to the rage and horror in his heart she looked beautiful, running from him—like a wild thing—a moonfire woman he had never been able to hold.

The man staggered down the hill and into the village. He blindly stumbled to the house where Miss Crawmon boarded and beat upon the door. To a face that appeared at an upper window he stammered, helplessly:

"You—you said you would come. My little girl is sick—she's choking." Like that of an exhausted animal came the gasp: "Madeleine's gone; she's left me. You—you said you would come."

And now Miss Crawmon had her way. She had it gloriously with broths and baths and removal of adenoids and early bed hours and the beautifully brushed teeth and hair of the children of her dreams. The village often noted the two on their placid summer walks, little Gladiola with a basketful of wild flowers of which she was beginning to know the names and haunts. Sometimes the two took their lunch and went off to the woods to watch for birds. Sometimes they went to a near-by brook where Gladiola played happily, sailing leaves and building dams while the spinster sat by and read and sewed. Once Morris Porren, joining them, found their outdoor luncheon a relaxation from labor problems and lumber scarcity. The long swirling slide of the water meandering through branching green rested his eyes. He sat looking wonderingly at his little girl, at the brown color on bare legs now growing firm and round, at the vital mass of red-brown hair dripping into the sunshot brook.

"Let's see. How long is it you have been with us?" The man asked it diffidently.

"Four months," answered Miss Crawmon, with pride. She knew what he meant, and her eyes deepened with satisfaction that he, too, had noticed the change.

Morris looked curiously at the spinster. She was about ten years older than he—frankly, not young—but her face now had color and vitality, and he could have sworn that her hair had become less gray, the amber of her kind eyes deeper; she was softer, less tense, full of a secret and poised calm. The man was unable to get at the mystery of her as she put down her book and, while she talked, darned his child's little socks, holding them tenderly, as if they represented the feet of all the children of the world. Morris groped in his mind for some word that should express what had happened to them all. He watched the quick needle moving back and forth.

"Nourishment," thought the man, with a strange pang—"*nourishment!*"

"Gladiola's death on socks," explained Miss Crawmon, laughingly.

This was the way some women could feel about children. Some women could make jokes about the care and effort and anxiety while they went quietly on mending and repairing, keeping up all the peace and dignity and growth of the place called home. The festering soreness about the man's heart felt strangely soothed.

Little Glad paused in her play to regard him. She gazed with a wise sympathy in to his rested face, remarking, sagely: "You don't miss mamma so much now, do you, daddy? I don't. You see, she isn't mad at us, anyway, so we don't need to care." The child had a thoughtful look in her eyes as she explained, carefully, "Mother sort of got

hungry for beautiful things, and she went away to get some nourishment."

"'Hungry'? Hungry, nothing!" he muttered. He turned reproachfully to the quiet woman sitting by, saying, under his breath: "Hungry? Nourishment—? You put that into the kid's head?"

Miss Crawmon nodded and he went bitterly on:

"Madeleine had everything; she had everything she needed, I tell you. I was saving up to get a machine for her so she could run herself around with Ola for change of scene. I could see she was restless—and she had all the clothes she wanted. I'd have gotten a piano for her if she'd asked for it."

"She needed nourishment," insisted little Glad, dreamily, "and she has gone away to get her own kind."

"Now, dear," suggested Miss Crawmon, quietly, "it seems to me you're wasting your playtime. Why not take your clam shells and make a nice tableful of sand cakes down under that willow tree?"

Glad cheerfully obeyed.

"I idealized that woman," the man blurted out. "I was only too anxious to please her at first. Later"—his face contracted—"later I changed."

"Morris," observed the ex-teacher, thoughtfully, "there are women to whom children are just irritants and duties—anxieties; there are other women to whom they are like leaping, laughing fountains of life; such women feel magnetic bodily ties that bind them to children in exhausting love and service. It is not a selfish instinct; it is a natural ecstasy—" The spinster broke off suddenly. She might have said, "I am one of those women." Instead, she remarked, slowly, "All women are not like that."

Porren did not answer. Glad ran back, her feet splashing sparkles up the brook.

"Oh"—she breathed, excitedly—"oh, I've found a little brook lobster—a baby lobster! Do come, daddy."

Porren did not move. His moody eyes looked past the child as she stood there entreating him. With a sigh Glad turned away.

There was a moment's pause before his housekeeper continued, quite as if there had been no interruption. The spinster looked over at the young lumber dealer, sprawling on the ground moodily, whittling a cedar block.

"I am afraid"—there was just a touch of malice in her tone—"I am afraid you are nearly always too tired or too absorbed in your own matters to go look at other people's little 'brook lobsters.'"

People began to notice Gladiola Porren—how well she was looking, almost pretty, and how well she was doing at school. When the June exercises came, Glad, dressed in a gay little frock that reached the comprehensions of the village mothers, spoke a piece with calm relish; the talkative women got the sense of her glow and spirit and wagged their heads.

"Well, my land! if her mamma could only see her now! Madeleine never cared nothing for that child; seemed as if she was always jawin' at her and nothing Glad could do would please her mother."

But the more knowing ones demurred.

"Porren's wife never had anything to do with the other feller. They say that moving-picture man felt something terrible. He's a real gepmum; he was awful sorry for how Madeleine acted. He wouldn't bring no action against Morris. He says that it was that Madeleine was only crazy to get interested into something and Morris didn't understand."

"Mrs. Scrawbutton seen Madeleine when she was down to the city; Miss Mingalls, the dressmaker, seen her. It seems that Madeleine didn't have nothing against them; Madeleine spoke very nice. Seems she's into a place where they make them, now, statues and fountains for children's playgrounds. Madeleine's sister, who's a college girl, got her into the place. Madeleine's livin' with her sister."



MORRIS GROPED FOR SOME WORD TO EXPRESS WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEM ALL

Then the village heard, with curious village egotism, how Madeleine had started as apprentice, but how it seemed she didn't need instruction and that they "couldn't keep her down." For this prowess the village took credit to itself. Anyone, it was deemed, who hailed from Dullwood would necessarily prove a genius in the great world.

"Madeleine," the village connoted, "wasn't stuck up at all." She had welcomed each curious visitor kindly, if with grave restraint; asked no questions and took no interest until an unguarded Dullwooder mentioned her husband; then the fine, dark eyes had darkened ominously.

"He called me a name," she had said in a low voice, and she had said it with the curious stiffness of conscious virtue.

And it was reported how well Madeleine looked, with what dignity she moved about in the studios, with what respect she was treated by designers and employees.

"That's no bad woman," observed the village lawyer to his wife. "She sort of got crazed living with Morris Porren —not but what he's as good as the next one, only he's sort of thick and hard and white. Porren's always had his mind so neatly arranged he was afraid to let in a new idea—that's what was the matter with Madeleine; life for her can't be just a checkerboard all black and white squares."

What life might be for a woman of Madeleine's tempestuous nature the village lawyer wisely did not analyze.

Nourishment was beginning to do its work for Miss Crawmon herself. The quiet, busy life of a country home was like wine to her. In the early morning she was stirring about the kitchen, and when breakfast was on the table things were placed so that the little group of

three looked out on autumnal flowers and toward the golden leafage of a distant maple tree. And the spinster's activities did not end with food. As she was feeding Glad's mind with sound ideas, so the wily housekeeper attempted to feed the mind of the lumber dealer with æsthetics. It was she who had engineered the buying of a talking machine and wisely scattered among the records some rousing band music and good stories by humorist and raconteur. Some of her devices failed, but they did not keep her from her most daring feat. She sent to a teacher friend for a portfolio of the standard photographs used in art courses. Some of these photographs she pinned up in little Glad's bedroom. To the father's tentative demurral of their being "old-fashioned" and not sufficiently clothed, she made calm explanation:

"You see, these Greek things are for all time; perfectly proportioned, perfectly definite and clean presentations of a healthy human body. They give also an impression of the pride and joy and fearlessness in such a noble body. We don't always realize, do we," asked Miss Crowman, subtly, "that most of the evil things of the world come out of minds that are not in healthy, perfect bodies? And then, you see, these lines are so much better than any of the lines made by clothes—" The teacher housekeeper was quiet for a moment; her face was cheerfully sphinxlike as she remarked, evenly: "Glad seems to inherit, besides your thoroughness and straightforward mastery of detail, her mother's intense feeling for line and shape; she seems to feel the arithmetical and æsthetic truth and mystery in the build and bulk of things. The lines in her own little hand interest her, and I have often found her trying to copy the pattern of leaves and flowers."

Miss Crawmon stole a glance at Morris's withheld face; she saw him looking abstractedly at a picture of the Olympian Hermes. Whether he listened or whether his own bitter thoughts swayed him, she could not tell. She made one more little contribution to the things she was setting on his table of "nourishment." "All these art things have rather thrilling history," she observed. "Glad will be wanting to discuss them with you." Deftly the wily woman brought home what was for Morris the only vital truth of life: he had lost the confidence of his wife; he must never lose the confidence of his little girl!

The lumber dealer took up the Hermes. With wrinkled brow he studied it. "We used to see this kind of thing at school," he admitted. "You showed us lots of them—but we never cared for them; we used to think they were just—well—education."

At some fancied call the spinster got up and left the room, a curious, half-whimsical smile playing about her lips; for she left Morris Porren leaning back in his chair, his eyes glued to the photograph held in his hand. It was the group of the Laocoön, in which the writhing serpents try to crush the valiant, piteous, fighting figures of men.

One sunny March morning in the ateliers of Grant Brothers, manufacturers of statuary for parks and gardens, some one called, "Mrs. Porren!" The young woman in rough, blue apron stood, chisel in hand, putting the finishing touches on the figure of a little marble faun with a grape leaf on his head and a willow whistle placed to his upcurled lips. "Mrs. Porren! Some one to see you, waiting in the print room."

The tall, dark woman met the summons with a puzzled frown of inquiry.

"Not for *me?*"

As the sculptress started reluctantly to the office door, she pulled down her sleeves; her heavy-coiled head was bent in thought. Madeleine Porren dreaded the rare announcement of visitors. It might be— She bit her lips as she remembered who it could not possibly be. As she entered the print room a small form flew at her.

"Mother!"

She could hardly have resisted Glad's onslaught. There was no time to hold off or to think. Instinctively the young sculptress put her arm around the little, sweet-smelling bunch of vibrant hair, white dress, and long legs and ruffles. Madeleine looked confusedly to the smiling face of Miss Crawmon.

"Oh!" breathed the embarrassed woman. "I didn't think of this. "I didn't expect—"

"We took the liberty of coming, Glad and I." Miss Crawmon had only a faint nervousness; she lost it in her usual calm directness. "We knew artists don't like to be disturbed, but Glad was determined to get to her mother."

"Glad? Ola?" The tall sculptress in the blue smock flushed violently.

The two women exchanged looks. There seemed years of growth and estrangement between the two names, but the little girl passed a confident, reaching arm about her mother's waist.

"I know how to draw now. Miss Crawmon's teaching me." Glad announced it with calm confidence. "I've brought my best sketch to show you."

While another child, because of overheard grown-up talk, might have been suspicious and self-conscious, even condescending, the light little figure standing by Mrs. Porren had a simplicity almost thrilling to the artist's eyes watching her.

"It is only a year," thought Madeleine Porren, gazing at her, "only a year since I—"

"Look!" urged Glad. The child held up a rather smeared, much-creased paper on which was traced a somewhat angular conception of the Sandal Victory. "That's a Greek bas-relief," explained Glad, as to a companion in artistic endeavor. The child's long hazel eyes glowed under her faintly darkening brows and lashes; there was a lovely bloom on the earnest little face; her mouth had the strong, wistful look of the creative artist. "Father thinks this is the best I have done, so far," she announced, with dignity.

It was a moment curious in its unexpected significance. The silent mother looked from the paper to Miss Crawmon, who stood, half humorous, half appealing. Madeleine Porren tried to swallow the sudden thickness in her throat; she checked a curious wild impulse toward her child, something anguished swept her mobile face. Taking another long, blind look at the smudgy little paper, she pulled herself together and answered the eager face, admitting in half-choked tones:

"It's—it's good, Ola. Oh, I do like it so much. Have you done others?"

But the impetuous nature of her could not wait for Glad to answer. With an expression of desperation which made her bite her lips, Madeleine pointed almost frantically to the open door leading into the atelier.

"Wouldn't you like to go out there?" she stammered. She tried to smile at the child. "There are lots of little stone children to look at." Suddenly the memory of the stone child of the cemetery came to the two women. Mrs. Porren flashed a look of unutterable remorse on her own child as she added, huskily: "Ask them to show you around. Tell them—you are my—Mrs. Porren's little girl."

Glad flew forth; the sculptress stood by the door, watching the skip of the little black legs and fluttering skirts; then she turned to the woman standing there.

"Quick," she breathed, imperiously, "before she comes back! Does she know about me—what they think, what they say?"

The haughty misery in the dark eyes made the spinster quiver.

"Madeleine dear, no one says anything. Glad hears nothing. Why," said Miss Crawmon, simply, "we are only happy—proud of you."

But the quality that made Madeleine a good artist made her unflinching with herself.

"I—deserted Ola." She bit her proud, trembling lip. "I know that. As I've worked over these stone children and mothers, trying to make them real, I've had to remember how I outraged human ties—deserted my little girl—when she needed me—when she was sick, and when, if it hadn't been for you— Oh, I know it now," declared the girl, passionately. "I deserted a little sick child—" There was a sudden collapse of the tall, pliant figure. Madeleine sank into a chair; her whole body shook with sorrow.



"I DESERTED OLA—DESERTED MY LITTLE GIRL"

The quick abasement, so real, so sudden in its devastating sharpness, shocked the visitor. Miss Crawmon feared for its bitterness, feared that she might not have been wise in coming. For a moment the gentle woman stood aghast, then, with fine, tremulous courage:

"My dear, you weren't altogether to blame; you felt driven—outraged. You didn't mean—"

"Ah, but I did," protested the other, fiercely. Madeleine stared at her friend with morbid eyes. It was somehow a relief, after the pent-up, silent year, to make a clean breast of it to this tall, austere woman whose gentle eyes rayed such clear faith into hers. The sculptress looked passionate remorse at the little crumpled drawing in her hand, as passionately she bent her head and kissed it. The miserable face stormed on her visitor. "You needn't tell me," she muttered. "She knows—that straight little thing with her believing eyes, she knows, or she's some day got to know, that her own mother deserted her!"

Miss Crawmon detected the exaggeration, the almost theatrical quality of this emphasis. She set her lips a little gravely. "Madeleine," she asked, quickly, "are you facing this thing? Aren't you acting once more passionately, recklessly, dramatically?"

Quietly the ex-teacher held Madeleine's mirror up to her, as faithfully she had held it up to Morris Porren. She waited a moment, then asked, quietly:

"Do you remember how Glad greeted you? Do you remember the utter trust and faith in her face as she showed you her drawing? Oh, child," implored Miss Crawmon, suddenly, "can't you be bigger than yourself? Can't you forget and rise to—reality?"

The grave gray eyes full of their patient knowledge of sorrow and human failure looked into the irresolute, haunted eyes of the young artist. The dark-haired girl set her teeth, her hands clenched. . . .

"She called me 'mother'!" she repeated, slowly. Her face contracted as the faithful, adoring inflection was recalled to her. "She called me 'mother'!"

Suddenly, with the choked utterance of helpless wretchedness, the woman

flung herself forward; she rose and put trembling hands on the teacher's shoulders, almost shaking her in her abandon of grief. "Don't you see?" she demanded, thickly. "Morris never understood. I was selfish and hateful—but I was— I never— I always wanted to go back to Morris and explain—but he called me that name—he called me that name!"

A convulsive shudder passed through her; her storming face was turned like a passionate child's to the woman who stood there facing her trouble with her.

"Ah," the girl stammered, "I didn't deserve it." At the bare memory of her husband's bitter injustice she stood shivering. It was as if her woman's being was stricken, her essential sturdy cleanness blighted.

One late March night Miss Crawmon stayed downstairs talking with Morris Porren. For a long time the man had remained completely withdrawn and sullen; a strange curiosity and longing was in his eyes, but there was around his mouth the outraged obstinacy, the colossal pride of a narrow and honorable man. Morris told himself that he had done his best and that best had failed; he had taken quietly the years of storm and rebellion from the odd girl he had married. Now peace had come to his home at last—peace, dignity, comfort. Should he jeopardize these things for himself and his little girl?

Morris looked across the table at his quiet companion. "It's queer for you to be urging this," he told her, abruptly, almost fiercely — then he hesitated. "You'll laugh at me, but I don't care; I'd say it just the same. I was going to say it that day by the brook, when you— I was going to ask you. I wanted to know if—" Morris Porren, however, left the thing unfinished. He got up and went over to the tobacco jar to fill his pipe.

The gray-haired woman smiled. She was making some serge bloomers for Glad. She measured the place around the knee for elastic, measured very carefully that the man should not see the suspicious trembling of her lips. Miss Crawmon's smile was the sort that the motion pictures have not yet been able successfully to depict; the kind of smile that five-thousand-a-week actresses fail to register; it was the wise, humorous, tender smile of the woman who has solved the personal equation of single life, who does not need to marry the man who confesses, "I was going to ask you," and who does not need to be embittered by this unromantic practical statement by which he wishes to make sure of the peace and comfort with which she can surround him. The lumber dealer saw his housekeeper's quizzical look and was helplessly abashed. But he also saw that she understood and protested.

"Well, I'm not ashamed of it. It means all I am, all I ever can be, now. I should have gone to the devil but for you. As for Glad—well, what woman in Dullwood, what mother, could have done for her as you've done?" The man paused a moment, staring at her. "You're superior to me, to us all; you've given my little girl"—sudden tears stood in his eyes as he choked on the last word—"everything."

"Only 'nourishment,'" returned the spinster, quickly. She twinkled brightly at him, "'Nourishment,' the thing you didn't know how, you and Madeleine, to give to each other."

There was a long silence, then Porren's housekeeper said, slowly: "Your wife is as beautiful as ever. She seemed so proud, so pitifully glad to see Glad; the little thing was wonderful with her."

Whatever ached in the man's breast, he did not speak it. If he had been a woman, he would have turned on the speaker with the sharp, "Yes, now that you've made Glad well and happy and pretty," but the pent-up feelings of men take deeper, more irrevocable ways. Morris Porren knocked out his pipe on the chimney piece and put it carefully by.

"I'm going out." He announced it with cold evenness.

When he turned to go, Miss Crawmon, trembling, but with brave fire in her eyes, was at the door before him.

"Morris," she pleaded, "I've been a teacher all my life. I'm years older than you, and I—I stand far enough away from real life to—really see it, to understand. People who live vitally, like you and Madeleine, don't understand—you get caught in the web of your own passions, you can't extricate yourselves—but people like me—committed to loneliness and service—we—well, we can sometimes see. . . . I want to beg you—ask you to—go to your wife."

He put her to one side. "You're not going to speak to me about that woman," he returned, evenly.

Miss Crawmon almost gasped, so distorted, so implacable his face became. "But I am," she said, steadily. "Morris, have you any right to keep Glad from her own mother? Have you any right to deprive her of the nourishment of being with the woman who bore her? Ah," said Miss Crawmon, passionately; she waved her hand about the exquisitely bright room. "Ah," she said, "here I've given you my best, all I had of care and belief and cheer and peace, and you won't give Madeleine one day—one year—of trial and understanding!"

It was the first time she had upbraided him, and it was the passion in her that impressed him. This gray-headed woman planted in front of him, fighting for the integrity of human relationships, for the established nourishment and peace of the human home, mastered him. The man stood staring at her, trying to understand her urge, the ecstasy of the thing she pleaded for; he saw her eyes, deep, austere, commanding, fixed on him. "Be bigger than yourself," she said, solemnly. And it was once more the essential maternal in her, the deprived, unrealized mother who fed his soul.

This time Miss Crawmon was sure of what she had to do, and she placed her two hands on his shoulders, saying, softly: "You poor, passionate things—You—you children!" She mocked the man with her gray, true eyes and her voice thrilled to an emotion he had never felt before in any woman, the emotion of one who sees the essential helplessness of humanity.

The tall, gentle woman took her hands from him. She stood there, quietly observing him, like an abbess, calmly gazing on his face, torn with its pride and obstinacy, its distrust and doubt. Porren saw her slow, steady, and unrelenting smile. He flung himself from her; he lunged out of the door and she saw him no more that night.

The next week it rained and Miss Crawmon and Glad rearranged the attic, and the little house was busy with a painter and a woman who had come to clean. Porren took his meals away and there was little meeting between them, but when Sunday came it seemed spring in Dullwood, and there was a sense of melting snow and sprouting grass and an exquisite nascence of budding branches. Then Morris Porren at last came and stood before the woman who had befriended him. In his hand he had a soft-colored flower bowl that Miss Crawmon had once pointed out to him in a shop window. It was she who had given him its sense of line, and its softness of color.

He held it out shyly to her, like a symbol. "I wanted to give you this," said the young lumber dealer, awkwardly. "It belongs to all the things you have taught Glad and me—nourishment." The man looked at her with solemn effort; his voice came whisperingly, like the voice at a confessional: "I want you to know that I'm going to get Madeleine. I wrote to her, and she—she thinks she can come. We want to live together again if we can," the man said—"mostly because of you."

Morris Porren and the woman who had befriended him stood looking at each other. It was only a moment, and they knew that life would soon flow over it like water in a stream—but in the one moment that the stream was arrested

they caught a gleam of something deep and tender shining in the depths. They recognized the potential greatness that lives in those who seldom bring that greatness to the test.

One day old Mrs. Nidderman, edging along by the Porren fence, spied Gladiola playing. She beckoned to her.

"So mamma's home, hey?" she cackled. "Well, now ain't that nice? And so—Miss Crawmon, she ain't goin' to live with you no more?"

She scanned the child's implicit, loyal eyes, then desisted from further questioning, but went down the path, slowly shaking her head.

As Mrs. Nidderman stood talking to a neighbor farther down the road, she summed it up thus: "Look what she done—brought 'em together again. There ain't nothin' Morris Porren wouldn't do for her, come plague or battle, and it seems that Madeleine Porren —well, she herself has got interested into this here 'nourishment.'"

CUMULATIVE DEATH

BY SUSAN M. BOOGHER

WHERE are those others
That were I
Who living die?

Where is the child
I used to be,
Whose listening eyes
Gazed, finger-lipped,
Upon the world's surprise?
Where now the ardent boy
Whose skyey youth
Consumed itself in suns of truth?
Where the man
Who learned at last
To walk the world
With eyes downcast
From stars?

Where lie
These shadowy others
That were I?
What mounds not made with hands
Are hidden in the years
Through which life
Masquerades with bells and fife? . . .
Life, the jester at the court of fate,
Who sobs beneath his laughing breath
"I, Life, am cumulative death!"

HAIL, COLUMBIA

THE AMERICAN SCENE

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of *Caliban*

IT is not superfluous to repeat, before preparing an outline of the American character, that a lifetime would not be too much for such a task, covering so many regions, such various races, temperaments with three centuries of tradition, and new Americans whose fathers were Poles. So what I wish to say is in the nature of impression rather than conclusion, and I am prepared to be corrected by my own experience. But I do feel entitled to call the United States "God's own country." It is true that (according to the American Bankers' Association) 30 per cent of Americans aged fifty-five depend on their children or charity; that, at the age of sixty-five no less than 54 per cent are thus unfortunate; it is true that the ravages of tuberculosis, the enormous divorce rate, compare with the schedule of European miseries. Still, here is a favored land which, owing to its area and to its wealth, can give a chance to every young man, and, if it chooses, even to every young woman. All benefits have been poured out upon America and America is using them as a cheerful prodigal; America is conscious of her good fortune, and that is why she can afford the manifestation of pride which is called democracy. Democracy is the most arrogant of all forms; it is the converse of snobbery, for the snob conceives only superiors and inferiors. The snob is a man who thinks he has no equals, while the democrat is the man who thinks he has only equals. He is often mistaken in his view.

And so a European thinks it picturesque and delightful to go to a bathing hut on a lake, ask for his bathing things, and hear a youth call out to his boss, "Say, where's *this man's* bathing suit?" To have a colored chambermaid stop him on the stairs and bluntly ask, "Where's yo' wife?" It is amusing, after the bent backs of the English servant class, though I should add that these backs are bending less and less now. It is pleasing because, like most things American, the democratic notion is cut out in sharp lines and painted in bright colors. The American fantasia, if I may so call it, is scarlet and gold. The scarlet of American excess creeps even into the pale blue of American sentimentality. Let not the reader conclude that I claim for England freedom from sentimentality; we, too, suffer greatly from what I may call emotion gone moldy. But England feels a little ashamed of her sentimentality, while America tends to account it as righteousness. The sentimental attitude toward women, noblest and purest, I will say something of a little farther on. It sometimes takes a strange lyrical form, particularly in the newspapers. And the newspapers matter, for the newspaper exhibition of the national character is the national character seen under a magnifying glass. The newspaper character is the national character—more so. For instance, I read in a newspaper that a certain lady has extraordinary courage, a keen sense of intuition, and a sublime faith in God. A very sagacious diagnosis inside a single interview. But sentimentality, which so naturally envelops

the young bride, the good mother, the little child, takes in America some forms that interest me more. One of them is the sweet and simple life of millionaires. I am continually reading descriptions showing that the financial superman does not live on caviare off diamond-studded plates; that his subtle mind subsists upon the rudest fare and the highest thought; that he likes to set aside the nurture of his millions for a peaceful hour with Artemus Ward; that his true pleasure is serving in the local *crèche*, teaching the creed that is called, "How to get on and yet be good." I like to think of the millionaire talking freely in the street to some one who owns rather less, and with a green watering-can assisting into beauty a little bed of marigolds.

I think that impulse, which is purely American, arises from a desire to humanize the apparently inhuman. American business, shrewd as it is, seems to have a heart; it wants to do for individual men the fair and the generous thing. The whole trend of American civilization is toward stressing the human factor; indeed, the word "human" (in the sense of "friendly") is used in no other part of the English-speaking countries. Also, a certain reverence attaches to power; reverence is always apparent in the American character, curiously combined with irreverence. For instance, the magazine and novel continually present allusions to "the great surgeon" and "the great lawyer." The cynical European suspects that the great surgeon is a scrubby reactionary who does not read the medical journals; he views the great lawyer either as a foxy fee snatcher or as a toothless dodderer on the bench. But the American seems to invest these people with mental robes of ermine and scarlet. He is more easily impressed; his vision is more direct and less often leads him to doubt; where a European would doubt, an American often hates.

You find this seriousness extending even to the most ignoble of occupations, the arts. In civilized countries the arts are, as a rule, merely the resounding kettles tied to the tails of the hounds that are hunting the great quarry of profit. But in an American newspaper you will see headlines such as this, "Playwright Finds His Inspiration in Lonely Sand Dunes." No European would be interested in the playwright's inspiration, except as an object for jeers. The American takes the arts seriously, just as he takes seriously the funds for the restoration of churches. He is altogether more literal; he uses the words "right" and "wrong," as to the meaning of which many Europeans have become rather shaky. He takes his tradition more seriously. For instance, in Chicago I observed a headline in the newspaper, "Cotton Exchange Fifty Years Old To-day." That has an irresistible charm. One need not, from the false vantage of the Oxford turf, smile at a record of fifty years; one envies, rather, the contentment so aroused. Then, once more, American complexity appears—I contrast this headline with the fact that in nearly every American city I have visited hotels and office buildings, erected round about 1900, are being pulled down to give place to buildings that shall be up-to-date. America delights in tradition, and destroys it as she goes. She hates the thing she respects, burns the god that she worships. Once more, here is a sign of the immense vitality of the land; you discover it best in the headlines of the newspapers. Here are a few which I collected:

"Ruth Up—Oh, Babe! She's a Ball Player."

"Yo-ho! Postman Hooks a Man Eater."

"Sisler is Out Front to Stick."

"Spooning Parlor at Union Church."

"Bathers Stone Pastor Who Flayed Scanty Costumes."

"Her Corking Face Lands Girl in Jail."

You may laugh. You may protest that this is not America, that it is a

libel on America; but the thing must be at least part of America if you sell a million a day of it. Moreover, it is not discreditable. You may not like the following theatrical poster:

GIGANTIC
GATHERING OF
GLORIOUS
GIRLS IN
GORGEOUS
GOWNS.

You may not like it any more than you like being told, a few weeks before the football season, that "the old pigskin is getting ready to peep over the horizon"; but all that, crude as it may sound, is vital, and in the end all vital things make for the vague and unstable condition which some dare to call "good." It may be difficult to reconcile it with culture, until it is understood that culture arises not only from decadence; that all poets are not emaciated; that many, from Whitman to William Morris, have grown lyrical on women and on wine.

Lyricism takes all forms. In the United States, one of the strangest from the European point of view is the adulation of business. As if America were reacting against the traditional adoration by England of the professions, she seems to set a peculiar value upon making, buying, and selling things. *The Dignity of Business* was written by an American, *The Romance of Commerce* was invented by another. To an extent this is a defense as well as an evangel, but it is certain that America has enshrined within business a portion of her romantic impulses. She respects the business man; while ready to give his due to the professional man, and more than his due to the artist, she intimately feels that business is the finest, as well as the most valuable, function of man; she perceives in the business man the qualities of a hero; in her view, he is doing the best that can be done by man. An evidence of this is the prevalence in the magazines, not only of business short stories (almost invariably concerned with smart selling), but of actual articles on business. In the *Saturday Evening Post* I found an article on the role of the purchasing agent; in a single issue of the *American Magazine* I found two business stories, and seven articles on business or interviews of big business men, total well over a third of the contributions. And these are not commercial journals, but popular magazines. It seems to me that in this America performs a service; she is dragging down the wooden old traditions of cultured leisure and setting up instead an ideal which some may dislike, but which is a new ideal for new times.

"COME RIGHT IN"

One of the first things that impressed me in America is expressed in a large board that stands on every road outside West Chester, in Pennsylvania. On one side of the board we read as follows:

THIS IS
WEST CHESTER
COME RIGHT IN
GLAD TO SEE YOU.

And on the other side:

GOOD-BY
COME AGAIN
COME OFTEN
WEST CHESTER.

This board enraged my American companion, who happened to be an American artist of the highest order. He mouthed a furious denunciation of this "fraudulent cordiality." At last I told him that he knew nothing about it, being merely an American, and that I could assure him that this sort of thing did mean something. It might not mean exactly what it said, for few human expressions do, but it did mean something. It represents a dominant streak in the American character. It means what I have everywhere experienced — that America is really hospitable, really sociable. Can anyone imagine an English

village telling you to "Come right in"? An English village is not communicative enough even to tell you to get out, which at bottom is its only emotion. In America the stranger is not welcomed in a purely mercantile spirit. The American wants trade, but he also wants to know things, to secure new impressions, and, if you will let him, he wants to like you. This combines with the old pioneer spirit into true hospitality. It may be thought that I am stressing the pioneer spirit, which seems to elucidate the Middle West, but I do believe that America still carries the pioneer habit of giving hospitality to all. I am not deceived by the reasons for this; the pioneer had not a warmer heart than anybody else; he gave hospitality because in pioneer days he had to give hospitality so as to enjoy it himself when in need. For many years in America you had to take hospitality or die on the prairie; that taught all men hospitality, and much of the tradition stays in the American spirit. That is why the stranger finds America so delightful. He is readily admitted into the American home, while he may spend a lifetime in France and be admitted only to a restaurant.

I am perfectly sure that, on an average, the American is warmer hearted than the European. I have had many instances of this, and one of the most noteworthy was in New England. I am fond of country walks, which the American seems to dislike; his view of life is "automobiles to everywhere and violent exercise at the week end." Therefore, the Americans who saw me trudging the roads were sorry for me, and only in two cases was I allowed to finish my walk undisturbed; in every other case total strangers in automobiles stopped and offered me a lift. I began by refusing, but in one case they looked offended, and, in the second, drove off hurriedly, obviously thinking me insane. Well, that means something; it means sympathy, while I am sure that any American can walk from Spain to Russia without being offered a lift, unless he asks for one, and then he might not get it.

A fuller sense of the American affectionateness is found in the use of Christian names. It surprises the Englishman to find a clubroom greet a popular member with a shout of, "Hello, Jake!" At a party he gets lost among the "Tommies" and the "Ogdens." Also he is puzzled by hearing people described as "lovely," or "beautiful." When he is promised the acquaintance of "a wonderful boy," it is rather a shock to meet an elderly banker. You may say this is superficial, that it means nothing, and that Tommy will skin Jake if he gets a chance; that may be, but there is in all things some reality, and I am sure that the American male friendships are very strong; strong, at least, so far as male friendships go. Even if this cordiality is superficial, it does hold something warm, which you do not find in Europe. There is no better friend than an Englishman, if you can get him as a friend; but it is very difficult, and until you succeed he will stay on his guard. On the other hand, an American will take immense trouble over you, waste his time over you, drive you about, get you introductions, secure you privileges. Sometimes this is ostentation, sometimes it is local pride; but human sentiments are always complex, and there runs through it an honest desire to oblige.

You find this particularly in the American of the middle-sized towns. New York is too large for anybody to be proud of; you cannot be town-conscious in a city of that size, as you can be, for instance, in Cincinnati. The American is almost invariably proud and fond of his home town. He is always anxious that you should visit it; he will accompany you and show you round; you will offend him if you refuse to go and see the statue of Colonel Judson, who was killed at Saratoga. I am afraid that I have offended many people already by writing a book about America; nearly all those I have met felt that the book ought to be about their city, or

at most, about their state; I have been told everywhere that "to stay only three days here" was akin to crime.

I take here the opportunity to explain that I have looked upon local interests as components of the general interest. Topeka may be a great city, but it is a great city only because it is an American city. It is difficult to explain these things, because the American seems to take them in a rather personal way. He appeals to you personally, and takes your response in the same way. The personal appeal, which embarrasses many a European, is to me unfailingly attractive. I like the sign near railroad crossings, reading, "Stop, Look, Listen." At St. Louis I was delighted to be told, on the trolley-car standards, "Don't Jay Walk; Cross at Crossing." I felt that I was picked out from among the other jay walkers. This increased my vanity, and everybody knows that the enhancement of one's vanity is the main purpose of one's life. Besides, there is again a certain warmth in this picking out; it is an extreme case to find this warmth even in hotels. At one of these, for instance, I was every day presented with a morning paper bearing a label, "This is your paper." I know this only meant two or three cents, but the way it was done is attractive, familiar; I was being remembered, and one need not seek false emotion in what is mainly kindness.

Kindness is almost universal in America; in my first three months I collected only three deliberate rudenesses, though, doubtless, I deserved many more. I have found everywhere assistance and, what the stranger needs so much, information. Sometimes I have found a little too much, for the American does not always realize how lost is the stranger in this immense, complicated system, and so burdens him with detail. The American is often quiet, but he never refuses conversation, and, on the whole, it is better that people should talk too much than too little; this contributes to general sociability and ease of intercourse. Also, conversation helps a man to exhibit himself. Very few of us ever attempt to discover what the other man thinks; we talk so as to assert to him what *we* think; this helps us to discover what we really think. I suspect that the American, more than any other kind of man, his mind being filled with a vast number of physical impressions, needs conversation to sort out these impressions. Burdened by certain forms of national pride, local pride, and personal pride, by old puritanic views, and new efficiency views, by sentiment and by ruthlessness, he needs conversation as a sort of clearing house. He has to formulate.

In Europe we do not formulate much; that job was done for us long ago by our family, our class, our school, our university. Most Europeans know what they think, and few of them think much. The American collects so much more, and so indiscriminately, that he needs a process of elimination. He needs to tell you that he believes a thing so as to learn to doubt it. For instance, one often meets an elderly American who explains that a lazy young man cannot live in America, that he is looked down upon, and that the best he can do is to get out of the country. He then goes on to explain that Americans work sixteen hours a day and cast the proceeds of their labor into the laps of the noblest and purest women in the world. He means all that, as he says it. He really believes there is no *jeunesse dorée* in the New York clubs. He believes that no business man golfs on Saturday morning. He believes that the women, of whom in Chicago alone, last year, thirty-seven thousand were married and six thousand divorced, are the noblest and purest women in the world. He believes it—until he tells you so. Then, unless habit overwhelms him, he settles down into decent doubt. When he criticizes his own country, he is weighing it, unless again patriotic exaltation has become a habit. Sometimes it has, though I have met very little spread-eagleism

in America. Possibly spread-eagleism was politely concealed; possibly, too, the praises I have heard of English liberalism, English culture, and English tradition amount to courteous sympathy with the aged that once were great. I do not know. The only real spread-eagle I met, who told me that in America, schools, hospitals, and courts of law were beyond the dreams of Europe, was a galvanized American. These converts, you know! Still, I did meet a lyrical spread-eagle once. He was, he told me, an Elk.

THE ELK

I did not quite know what was an Elk, or a Knight of Columbus. I gathered they were friendly societies, but not quite in the English sense. So, having heard of this particular specimen, I stalked my Elk. He was a middle-aged man in a decent way of business, whose function in my life was to get me in seven minutes to an Elevated station which required a walk of nine. As we ran, I interrupted his conversation, which was on Kansas City, lead pencils, women, and divinity, and said to him, "What is an Elk?" A change came over him. A dignity arose. He said, "Sir, the Elks are a body of men banded together to assert the principles of humanity and justice that have made this country great." I said, "Yes; but how do they do it?" He said: "Sir, the answer is simple enough. The Elks uphold in this great country the traditions of benevolence, brotherhood, and mutual help which have given rise to the American spirit." I said, "Yes; but how do they do it?" With an inflection of impatience and pain, the Elk replied, "Sir, the Star-spangled Banner that waves over these lands, and the name of the Bird of Freedom, should indicate to you that the pursuit of good morals, the maintenance of the principles of purity, of public spirit, social service, are within the compass of the Elks, and account for the position and progress of this great free democracy." I said, "Yes; but how do they do it?" "This is your station," said the Elk, and hurled me on to a sooty stairway. I shall have to find another Elk, but this one is precious to me in a way. He does represent something that is fundamental in all races—namely, lyricism. He represents the intoxication of success, the materialization of the effects of material comfort. One thinks oneself great because one is big, and, instead of explaining, one proclaims.

Nearly all Americans will, to a certain extent, proclaim, if you talk to them about America. I have met a few Americans who criticized America, but they nearly all belonged to the intellectual class, which does nothing but intellectualize. Those people take a queer pleasure in running down America. They vaunt the culture of France and the courtesy of Spain; they read no American books, but criticize them all the same. They are few, while the mass of Americans, who openly boost their country, is large. Many of them will criticize America in a temperate spirit, and, more and more, I suspect, the educated American is reacting against certain features of American civilization, such as haste and noise. One thing in him is noteworthy—he is always willing to discuss America. He will state her, explain her, defend her, and the subject never wearies him. That is a profound difference with the Englishman, who, confronted with a foreigner, is more likely to talk to him about the foreign land—that is, if he must. The Englishman would rather stick to safe topics, such as games, or London communications, but if he is dragged into national discussions he will avoid England. It is not that he lacks national pride, but that pride has become to him a habit of mind. He is really more arrogant than the American, for the American takes the trouble to speak for his country, and proclaims as an argument, "I am an American citizen." The Englishman is much worse. He does not trouble to proclaim, "I am a British subject." He

expects you to know that, and at bottom does not care whether you know it or not, or what you say about it. The Englishman's self-complacency is immense: First, there is the Church of England God; then there is the Englishman; then there is the Englishman's bulldog; then there is nothing. So, realizing this, I am not with those who are offended by the occasionally loud American patriotism; I know only too well that its occasional loudness means that America doubts herself.

England proclaims her nationality less than any other country in the world, and she values it more unconsciously than any other country because in England everything is so old established that new things do not matter. That is why our naturalization is so easy, while nowadays in America it takes upon itself the airs of ceremony. Some time ago, in St. Louis, at Judge Gook's court, twenty-one aliens out of thirty-four were refused American citizenship; one, because he had deserted his family; another, because he had deserted his ship; a third, because he had been in a race riot; another, because he had kept a saloon open on Sunday, etc. No foreigner may comment on this, for a country has the exclusive right to decide whom it will admit as a citizen. It interests me, however, as an evidence of the price which Americans set upon American citizenship. Citizenship here has lyrical value, whereas, in Europe, it has only practical value.

The naturalization method of America suggests that a sort of honor is being conferred upon a man when he is admitted to citizenship. No doubt many jingo Europeans would understand this emotion, which is foreign to me, but it may be that here we find a faint indication of the craving for distinction which is so strong in the United States. It is commonplace to describe the American ambassador at a continental reception, distinguishing himself from among the uniforms and the decorations by the Spartan democracy of his evening suit. America has made a virtue of this evening suit, but I do not think she likes it. Seventeen seventy-six was the hot fit of democracy and long before 1920 the cold fit came. For many years Americans have shown how much they missed the satisfactions called "honors" which are given in all other countries. It is natural that men should desire honors; it may be stupid, but it is natural; the English are frantic with desire to place behind their names alphabets made up of M.P., D.S.O., J.P., F.R.G.S.; it is a satisfaction to the great-grandnephew of the fourth son of an Italian count to call himself a count; honors are a marvelous means to orderly government. In America the need has shown itself through the many marriages of American girls to members of various aristocratic European families. It is something to get wealth, but it is not quite enough; the natural vanity of man does not thrive on wealth alone. That is why the Americans have invented a number of social ranks.

Business titles are given in America more readily than in England. Men are distinguished by being called "president" of a corporation. I know one president whose staff consists of two typists. Many firms have four "vice-presidents." Or there is a "press representative," or a "purchasing agent." In the magazines you seldom find merely an editor; the others need their share of honor; so they are "associate" (not "assistant") editors. A dentist is called "doctor." The hotel valet is a "tailor." Magistrates of police courts are "judges," instead of merely Mr. I wandered into a university, knowing nobody, and casually asked for the dean. I was asked, "Which dean?" In that building there were enough deans to stock all the English cathedrals. The master of a secret society is "royal supreme knight commander." Perhaps I reached the extreme at a theater in Boston, where I wanted something, I forget what, and was told that I must apply to the chief of the ushers. He was a mild little man, who had

something to do with people getting into their seats, rather a come-down from the pomp and circumstance of his title. Growing interested, I examined my program, with the following result: It is not a large theater, but it has a press representative, a treasurer (box-office clerk), an assistant treasurer (box-office junior clerk), an advertising agent, our old friend the chief of the ushers, a stage manager, a head electrician, a master of properties (in England called "props"), a leader of the orchestra (pity this—why not president?), and a matron (occupation unknown).

What does this mean in American psychology? It means that here, as elsewhere, mankind comes to believe in itself only by asserting itself, by decorating itself with high-sounding names. This is the efflorescence of the human ego, the manifestation of the adorable childishness of man, which holds its sway under the pinions of the Bird of Freedom, just as much as before the indifferent eyes of the Lion and the Unicorn. It is an evidence of the innocence, the splendid capacity for taking clear-cut views, which may give young America the leadership, if not the hegemony, of the world.

ENTER THE SOUL

I had not heard much about the soul until I came to America. In England the soul is an understood thing, to be taken out on Sunday for exercise; even then it has to behave, to be less evident than one's shadow. To expose one's soul is in England looked upon as a minor indecency. Even our magazine writers tend to let it alone, and cause heroes to love heroines from the bottom of their hearts; in the American magazine passion often goes a little deeper. Of course, in America the soul takes peculiar forms; it does not come out as an ordinary Christian soul, but rather as a modern soul, an up-to-date soul. I do not want to seem irreverent, or to poke poor fun, but when in New England one discovers a small town called Mystic, one feels that the soul is going too far.

For the soul, in its new form of mysticism, and its occasional form of spooks, is a rather comic character. Instead of being merely a life essence, it becomes militant, it proselytizes, burgeons into new religions, into forms of higher thought, into silence guilds, "national" faiths, etc. Extraordinary attempts are made to reconcile with a semirevealed religion the discoveries of what is called science. This is profoundly offensive to "science," which hates to be called by that vague name, and would prefer to see religion reconciled with biology. Consider spiritualism, for instance, and its extraordinary success, so great that at a certain moment American industry was unable to meet the demand for ouija boards. I know nothing about spiritualism, but it is repulsive to my intellect that it should be possible for a jovial party of hardware merchants' wives in Jacksonville to call up for a conversation the spirit of Napoleon. It is repulsive to one's intellect because it is incongruous, and, if it were true, it would make the after-life even more intolerable than the actual life fortified by the telephone. The whole thing is pervaded with fakes which have been exposed again and again; the rest may be true, but what is interesting is not the acceptance of spiritualism by so many people; it is the attempt to explain it. Still more remarkable is the attempt to deduce for moral guidance some lessons from the communications out of the unseen. Reconciliation with scientific fact is generally exasperating to the person who has had any contact with scientific training: I have been quietly told that spiritualistic force is akin to electricity, and when I have asked, "What is electricity?" I have received no answer I could understand. There is a certain type of mystic that whirls itself into intoxication by piling up words such as moron, endoplasm, phagocyte, dissociation, subliminal, etc. It sounds scientific. In fact it is gibberish.

Likewise, love. Most Europeans look upon love as a comparatively simple and temporary reaction, which leaves behind it a certain sediment called affection. According to temperament, they look upon love as a regrettable physical excess, or as a natural desire for intimacy with a person of the other sex; or as a joke; or an act of business; but they very seldom look upon it as a sacrament. In America, I am not so sure of the men. The men do not talk much about love, and I have a suspicion that they do not place it on quite as lofty a plane as their women would desire. It is not in the nature of men to grow rhapsodic over anything; all great rhapsodies, it is true, have come from men, but always from unusual men; the ordinary man has a way of placing love and its consequences among the material facts of life; in Europe the women hold only slightly more refined views. But in America certain peculiarities appear in the conception of love which the American woman proclaims. (What actual conception she holds, as against the one she proclaims, may be a matter for further discussion.) The things that people proclaim are quite as important as the things they believe, because what people say to you is not always what they think, but what they would like to think, or what they would like you to think they think. The American woman's proclamation of the nature of love may be the proclamation of what she thinks love ought to be. Now from America came the phrase, "Divinity of Sex." It is a phrase that I cannot understand; I can discover in sex beauty, lyricism, exaltation, all that is delightful, much that leads to generosity—I can discover all that, except "spirituality," or "divinity." I suspect that the words, "Divinity of Sex," merely express the fact that the American woman sets upon herself a price higher than does the European. When giving herself in marriage to a man she appears to lay down that she is doing something significant, which honors him by preferment and her by self-sacrifice. Also, she conveys that she is the cradle of the race, forgetting that nature is so arranged as to demand that a masculine hand shall rock this cradle. It seems to be set up that "love" is wonderful; that "the child" is wonderful; that "the race" is wonderful; in other words, exaltation. Whether this is wholly sincere or wholly insincere does not matter very much; the American man hardly ever echoes the point of view, but he never controverts it; he maintains silence and seems to accept the feminine theory. I wonder. . . . Perhaps he does not care.

But, leaving aside for the moment this sex conception, it is interesting to observe certain bizarre intellectual forms that have arisen in America. They are more self-conscious than ours. In Europe, the William Blakes and the Maeterlincks arise more spontaneously than they do in America, because the surrounding atmosphere is hostile or wholly callous. A European mystic has little honor in his own country; his countrymen are never quite sure whether he is a genius or a lunatic. In America, he finds swift acceptance; his mysticism takes upon itself the appearance of reality, because many Americans are seeking mystical expression. Consider, for instance, the following extract from an extraordinary document, now in my possession, and published at Los Angeles:

> The Psychological Solution of Wars.
> An interpretation of the American religion of the new civilization, the foremost representative of which is Dr. Julia Seton.
> Cosmic dynamics.
> Dynamic metaphysics.
> To win the war the cosmic way,
> Set minds to win the war that way. . . .

That is not an isolated document, nor do I suppose that it originates from a lunatic asylum. It is merely the most remarkable among a number of instances I have taken from books, stories, and pamphlets. It is an intoxication of words, of which you can find instances even in best sellers, such as *Diane of the Green Van*. I have a manu-

script before me supposed to be a short story, by a perfectly sane American college girl. On the first page I find the word "cosmic," twice; the word "dynamic," three times; the word "co-ordinate," once; the word "universal," once; the word "harmony," three times. This produces a certain type of literature with a limited number of words. Thus: "universal harmony," "cosmic universality," "dynamic co-ordination," "co-ordinated harmony," "universal dynamic harmony," etc. In other words, jargon. Now, what does that mean? I have the greatest respect for the American powers of organization, for much of American literature; I realize quite well that William James, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. Edison, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, many thousands of people, exhibit variously high forms of intellect. One might make a similar list of English names, but the difference is that in Europe we have only two classes—the intellectual class, and the class which does not aspire to intellect—while America has both, and also a third class—the class which aspires to intellectual *production* or understanding. That class produces those extraordinary literary medleys; it finds divinity in the sex emotion, and not in the hunger emotion, though these are of the same kind; it aspires to contact with an impalpable world, or to some removed and exquisite way of life. Mixed up in this vertigo of words are all sorts of intelligent ideas, ideas on democracy, on birth control, on poetry, house decoration, etc. The intellectual river rushes into every back water, causing frightful confusion. Well, that means something in American psychology.

To me, this impulse toward "cosmic orders," and so forth, indicates a reaction in the American mind against the mechanical civilization of which I must say something in another chapter. The reaction is highly self-conscious. For instance, a little while ago a woman said to me that a visit to Rome might be expensive, but that "it went to cultural background." That is self-conscious; the American seems, more than other men, inclined to face his intellectual processes. His moral processes he does not face with any such courage, but his intellectual processes interest him; whereas the European is extraordinarily afraid of self-knowledge because this might lead him into ideas. A number of Americans, of late years, have come to revolt against the old ideas of "do no wrong, but be God-fearing"; and "get on or get out." The first has failed them because it was a purely moral idea which did not content the growing intellectual ferment produced by scores of thousands of college graduates, male and female, who had taken in their culture very quickly in enormous and rather indiscriminate doses; the second idea of "get on or get out" also failed to satisfy them, because their contact with culture, without teaching them that culture was enough, had taught them that mechanical civilization was not enough. Hence this rush into any intellectual road, and, therefore, into any intellectual blind alley. All intellectual movements are rebellious movements, but some of them, such as the English and the French intellectual movements, are so old established that they have become traditional rebels against power and materialism; in America, where the intellectual tradition is young, they are still in natural reaction against surrounding materialism. Therefore they are good things.

Many European intellectuals sneer at the "cosmic harmony," but the fact remains that the pargonauts are trying to do something. Some of them are trying to produce works of art, by using the language of the laboratory; others are seeking a precision in life, an aspiration which they can no longer obtain from the Christian simplicity; yet others are trying to project the aloof doctrines of philosophy and metaphysics into a practical realm which shall have application to their lives. If the result is so often hasty, hectic, incoherent, it is largely

because the surrounding atmosphere is so favorable, because the Americans are, more than any other human beings, interested in ideas. In Europe, a man with an idea is, on the whole, a nuisance; if his idea is practical, he may be sent to jail; if unpractical, he will be put into the comic papers. But in America, in either case, he will be listened to. He will find his public and his party. That is good for him because it enables him to express himself; but it is bad for him because he finds, ready made, an appreciation which in Europe he would have to tear from reluctant and sluggish minds; in the intellectual sense, America is perhaps the only place of which it can be said that a prophet sometimes has honor in his own country.

"RUSH"

The easy acceptance of the fantastic literature I have quoted may arise from the general American tendency to excess. The whole of the American civilization seems to me willfully, and often splendidly, excessive. The people seem to find a pleasure in the height of their buildings, in the size of their restaurants. The freak dinner, for instance, where a musical prodigy was concealed in a bush of roses and revealed only when coffee was served, where every guest was presented with a gift worth one thousand dollars, is not only an indication of reckless wealth, but also of a deliberate desire to do things largely, magnificently, excessively.

One discovers this in the lavish magnificence of American hospitality. It is delightful, but to a pallid European it sometimes proves exhausting. One rides to too many places in too many automobiles; one meets too many interesting people; visits to the opera, to the theater, to the country club, to the famous view over the valley—all this, so kindly, so generous, is part of the American tendency to do too much, too fast. They do not think that they themselves suffer from it, but I suspect that much of the sensitiveness of American public opinion to newspaper stunts is due to an overstimulated condition of the nerves. Excess brings its penalty in the shape of reaction. The noise of America, the swift movement, the passion for automobiles, a passion so violent that people mortgage their house to buy one—all this is excess.

I have been in American towns of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, and found them closely modeled upon the big towns. The big towns provide excess for the millions; the little towns, excess for the thousands. It is merely a matter of proportion. Sometimes one does not know how to behave. The Englishman is not accustomed to the spaciousness of American hospitality. American hospitality will explain the difference between watermelon, honey dew, and casaba, while English hospitality consists in letting the lunch lie about for you to eat if you like. We are not accustomed to being shown a house in detail—the labor-saving appliances at work, told the story of the pieces of furniture, of the pictures. The Americans are never weary of this, because their vitality is enormous. It is not only nerves which permit them to do so many things in a single day; it is not only their magnificent climate, which is bright and bracing like champagne; it is the rude strength of a race not yet sophisticated; it is the hunger for impressions of a race just entering into possession of its powers. Hunger and innocence, this defines a vast tract of the American mind.

An idea of this tendency to excess can be found in the advertisements of the newspapers. Advertisements are never very discreet, but they always adjust themselves to the taste of the public. The specialist soon finds out if the advertisement is a success; if it fails it is changed. Consider the two following extracts from advertisements. One recommends a short story called *Two and the Silver Creese*, and reads as follows:

Gosh! if you want tensity, read *Two and the Silver Creese*, a Moro love story by Don-

ald Francis McGrew. When a Moro loves he does it in a 212°-Fahr. fashion, as you'll discover when you read this little asbestos romance. Don't read this near the stove.

Here is the second:

Scrub up your smoke decks and cut for a new pipe deal!—Say, you'll have a streak of smoke-luck that 'll put pep in YOUR smoke-motor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe or the papers and nail some . . . for packing! Just between ourselves, you never will wise-up to high-spot-smoke-joy until you can call a pipe or a home-rolled cigarette by its first name, THEN, to hit the peak-of-pleasure you land square on that two-fisted-man-tobacco . . . Well, sir, you'll be so all-fired happy you'll want to get a photograph of yourself breezing up the pike with your smokethrottle wide open! TALK ABOUT SMOKE-SPORT!

The reader will say, as perhaps he has said before: "This is very unfair; you pick out of our newspapers the most blatant headlines of the most ferocious advertisements, and then you say that indicates the American mentality. Allow me to tell you, sir, that in this country there are millions of sober, educated people who, equally with you, feel that—" etc. Which is quite true; a country which was wholly occupied in scrubbing up its smoke decks would not be a success, but it is equally true that this sort of appeal must correspond with a demand of the American mentality—*viz.*, the demand for lyricism, which takes the form of rhetoric and vituperation.

An unfortunate result of this violent stimulation is the national restlessness. I am no enemy of stimulation; indeed, I believe that it is better to be too much stimulated than not stimulated at all, but one can overdo it. I have several times referred to the automobile, and you may think that I am an old-fashioned partisan of the stagecoach, which is not the case. It is good to see that the American city has emancipated itself from the horse, but I do believe that the automobile is having an evil effect upon the country. It has made the center of some towns almost uninhabitable. Before a window on North Michigan Boulevard, in Chicago, three thousand automobiles pass every hour. The night is filled with mechanical sounds; the throttles are open; the automobiles are parked outside hotels, and the engines allowed to run; it is like sleeping in a garage. The streets are clotted; in Fifth Avenue, for instance, between four and half past five, any fat old lady will walk six blocks while a vehicle passes two. The automobile, at certain hours, is making the traffic of Manhattan unmanageable. It will drive the city of New York into the immensely costly expedient of cutting underground motor roads in the rock, or to the more revolutionary method of building elevated roads over the old elevated railways and over certain cross-streets. All that because scores of thousands of people want to get about. Watch the line of automobiles in the afternoon, near, let us say, the New York Public Library; not one in ten is a commercial vehicle. You will say that this is luxurious New York, but I have seen the same thing in little towns of New England, in St. Louis, in Kansas City. Traffic is mostly composed of people who are getting about for excessive pleasure or hardly necessary business. This leads one to the conclusion that America is getting about to too many places, trying to handle in one day too many jobs, and in one night too many pleasures.

A motor-car run after breakfast, a heavy morning's work, a business lunch party, an excited afternoon's work, dinner at a restaurant, a theater, a supper party, a dance, or a run through the moonlight in the inevitable automobile! I do not pretend that this is the everyday life of every New-Yorker, but it is the life to which most of the modern New-Yorkers, rich and poor, seem to aspire. And it seems to be speed for the sake of speed. I have before me an envelope of the Postal Telegraph Cable Company; it bears two mottoes, "Special Rush Service," and, "It Will Hurry Your Answer to Give It to the Boy Who Delivers

This Telegram." You will say telegrams generally are in a hurry, but what interests me is the emphasis laid upon haste. This leads to overstrain, and may perhaps lead to hardness. When one has no time one is not gentle, and if the American (honor be to him) did not cultivate gentleness, his would indeed be a ruthless country.

Anyone who thinks that I exaggerate will find confirmation of these remarks in the reactions which appear in America herself against certain sides of her life. For instance, the other day, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, I read a story where the hero gave a melancholic account of a horrible week end, where he was taken by his hostess for meals and parties to all the surrounding houses. *He was protesting.* Likewise, in the *Saturday Evening Post* I found a story called "The Silken Bully," which charges the American woman with brutal selfishness, lawlessness, and exploitation of her husband. I do not indorse these two stories, but would observe that these magazines are very popular, have a large circulation, and do not want to antagonize it. Therefore I am entitled to conclude that there exists a protest in America against dominating women, and also against restlessness and haste. Of women we must say something a little farther on; as regards restlessness, I would only add that I have met many Americans who deplore the excessive activity which pervades their country. They say that in America there is no time to live. I do not go so far, but, then, I am a European, and am so impressed by our sluggishness that I am glad to see America overdoing it a little. That may be better than not doing it at all.

NEPHEW SAM

There are also against the national restlessness personal reactions of another kind; one of the most interesting is the new type of cultured American. The older type of cultured American was in a way more American than the new. He was still connected with Emerson and Longfellow; he had strong moral sentiments; he was rather ceremonious, and, on the whole, rather academic. Mr. Bernard Shaw makes an amusing caricature of certain sides of this type in *Man and Superman;* an admirable portrait can be found in *The American*, by Henry James. The remarkable fact about that type was that one could never imagine him as a young man. He was always a well-preserved man of forty-five. Well, there has been a reaction, a modernization. One of the reasons is that during the last fifty years so many people grew rich that they were able to send their sons to college; that in the last twenty years business threw aside the idea expounded by Mr. Lorimer's hero in *The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son*, that a young man was ruined for business by a college education.

I have met many Yale men in business, and a fair number from Harvard. The most remarkable of all was employed in a large corporation. He was young, but had a good position. As we came in he stood up, perfectly dressed in a suit of gray tweed, wearing spats over admirable boots. As I observed his quiet blue tie and well-laundered collar, his close-cut, but not too close-cut hair, as he welcomed us in a rather high and unmodulated voice, I thought, "I have never seen anything quite like this." We talked. At twenty-eight he had still the undergraduate touch; he did not take himself seriously, as did the old type. He did not talk about the size and power of his corporation, as the old type did, out of vanity or nervousness. He was an ordinary "nice fellow," just any negligent sophomore. But, a little later, we talked business, and the man changed; he grew grave; his mouth hardened; I saw something in his eyes which told me that he was polished only as a sword is polished, that he had what an Oxford man seldom has, an American cutting edge. Here America is producing a high type of humanity, and she will produce it more and more

as wealth learns to value good breeding. It will combine the graces of the Old World with the force of the New World. I have had only a glimpse of the superman, but I feel that he will give a great account of himself in the times to come.

And this is not an isolated instance. A day or two at Harvard, conversation with twenty or thirty young men, reveals something more important than knowledge; it exhibits charming, *natural* manners, modesty, firmness. I wish every English visitor could spend twelve hours at Harvard or Yale; it would enable him to avoid the absurd generalizations he often makes. As an American put it to me, "England compares her best with America's worst," which is absolutely true. Not only does the Englishman set up as a standard his own county families, conveniently forgetting England's profiteers, England's lower middle class, the mincing gentility of the antimacassar, the bawling taprooms of our country hotels, but he compares the English gentleman class with any braggart salesman who talks to him in the club car.

It is lamentable because it is so stupid, lamentable because a few dinner parties or week ends in American homes would show the Englishman that America has a gentleman class akin to his own, in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Virginia, even New York, which did not come over (steerage) last week, which does *not* struggle for money, does *not* ask personal questions, does *not* boast; a class which discusses without puritanism any subject you like, accepts your eccentricities, cherishes its traditions without obtruding them, indeed a class which differentiates itself from the English county families, to which it is generally related, by a keenness, an openness to new ideas which should sting the self-complacency and stir the dust where lie the English families amid the debris of Victorianism.

A MORAL NATION

All the same, certain things startle one in America; one of them is the occasional outbreak of puritanism. For instance, when my agent was booking my lecture tour, he issued a prospectus provided with my photograph. A woman's club which had applied for a lecture date refused to engage me because my photograph exhibited me in a dressing-gown which exposed my neck. This is quite true; they put it in writing. I suspect that this exhibits one of those deep-buried, puritanic American strains; when I think of that I smile at the remark so often made that "America has no traditions." America has a profound ethical tradition. She has created in her own mind an aristocracy of God-fearing men and women. She still tends to estimate people according to their morals.

So does England; but England tries to shut her eyes to what may be inconvenient, because that makes trouble, while America feels it her duty to inquire; in other words, the American seems more preoccupied with moral questions than is the European. I do not represent the European as a gay and vicious man; I know him too well. England has her Vigilance Society, and France her League for Repressing the Vices of the Streets, just as America has her Society for the Suppression of Vice. Mr. Comstock completed a trinity with Sir Percy Bunting and Mr. Beranger, but in America virtue is not so completely given over to specialists. Virtue is everybody's business. I have discovered, notably, that in a club of men, where a member drinks, gambles, and runs after women, that member is not called "no end of a dog," as he would be in England, or well liked, as he would be in France; in America he is deplored; you will generally find that in America it is virtue, not vice, earns a man popularity. This is not entirely a matter of repression; I do not know about this question as much as I should like, but if things are what they seem, America is a virtuous country. Though things never are what they seem.

The outside shows the American rather more like the Englishman of 1860,

with a dash of Nietzsche, than like the Englishman of to-day. He is domestic, and seems to care deeply for his home, his wife and children; he talks about them, instead of keeping them in the background, and he very seldom hints at irregular adventures.

Domesticity is part of the American insularity; it is due to the fact that most of the country lies so far from the sea that external influences do not operate. And yet I find it difficult to believe that the American is as moral as he seems. He could not keep it up. The 1910 census showed 6 per cent of illiterates; Senator Borah stated, in 1917, that 70 per cent of American families were living below the poverty line; the disease records, as quoted by Doctor Biggs, are terrifying. America is not worse off than Europe; indeed, she is better off, but in conditions like these it is impossible for national morality to be as high as is made out.

One has a glimpse of that now and then. I have before me a publication which I will call the "Underside." Here I find reports of sexual crimes, advertisements of shops where they sell "books on sex questions," pictures of "girls in artistic poses." I find a publication which enables men and women to make "friends" by advertisement. There are books "exposing" white slavery, and even "instructions for the honeymoon." All this stirs in the middle of the drink question, among advertisements of proof testers and stills, which are offered—you will never guess—to people who want to make distilled water.

That sort of thing, which you find in every city, suggests the secret escape from moral restrictions. The newspapers report a great many sexual crimes; this slough which I stir up reveals that here, still more than in England, vice goes slinking and ashamed, but goes, all the same. I find chaos and conflict. The Federation of New Jersey Women's Clubs demands official action to lengthen frocks and to stop cheek-to-cheek dancing; the Federation of New York Women's Clubs demands the removal of legal restrictions on birth control.

I doubt the thoroughness of American puritanism. I have come across a number of men who supported prohibition, and their cellars are full of liquor; perhaps that is why they could afford the gesture. I have been over the Library of Congress at Washington, and discovered that this great institution possesses only one book of Anatole France, the mildest of all. Between the surface and the depths I hesitate. But these are only impressions; it is not my business to pronounce.

(*To be continued.*)

LOYALTY

BY E. DORSET

I SERVED my long employer wakeful-eared;
Stuck to my tasks, through sickness, cold, and heat;
Not that I loved the man, but that I feared
Detachment, and the street.

Now he is dead; a codicil that shows
"Service, long friendship," leaves a tidy bit.
Well, I was loyal, yes; nobody knows
The price I paid for it.

"TWO TOGETHER"

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

IT was such a hot night; the street was so ugly. She sat at her open door, dejected, looking at the double row of two-story houses built of dirty yellow brick Lots of houses—and all of them alike! Lots of little streets—and no sort of difference between them! One window downstairs, two windows above; coarse iron railings on which hung beer pots or milk cans. This was what sitting at the front door meant. If she sat at the back door she saw the rows of little gardens,the runner beans, the fowl runs, the washing hanging out—with here and there a startled great sunflower, amazed to find itself in such a tiny place. She sat, dejected, and trying to draw a long breath here in the restricted street.

Dust drifted in a rusty column past her sad, wild eyes. She did not know how distraught she looked to-night. Peering beyond this street where she had been born and had always lived, she saw roofs and spires and factory chimneys. There wasn't a patch of bare sky, not a patch as big as the palm of your hand.

She choked. To her to-night—and for the first time—it seemed as if she had always drawn gasping breaths and as if she had always been peering at things up close. There had been nothing large, nothing silent. She wanted peace and quiet. Her desolate, perturbed soul called out suddenly for grandeur. The shrill children, the scolding or the laughing women all round her—the noise of her neighbors—it drove her wild.

She was sick of the street. And there must be in the world such lots of other places. Yet until to-night she had taken everything for granted. She had never troubled to think about the street. That had been her attitude. She was only twenty, yet it seemed to her that she had lived a long, long life, and always with sickness, with fretfulness, with death; for the Hawkers were a delicate family. She was the only healthy one, a big girl, with a promise of magnificence. She and her brother Charlie were the last ones left. She had taken it for granted—until to-night—that she would always keep house for Charlie, here, in the street.

She could not go on with things as they were, and yet she knew she'd got to. She wasn't even crying for the moon. She had no moon. Any little thing would comfort her, anything that was different—only that. And she said, tragically, "I want some fun."

The noise, the noise! Cars in the wide road at the end of the street, hooters and bells—all the ugly clamor made by factories; the mixed agony to her, to-night, of thumped-at pianos and blaring gramophones. She clapped her hands to her ears and made for herself a blissful silence. She did not see Charlie come up the street.

"Got earache?" he asked, jostling her at the narrow, open door.

She drew her hands abruptly down and they slapped angrily at her hips. "I never have aches nor pains. You know that."

"I do, and you ought to be thankful."

"I was only trying to keep quiet."

"Quiet!" he laughed. "If you want that, you'd better go and live somewhere else."

"Yes." She sounded hopeless, colorless, and her light-gray eyes tried to pierce him through. "Somewhere else; that's it."

"You don't seem yourself to-night."

He sounded perplexed. "Well, here's a present for you. Catch!"

He threw a bag of chocolates and it fell into her lap. She stared at the bag and her sullen, desperate young face changed entirely.

"For me? Charlie!"

He had never given her a present before. She had been pining for grace, for recklessness, for gayety. Here it was, in her lap, a bag of chocolates. Her world was transformed.

"Thought you'd like 'em."

He sounded sheepish; he, also, seemed different to-night. What had happened to them both? Perhaps it was the threatening storm. She looked up at the rent and livid sky. Then she arose, holding the bag lightly in her curved hands.

"Charlie! I've been fretting for something like this."

"Chocolates!" He stared. "Then why didn't you say so? I don't want you to go short of anything. I've got plenty of money."

"'Tisn't things like saying I mean." She stepped lightly into their house, with him behind her.

Charlie said at supper time: "Saw Elsie to-night. She and a lot more had been down to the station, seeing Australian soldiers off. Once them chaps have gone back to where they came from, we can begin to feel the war's over."

"War didn't hurt you, for you never went."

"They wouldn't pass me. Wasn't my fault, was it?"

"No"—she looked at his narrow chest and pointed face—"but I should have loved a soldier brother. They're fine big men, the Australians. I liked to watch them march down this street. What's Elsie doing, seeing them off? She's a silly."

"I like a girl to be a silly now and then." He was valiant. "Do you good to be a silly sometimes, but you're not that sort."

"No, I'm not." She spoke firmly, yet she seemed reflective.

"Just larking," persisted Charlie, and a tender grin twisted his pale mouth. "Elsie's been telling me about it. One of them fell in love with her, though they'd never set eyes on each other before. Asked her to go out there and marry him."

"Marry him! Go all out there? Charlie! What's it like out there?"

"Don't know. Not like this, you may be sure."

"That's a good job. I hate this street. I'm sick to death of this town and of the people in it."

"Sick to death! Why, what's come over you to-night, Maggie?"

"I don't know." She stuck her elbows on the table and he stared at her round, big arms. "I did feel funny to-night—heartbroke, you might say—until—until you give me the chocolates." She burst out crying.

He clanked down his knife and fork. He opened his mouth to speak; then he stopped.

She watched him, with her streaming eyes. "What you going to say?" she demanded.

"Nothing. Never mind. Wipe your eyes, and—Maggie—don't be a young fool. Wipe your eyes and finish your supper. There's thunder about. That's all it is."

Charlie was thinking that it would be cruel to tell her the truth, which was that he had bought the chocolates on the chance of meeting Elsie. Yet when he did meet her and she talked of the Australians, he had kept the bag in his pocket.

"What's his name—the chap who asked Elsie to go out to him and get married?"

"She didn't tell me. Don't suppose she knows."

"Well, I should have thought—"

"Doesn't matter what you think." He turned testy. "You don't understand what larking about means. Just before the train moved—she did tell me that—he leaned out and—"

"Kissed her?"



Drawn by Gerald Leake

MAGGIE READ IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN, LEARNING HIS NAME AND ADDRESS

"No, he never kissed her, or she'd have told me."

"Would she? Nothing to do with you!"

"I tell you she'd have told me. He handed her his knife and asked for a bit of her hair. She cut him a thick, long bit and, as the train went out, the men and the girls—"

"Then there wasn't only Elsie?"

"Everybody was there except you. Factory hands, I mean."

"I see." Her eyes were calm now, and they fixed on him. "You get plenty of chances for larking when you work in the factory. Working in the house, that takes up all a girl's time and it suffocates her. Well, it does me. Did he throw the hair back at her? I would, if I was a man."

"What do you know about men? He was kissing her hair as the train went out, kissing it and laughing—before he slipped it into his breast pocket."

"And that was the last she saw of him?"

"That was the last she ever will see of him," Charlie nodded, curtly.

He stood up. She, rising also and looking at the dirty supper things in a sort of panic, asked him, desolately:

"You going out again?"

"Yes, for a bit."

When he was gone, she lolled at the open door, watching the violent sky. "I don't understand men, and I don't understand girls, either," she said, with thoughtful bitterness. Then she saw Elsie come down the street, Elsie humming lightly and swaying her hips. She stopped at the door.

"Well, old sobersides! What do you think I've been up to, Maggie? Guess."

"Charlie told me. You've been seeing soldiers off, and you gave one of them a bit of your hair. And he asked you to go out there and marry him."

"Charlie remembered." Elsie seemed pleased; then she added, mysteriously: "Come inside. I want to tell you something that I never told Charlie, for you never tell the men the lot."

"Don't you! Why?"

"I don't know why you don't tell them everything, but it would never do."

They went into the house. Elsie sat down, with a laughing bump, on the sofa. Maggie stood staring helplessly at the crowded table.

"Why, you've never cleared away the supper things."

"No. I—I let them stay."

"Well, don't fuss with them now. I'll help you afterward. Come and sit down. I'll show you what I never showed Charlie." She brought out a folded paper. "Here's his name and address—the Australian, I mean. He begged and prayed me to go out by the next ship. We had a talk, while the others went on chaffing. He said—all sorts of things. And he meant every word. I could see that. I sha'n't tell you everything he said. It was love at first sight." She burst out laughing.

"Do you mean that he said it at the station?"

"Of course. Where else could he say it? Only seen him that once. Here's his name, Conrad Preston. Nice name don't you think? And there's the address in the city where he'll be stopping after he lands and before he goes home to the farm. Up country to a station, he called it. They do talk funny."

Elsie fell back merrily into the sofa pillows; her brilliant eyes bantered the other girl.

Maggie held the paper. She read it over and over again. She was learning it, his name and his address—the Australian soldier.

"Look here, Maggie. Give it back to me. I'll burn it. "I wouldn't have Charlie see it; not for worlds."

"Why wouldn't you have him see it?"

"Because I'm going to marry Charlie. He asked me to-night, and I said 'yes.'"

"Did he ask you before supper?" Maggie clenched her hands in her lap; the paper was between them.

"Yes, before supper. Why?"

"Doesn't matter. So that's why you won't marry the Australian? You've had two men after you in one evening."

"That's nothing." Elsie tossed her head. "You don't understand. But you wouldn't catch me going to Australia, not for worlds. He loves it—I could see that—but it must be an awful place."

"The soldier loves it?"

"Course. It's his home. But so big and so lonely. He said you can only hear yourself, your own heart beating and the breath you draw. Awful, isn't it? Give me the street I've always known and—and Charlie."

Elsie laughed again; she was always laughing. It was a thin, jubilant sound. Then she bent down, forced open Maggie's hand, and got the paper. Maggie remained rigid and her open palms appeared bewildered, bereft.

"Charlie might be jealous if he knew I had the chap's name and address. He doesn't mind my larking, for he knows there's no harm in that, but he wouldn't like to find this. Might make trouble. I'll poke it in between the bars."

She jumped up. Then, changing her mind, she put it on the table and, returning to Maggie, said, half jestingly, yet with iron coldness underneath:

"I don't mean to be unkind, dear, but I must have this house to ourselves when we're married. You see that, Maggie, don't you?"

"Yes, I see it."

"I knew you would. But Charlie felt uncomfortable."

"He needn't have troubled. I didn't want to stay. I'm very glad of the chance to go. But, you mind what I say, Elsie, Charlie's a handful. All the Hawkers are. I'm the only happy one."

"Happy! Well, you don't often look it."

"Charlie"—Maggie was unheeding—"isn't grateful for anything you do."

"Grateful! I don't want that. I love him."

"So do I."

"Never said you didn't. But a wife's different. You'll find that some day. Wonder if you will? Maggie! Stand up. Come here."

She bent, flung her arms round Maggie, pulled her to her feet, and half danced, half dragged, her across the room to a mirror.

"Isn't it funny, the likeness between you and me? We might be blood relations. But you're so solemn and I'm always on the go. And your hair's brown and mine's got yellow in it."

Maggie was staring at herself—a somber, wild glance. "He gave you his name and address. Did you give him yours?"

"Course I did." Elsie seemed tickled. "He's got that and my hair. Much good may they do him! Maggie, are you going to work at the factory, same as the other girls, when I'm married to Charlie? Might do you good. Cheer you up. But you'd have to get a lodging out."

"Don't you bother about that," said Maggie, still staring in the glass and watching her lips as they moved. "You're prettier than I am, Elsie. That's the only difference. We're both big, with gray eyes and brown hair—well, yours has got a bit of yellow, but—"

"I only seem prettier because I laugh and take trouble with my dress. You never seem to care."

"I haven't. Charlie isn't one to notice."

"Charlie! What about the other men? Ever thought of them?"

"Not until to-night." Maggie was candid. And she stared with a kind of terror at those two big blond girls in the glass.

"So you did think to-night?"

"No, I didn't—not to say thinking—but I felt I couldn't keep on, somehow. I told Charlie I was sick and tired."

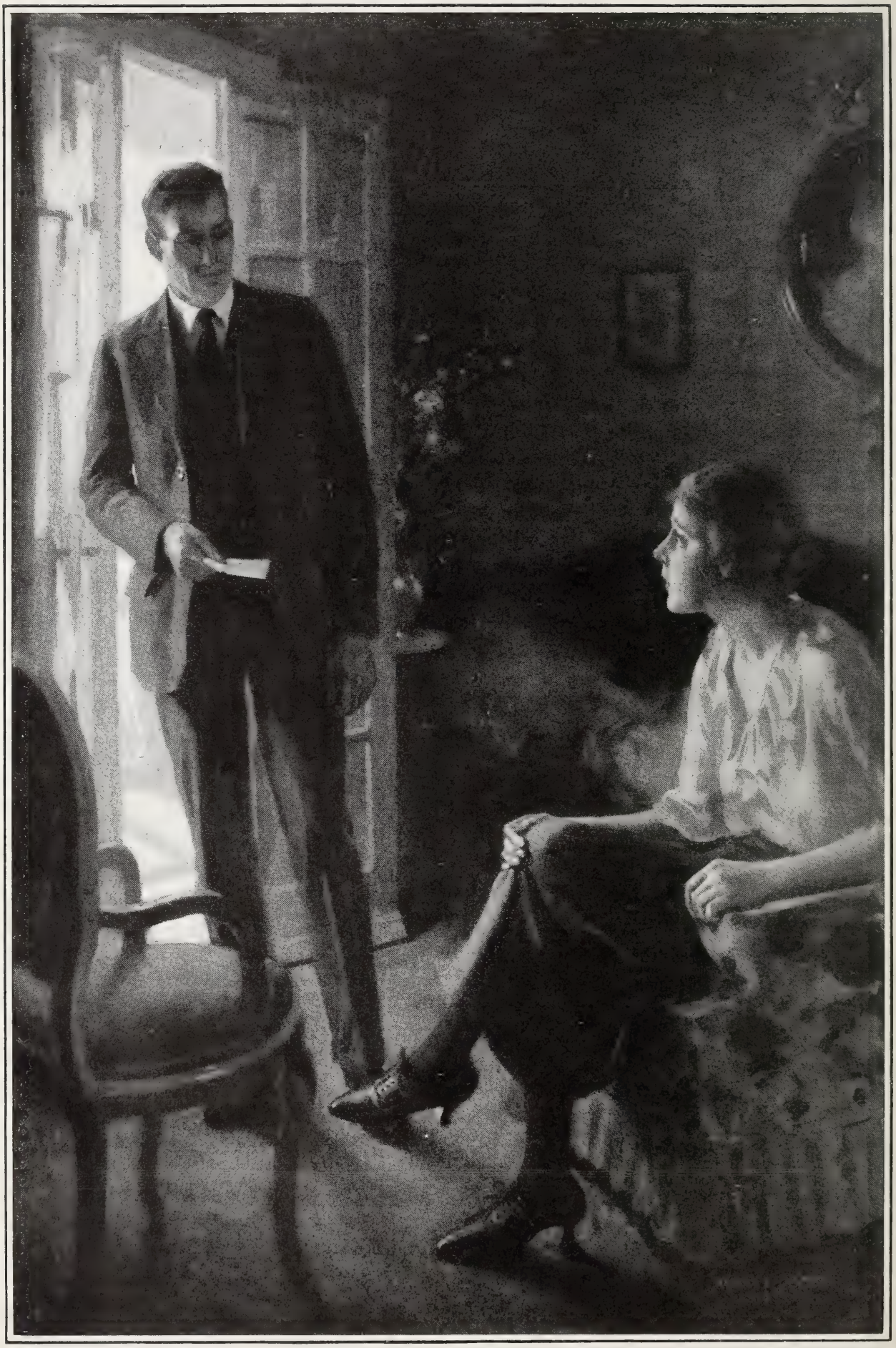
"You did! What did Charlie say?" Elsie dimpled and blushed. She seemed shy, roguish, delighted.

"I can't remember what he said." She turned sullen. "Doesn't matter."

She tried to move from the glass, but Elsie gripped her.

"Maggie! I say! Go out to Australia yourself! He'd never know the difference, and—"

She broke off with a rapt squeak. She withdrew her arm; she moved to the



Drawn by Gerald Leake

"KNOW THIS WRITING?" HE ASKED

door. Maggie, immovable, heard her say, "Charlie!"

There was silence. They were making love. Kissing by the half-open door, very likely. They did not want her. Who did? Maggie moved from the glass. Keeping her back austerely to them, she stood at the disordered table, looking down at dead dishes. She was not resentful of their joy. She did not grudge those two the ecstatic twittering that was going on near the door. She was not sorry; she was glad, glad, for she was sick of Charlie, with his dull complaining. And the street choked her. She stood staring at the table, brooding on it, hating it, done with it and all that it implied. Suddenly a silver-bright radiance shot across her light eyes and her hand crept forward. It was a thievish hand. She picked up the paper which Elsie had left on the table, the folded spill with the Australian soldier's name and address. Her hand dropped with sullen secrecy to her pocket.

She swung round and saw them at the open door, shoulder leaning at shoulder.

"If ever she asks me where it is, I'll say I saw Charlie light his pipe with it. But she won't"—Maggie, thinking furiously, stared at Elsie's face—"remember it again to-night. If she does happen to, then I'll say I burned it myself."

She piled the plates and dishes, carried them to the back kitchen, and washed up. Her hands moved in a swift tempest.

Those two remained silent by the open door. The long-delayed thunder gave its weak growl.

He met her as she came from the ship; he had married her this morning. They were sitting at their wedding breakfast alone, in a room at the hotel where he had been staying since he came from England. To-night they were starting on their long journey up country.

Maggie's glance fell with impassive triumph on the bright ring on her finger. She was a man's wife. Somebody wanted her. No. Her thought stopped dead. He did not want her. It was Elsie that he had fallen in love with, and it was Elsie that he believed he had married. He must never find out, never. He would not, for nobody could tell him. Elsie was thousands of miles away. She was living in the street at home, and by now she must be Charlie's wife.

They had finished eating. Maggie sat with her bared arms on the table and she stared at Conrad, her husband. She looked as she had looked on that other night, far away—the night when Charlie had given her the chocolates—on that night she had discovered the soul of a woman—her own soul. Until then she had been just a machine, to cook and scrub and mend for her relations; to nurse them when they were ill; to mourn for them, in a dull kind of way, when they died. And she had been keeping house for Charlie.

She had married Conrad, but at present he was to her not so much a person as a type. He was just one of many Australians who had marched down the street at home. She had stood at the door, watching them, or stood behind her shut window in the cold weather, peeping through stiff white curtains. They were all alike—big, lean, keen—and he was just one of them. She had married an Australian soldier, one of the men that she had always admired.

Her bridegroom was looking at her, this big, ashen blonde who had trusted him, who had come out to him and got married.

"Kitty"—he spoke with wonder, with fire—"I loved you from the first minute I saw you on the platform that night in England."

Her lids felt weighted, and for a moment she dared not return his glance. When at last she looked up she seemed bewildered, afraid. She was all in the dark, for she did not know everything that Elsie had said to him that night. She said, in that husky, plaintive voice of hers:

"My name isn't Kitty."

"Not Kitty? But you told me so."

"Told you so!" She threw back her

head, and her next look at him was impudent. "You never tell the men the right name—not at first. You're never your real self—until you get to know them."

She was trying to sound like Elsie, trying to be the girl that Elsie was.

"What is your real name, then?"

"Maggie. Do you like it?"

"Like it!" His face lifted. "Beautiful! My mother's name was Margaret. To tell you the truth, I never cared for Kitty as a name."

"You may call me Margaret if you like. I wish you would. I should like it better."

He noticed how eager she was. He did not know that she was passionately wishful to cut herself off from that life in the Lancashire street. She wished to have a different name, as a final touch. That would comfort her and make her feel safe.

They had finished eating and what was left of the wedding feast lay in gay disarray upon the white cloth. He got up and went round to her, leaning down. He saw her quiver. His fingers went thoughtfully up to her pale-brown hair.

"Looked sort of yellow that night at the station—Margaret," he laughed, tenderly. "Seems brown now. And you've got it curled tighter, haven't you?"

"Very likely." She drew her arms down and folded her hands meekly in her lap. "I won't curl it at all if you'd rather not. Sometimes I don't."

"Didn't seem to grow quite the same that night, but I only saw you with your hat on."

"You're thinking of some other girl—Elsie Jones, very likely, for she was there."

"No, I'm not, darling. I only saw one girl that night—you, Margaret." He threw her a queer look and his arm crept round her waist. "It was fine of you to come to me by the next ship. Not to wait and think it over. To feel sure of me. You did feel sure?"

"Yes—sure," she said, softly.

She looked up and the slumbering fire of her lighted the pale eyes. He was her husband, and she supposed that, already, she loved him, that—being in love—was why her heart beat so fast.

"For you not to wait and ask anybody's leave. Just to come to me! To believe what I said that night. And all said in such a hurry."

"There wasn't anybody to ask. My brother Charlie wasn't my master."

"I haven't got anybody myself. I want us two to live alone."

"Yes"—her eyes did not move from his handsome, kind-looking face—"I want that, too."

She was beginning to feel happy, and a little off her head. She was a man's wife. He wanted her—yes, he wanted her; she would bury the memory of Elsie alive. Yet she would never know all that they had said and felt that night upon the platform. She would never be sure of what he expected, and at any moment something might crop up between them to make a strangeness. Her glance, responsive, tender, besought him. He drew her to him closer.

"You won't feel lonely when you get into the bush? By yourself a good part of the day. Not another white woman near. It's a grand life, yet it's hard."

"I shall love it, and I'm sick of women." She turned sullen, for she was thinking of those squabbling neighbors in the narrow street at home.

He began to talk about the place he was taking her to, the withdrawn, desolate corner which would be their home. His face became enthusiastic; he talked of the country which he loved best. He was exalted by the rapture of landscape.

"We're going in the spring, the right time of the year. Just wait till you smell the sassafras! Why, I never got that smell out of my nose all the time I was fighting in France. Kept me alive, so I should say. Made me want to cry, like a great baby; yes, often and often. You and me together"—he put his lips on her tightly curled hair—"out there, away from everybody. Come and sit by the window, Margaret. Let's look

at the city. We sha'n't see it again for a long time, and when you do come back to it you'll feel afraid and—funny."

They went to the window and he fetched two chairs, standing them close together. Ever so far down, for this was sixth floor, was the flooding traffic of this big, strange place.

"You'll feel—stupid. Just at first. When you come out of the bush and into this. Know what I mean?"

She shook her head. "I never went away. We always lived in the same street. I can't fancy how a person would feel, changing about, I mean."

"Wasn't there money enough for you to have a holiday?"

He asked her this and he wondered what it was—the passion and the grieving—that played round the patient sweetness of her mouth.

"Oh—money!" she laughed shortly. "All the extra money Hawkers make goes in doctor's bills; and it always did."

He sensed the weary distaste, the disgust and rebellion, in her voice, yet more in the brief bitterness of her laugh. She seemed sad, somehow, yet that night at the station you'd have sworn she hadn't got a care in the world.

"You don't joke so much as you did. You seemed so full of fun that night."

"Was I?" She looked at him strangely. "Do you remember everything about that night?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

"Of course I do—everything."

"When I told you about the bush and the sort of life it was, you only laughed and made light of it. Hurt me, rather. But now you say you'll love it. Mean that?"

Her quiet voice trembled. "I—I was only joking you that night," she said.

"Yes," he pondered, "that must be it. But now, when I see you again, you seem to be quite different. Not the joking kind at all. I'm glad, for I'm steady myself and things go deep with me."

"They do?" She leaned forward. "And so they do with me."

"While I was waiting for your ship"—he gripped her hands—"I thought to myself, 'I hope she won't chaff too much, not so much as she did that night.'"

"I was only joking then. How did you feel while you waited for the ship?"

"When I got the cable saying you'd sailed I was like a mad chap. Tell you, Margaret, it was heaven—and it was hell—waiting for that ship. If anything had happened to her—if she'd sunk or caught fire! And you never wrote me a word; you only sent the cable. If, after all, it was a joke with you. That crossed my mind. Suppose you wasn't on board at all."

"You're one"—she looked into the fiery simplicity of his face—"to take things serious. Anyone can see that."

"Yes"—he was grim—"I am."

"You'd never forgive a thing like that—if I'd played a joke on you, made you feel a fool?"

"Forgive! I don't know, for love's a funny thing. Why did I love you and you love me, out of all the girls and men at the station that night?"

He bent down and kissed her again, but first he looked at her—hard. It was a look that she dreaded. It made her want to run away, for she didn't feel safe. If he ever found out that she wasn't Elsie, what would he do to her? He was the solemn sort. She understood, for she was that sort herself. Already, although they were still strangers, she wistfully loved him—because she understood him. A slow, furious jealousy of Elsie moved across her heart. Elsie should never come near him—never.

"I remember how wicked you looked that night," he chuckled, "when your hand came up to take the bit of paper with my name and address on. You scribbled yours on another bit. I've got it now, and it's worn to rags with me taking it out of my pocket and putting it back. I—used to kiss it. You—" he laughed. "Well, you *know*."

"Yes, I know."

"Reckon you kissed mine, too; but you won't own up, will you?"

"No, I won't."

She shook her head, trying to seem arch and like Elsie. But a strange terror was getting hold of her. She had not been afraid, coming out to him on the big ship. That had been a desperate adventure and she had braced herself for it. She had not been afraid; she had only been wild to get away from the street, away from Charlie, from Elsie, from all of it. But now she began to love him, this fine big man, her husband. And she was afraid, with a very guilty fear.

"Got that bit of paper in your pocket now?" she asked, with ghastly lightness.

"Not in this pocket; in another one. And I've got your hair, too. How you laughed when you pulled it down and cut me off a bit. You covered everything up with a joke that night."

"You've got to cover it up at the start, until you're sure," she told him, gravely.

"Have you? Do women feel like that?"

"Yes, they do."

She sounded simple, honest, sweet. He was ravished by the mystery of her face.

"I love you better now—not joking—than I loved you on the platform that night, Margaret."

"You do, you do! Mean that?"

She looked at him as she had looked at Charlie when he gave her the chocolates. Then—this night as that night—she burst out crying.

He took her full into his arms and soothed her, and stared into her masses of cinnamon hair and felt the anguish of her soft, big body.

"I'm a silly," she said, at last, and looked up, smiling. "If you love me better now than you loved me then, don't let us talk about that night, for it only upsets me."

"But you don't want to forget it? You haven't forgotten?"

"Not a thing." She was positive. "I've thought it all over and over, often and often. Of course I did."

"Yes, you would, of course."

"I was so dull at home. I'd like to forget everything, that's all. I want to begin fresh. Tell me some more about the place we're going to."

He talked to her in a torrent about big birds and bright, big flowers; about the brilliant sun and the sweltering heat. Over and over again he asked: "You won't be lonely? You won't get to feel frightened at the sound of your own voice? It's a hard life. It's terrible, yet it grips you."

Each time he asked these questions she mechanically shook her head, and she kept her bright, swollen eyes upon his flushed face. They never left it. He talked to her about great hills and deep valleys. He talked of enormous trees, in one vast tangle, stretching many miles. Sometimes men—pioneers, he said—had to move forward slowly with axes, cutting through the forest as they went. His father had done that and his mother had come behind with a string of pack horses. Together, just the two of them, they had carved out for themselves a new world.

She sat there, fascinated, stunned, staring, while he ambled forward with his rapt narrative, talking of silence, solitude—and was she sure she wouldn't feel afraid. Sometimes there were terrible things—drought, which meant no rain, and forest fires, and— The bold heart within her began to die. He was again asking: "You won't be lonely, you won't be frightened? Sure?"

She felt dizzy.

He said it was a place to win men's hearts or break them. "It's beautiful." He was still talking. "So much bigger than English country. More splendid. England choked me. It was so green and so gray. It was so safe and small. It was like a garden, I thought. Now you're not always safe out in the bush, and that is what I like about it. You might die or get murdered and nobody be a bit the wiser. But we shall be all right—together. I tell you, Margaret, it's a grand life."

"Yes," she spoke vaguely, "together."

"Together!" He looked distantly out of the window; tenderness and awe stole into his voice. "That's what my mother felt—and she was a Margaret, too. Her and father cutting their way through the world, and all alone; not a soul near, or likely to be. Mother's first baby died. I was the second. I've heard her say she made the coffin out of wooden boxes while father dug the grave. She'd talk about it till her last day, and she always cried about it, poor old soul. I reckon a woman never gets over a thing like that. He swung round. "I've tired you out. I've frightened you."

"No, not frightened me."

"You're as white as a ghost. Look here. Let's go out and have a last turn round the streets before we start. Don't you want any clothes? It's your last chance."

"No." She stood up and she held on to the back of her chair. "I bought everything I was likely to want before I sailed. I took advice at the shops. They told me."

"You hadn't"—he looked at her compassionately—"got a mother or a sister, or anybody to help you choose the things?"

"No"—she was quick; quietly furious—"not a soul."

"Isn't it funny that we're both so lonely, that we fell in love at once?" He asked her this and seemed thoughtful, then added: "That was why, I suppose. We wanted each other, so it came about. Think so?"

"Didn't think." She looked at him gravely. "I—I just came."

"Without thinking—and because you loved me. It was fine of you to come, to trust me like that. Not one girl in a thousand would." He playfully picked up a bit of her frock and twisted it in his strong brown fingers. He said, "I like what you've got on now."

"I wanted everything to be as nice as I could," she told him, and smiled faintly into his admiring eyes.

"I like what you've got on now better than I liked—"

"What I wore that night, you mean?"

"Yes, that's what I mean. And shall we go out, then? Will you get your hat on?"

"Yes, in a minute."

"I'll go and square up first. We've had a good feed, haven't we? Although a wedding breakfast just for two seems queer."

He looked at the loaded, disordered table, and so did she. The bitter smile which puzzled him shot across her mouth. She was thinking of the table at home and of Charlie, always picksome, always grumbling, fancying this, refusing that, contented with none of it.

Conrad went out of the room, and directly she was alone she tottered to the open window in a sudden panic. Her courage, which had been brazen all those weeks upon the ship, left her now. She looked down, a long way down. The people and the cars were small. It would be a big jump down.

She dared not go alone with Conrad into that strange place which he called the bush. She dared not live there with him all her life—and never say. And never say! On the ship she had not loved him. But she loved him now, so to tell him a lie became terrible.

She would be afraid to speak, for things slipped out. She would be afraid to sleep—in case she talked. If he found out, what would he do to her? She would go mad if she went to that place with him, without a soul to speak to, with plenty of time to think things over. The smell of that stuff which he called sassafras, it would choke her! The big, bright birds, the big, bright flowers! And then that penetrating look which, twice to-day, he'd given her, the look which asked a question. She was afraid.

When he came back, as he would soon, she must tell him the truth. She would tell him that she wasn't Elsie. This decision came swiftly. It was like the cool cut of a knife into flesh.

He came in. He looked queer, she thought, quite changed. That was only fancy; she would always be fancying things—and in the end it would drive

her mad. But she was not going there with him. She would tell him the truth, and then he would not want her, for it was Elsie he loved. And as for her! He would hate the sight of her face. He would send her away, although he had married her this morning. Yet she would remember him all her life, and love him. She would hoard up the fever and the charm of his kisses, for there was no harm in that.

"Why, you're not ready."

He walked over to the window and put his hand on her shoulder and pulled her round. His kind, bright eyes seemed to laugh.

"No"—she looked down stubbornly —"I don't want to go out. I've got something to say first. I can't go to that lonely place with you without telling you the truth."

"What truth?"

"Will you listen? Will you keep quiet and not say a word till I'm done? Promise!"

"Of course. But what's up?"

"I should like"—she spoke more faintly and sat down—"for you to keep close and to hold my hands, the way you did just now."

She stretched them out appealingly, sliding them along her broad lap. He sat close and held them as she wished. He seemed puzzled, yet remained merry.

"It wasn't me you fell in love with on the platform that night. It was another girl called Elsie Jones, and she's married by now to my brother Charlie."

She stopped. Conrad held her hands.

"I wasn't on the platform at all. She came down the street afterward and told me. She showed me the paper with your name and address. It was a joke to her, for she was going to marry Charlie; she'd promised him that very night. I'd always kept house for him, but she said they wouldn't want me when they got married. She said that. It was like flapping a wet rag in my face. You should have heard her voice. Elsie can be cruel. I know I'm wicked—but if you only knew how I *did* try to please Charlie. And nothing ever suited him. And I—I did want some fun. It was so dull in our street and it always had been."

Disgust and terror and remorse went lashing through her tortured voice. Conrad sat still. He waited, and he held her hands.

"Elsie pulled me to the looking-glass and she told me to see how alike we was. So we are, only she's prettier. Gold in her hair; you noticed that at once. Then Charlie came in and they started love-making, and she'd left that bit of paper on the table and I stole it. In the night there was a thunderstorm; it had been threatening all day, and my head felt funny. I couldn't go to sleep, so I thought it all out and I made up my mind. I'd got some money saved up, so I went away. I left a letter for Charlie, telling him I'd gone to get my living somewhere else, and he wasn't to worry. He won't. He never does, unless it's about food—what agrees with him and what doesn't.

"I'd never been out of the town before; wasn't often I even went out of the street. But I was bold about it, once I got away. And I kept telling myself it was a great big lark—coming to you, I mean. They'd always said—Elsie and Charlie—that I didn't understand larking about.

"I sent the cable to you and I bought my clothes and took my passage. It was quite easy. I'd got enough money. I'd saved it up, a penny here and sixpence there, out of the housekeeping. I expect that was wicked, too—but I'd done it for years, just what I could scrape, in case it was wanted. I used to think there might some day be a bigger doctor's bill than usual and then what I'd saved up might come in handy. Hawkers was all delicate, as I've told you, except me, and I'm as strong as a horse."

She grew calmer, yet more entirely desperate. She never looked at Conrad, but after a time she lifted her head and stared out of the window at the harbor and the shipping.

"I wasn't afraid. I haven't been afraid all along. I enjoyed myself on the ship. It all seemed fun. It was larking—like the other girls. And I'd never had any larking all my life. But now"—her voice fell—"when I've got here, and when we're married and you've kissed me, and when you talk about going to that place—the bush—I—I can't. Some girls might carry it off and let it be a—a lark—all their lives. Elsie would. But I'm not that sort. It doesn't last with me—making light of things, I mean. Life goes hard with me—if you understand. I'm the serious sort."

"Yes, I'm that sort myself. Got anything *more* to say—Margaret?"

"No, no, no!"

She snatched her hands free and clapped them to her face. Her smothered voice thrilled him.

"It was only fun—at first, because I felt dying for fun, but now—well, I love you. Yes, I suppose it's that. So I'd got to tell you the truth. It would be like hell to live with a man and have a secret from him, and in a lonely place, too. There wouldn't be anything to take your mind off."

"Hell! That's it—and let me see your face."

"Look at you? No, I can't!"

"Margaret"—he pulled down her hands—"it's you I want, not her. It was you I fell in love with that night."

"I wasn't there that night."

She let her head fall back. He slid to his knees.

"You're honest and you're serious," he said. "That's my sort. I thought I fell in love with her, Kitty, as she called herself—"

"Elsie! That was Elsie."

"Must have been because she looked like you. I didn't know it then—but that's all. Must have been. I can't figure it out any other way. I'll tell you now. She was too full of joking for me. I felt that all along. I felt that when I got away and thought it over, and while I waited for the ship. I was mad for her, or thought I was, and yet I asked myself if I'd been a fool. It was you I wanted. It's your sort of girl that I like. Directly I saw you, directly you spoke, I felt sure. I was so glad you didn't start chaffing me; yet I wondered why you didn't. And the two voices bothered me. I couldn't make it out. Yours is like a slow river, and hers—"

"Yes, what was hers like?"

He was scornful. "Like a squawking bird," he said.

Then he stared into her wondering, irradiated face—the cold mists flying from it; then he pulled her into his arms, but only for a second. Presently he pushed her back and stood over her, looking dramatic, amused.

"Know this writing?" he asked, and took a letter from his pocket.

"Elsie's writing. She's written to you!" Her joyful face went gray.

"They gave it to me when I went downstairs just now, and I thought it was from you. I was laughing about it to myself when I came in here. I thought it would be a good joke to read it together—the letter which you wrote to me before we'd got married."

"Elsie! She altered her mind? Open it."

She made a restless, futile movement.

"Now you sit still. See what I'm doing."

He walked to the window and, tearing the unopened letter into little bits, threw them out.

"I'm the kind of chap," he confessed, "to like a secret, for it tickles me. We shall never know, now, what she did or didn't say."

Maggie staggered to her feet; she swayed; she put out her two hands helplessly and he caught them as she fell against him.

"It's all been too much for you, hasn't it?" His voice dropped. His intoxicating whisper drifted to her frightened soul and steadied it.

"Put on your things and let's get away from this place. We'll go and live alone together. Just the two of us—together."

HUNTING THE GREAT RAM OF MONGOLIA

BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Leader of the Second Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History

AWAY up in northern China, just south of the Mongolian frontier, is a range of mountains inhabited by a band of wild sheep. They are wonderful animals, those sheep, with horns like battering rams. But the mountains are populated also by brigands, and the two do not form an agreeable combination from the sportsman's standpoint.

In reality they are perfectly nice, well-behaved brigands, but occasionally they forget their manners and swoop down upon the caravan road less than a dozen miles away. This is done only when scouts bring word that cargo valuable enough to make it worth while is about to pass. Each time the brigands make a foray a return raid by Chinese soldiers can be expected. Occasionally these are real, "honest-to-goodness" fights, and blood may flow on both sides, but the battle usually takes a different form.

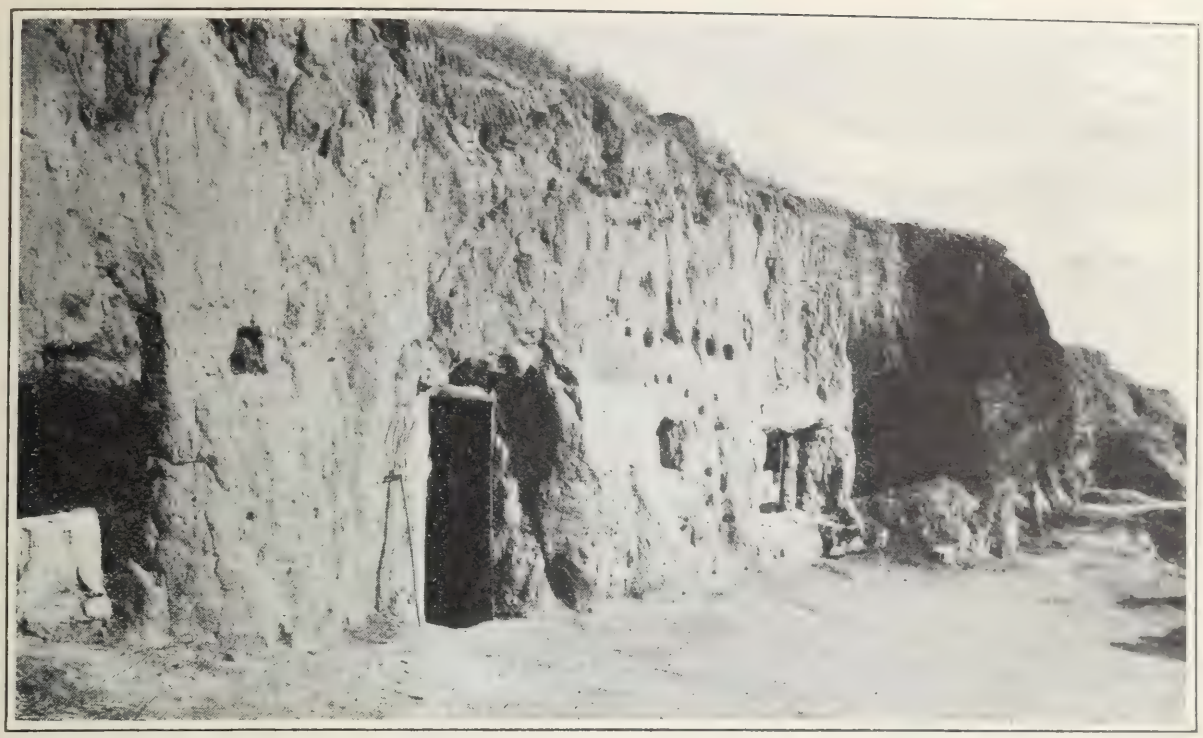
With bugles blowing, the soldiers march out to the hills. Through "middle men" the battle ground has been agreed upon, and a "David" is chosen from the soldiers to meet the "Goliath" of the brigands. But David is particularly careful to leave his gun behind, and to have his "sling" well stuffed with rifle shells. Goliath advances to the combat armed only with a bag of silver dollars. Then an even trade ensues—a dollar for a cartridge—and the implements of war change hands. The matter ends there for the brigands, but not so for the soldiers. Somebody *must* be killed—their reputation demands it. Therefore they pick up a few traveling peasants of no great importance, who will not be missed among China's teeming millions. These unfortunates are accused of giving aid and comfort to the bandits; there is a ten-minute "trial," and off go their heads.

With bugles blowing as merrily as when they left, the soldiers return to the city, bearing the heads, to be placed on exhibition in bamboo cages above the gates. The commander sends a report to Peking of a desperate battle with the brigands. He says that through the extreme valor of his soldiers the bandits have been dispersed and many killed. Their heads even now are on exhibition. But many cartridges were expended in the fight. Kindly send others as soon as possible.

All this because the government has an unfortunate way of forgetting to pay its soldiers in the outlying provinces. When no money is forthcoming and none is visible on the horizon, it is not surprising that they take other means to obtain it; but it must be admitted that the method is rather hard on the poor innocents who lose their heads in the process. There would be too much loss of "face," however, to report hundreds of cartridges expended and no casualties. Stripped of all adornment, the facts do not make pleasant reading, but unfortunately they are true. "Battles" such as this are by no means exceptions —they are more nearly the rule in many provinces of China.

But what has all this to do with wild sheep? Its relation is very intimate, for the presence of the brigands in those Shansi mountains has made it possible for the animals to exist.

The Shansi hunting grounds are only five days' travel from Peking, and many



AN UNDERGROUND DWELLING IN NORTH SHANSI

foreigners have turned longing eyes toward the mountains. But the brigands always had to be considered. Since Sir Richard Dane, formerly head of the Salt Gabelle, and Mr. Charles Coltman, were driven out by the bandits in 1915, the Chinese government has refused to grant passports to foreigners who wished to shoot in that region. The brigands themselves cannot waste cartridges, at one dollar each, on the sheep, so the animals have been allowed to breed unmolested.

Nevertheless, there are not many sheep there. They are the last survivors of the great herds which once roamed the mountains of all north China. The technical name of the species is *Ovis commosa*, and it is one of the group of bighorns known to sportsmen by the Mongol name of *argali*. In size as well as ancestry these are the grandfathers of all the sheep. The largest ram of our Rocky Mountains is a pygmy compared to a full-grown *argali*. Hundreds of thousands of years ago the bighorn sheep, which originated in Asia, crossed into Alaska by way of the Bering Strait, which was then probably a land connection. From Alaska they gradually worked southward along the mountains of the western coast into Mexico and Lower California. In the course of time changed environment developed different species, but the migration route from the Old World to the New is there for all to read.

The supreme trophy of a sportsman's life is the head of a Mongolian bighorn sheep. I think it was Rex Beach who said: "Some men can shoot, but not climb. Some can climb, but not shoot. To get a sheep you must be able to climb and shoot too!"

For its Hall of Asiatic Life, the American Museum of Natural History needed a group of *argali*. Moreover, we wanted a ram which would fairly represent the species, and that meant a very big one. The Rev. Harry R. Caldwell, with whom I had hunted tiger in south China, volunteered to get them with me. The brigands did not worry us unduly. We both have had considerable experience with Chinese bandits, and we feel that they are like animals—if you don't tease them, they won't bite. In this case the "teasing" takes the form of carrying anything that they could readily dispose of, and especially money

I decided that my wife, who had just returned with me from Mongolia, must remain in Peking. She was in open rebellion, but there was just a possibility that the brigands might give us trouble, and we had determined to have those sheep regardless of consequences. Of course, the Wai Chiao Pu (Chinese Foreign Office) did not know where we were going; our passports were viséed for Shansi, but had they suspected our destination orders would have been issued to prevent us from getting into the mountains. Although we did not expect trouble, I knew that Harry Caldwell could be relied upon in any emergency. When a man will crawl into a tiger's lair, a tangle of sword grass and thorns, just to find out what the brute has had for dinner; when he will walk into the open in dim light and shoot with a .22 high-power rifle a tiger which is just ready to charge; when he will go alone and unarmed into the mountains to meet a band of brigands who have been terrorizing the country, it means that he has more nerve than any one man needs in this life.

After leaving the train at Feng-chen the journey was like all others in north China: slow progress with a cart over atrocious roads, which are either a mass of sticky mud or inches deep in fine, brown dust. We had four days of it before we reached the mountains, but the trip was full of interest to us both, for along the road there was an ever-changing picture of the provincial life. To Harry it was especially illuminating, because he had spent nineteen years in south China and had never before visited the north. He began to realize what everyone soon learns who wanders much about the Middle Kingdom—that it is never safe to generalize in this strange land. Conditions true of one region may be absolutely unknown a few hundred miles away. He was continually irritated to find that his perfect knowledge of the dialect of Fukien Province was utterly useless. He was almost as helpless as though he had never been in China, for the languages of the north and the south are almost as unlike as are French and German. Even our "boys" who were from Peking could hardly make themselves understood, although we were not more than two hundred miles from the capital.

Instead of hills thickly clothed with



THE INN COURTYARDS TEEM WITH LIFE AND MOTION

sword grass, here the slopes were bare and brown. We were too far north for rice; corn, wheat, and *gauliang* took the place of paddy fields. Instead of brick-walled houses, we found dwellings made of clay, like the "adobe" of Mexico and Arizona. Sometimes whole villages were dug into the hillside, and the natives were cave dwellers, spending their lives beneath the ground. All north China is spread with loess—fine wind-blown dust which can be cut like cheese. For countless generations this æolian drift has been deposited over all the land.



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SHELP

During the Glacial Period, about one hundred thousand years ago, when in Europe and America great rivers of ice were descending from the north, central and eastern Asia seem to have suffered a progressive dehydration. There was little moisture in the air, so that ice could not be formed. Instead, the climate was cold and dry, while violent winds carried the dust in whirling clouds for hundreds upon hundreds of miles, spreading it in ever-thickening layers over the hills and plains. Therefore, the "Ice Age" for Europe and America was a "dust age" for northeastern Asia.

The inns were a constant source of interest to us both. Their spacious courtyards contrasted strangely with the filthy "hotels" of southern China. In the north all the traffic is by cart, and there must be accommodation for hundreds of vehicles; in the south, where goods are carried by boats, by coolies, or on donkey back, extensive compounds are unnecessary. Each night wherever we arrived we found the courtyard teeming with life and motion. Line after line of laden carts wound in through the wide, swinging gates, and lined up in orderly array; there was the steady "crunch, crunch, crunch" of feeding animals, shouts for the "*jong-gweda*" (landlord), and good-natured chaffing among the carters. In the

great kitchen, which is also the sleeping room, over blazing fires fanned by bellows, pots of soup and macaroni were steaming. On the two great *kangs* (bed platforms), heated from below by long flues radiating outward from the cooking fires, dozens of *mafus* were noisily sucking in their food, or, rolled in their dusty coats, already contentedly snoring.

Many kinds of folk were there: rich merchants enveloped in splendid sable coats and traveling in padded carts; peddlers with packs of trinkets for the women; wandering doctors selling remedies of herbs, tonics made from deer horns or tigers' teeth, and wonderful potions of "dragons's bones." Perhaps there was a Buddhist priest or two, a barber, or a tailor. Often a professional entertainer sat cross-legged on the *kang*, telling endless stories, or singing for hours at a time in a high pitched, nasal voice, accompanying himself upon a tiny snakeskin violin. It was like a stage drama of concentrated Chinese country life.



THE WORLD'S RECORD SHEEP—A MAGNIFICENT ARGALI

In this polyglot assembly one may perhaps see a single man who has arrived with a pack upon his back. He is indistinguishable from the other travelers and mingles among the *mafus*, helping now and then to feed a horse or adjust a load. But his ears and eyes are open. He is a brigand scout who is there to learn what is passing on the road. He hears all the gossip from neighboring towns, as well as of those many miles away, for the inns are the newspapers of rural China, and it is everyone's business to tell all he knows. The scout marks a caravan, then slips away into the mountains to report to the leader of his band. The attack may not take place for many days. While the unsuspecting *mafus* are plodding on their way, the bandits are hovering on the outskirts among the hills until the time is ripe to strike.

I have learned that these brigand scouts are my best protection, for when a foreigner arrives at a country inn all other subjects of conversation lose their interest. Everything about him is discussed and rediscussed and the scouts discover all there is to know. Probably the only things I ever carry which a bandit could use or dispose of readily are arms and ammunition. But two or three guns are hardly worth the trouble which would follow the death of a foreigner. The brigands know that there would be no sham battle with Chinees soldiers in that event, for the Legations at Peking have a habit of demanding reparation from the government and insisting that they get it.

As a *raison d'être* for our trip Caldwell and I had been hunting ducks, geese, and pheasants, industriously, along the way, and not even the "boys" knew our real destination. Although we were following the main road to Kwei-hua-cheng, a city of considerable importance not far from the mountains which contained the sheep, we had no intention of going there; neither did we wish to pass through any place where there might be soldiers; so, on the last day's march, we left the highway and followed an unimportant trail to the tiny village of Wu-shi-tu, which nestles against the mountain's base. Here we made our camp in a Chinese house and obtained two Mongol hunters. We had hoped to live in tents, but there was not a stick of wood for fuel. The natives burn either coal or grass and twigs, but these would not keep us warm in an open camp.



CAMELS AND THEIR HERDER ALONG OUR ROUTE

About the village rose a chaotic mass of sawtoothed mountains, cut, to the west, by a stupendous gorge. We stood silent with awe when we first climbed the winding white trail to the summit of the mountain and gazed into the abysmal depths. My eye followed an eagle which floated across the chasm to its perch on a projecting crag; thence down the sheer face of the cliff a thousand feet to the stream which has carved this colossal cañon from the living rock. Like a shining silver tracing, it twisted and turned, foaming over rocks and running in smooth, green sheets, between vertical walls of granite. To the north we looked across at a splendid panorama of saw-tooth peaks and ragged pinnacles, tinted with delicate shades of pink and lavender. Beneath our feet were slabs of pure white marble and great blocks of greenish feldspar. Among the peaks were deep ravines and, farther to the west, rolling uplands carpeted with grass. There the sheep are found.

We killed only one goral and a roebuck during the first two days, for a violent gale made hunting well-nigh impossible. On the third morning the sun rose in a sky as blue as the waters of a tropic sea, and not a breath of air stirred the silver poplar leaves as we crossed the rocky stream bed to the base of the mountains north of camp. Fifteen hundred feet above us towered a ragged granite ridge which must be crossed ere we could gain entrance to the grassy valleys beyond the barrier.

We had toiled half way up the slope when my hunter sank into the grass, pointed upward, and whispered, "*pan-yang*" (wild sheep). There, on the very summit of the highest pinnacle, stood a magnificent ram silhouetted against the sky. It was a stage introduction to the greatest game animal in all the world.

Motionless, as though sculptured from the living granite, it gazed across the valley toward the village whence we had come. Through my glasses I could see every detail of its splendid body—the wash of gray with which many winters had tinged its neck and flanks, the finely drawn legs, and the massive horns curling about a head as proudly held as that of a Roman warrior. He stood like a Barye statue for half an hour while we crouched motionless in the trail below;

then he turned deliberately, and disappeared.

When we reached the summit of the ridge the ram was nowhere to be seen, but we found his tracks on a trail leading down a knife-like outcrop to the bottom of another valley. I felt sure that he would turn westward toward the grassy uplands, but Na-mon-gin, my Mongol hunter, pointed north to a sea of ragged mountains. We groaned as we looked at those towering peaks; moreover, it seemed hopeless to hunt for a single animal in that chaos of ravines and cañons.

We had already learned, however, that the Mongol knew almost as much about what a sheep would do as did the animal itself. It was positively uncanny. Perhaps we would see a herd of sheep half a mile away. The old fellow would seat himself, nonchalantly fill his pipe, and puff contentedly, now and then glancing at the animals. In a few moments he would announce what was about to happen, and he was seldom wrong.

Therefore, when he descended to the bottom of the valley, we accepted his dictum without a protest. At the creek bed Harry and his young hunter left us to follow a ravine which led upward a little to the left, while Na-mon-gin and I climbed to the crest by way of a precipitous ridge.

Not fifteen minutes after we parted Harry's rifle banged three times in quick succession, the reports rolling out from the gorge in majestic waves of sound. A moment later the old Mongol saw three sheep silhouetted for an instant against the sky as they scrambled across the ridge. Then a voice floated faintly up to me from out the cañon.

"I'v-e g-o-t a f-i-n-e r-a-m," it said, "a b-e-a-u-t-y—" and even at that distance I could hear its happy ring.

"Good for Harry," I thought, "he certainly deserved it after his work of last night," for on the way home his hunter had seen an enormous ram climbing a mountain side, and they had followed it to the summit, only to lose its trail in the gathering darkness. Harry had stumbled into camp half dead with fatigue, but with his enthusiasm undiminished.

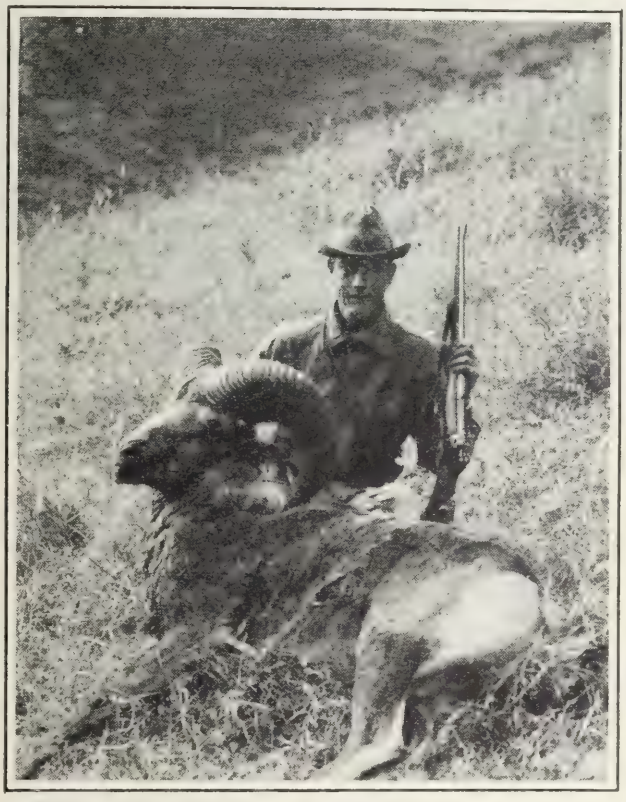
When Na-mon-gin and I had reached the highest peak and found a trail which led along the mountain side just below



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL IN NORTH SHANSI—AN OVERTURNED CART

the crest, we kept steadily on, now and then stopping to scan the grassy ravines and valleys which radiated from the ridge like the ribs of a giant fan. At half past eleven, as we rounded a rocky shoulder, I saw four sheep feeding in the bottom of a gorge far below us.

Quite unconscious of our presence, they worked out of the ravine across a low ridge, and into a deep gorge, where the grass still showed a tinge of green. As the last one disappeared we dashed down the slope and came up just above the sheep. With my glasses I could see that the leader carried a fair pair of horns, but that the other three rams were small, as *argali* go.



THE AUTHOR AND A MONGOLIAN SHEEP

Lying flat, I pushed my rifle over the crest and aimed at the biggest ram. Three or four tiny grass stalks were directly in my line of sight, and fearing that they might deflect the bullet, I drew back and shifted my position a few feet to the right.

One of the sheep must have seen the movement, although we were directly above them, and instantly all were off. In four jumps they had disappeared around a bowlder, giving me time for only a hurried shot at the last one's white rump patch. The bullet struck a few inches behind the ram, and the valley was empty.

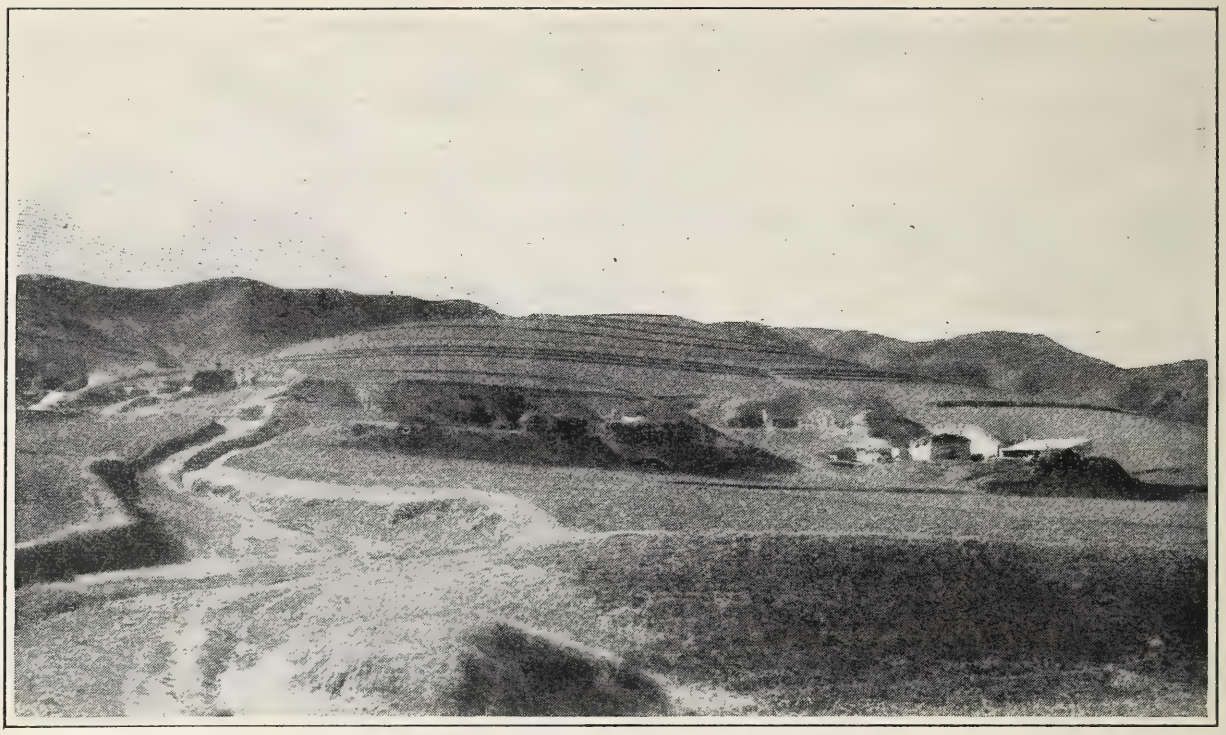
Looking down where they had been so quietly feeding only a few moments before, I called myself all known varieties of a fool. I felt very sorry indeed that I had bungled hopelessly my first chance at an *argali*. But the sympathetic old hunter patted me on the shoulder, and said in Chinese: "Never mind. They were small ones, anyway —not worth having." They were very much worth having to me, however, and all the light seemed to have gone out of the world. We smoked a cigarette, but there was no consolation in that, and I followed the hunter around the peak with a heart as heavy as lead.

Half an hour later we sat down for a look around. I studied every ridge and ravine with my glasses, without seeing a sign of life. The four sheep had disappeared as completely as though one of the yawning gorges had swallowed them up; the great valley, bathed in golden sunlight, was deserted and as silent as the tomb.

I was just tearing the wrapper from a piece of chocolate when the hunter touched me on the arm, and said, quietly, "*Yan-yang li la*" (a sheep has come). He pointed far down a ridge running out at a right angle to the one on which we were sitting, but I could see nothing. Then I scanned every square inch of rock, but still saw no sign of life.

The hunter laughingly whispered: "I can see better than you can even with your foreign eyes. He is standing in that trail—he may come right up to us."

I tried again, following the thin white line as it wound from us along the side of the knifelike ridge. Just where it vanished into space I saw the sheep, a splendid ram, standing like a statue of



A TYPICAL VILLAGE ALMOST COMPLETELY DUG INTO THE HILLSIDE

gray-brown granite and gazing squarely at us. He was fully half a mile away but the hunter had seen him the instant he appeared. Without my glasses the animal was merely a blur to me, but the marvelous eyes of the Mongol could detect its every movement.

"It is the same one we saw this morning," he said. "I was sure we would find him over here. He has very big horns—much better than those others."

That was quite true, but the others had given me a shot and this ram, splendid as he was, seemed as unobtainable as the stars. For an hour we watched him. Sometimes he would turn about to look across the ravines on either side and once he came a dozen feet toward us along the path. The hunter smoked quietly, now and then looking through my glasses. "After a while he will go to sleep," he said; "then we can shoot him."

I must confess that I had but little hope. The ram seemed too splendid and much, much too far away. But I could feast my eyes on his magnificent head and almost count the rings on his curling horns.

A flock of red-legged partridges sailed across from the opposite ridge, uttering their rapid-fire call, and alighted almost at our feet. Then each one seemed to melt into the mountain side, vanishing like magic among the grass and stones. I wondered mildly why they had concealed themselves so suddenly, but a moment later there sounded a subdued whir like the motor of an aeroplane far up in the sky. Three shadows drifted over, and I saw three huge black eagles swinging in ever-lowering circles about our heads. I knew then that the partridges had sought the protection of our presence from their mortal enemies, the eagles.

When I looked at the sheep again he was lying down squarely in the trail, lazily raising his head to look about. The hunter inspected the ram through my glasses, and prepared to go. We rolled slowly over the ridge and then hurried around to the projecting spur, at the end of which the ram was lying.

The going was very bad indeed. Pieces of crumbling granite were continually slipping under foot, and at times we had to cling like flies to a wall of rock, with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet below us. Twice the Mongol

cautiously looked over the ridge, but each time shook his head and worked his way a little farther. At last he motioned me to slide up beside him. Pushing my rifle over the rock before me, I raised myself a few inches, and saw the massive head and neck of the ram two hundred yards away. His body was behind a rocky shoulder, but he was looking squarely at us, and in a second would be off.

I aimed carefully just under his chin, and, at the roar of the high-power shell, the ram leaped backward. "You hit him," said the Mongol, but I felt he must be wrong; if the bullet had found the neck he would have dropped like lead.

Never in all my years of hunting have I had a feeling of such intense surprise and self-disgust. I had been certain of the shot and it was impossible to believe that I had missed.

And then the impossible happened! Why it happened I shall never know. A kind Providence must have directed the actions of the sheep, for, as I raised my eyes, I saw again that enormous head and neck appear from behind a rock a hundred yards away. Almost in a daze I raised my rifle, saw the little ivory bead of the front sight center on that gray neck, and touched the trigger. A thousand echoes crashed back upon us, there was a clatter of stones, a confused vision of a ponderous bulk heaving up and back—and all was still. But it was enough for me; there could be no mistake this time. The ram was mine. The sudden transition from utter dejection to the greatest joy of a sportsman's life set me wild with delight. I yelled and pounded the old Mongol on the back until he begged for mercy; then I whirled him about in a war dance on the summit of the ridge.

I wanted to leap down the rocks where the sheep had disappeared, but the hunter held my arm. For ten minutes we sat there waiting to make sure that the ram would not dash away while we were out of sight in the ravine below.

When we finally descended the animal lay halfway down the slope, feebly kicking. What a huge brute he was, and what a glorious head! I had never dreamed that an *argali* could be so splendid. His horns were perfect, and my hands could not meet around them at the base.

Then, of course, I wanted to know what had happened at my first shot. The evidence was there upon his face. My bullet had gone an inch high, struck him in the corner of the mouth, and emerged from his right cheek. It must have been a painful wound, and I shall never cease to wonder what strange impulse brought him back after he had been so badly stung. The second ball had been centered in the neck, as though in the bull's-eye of a target.

The skin and head of the sheep made a pack weighing more than one hundred pounds, and the old Mongol groaned as he looked up at the mountain barriers which separated us from camp. On the summit of the first ridge we found the trail over which we had passed in the morning. Half an hour later the hunter jerked me violently behind a ledge of rock. "*Pan-yang*," he whispered, "there on the mountain side. Can't you see him?" I could not, and he tried to point to it with my rifle. Just at that instant, what I had supposed to be a brown rock came to life in a whirl of dust, and vanished into the ravine below.

We waited breathlessly for perhaps a minute—it seemed hours—then the head and shoulders of a sheep appeared from behind a bowlder. I aimed low, and fired, and the animal crumpled in its tracks. A second later two rams and a ewe dashed from the same spot and stopped upon the hillside less than a hundred yards away. Instinctively I sighted on the largest, but dropped my rifle without touching the trigger. The sheep was small, and, even if we did need him for the group, we could not carry his head and skin to camp that night. The wolves would surely have

found his carcass before dawn and it would have been a useless waste of life.

The one I had killed was a fine young ram. With the skin, head, and parts of the meat packed upon my shoulders, we started homeward at six o'clock. Our only exit lay down the river bed in the bottom of the great cañon, for in the darkness it would have been dangerous to follow the trail along the cliffs. In half an hour it was black night in the gorge. The vertical walls of rock shut out even the starlight, and we could not see more than a dozen feet ahead.

I shall never forget that walk. After wading the stream twenty-eight times I lost count. I was too cold and tired and had fallen over too many rocks to have it make the slightest difference how many more than twenty-eight times we went into the icy water. The hundred-pound pack upon my back weighed more every hour, but the thought of those two splendid rams was as good as bread and wine.

Harry was considerably worried when we reached camp at eleven o'clock, for in the village there had been much talk of bandits. Even before dinner we measured the rams and found that the horns of the one he had killed exceeded the world's record for the species by half an inch in circumference; moreover, mine was not far behind in size.

As I snuggled into my fur sleeping bag that night I realized that it had been the most satisfactory hunting day of my life. The success of the group was assured, with a record ram for the central figure. We had three specimens already, and the others would not be hard to get.

The next morning four soldiers were waiting in the courtyard when we awoke. With many apologies they informed us that they had been sent by the commander of the garrison at Kwei-hua-cheng to ask us to go back with them. The mountains were very dangerous; brigands were swarming in the surrounding country; the commandant was greatly worried for our safety. Therefore would we be so kind as to break camp at once.

We told them politely, but firmly, that it was impossible for us to comply with their request. We needed the sheep for a great museum in New York, and we could not return without them. As they could see for themselves, our passports had been properly viséed by the Foreign Office in Peking, and we were prepared to stay.

The soldiers returned to Kwei-hua-cheng, and the following day we were honored by a visit from the commandant himself. To him we repeated our determination to remain. He evidently realized that we could not be dislodged, and suggested a compromise arrangement. He would send soldiers to guard our house and to accompany us while we were hunting. We assented readily, because we knew Chinese soldiers. Of course the sentinels at the door troubled us not at all, and the ones who were to accompany us also were easily disposed of. For the first day's hunt with our guard we selected the roughest part of the mountain and set such a terrific pace up the almost perpendicular slope that before long they were left far behind. They never bothered us again.

We cannot be certain that in the subsequent days we were ever near brigands, although several times our hunters became very much alarmed and assured us that men whom we saw in the distance were bandits. At any rate, they never troubled us. Without the slightest doubt, they knew that we had nothing of value in our equipment and that we were fairly expert in handling rifles. They could gain but little by attacking us. The logical course was to let us severely alone.

When we returned to Peking our carts were loaded with a rich collection: seven sheep, three elk of a species almost extinct in China, seventeen roebuck, and several hundred smaller mammals. It had been a glorious trip, and, best of all, we had brought back the "head of heads," the grandfather of all the sheep.

A COMEDY AT THE PREFECTURE

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

NO man in the prime of age retires from active life with impunity. The sounds which float over his garden wall from the world he has abandoned often prove more seductive than the murmur of the bees among his flowers. In the Paradise of Rest no weed flourishes like the Thistle of Ennui.

On this particular morning, however, M. Joly, ex-Inspector of Police, was inhaling the incense of flattery; for nothing is so gratifying to one who has relinquished the helm as an appeal from a ship in distress.

In this instance the ship in distress was his former subordinate, Pichon, and M. Joly's complacency as they sat in the arbor of Monrepos was in direct proportion to Pichon's misery.

"Tell us about it, Pichon," he said, benevolently.

"The case was assigned to me last Monday," began Pichon. "The day before—that is, Sunday—early in the morning, the woman Babiche, living in the outskirts of Coulombes, went to mass in the village. This Babiche was serving as wet nurse for the baby of Madame de Caraman, and on going to mass left it, with her own baby, which is being brought up by hand, in charge of Colette, her only other child."

"How does it happen," interposed M. Joly, "that the baby of Madame de Caraman is in Coulombes with Babiche instead of Babiche being with Madame de Caraman's baby in Paris?"

"Because," replied Pichon, "Madame de Caraman, being an invalid, could not endure the presence of children and preferred to drive every day to Coulombes to inquire for her child's welfare."

"Humph!" muttered M. Joly. "I have heard of such invalids."

"Moreover," pursued Pichon, "the husband of Babiche is performing his military service, and it was impossible to leave her own baby in charge of Colette, who is but twelve. Well, as I was saying, on the return of Babiche from mass she found Colette gagged and trussed like a fowl for the spit. As for her child, it had disappeared."

"What a joke!" exclaimed M. Joly. "How much do they demand of Madame de Caraman for the baby of Babiche?"

"Exactly," nodded Pichon. "You hit the nail on the head. It seems Colette was to blame. Passionately fond of her little sister, she amuses herself in her mother's absence by clasping about its neck the gold chain of the little Caraman. The bandits mistook the paste for the real and demand ten thousand Napoleons."

"That certainly is flattering for Babiche," laughed M. Joly. "No mother admits her baby is paste. What are you offering these rascals?"

"Pardon me," said Pichon, loftily. "The case is not so simple. Though a peasant, Babiche is no fool. She reasons in this way, 'If I say it is my child that is stolen, they will not bother about it.' She declares, therefore, to all her neighbors and to the Commissary of Police that it was Madame de Caraman's."

"Yes," objected M. Joly, "but there is Colette, and Madame de Caraman—Colette, who decorates her sister with the Order of the Chain, and Madame de Caraman who obviously knows her own child."

"You proceed too fast," said Pichon, who was nothing if not methodical. "You forget that Madame de Caraman is an invalid. Prostrated with grief, she would receive no one, and believed all

that was told her. As for Colette, it is true she confessed to the chain, but now she denies it. She says it was on another occasion that she put it on her sister. She is in terror of Babiche and is tight as a drum."

M. Joly was losing patience.

"Come, come, Pichon. Is there no Monsieur de Caraman to claim his progeny?"

"Monsieur de Caraman is an archæologist and is traveling in Tibet. Ah!' sighed Pichon, "if by good luck one was a boy! But they are both girls."

"But these babies of yours," cried M. Joly, exasperated, "are not Castor and Pollux! Why the devil do you not take the one that is left to Madame de Caraman, who will identify her own child?"

Pichon spread out his hands. "Of course," he said, sententiously; "that is obvious. As I observed to the Prefect, in searching for one of two children it is necessary to determine first which one is missing. But Babiche was furious. She would not hear of it. It was necessary to obtain a formal requisition before she would let the little one—whichever it was—out of her sight. And then, as if the devil himself were mixed up in this affair, on the very day when, armed with the necessary papers, I was about to proceed to Coulombes—"

Pichon wiped his perspiring brow.

"Well?" sighed M. Joly, wearily.

"Alas! that very morning Madame de Caraman suffered a relapse and died."

"But this is a nightmare you are telling me!" exclaimed M. Joly, incredulously. "Come, now, Pichon, your Babiche also has a husband—babies require fathers."

"True, but the husband of Babiche, as I have already told you, is in military service and has never seen his child. His testimony, therefore, is of no value."

M. Joly burst out laughing. "In the whole world, then, there exists no one but you, Pichon, to distinguish between the child of a peasant and that of a duchess. Are you, then, a Solomon to assert to the face of Babiche that you know her child better than she does?"

Pichon was not gifted with a sense of humor.

"How compare two objects one of which is missing?" he muttered, despairingly, putting on his hat.

They walked together in silence to the gate.

"Pichon," said M. Joly, his hand on the latch, "I once had the pleasure of restoring to Madame de Caraman a collar of diamonds which she had misplaced. At that time it did not occur to me that she might also misplace her offspring. One question. Can you tell me why the municipality of Paris, not to mention my own tranquillity, is turned upside down for a buffoonery which belongs to the stage of the Variétés?"

Pichon's eyes narrowed and his thumb was jerked expressively in the direction of the Prefecture.

"Because Madame de Caraman had the honor of knowing intimately—" The rest of the sentence was lost in the clang of the closing gate.

Returning to the arbor and gathering up the documents left for his information, M. Joly mounted to the terrace where Madame was sitting with the Curé of St. Médard.

It would be foolish to assert that Madame Joly was ignorant of Pichon's visit. It would be equally foolish to deny that this visit had roused her curiosity. But in her case curiosity was mated with so supreme a confidence that M. Joly never suspected its existence. Undisturbed by questionings, therefore, he read the depositions of Colette and the Commissary of Police of Coulombes, while the curé dozed and the needle of Marie moved noiselessly to and fro with the regularity of an even pulse. At last he glanced up at the oval face bent over the moving needle.

"As this is pure comedy," he said to himself, "it is certainly permissible to consult her. Moreover, Marie is interested in babies." His glance wandered to the pendulous cheeks of the curé.

"As for you who preach original sin, a universal stain"—M. Joly's eyes reverted to Marie—"there is also original purity—or is it because I adore her?"

"Marie—Pichon was here this morning."

"Ah!"

The curé opened his eyes.

"Listen, Monsieur le Curé. It is matter for the theologian." And after reciting the troubles of Pichon, "Finally," he concluded, "here is the deposition of the local commissary, who declares that when he arrived at ten o'clock the baby was in peasant dress; that he found Colette in tears, but uninjured. She deposes that after her mother went to mass two men stopped at the door, asking for water to cool the engine of their motor. The children were asleep in their cribs. Returning with the water, she was seized, gagged, and bound. Not till after the return of Babiche did she know one child was missing. When first questioned she volunteered the story of the chain, but in her deposition she denies it. She says her mother reminded her that this incident occurred on a previous day. When frightened, a child of twelve will testify to anything, and, according to the neighbors, Babiche has a rough hand. At all events, she and Colette are agreed; Monsieur de Caraman, in Tibet when his daughter was born, could not testify, if here, of what he knows nothing; the husband of Babiche, called three months ago to the colors, counts for no more than Monsieur de Caraman, and Madame de Caraman dies in spite of being an invalid. Poor Pichon! He is worse off than the Council of Trent endeavoring to decide whether the number of the stars is odd or even."

The curé pricked up his ears. "The Council of Trent!"

"It may have been another," admitted M. Joly. "That in my old age I should be mixed up in such an affair!"

"Nevertheless, a baby has its importance," said Marie.

"Granted. Let us put ourselves in the place of these brigands. They imagine themselves in possession of a treasure for whose recovery one pays a fat ransom—a delusion fortified by the declaration of Babiche—for doubtless they keep themselves well informed. To destroy this delusion is dangerous, for one makes way with what is worthless and compromising."

"Yes," murmured Marie, "even the baby of Babiche is precious."

"Of that danger Babiche is well aware. That she is lying is clear, but for the moment it is absolutely necessary to accept her contention."

"Though you do not believe it," smiled Marie.

"Unfortunately," said M. Joly, a little testily, "unlike the curé, I wish to prove what I believe."

"If that is all that troubles you," replied Marie, quietly, "it seems to me quite simple."

"Simple!"

"Certainly. Why does not Pichon offer the little one the bottle? Babies accustomed to the breast are very particular."

That very evening Pichon came to announce how, driven by a bottle from her last retrenchment, Babiche had recanted.

"It was very simple," said M. Joly.

"Yes," replied Pichon, sulkily, "but why the devil did you not say so this morning?"

"Pichon," said M. Joly, "now that you are on the right track, why dig into the past?" Over the averted face of Marie passed the faintest flicker of a smile. "At that time I had not consulted my wife," he added.

LOVE'S ARITHMETIC

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

YOU often ask me, love, how much I love you,
Bidding my fancy find
An answer to your mind;
I say, "Past count! as there are stars above you."
You shake your head and say,
"Many and bright are they,
But that is not enough!"—again I try:

"If all the leaves on all the trees
Were counted over,
And all the waves on all the seas—
More times your lover,
Yea! more than thrice ten thousand times, am I."
"'Tis not enough," again you make reply.

"How many blades of grass," one day, I said,
"Are there from here to China? How many bees
Have gathered honey through the centuries?
Tell me how many roses have bloomed red
Since the first rose till this rose in your hair?
How many butterflies are born each year?
How many raindrops are there in this shower?
How many kisses, darling, in an hour?"
Thereat you smiled, and shook your golden head;
"Ah! not enough," you said.

Then said I, "Dear, it is not in my power
To tell how much, how many ways, my love·
Unnumbered are its ways, even as all these,
Nor any depth so deep, nor height above,
May match therewith of any stars or seas . . ."

"I would hear more," you smiled. "Then, love," I said,
"This will I do—unbind me all this gold
Too heavy for your head,
And, one by one, I'll count each shining thread;
And when the tale of all its wealth is told—
("As much as that!" you said)—
Then the full sum of all my love I'll speak,
To the last unit tell the thing you ask."
Thereat the gold, in gleaming torrents shed,
Fell loose adown each cheek,
Hiding you from me. . . . I began my task.
"'Twill last our lives!" you said.

OUGHT I TO LEAVE THE CHURCH?

[This paper was not written primarily for publication, but in the opinion of the editor it presents a grave situation which is to-day all too prevalent in the smaller towns of our country. The author, whose name is withheld for obvious reasons, is a prominent and influential citizen of the little mid-Western town which he describes; his antecedents and present circumstances are accurately set forth, with only such disguising of proper names as has been felt to be necessary.—EDITOR.]

IT is to me a real question which for months I have debated and to which I have as yet no answer; and it is largely in the hope of finding an answer satisfying to a sad and perplexed heart that I here set forth the problem. My grandfather was a circuit rider, two of my uncles are pastors, my father was a deacon in the church which I still attend, my older sister died in the mission field of Japan. It may be imagined that to one brought up in this tradition the problem of whether the church shall continue to command his allegiance can hardly be a trivial one. And by the church I mean the local church into which I was received as a child—the church in which I have worked and worshiped for more than thirty years, and in which I have held almost every office to which I could be elected—the church which I still attend regularly, and of which I am still a working member. Lest I fall into mere generalities, let me describe somewhat in detail the religious conditions in our little Middle West community.

Our first settlers came from Vermont and New Hampshire, and for two generations the little white country churches which they erected at strategic crossroads were filled each Sabbath. Then came the vedettes of foreign immigration, stalwart Scandinavian farm hands, and later their wives. One by one our now prosperous farmers retired and moved into town; the farms were let out to foreign-born tenants, and then the tenants came to be owners and vastly increased in numbers. To-day more than half our population is Scandinavian. No congregations are left for the little country churches, and service is held in not one of the half dozen which lie within a half hour's drive from our town. Several have been torn down; others stand vacant and useless—useless even as warning to a generation of which it may still be said that, having eyes, they see not.

The present number of our town churches is six—to minister to a population of two thousand five hundred. Our cathedral is our Scandinavian church, a really strong organization and, unless all signs fail, destined long to continue strong. Stragglers from that communion have been gathered into one or the other of the English-speaking folds, but the great bulk of the communicants remain faithful to the church of their fatherland. We have a small Catholic church and a small semi-endowed Universalist church, which for thirty years have undergone little change.

The remaining three churches are Peniel Church, Nazareth, and my own church of St. Stephen's. Each contains about a third of the members needed to form a strong church in a town the size of ours, each is paying its pastor a salary smaller than should be commanded by an educated man to-day in any field of work, and each is giving away in benevolences considerably less than 50 per cent of what it spends on current expenses. There are officials in all three

organizations who frankly declare that it is so difficult to raise the regular subscriptions that they do not think it wise to stress benevolences. Let the heathen in his blindness stumble on as best he may; somehow Peniel, Nazareth, and St. Stephen's *must* be kept running.

Officially and on the surface, relations between the three churches are most cordial; actually, and for reasons later to be explained, there are heart-burnings. Nazareth's problems are the most serious; she has the fewest members and the least wealth, and the fate of the crossroads churches seems for her not far off. Peniel has few wealthy members, but an *esprit de corps* which goes far to make up for this loss; work and responsibility are shared in a democratic fashion which promises much for continuing vitality. St. Stephen's suffers under the opprobrium of being the most aristocratic of the three churches, and it is true that we have a few more members and certainly more wealth, but some of these well-to-do members have never learned the blessedness of cheerful, liberal giving.

Between the last census and the one preceding, our town's gain in population was forty-eight. I am not quite willing to admit that we are a stagnant community, and yet we are accustomed to see the great majority of our ablest young people remain among us only until they have graduated from high school. There is not the remotest promise of any large increase in the membership of any one of our churches; as a matter of fact, the membership in all three, owing to deaths and removals, has during the past ten years fallen off alarmingly.

As to our church work, our activities, of course, overlap, and much good effort is wasted. In this respect we are not, I imagine, different from hundreds of other American communities. Taken together, we three bodies have ample material for the making of *one* strong church, and one strong church we ought to be. It requires no expert survey to diagnose our case and to prescribe the remedy; we should federate, and seven years ago this was attempted under conditions which seemed peculiarly favorable. Nazareth's "best paying member" had just moved to another state, leaving them in dire financial straits. Their able and energetic young pastor felt strongly the desirability of federation, our pastor heartily seconded him, and both were ready, once the federation was accomplished, to withdraw in favor of some third man who should be pastor of both congregations. The plan had strong supporters in both our churches, and especially was it pushed by Mrs. Talcott, the president of our local Women's Club, an organization much stronger and much more potent for local betterment than the Ladies' Aid Society of any one of our churches, or, for that matter, of all of them combined.

Mrs. Talcott was a far-visioned woman, energetic and eminently practical, and had a considerable following in our church, of which she was a prominent member. She saw clearly that for our churches to continue their separate lines of activity meant lessened efficiency and the early, even if lingering, death of one or more of them. She threw herself with all her influence into the campaign, and the work which she and the pastors and their loyal adherents did was not less tactful than energetic. Their utter failure was, in my opinion, the most tragic calamity that ever befell our local churches.

Why did it happen? Partly from sheer inertia; things had always been as they were, so they must ever continue, world without end. Partly it was a pathetic lack of constructive imagination; not being able to foresee in all its details just what a federation would do and be, and being unable to secure from the advocates of the plan a complete and illustrated prospectus, some would have no part or lot in the matter, not so much as to vote for the appointment of a committee to formulate tentative plans. Partly, and most sadly, the fail-

ure was due to causes which would not bear the light of day; old bickerings and jealousies that had for years festered and fermented, one or two ancient scandals; and then the question of who, if the federation were consummated, would play the pipe organ, who would lead the choir, and would there be one ladies' society or two?

To all of these elements there was added—for us of St. Stephen's—the illuminating and eminently practical suggestion: Why federate when Nazareth was so plainly upon her death bed? What profit in being generous, or even compromising? Had not the Lord delivered Nazareth bound into our hand? We had but to wait until the demise occurred and then enter in and gather up the spoils. This was a course of reasoning so irritating to Nazareth that, in mere spite, as it seemed to some of our members, she decided not to die, or that if she *did* die she would at least see to it that we should not be her heirs. Her members increased their subscriptions, reconciled a few recalcitrant members, held a revival with the help of one or two pastors from out of town, and brought in a few new members. To-day, were *our* two best-paying members to move away, her condition would be sounder than ours.

But the victory of the antifederationists had cost us something. There was no "row"—the federationists were good losers and went back to their respective tasks—but Mrs. Talcott and some others have lost a certain keenness of interest in their church work. Within a year Nazareth lost her pastor and we lost ours, and we have found no men of their caliber to replace them. We might search and find such (I say *might*, for in these days few able pastors are seeking new fields, and we have by no means increased salaries in proportion to the increased cost of living), but, even if we could find him, I have grave doubts whether we ought to claim him. If a man who realized all our ideals should say to me, as a member of St. Stephen's: "I want to put my life where it will count most. Ought I to come to your church?" I, to be conscientious, would have to reply: "No; there are a thousand fields needing such ministrations as yours far more than we need them, and yielding you a richer harvest. To place you here would be like placing an able merchant in charge of a popcorn stand."

Let me describe the men who now serve our three churches.

Our pastor, the Rev. Hiram Holt, has an unblemished reputation, an imposing personal appearance, a dignity of manner, and a fatal sufficiency of words. He can at a moment's notice speak fluently and extendedly "on any topic," as admiring parishoners have been known to say. His theology I am at loss to describe. He is certainly not, like myself, a religious insurgent; he is not a progressive, yet he can hardly be called a religious stand-patter. Rather is he inclined in theological matters to be all things to all men, to play safe, avoid controversy, give no offense; and so, Sunday after Sunday, he rephrases for us —and only slightly rephrases—religious platitudes as familiar and as indisputable, and for the most part as vapid and uninspiring, as the multiplication table. He is not gifted with imagination or with the literary sense; he is no student, no reader of either the classics or current literature. That boundless friendliness and that keenness of interest in all life which have been the supreme gifts of so many religious leaders—these Mr. Holt has not.

"As I grow older I find I am growing tired," said one of the sweetest-spirited men I ever knew, "of reading articles and hearing sermons that are made up of just general language." And such are the sermons of Mr. Holt—always dignified, grammatical, rarely ludicrous, but never accurately informing, and never inspired by passionate conviction. They are just "general language."

Brother Elton, pastor of Peniel, is a different type. The son of one of John Brown's raiders, he remains rigidly

faithful to "the old-time religion." To accept Brother Elton's teaching is to face both the New Testament and the Old from the standpoint of absolute, unwavering credulity—the ax swam for Elisha; the shadow moved backward on Hezekiah's dial; the outspread fleece of Gideon was alternately wet and dry; and the prophet Jonah sojourned three days in the belly of the great fish. I have sometimes wondered whether Brother Elton also believes that for Joshua the sun and moon of Copernican astronomy actually stood still, and whether the visible universe was created in six days of twenty-four hours each; but all I can be sure of is that Brother Elton would be deeply hurt were anyone to ask him. Unconsciously and, I believe, out of real reverence, he has come to apply to religion the advice which a modern novelist puts in the mouth of one of his characters, "Don't ask questions; and, for Heaven's sake, don't try to answer 'em!" To Brother Elton any form of new theology is anathema, and the higher criticism is anti-Christ.

Need I add that he is an old man? In his time he did good, heroic work, this soldier of the Cross, but were he a soldier of Uncle Sam, military efficiency would long ago have placed him upon the retired list; no one would dream of intrusting him with the command of a regiment, even in peace times. Still hale of body, his mind is impervious to new truth. His was a meager and hard-won education in a college which even in that day was viewed as narrow; and Brother Elton has never broadened, never grown. To his younger hearers he is as one who speaks an unknown tongue.

Yet who shall go to this man, grown gray in service, and tell him? One must be calloused indeed, or inspired by the loftiest sense of duty. In certain moods I admire Brother Elton's congregation for letting him do their organization positive harm rather than bring to him the cruel truth. For, be it remembered, there is no regular tenure of office. When our school board each year assumes office, its first task is to elect, or *re*-elect a superintendent of schools, but no such businesslike system prevails in our churches. The pastor is not re-engaged each year; he simply stays on until he receives a more tempting "call," or until it is intimated to him, officially or otherwise, that the church covets his resignation. The only method of retiring Brother Elton would be, as a high-school boy of his congregation suggested, to "treat him rough."

Nazareth receives at present the ministrations of a student pastor who spends in Bristol but three days out of the seven. The Rev. Percy Smith takes himself with extreme seriousness and confidently anticipates a distinguished career. He has a cherubic countenance, declamatory gifts which, unfortunately, he has been told would have won instant acclaim upon the stage, a sentimental turn of mind, and an impulsive disposition which frequently gives bad quarters of an hour to the more sedate members of his congregation. Of indifferent scholarship, both in high school and in the seminary, he would yet hold it a point of honor never to admit uncertainty regarding any question of theology which might be propounded to him. But he is young, and to youth most parishes are indulgent.

To no one of these men does our community look for any real leadership, even religious leadership, and yet I would by no means imply that in our churches no work of any real value is being done. In my own church we have a good Sunday school, community approval of which is shown by the fact that it is regularly attended by the children of parents who themselves never are seen at church. These children attend until they begin to feel grown up, when they run true to parental type. We have just now an exceptional choir leader, and this young woman is giving to our young people all the advantages of an excellent amateur choral society. Our Ladies' Aid Society, like most such organizations, works with a wasteful expenditure of time and en-

ergy, but its by-products of sociability and friendliness make it a really efficient body. We serve as a feeder to a number of denominational societies which are doing worthy work.

Most, not by any means all, of the best people of Bristol are in one or the other of our churches; but if the work of the church be "to make bad people good and to make good people better," our churches are doing it only in a roundabout fashion and with most indifferent success. "Bad people" we, as a church, hardly reach save at third or fourth hand, through our contributions to missionary societies; and we certainly would never think of going out personally to seek them in the highways and poolrooms. Some "good people" we are to my mind making, not better, but really worse, for is there a more dangerous or insidious sentiment to instill into a good man's heart than a feeling of satisfaction with his own goodness?—a complacent assurance that, having assented to certain test dogmas and having abstained from the grosser forms of iniquity like profane swearing and attending Sunday baseball games, therefore he has done all that could be demanded of him by an exacting Deity? It is, I fear, seldom that any of our church people deny themselves a theater party, or a new automobile, or give to any good cause "until it hurts."

I have said that not all the good people of Bristol are connected with our churches. Time was when one must either have some "church affiliation" or be a marked man, but that day has passed. An influential and increasing group of our young college people, prominent in every movement for civic betterment, have practically no connection with our churches. None of them is hostile, some of them express a wistful and, I think, genuine longing to find in the church the joy and inspiration their fathers found there. They would really like to help, but they are kept aloof by the fact that they find in our services so little that can command their allegiance or their intellectual respect. Their prevailing opinion seems to be that our churches, while deserving of respect because of their intentions and their venerable history, really belong to a past order of things and represent an outworn type of machinery for social regeneration. Upon the financial help of this group, I might add, we can always count whenever we attempt anything really big.

The fact that they and some of the teachers in our public schools neither do church work nor attend church, is to some of our members a matter not of regret only, but of scandal, attributable to one or both of two causes—the demoralizing influence of higher education and a lack of cordiality upon the part of church members. Further than this, they refuse to admit any blame on our part. Yet when Mr. Holt, in his best professional manner, urges that we invite others to attend service, I do not do it. How can I and be honest? Those to whom I have referred would not be intellectually, or morally, or religiously stimulated or edified by such sermons as Mr. Holt preaches. Harsh as it may sound, I believe that they would find his words bearing far less resemblance to the Bread of Life than to the husks of the far-wandering prodigal.

What certain orthodox readers may wish to tell me I can imagine: "Let this complaining brother stop picking flaws and go to work. *That* will cure him of his jeremiads." To which I answer, as boldly as did St. Paul, that so far at least as St. Stephen's is concerned, I have labored not perhaps more abundantly than they all, but I am doing as much church work as any member of the congregation, and what I am doing is not done grudgingly. Much of it I enjoy, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that there is also much of it which does no more than help to keep the wheels of the ecclesiastical machinery languidly turning. I am not disgruntled with any of my associates; I am not soured by any personal slight, although

I confess that I have been profoundly influenced by one purely personal aspect of our church problem.

Some months ago we had attended a union meeting at which Brother Elton preached. In his sermon he had reviled some of the greatest names of science, ridiculed—even while he showed that he knew almost nothing about them—some of the most profound and illuminating books of modern Biblical criticism, and in the name of Jesus and in the cracked voice of senility poured out threatenings and damnation against some of the greatest of our living spiritual leaders. It was on our way home that Brainerd, my oldest boy, a senior in high school, broke a long silence to exclaim, "Dad, it's too bad to let a man take anything as splendid as *religion* and talk about it so that you just have to laugh at it."

That is my personal complaint against our three churches. I want my sons to love and respect the church, but I have ceased to regard it as of supreme importance that they should do so. If I did, I should try to find some other church for them to go to. Clayton, my twelve-year-old, would probably never have put the matter in the terms Brainerd used, but he has as little enthusiasm as his brother for our church services, nor could I respect intellectually my sons if they did enjoy Mr. Holt's sermons. They cannot remember a time when they did not attend church; they attend still, although with increasing reluctance, because their mother and I hold that church attendance is a part of decent living. But regular, enforced attendance upon such services as ours is not going to make them love the church. What chiefly concerns me is their religion. How, I sometimes wonder, will *that* be affected when Sunday after Sunday they continue to hear it talked about in such a fashion that "you just can't help laughing at it"?

There are two lesser counts in my personal indictment, and one of these is money. To-day's demands upon the generous are almost incessant, because to-day the world's need is so dire. For years, though I am far from wealthy, I have given away a tenth of my income, and now a full third of my total benevolence budget goes toward the running expenses of an institution the value of which to any but a small fraction of our community I gravely doubt. And money is to-day worth so much, in Armenia and Poland and China!

The second count is time. I am a busy man, spending nine hours of every week day in work remote from life's higher problems; and I long, sometimes passionately, for the Sabbath uplift and inspiration that some men's sermons have brought me. Something akin to this inspiration I could get from books on my shelves, and, armed with their faith and courage, go back to put more real religion into my week days. But, instead of reading these books, I attend church. Three hours a week—four, if I go to the midweek prayer meeting—I spend in religious services that do not help me religiously.

What can I do about it? I see but three possible courses:

I can remain in the church and fight for federation. In federation alone lies the hope of our ever being really efficient, the hope of our ever securing—or deserving—an able leader. But to bring about federation after the failure of seven years ago is the task of a diplomatic saint, and upon him it would make large demands. Irrevocably it was defeated, and nothing but dire necessity will ever bring it again to the fore. Blessed be whatever calamity brings that to pass!

Or I can try to tell my fellow members something of what I have here set forth. I can withdraw from active participation in church work, and transfer my church subscription to the work of our denominational boards. Sometimes it has seemed to me that, believing as I do, this is the only honest course for me to take. But in large measure our churches represent the vested respectability of our community; to old, to lifelong

friends I should become near to a heathen man and a publican. They would never understand, and I would imperil not their friendship alone, but whatever influence I have in the community.

Or I can become a Laodicean—a method already extremely popular with many church members. I can deliberately, but not too rapidly, degrade church activity to a position of seventh or eighth interest in my life. I can attend less and less regularly; I can contribute enough to stifle protests and no more. When it comes to any matter of real responsibility, I can shirk it. I can be a drone and a slacker, yet not so as to bring upon myself censure and dismissal. But against a course so pusillanimous all that is decent and manly within me revolts.

What, then, shall I do?

I am not pessimistic. I have no fears for the fate of *religion* in the world. I believe that there is more dynamic religion among us to-day than there ever was before. The spirit of the Christ, if his church fails to express it, will find for itself some fitter incarnation. And yet I do not despair even of the church. Some day, here in this village of Bristol, there may come, I pray, a renaissance; and in that rebirth I would fain be a helper.

INSCRIPTION TO MY MOTHER

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

TO you I owe
The blood of a Gael,
The laughter I wear
As a coat of mail.

To you I owe
My gift of scorn,
That I took from you
In the hour I was born.

To you I owe
The gift of belief,
Though the *credo* I utter
Has brought you grief.

To you I owe
My songs, each one,
For you hushed with music
Your little son.

THE SECOND DAY OF SPRING

BY JOHNSON MORTON

PETER BLAISE stood, jingling the coins in his pocket, before the window of a florist's shop in Forty-fifth Street. It was nearly eight o'clock of a January evening in the years when a World War was unthought of, and he had walked leisurely up Fifth Avenue from his rooms downtown with a vague idea of dining at his club, as the giving up, earlier in the day, of a dinner party had left him with that unusual asset, a free evening, on his hands. But at the very door of the "Wanderers" he had changed his mind, for he remembered suddenly that his last month's dues were posted, and a sense of embarrassment—he was of the type that combines carelessness with sensitiveness in uncomfortable proportions—seemed oddly to hold him back. So he decided, instead, to get something to eat at a little restaurant he had been told of, farther east, a cheap place, with rather good Italian food. He had made, as he went on, a mental calculation of his resources, and discovered that his entire capital, until the first of the month, consisted of exactly three dollars and sixty cents.

Now the sum of three dollars and sixty cents—we are speaking, remember, of ten years ago—would procure a decent enough luncheon for two at Sherry's, especially if you had an early engagement and must economize time as well. But as a fixed amount necessary to last ten days, a reservoir from which a young gentleman, with what is called a "certain position" to maintain, must draw supplies to meet the inexorable demands of necessarily cash transactions, of course it is, always was, and always will be ridiculously inadequate.

Not that Blaise took the situation seriously; such had never been his habit. The pinch of poverty, indeed, he would have told you, was no novelty to him. In this he was right, for he meant that poverty which, with, it is true, usually empty pockets, views the world from hospitable opera boxes or the padded seats of vicarious limousines on their way to fresh pleasures; the well-attended, well-dressed, well-fed poverty, pampered by other people's servants, lighted by other people's electricity, bedded in other people's embroidered linen, convoyed in other people's yachts and special trains, and breathing the luxurious atmosphere of other people's houses in town, Tuxedo, Lenox, or Newport.

Now the florist's window, before which Blaise was standing, was a bower of blossom. Great red roses towered on mighty stems; sheaves of lilies, paler than moonlight and infinitely more expensive, bore them company. Roman anemones sparkled under boughs of heavy, precocious lilac; white orchids, like butterflies, floated over drifts of carnations and gardenias, over fields of heliotrope, begonia, sweet peas, and mignonette.

But it was not at this exotic display that Blaise was staring. Something in the center of the window, something richly darker in color than the surroundings, had happened to catch his eye.

It was a low pot of hyacinths deeply purple of bud and blossom sheathed thickly in leaves of vigorous green. And the sight brought back at once the feeling that had come to Blaise that very afternoon, for the first time that winter—the sharp, glad, momentary realization in the face of cold blasts

and frozen scenes, despite the certainty of coming snows and expected rigors that, somehow, spring was really in the air. He had felt the stir of wings, caught the flute note of a promise, breathed the perfume of a presence!

So he smiled at the bored attendant, counting off the day's last lagging minutes, and the man despite himself smiled back.

"I want those hyacinths, please, the round pot in the window. And can you send them for me to-night?"

The other's smile deepened as, the purple blossoms in his hand, he glanced at the clock.

"Certainly, sir," he said. Somewhere, back in his drab past, romance flickered again.

Blaise's stick was under his arm as he leaned on the desk in the corner. He had taken off his gloves and held a pen in chilled fingers. He spoiled a card and then another; but at last, though he shook his head dubiously, one seemed almost to please him. He read over what he had written:

"To Spring's Own Lady,
Spring's Earliest Flowers
On Spring's First Day.
From him who waits his Spring."

Then he slipped it into an envelope, which he sealed and directed.

"Oh, but I never asked you the price!"

"Three dollars and a half," said the man.

Blaise produced a handful of loose change from his pocket. His selection had about it an air of humorous, if unimportant, doubt as to the sufficiency of this. It *was* enough, but what he had left spelled the entire residuum of his present capital. Then he buttoned up his overcoat and lit his last cigarette, his "good night" smiling comradeship as the doors closed behind him.

Outside, he stood still a moment, putting on his gloves. A near-by clock struck eight. Suddenly he laughed aloud. There was nothing for it but a right-about face, dinnerless, for home. He turned down Fifth Avenue, whistling gayly, through Forty-second Street into Madison, through Thirty-fourth into Lexington, to Gramercy Park, when he turned briskly eastward again. Just before he reached the narrow, yellow-brick building, palpably new born, that gave him shelter—it was called the "Zenobia" to complement the "Palmyra" next door and under the same management—Blaise ran across the street, as a thought struck him.

Outside the frost-covered window of a fruit stand, where a solitary peanut roaster sang creakily in clouds of pungent steam rising straight in the clear, cold air, he stopped. The opened door revealed an old woman in a plaid shawl and released memories of kerosene and mature oranges!

He chose quickly four large, red apples, from the nearest heap, thrust them into his pocket, and for them exchanged—his last dime.

Then his way led through symbolic doors of stained glass, over enigmatical tiles studded with prayer rugs and tabourets, in an entrance hall, where quartered oak-quarreled with Lincrusta Walton and a gas log could, on rare occasions, glow pinkly. To-night, however, it was dull and gray, for the heat was "on." A small and brilliant elevator, captained by a sleepy black boy, took Blaise to the top floor.

Once inside his sitting room, which had a slight personality of its own, thanks to a process of decorative elimination, he changed to a dressing gown and slippers, and then proceeded to attack the apples spread on the desk before him. When these were finished —and it needed but a few minutes —he dragged a heap of manuscript to the stronger light of the shaded lamp and began to read; but evidently another idea persisted—his spring song sang! He took fresh paper; then he left everything to fumble for a stray cigarette in the litter of the table, and found one, which he lighted, only to toss

it aside and turn rigorously to pencil-sharpening. At last he was ready; slowly the thought that had lain all the afternoon half dormant at the door of his consciousness, stirred to life. He began to write, and perhaps because the changing scenes of the day visualized themselves so confusedly that his mind but played with the theme, he suddenly knew the one thing lacking, the essential to achievement!

So he slipped into his box of a bedroom and brought out a closed photograph case. He unlocked its lids with the key, and, opening them, stood the frame in front of his paper, with the light falling on the picture. Then he sat down, and before long started work in earnest.

The telephone by his bedside rang very early the next morning. The feminine voice—it was both familiar and expected — that answered his softly breathed inquiry seemed to hold an odd note of anxiety. Blaise's apprehension kindled at once. "But you got the flowers last night, and my note?" he persisted.

"Yes, yes, of course," came the reply; hurried and agitated it sounded.

"Listen," the voice went on. "I must see you for a moment, as soon as may be. It's most important. Come here, if you possibly can, at eleven.... Yes, I'm perfectly well, perfectly"—a short answer to the questions he could not resist repeating—"only don't say anything more; not a word, please. Only *come*."

Then fell silence, for, despite his protests, she had left the telephone.

Thus it happened that, some three hours later, an excited, puzzled, and frankly worried young fellow—Blaise's temperament ran lightly a wide gamut of emotions—stood at the trim and shining door of the Vinton's house, in the upper East Seventies.

Now we come to Beatrice Vinton herself, or, as she was generally known, Mrs. Archie. Not that this indicates the submergence of one jot of her potent individuality beneath the personality of any man, husband or otherwise, though Archibald Vinton was far from a nonentity either below Fourteenth Street or above it. Salient ladies, however, do acquire their liege lord's nicknames as a distinction, and bear them with dignity.

Mrs. Vinton was not superlatively beautiful, superlatively charming, or superlatively intelligent. She was not even superlatively young. A waggish and discriminating acquaintance had dubbed her "between thirty-five years of age." But distinction, at any rate, she wore as a garment. That she had been from the moment of their meeting genuinely attracted to Peter Blaise speaks well for her instinct, her perception, and her taste. Possibly it does not say as much for her judgment, her generosity, or even her kindness, as, naturally, her experience of life far outmatched his—Peter was then twenty-six—that she allowed him palpably to read her fondness, and then proceeded, though not with too conscious an intent, to kindle in the boy a passion that had long possessed him. Based on an ideal and lovely sentiment, and drawing from the tenderest and most poetical reserves of his nature, the relation that ensued was, in some ways, of advantage to Peter, for it brought knowledge, development, and comprehension. In many others, however, it did him positive harm. It gave him too sensational a view of life; it used his emotions too prodigally; it vitiated the integrity of his sense of values, and it absorbed him far too thoroughly, sapping deeply his industry and his concentration. To speak with practical bluntness, it did another thing. It wasted the most necessary and valuable of assets when a young, clever, and poor man has his way to make in the world—*his time.*

Mrs. Vinton was in the small salon on the ground floor, into which Peter was shown. Her presence seemed to give the room, carefully furnished in a favorite fashion of the day—black carpet, silver-gray walls, Japanese lacquers and prints, with strong rose-colored tones in



"I WANT THOSE HYACINTHS, PLEASE. CAN YOU SEND THEM FOR ME TO-NIGHT?"

its rugs and cushions—an individuality of its own.

She was dressed for the street—all velvet and chinchilla furs. A toque, chinchilla-trimmed, crowned her small, fair head. A vast chinchilla muff lay in a chair beside her, with her gloves and the slender gold-topped walking stick she affected.

She gave Peter her hand, but drew it back instantly when he would lift it to his lips. Nervousness, and perhaps mystery, showed in the preoccupied smile that bade him close the door. He obeyed wonderingly before he spoke. "Beatrice, what is the matter? Tell me what has happened."

"Oh, boy, there is matter enough! Everything has happened that could—*almost*. . . . I can't blame you, but you were dreadfully careless with those flowers you sent me last night, and your note—your dear note. They came at a most unfortunate time. You know we always said that just some such small sentimental thoughtlessness that wasn't worth while would spoil everything one day. . . . Well, it *has*. Peter, don't interrupt me—" She brushed aside his eager assurance.

"What made you send the hyacinths so late, when you knew perfectly well I was dining out and going to the play with the Houghtons and Jimmy Drake? You should have *remembered*. The stupid man who took them at the door, instead of leaving them on the hall table, as usual, saw that they were marked 'immediate' or something, and, not knowing I had already gone, took them straight to the library, where Archie was waiting, all alone, for his dinner. And then Archie—why he did anything so out of keeping with his habit, I can't imagine—tore off the paper, found your note, and deliberately *read* it." It made him furious, boy, though it was only a bit oversenti-

mental, perhaps. I dare say people have been talking more than we imagine, and we *have* seen a lot of each other lately. At any rate, he'd evidently been hearing things and putting two and two together. . . . When I came back pretty late I knew something was wrong, for Archie was sitting up for me. He attacked me at once, said that he objected to our friendship, our beautiful friendship; that it was making him and me ridiculous, and that he'd put a stop to it. Then he said a lot more. I never saw him so violent. I never imagined he had it in him to be so jealous. And that's the situation that I've been thinking over all night; that's why I could say so little at the telephone—I had to seize my chance—and that's why I am so troubled. Boy, boy, what are we to do?"

As she questioned, Beatrice had come nearer, and now stood, her hands extended, as in appeal. The nervous coquetry of the moments before had vanished. A figure of tragic dignity she seemed, facing the drama life had suddenly become. Blaise had risen, too, his face set and pale, but his manner calm. He felt profoundly stirred by the stress of her feeling, his spirit grown to a swift adequacy that met her need and her appeal. He seized her hands and drew her to him.

"Do?" His stern young voice repeated the question. "There's just one thing to do. I'll go to Vinton now, at once, and tell him that we love each other. I'll force him to let you go. Then you must marry me, Beatrice. I'm glad that this happened"—his thought sprang to finalities with his arms about her—"glad, glad, glad!"

Borne on the flood of his impulse, she clung to him for some moments of abandonment.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she whispered.

Then, of a sudden, she freed herself, and in changed mood spoke lightly.

"No, this is ridiculous, Peter. We must face facts as they are. I love you for being absurd, and perhaps I am absurd, too. You make me so sometimes, you great child! But I'm a worldly person, and on rare occasions I can be a wise one, too. Peter, how could we marry? What would keep us? Oh, you needn't square your broad shoulders and put on that very masculine look of yours which seems to say, 'I can support a dozen wives.' I know better. You are not of the money-making type, and you never will be. . . . Granted that I should 'smash things,' as they say, and come to you, what could we live on? You know how little of my own I have, for I've told you. And you know what a lot I need and how much I have always used. Archie is horribly rich. I'd make an admirable Egeria for you, Peter, but a mighty poor Joan. Sometimes I've dreamed of being both, I confess, but that was just a vision I've had when I lifted a corner of the curtain."

Beatrice had suddenly grown very serious.

"I've never really lied to you, Peter, and now that this issue has come—and it's you have forced it, you and circumstance—I am going to say something that I know you'll hate, but something that is perfectly true."

The boy stood quite still as she spoke.

In the pause that fell, while she waited to collect herself, the years he had given lavishly to her service passed in sharp review—gay, happy, deeply lived years, they were, yet with an undercurrent of dissatisfaction, of unrest, of regret, that had made enjoyment dangerously poignant in contrast. Not that he realized this accurately; but the thought suddenly possessed his mind, born, it had been, in the isolation of a moment that he knew was crucial.

"Go on, Beatrice. I am waiting for you to speak."

His words fell with a slow dignity, unlike any manner she had ever noticed in him before, which seemed suddenly to mature his gay, impetuous youth, to accentuate strongly the reality of his manliness.

At the same time that it confused her and changed largely her intention, it drew perforce on her own store of sincerity, and she answered with a frankness, surprising to herself, that both of them recognized.

"Peter, I'm going to be perfectly candid with you, and not give a moral reason, as perhaps I ought, for saying that I can't do what you suggest. The *real* reason is a stronger one than that —though it is, of course, a baser one. It's just this. . . . I'm not enough of a person to do a big thing, whether it's right or wrong. I'm a dreadful coward. I shake with fear. I haven't a bit of courage. I knew this the moment you asked me to 'smash things'—that horrid phrase again, Peter—and go away with you. I realized then that I couldn't face —*anything*. Don't think too badly of me, but I simply can't give up the things that I've always had and that mean so much to me: my position, the good opinion of my friends, my houses, my motor car, my box at the Opera, my pleasant life here, and—the *money*. It's a sordid, shameless confession, Peter, but I find I couldn't sacrifice anything at all for the love you have to offer me and . . . *I'm sorry*. Life, once we get to know it, comes to mean, I suppose, just a give and take, with a question of values ever at the back of any mind that isn't under the glamor of some sentiment."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, you're cruelly unfair to yourself. I can't bear to hear you say such things," Blaise began.

"More sentiment, Peter," she hurried on. "I know you hate my being what you call cynical, but I'm only—thanks to what you yourself have shown me—an honester Beatrice than perhaps you ever saw or will see again."

Then some sudden impulse made her



HE HELD HER FINGERS LONG AT HIS LIPS IN SILENCE

take the chinchilla coat and the little walking stick—Blaise's last, too expensive gift—from the chair. She stood for a long moment drawing on her gloves.

"Peter, I'm going to ask you to go now, before my mood changes and we have to do this all over again, when the issue mayn't be so sensible. No scene, please. I know you like them, and sometimes so do I. . . . Peter, don't look so hurt, as if I had struck you. Don't say another word. . . . I'm afraid of what you may say—there's the craven in me uppermost again, I don't dare to listen to you. . . . After all, it isn't noon yet, and we've both got things to do—or we *ought* to have. Take my hand in yours, Peter. Yes, I think you may kiss it once. We mustn't be too abrupt. I know I seem brutal to you, but remember I've been thinking this over all night long—"

There came a tap at the door. Beatrice walked straight to Blaise, and held out a slender hand. She spoke in a hurried whisper.

"Quick, Peter. You haven't offered to say 'good-by.'"

He held her fingers long at his lips in silence. He could not speak. Suddenly she drew them away and raised her voice easily.

"No, no—" Blaise began, but it was too late.

"Come in, Mervyn," she called.

Her tone was as usual when the man entered the room. "My big coat, please, Mervyn, and see that those packages you brought downstairs are put into the car," she said. Then she turned, smilingly, to Peter.

"I'm dreadfully sorry I can't give you a lift," she apologized, "but I'm going quite the other way, and I'm late as it is."

Peter followed her in silence through the familiar hall, to feel the numbness of finality when they had passed through the street door. He helped her into the motor car, bending to arrange a silken rug at her feet. Then, as he lifted his hat once more, he noticed for the first time a perfume, caught a flash of unexpected color. There were purple hyacinths in the little vase before her, which Beatrice kept always filled with the flowers she especially loved! He seemed to choke. He knew there were tears very near his eyes. But he turned resolutely away and a moment later was striding vigorously down Fifth Avenue.

He felt that his absorbing emotion was despair. At twenty-six, granted a certain temperamental equipment, one is prone to mistake, with almost ludicrous frequency the close of a chapter, so to speak, for the shutting of a book's last cover, to confuse the end of an episode with the end of existence!

So to young Blaise, hurrying along the straight streets of the busy, thoughtless town, it seemed as if he kept step with tragedy.

His mind, clinging fiercely to a sense of isolation and yet in its process quickened to an activity that confused the sequences of thought, flashed scores of vividly disquieting impressions. He was a disgraced man. His was a ruined life. He had staked his best, his all, on the love of a woman, and she had failed him. He could not understand the suddenness, the brusqueness of that morning's drama. It was all inexplicable—unless she had tired of him long ago—he winced at the thought, and only a pitying kindness had delayed the break so easy for her, for him so impossible. . . . Then back again came those vague regrets, those sharp dissatisfactions that he knew now had lain always in the depths of his mind. It had been foolish, certainly; wrong, undoubtedly, to give his life's devotion as he had. But the thought of his happiness—he could cling to a memory—was precious to the point of pain. Ah! it was all over and gone now. . . . Thus once again, in inevitable sequence, he faced despair.

Yet, little by little, and despite himself, the clear, cold air, the changing scene of which he was an unconscious part, all the active reality of life around



"PETER BLAISE, DON'T YOU DARE TO PASS AN OLD FRIEND'S DOOR

him, produced a subtle change of mind.

Stealthily—as he went on—fresh suggestions had replaced old thoughts. He had followed a sudden impulse as he came to the building's entrance, and had gone into the office of the magazine for which he had done work. The editor was out, the assistant in charge had told him, but, recognizing Peter, he had added a word of his own.

"You're Mr. Blaise, aren't you? Curiously enough, Mr. Rushton was speaking of you to Somers only this morning. . . . I rather think he'd like to see you. . . . I expect he'll be in about three, between three and four, if you care to call again. Better look us up if you are in this neighborhood, later."

Rushton asking for him? Peter flushed involuntarily and made a memorandum in his notebook.

In the street once more, he felt wonderfully calmer; he looked at his watch, and as his last night's intention of pawning it for necessary funds recurred to him, he realized suddenly that he was hungry, desperately hungry. It was already half past one, and he had walked longer and farther than he thought. He remembered his supper of apples, and his frail breakfast, which the Zenobia-Palmyra management did well to call "light," and debated the watch's quickest disposition.

"So old Rushton would see him later," he mused. That might mean another sale—perhaps an order—the thought of even a small one brought excitement, or certainly the check for the story he had sold some months before. Flanked by happy possibilities, he seemed walking on air to the measures of a choric dance.

Something in the quiet charm of the side streets that led Hudsonward from

lower Fifth Avenue seemed to attract him. He felt the need for more of those pleasant thoughts to which the idea of a talk with Rushton had given birth. Perhaps, most of all, the sunshine of the day allured.

"Luncheon must wait a bit"—he couldn't resist smiling. "I've got to think this out."

Suddenly, halfway down the street, he heard his name spoken. He turned to look up into the smiling face of an old lady who stood beaming at him from her own doorstep.

"Why Peter, Peter Blaise," she cried, as he came to her, "I haven't laid eyes on you for æons. Don't you dare to pass an old friend's door. Come straight in to luncheon. I am late myself, and I dare say shall get nothing but bread and butter. I've just rung; somebody's coming now."

Peter laughed boyishly as he followed her into the house.

"This is delightful, Mrs. Stanchion" —he bent his head to her hand. "I'm in luck, and of course I'll stay."

She looked at him searchingly as she threw off her cloak. "Then tidy yourself quickly—you know the place—and come straight to the dining room."

When he had gone Mrs. Stanchion fell to thinking. Her mind worked with accurate rapidity.

"Something has happened to the boy, and quite recently, too. He looks worn and anxious, and he's rather preoccupied. I wonder what's the trouble. I dare say that woman"—now, when one lady calls another "that woman," even in her thoughts, we may draw deductions—"has been making more of a goose of him than usual. . . . I wish to goodness Archie Vinton would get that ambassadorship he's after, and take his wife to Timbuctoo or Ballyhac or somewhere—the farther off the better. . . . I can't bear to see Laura Blaise's boy spoiled under my very eyes. . . . Peter's desperately foolish, I dare say, but he's a dear, clever lad, for all that, and there's splendid stuff in him. . . . I shall have to talk candidly to Peter one of these days. How I wish he might see his own way out!"

With Blaise—for old Mrs. Stanchion had both tact and wisdom—she started quite another topic, as he took the straight-backed chair opposite her and began hungrily on an omelette.

"How's literature, Peter? I haven't seen a single thing of yours in print for months."

He colored as he acknowledged the truth. He knew his lack of industry; somehow he realized it keenly at the moment. "I've just come from Rushton's office half an hour ago," he said.

Mrs. Stanchion looked pleased.

"Good!" she cried. "Does that mean that you have signed a contract for a serial or taken a staff position?

He smiled rather ruefully. "I'm afraid it doesn't mean anything at all. Only Rushton had asked about me. He wasn't in, but I'm going back later. I confess I'm curious to see what he wants —if he wants anything."

Mrs. Stanchion clapped her hands. "Rushton's an admirable editor," she acknowledged. "He's a scholarly man with a keen eye for business. I am told he's handling the magazine splendidly. Peter," she broke off, suddenly, "why don't you try for a job, a permanent job, with Rushton. Yes, I know you have always fought shy of one before, but I believe you've been wrong. After all, a job is a job, something sure and something to depend on—money coming in on Saturday night. Peter, if Rushton offers you anything of the sort, promise me, on your word of honor, you won't —what shall I say?—*snub* him."

"Oh, my dear lady, it's he who'll do the snubbing, I'm afraid. A thousand to one, Rushton isn't making plans for me in his head."

His laugh sounded rather grim in the moment's silence. "But if the unexpected does happen," he went on, "why, of course I promise I'll take any offer gratefully. . . . Maybe I'd better say I'll snap it up!"

The other looked pleased. "My young free lance has had a change of heart?" she ventured.

Peter smiled. "Yes, I suppose we may call it something like that. A change of heart or—shall we say the pinch of poverty?"

"Sometimes it amounts to the same thing," Mrs. Stanchion interrupted, gayly, "provided it puts a certain young gentleman into harness," she added.



A FAIR-HAIRED GIRL IN FURS

"Peter, I'm going to be perfectly candid with you"—at these words he winced visibly, for it was the second time he had heard them that morning—"I'm an old woman who loves you, and, like all old women approaching the witch period of intelligence, I know much more than I am supposed to know. Sometimes I've been anxious about you, for I've seen you wasting your time and your talent, more than that, wasting yourself, my boy! . . . But just now—laugh at this witch if you choose—I felt, when you came up my steps, even as you turned when I spoke to you, that something real and vital had happened to you. You seemed oddly changed, or perhaps at the point of being changed. . . . I don't ask you what it was, perhaps I don't need to, perhaps I know already. But from other signs I can see that you mean to take this thing in quite the right and manly way. I can feel in you, Peter, an intention to win out of this trouble, come what will. Only you must see it all clearly; you must be sure of your own motives and recognize the necessary penalties. Peter, it's always worth while to burn up a ruin that blocks your path if only you can see your way to safety by the light of the conflagration. I'm glad you are going back to Rushton's office this afternoon. I feel, somehow, that you'll get a chance you must take, never mind how small a chance it is. Peter, I won't ask a single question; I feel sure that from now on you are going to do a lot of work. If you put your heart into it—your heart and your brain and yourself—it will be splendid work, too. If I can help you, I will. I'm only a dull old woman, but at least I know ways and means. . . . Go and get more cold beef from the sideboard—thick slices, Peter, and another potato. One must be braced to meet Rushton on equal terms. That dear man treats himself to enormous luncheons, and looks it. He came here often in the old days. . . . I want my champion—only you must fight for yourself now and not for anyone else—well prepared for the tussle."

She watched Blaise's strong hands as he cut the beef. Then her eye noted afresh the straight delicacy of his profile, the full curve of his lips, the firm sensitiveness of his chin. She read contrasts there and struggles, and another idea sprang into sudden being.

"It's going to be mighty hard for the lad, with all the intention in the world," she mused. "He can't be condemned to hard labor and solitary confinement. That's a curiously complex personality, thanks to nature, circumstance, and"—her old eyes hardened—"other things. Laura Blaise could never have comprehended her own son. It's well I'm here to take him in charge. . . . I wonder what a son of my own

would be like." . . . She shook her head whimsically. "Well, I shall never know, so I'll take the next best thing—this dear, attractive, muddled mixture of workman, artist, animal, baby, and—I suppose I must face facts—*chronic lover*."

Peter had now returned with a heaped plate. The very way he ate stirred Mrs. Stanchion's imagination.

"I love to see you eat, Peter, but do stop long enough to tell me just what are your plans for the afternoon."

Blaise had put down his napkin. He answered, simply, "I'm due at the office at three to try for the job which I mean to bring off somehow. After that I have an errand to do in Sixth Avenue"—cannily, Peter hadn't forgotten his watch's necessary sacrifice to necessity, you see—"then I shall pick up some dinner somewhere, and after that the Opera, positively my last appearance, with the Olyphants. It's an engagement I must keep. Then"—he spoke with decision—"after to-night I'm giving up everything else to stick to —*my work*."

The old lady shook her head as if derisively, but her quick and sympathetic imagination followed the progress of his thoughts and visualized them.

She saw long, lonely hours of concentrated labor, with the certain reactions that would come to disillusioned and disappointed man. What those reactions might be, or whither they might lead him she knew not, but she feared.

"You poor, young, chronic lover"—the name seemed somehow to please her, though she sighed deeply with her thoughts, "you can't be left entirely to yourself and to work. You won't know the right way to steer. Your type of mind runs to extremes, and I dread extremes. . . . I've got to give a hand straight away. If only I could be quite *sure* that this stupid episode of Beatrice Vinton is over and done with. . . . Oh, youth, youth, what a dear trouble you always are, and what a lot you cost us! . . . Yes, I will see to it. It's the natural,



"COME IN; IT'S ONLY PETER, OF WHOM YOU'VE HEARD ME SPEAK OFTEN"

the fair, the kind thing to do, and I've no business to hesitate. What are risks for but to take in a good cause?"

"Peter"—she spoke suddenly, and looked at the clock—"sit down and talk a minute. It's only half past two, and there is something I almost forgot to tell you. My cousin's girl, Edith Medfield, from Rochester, is staying with me. You'd have seen her already, but she's lunching in Tenth Street. However, I expect her in any moment, for she's promised to stop on her way uptown. I want you to meet her now, and then you can walk with her as far as Rushton's office."

Blaise began an excuse at the mention of Rushton's name. "Thank you, Mrs. Stanchion, that's nice of you, but I really think I'd better not wait. You mustn't let me forget," he added, "that I've serious things to do now."

"Don't be silly, Peter," she interrupted, "and ungracious, too. 'Tisn't like you. After all, what on earth's more serious than meeting a nice girl?"

Blaise sat down again at her gesture, but before conversation could be resumed there came a voice from the hall, and an instant later a fair-haired girl, in furs, opened the door. She stood still when she saw that Mrs. Stanchion was not alone. Peter rose.

"Come in, Edith. It's only Peter Blaise, of whom you've heard me speak often enough. I dragged him in to luncheon by the scruff of his neck and against his will, so that he may have the pleasure of walking uptown with you. . . . Oh, these three-o'clock-appointment people!" She shook her head. The clock in the corner struck something.

"Mercy, children," she cried, "it's later than I thought. Off with both of you, at once, and a pleasant walk to you."

She hurried to her drawing-room window as they left the house, and watched them as they stood a moment on the steps. "How well matched they are in looks and in type," she thought, "and in age, too! They're both so normal and so beautifully sane. I always did loathe the combination of middle-aged women and boys."

And meanwhile Edith Medfield, sniffing the cold, crisp, January air, was saying—perhaps rather conventionally—"Isn't this a heavenly afternoon?"

Then she turned to Peter abruptly. "Do you ever, Mr. Blaise, feel suddenly, apropos of nothing at all, in the midst of snow and ice and winter, that spring has really come? It needn't be on a warm day or even a fair one. There's something quite independent of weather about it, something a great deal subtler in the feeling. . . . At any rate, I can't help telling you I've felt it just now, this very minute, for the first time this year. . . . So let's call to-day the first day of spring."

Peter stared. Then he stood still—'twas a way he had—and spoke with surprised enthusiasm.

"That's wonderful! I love to hear you tell me that because I understand perfectly. Why, I've always had that feeling myself, though I didn't know anyone else had."

Then a sense of loyalty, as to a remembered dream, seemed to hold him silent for a monent. "Only, you see, that feeling came to me *yesterday*, and so"—he smiled a little wistfully as he went on—"and so *I* must think of to-day as the *second day of spring*."

FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

PART IV.—A LONELY ATOLL

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

CHANCE began to move of set purpose in Papeete, on the day I was to sail with the one-hundred-and-ten-ton schooner, *Caleb S. Winship*, for the Cloud of Islands. I was on my way to the water front, and, having plenty of time, walked leisurely, thinking of the long journey so nearly at hand, of the strange and lonely islands I was to see, and wondering, as an Anglo-Saxon must, when presented with a piece of good fortune, what I had done to merit it. Oro, the cabin boy of the *Winship*, was following with my luggage. He kept at some distance, a mark of respect, as I thought, until I saw him sublet his contract to a smaller boy. Then he retired to spend the unearned increment in watermelon and a variety of cakes sold at the Chinese stalls along the street. Not wanting him to think that I begrudged him his last little fling on shore, I became interested of a sudden in the contents of a shop window, and there I saw a boxful of marbles. In a moment Oro was forgotten. Papeete faded from view, and the warm air, fragrant with the odors of vanilla and roasting coffee, became more bracing. There was a tang in it, like that of early April, in Iowa, for example, at the beginning of the marble-playing season. Fifteen years dropped lightly from my shoulders, and I was back at the old rendezvous in the imagination, almost as really as I had ever been in the flesh. The lumber yard of S. M. Brown & Son lay on the right hand and the Rock Island railroad tracks on the left. Between, on a stretch of smooth cinder right of way, a dozen games were in full swing. There were cries of, "Picks and vents!" "Bunchers!" "Sneakers!" "Knucks down!" the sharp crack of expert shots; the crunch of cinders under bare and yet tender feet. Meadow larks were singing in a near-by pasture, and from afar I heard the deep whistle of the Rocky Mountain Limited as it came down the Mitchellville grade.

I bought the marbles—the whole box of them. They cost fifty francs, about four dollars American, as the exchange was then, but I considered the investment a good one. I knew that, no matter where I might be, to lift the lid of my box was to make an immediate and inexpensive journey back to one of the pleasantest periods of boyhood. Oro was awaiting me at the quay, and carried my small sea chest on board with an air of spurious fatigue. I gave him my purchase and told him to stow it away for me in the cabin, which he did with such care that I did not find it again until we were within view of Rutiaro. The *Caleb Winship* was homeward bound then, from Tanao where we had left Crichton, the English planter. Rutiaro lying on our course, it was decided to put in there in the hope that we might be able to replace our lost deck cargo of copra, washed overboard in a squall a few days previously.

Neither Findlay's *South Pacific Directory* nor the *British Admiralty Sailing Directions* had much to say about the atoll. Both agreed that the lagoon is nine miles long by five broad, and that on June 29, 1887, the French surveying vessel, *St. Étienne*, found the tide running through a narrow pass at two knots per hour, the flood as swift as the ebb. It was further stated that in 1889 Her

Majesty's ship, *Prince Edward*, anchored in eight fathoms, three hundred yards from shore in front of the village, which is situated on the most westerly island; and that a few pigs and chickens were purchased at a nominal price from the inhabitants. With this information I had to be content in so far as my reading was concerned. There was nothing of a later date in either volume, and the impression I had was that the atoll, having been charted and briefly described, had remained unvisited, almost forgotten, for a period of thirty-one years.

This, of course, was not the case. Tinned beef and kerosene oil had followed the flag there as elsewhere in the world. Religion, in fact, had preceded it, leaving a broad wake of Bibles and black mother-hubbards still in evidence among the older generation. But skippers of small trading schooners are rarely correspondents of the hydrographic associations, and the "reports from the field" of itinerant missionaries are buried in the dusty files of the religious journals, so that Rutiaro is as little known to the world at large as it has always been. Findlay's general remarks about it were confined to a single sentence, "A lonely atoll, numbering a population of between seventy-five and one hundred inhabitants." It certainly looked lonely enough on the chart, far out on the westerly fringe of the archipelago, more than six hundred miles from the nearest steamship route, and that one infrequently traveled. I sought further information from Tino-a-Tino, the supercargo, a three-quarters American despite his Tahitian name. He had been trading in the Low Islands for twenty years, and during that time had created a voluminous literature with reference to their inhabitants. But it was all of an occupational nature and confined to the ledgers of the Inter-Island Trading Company. I found him at his usual task in the cabin, where he gave me some specimen compositions for criticism.

"I wish you'd look them over," he said. "These copra bugs drive a man wild. They get in your eyes, in your liquor, in your mouth—Lord! What a life!"



Photograph by Sidney Hopkins

A LONELY ATOLL LEAGUES DISTANT FROM ANY STEAMSHIP ROUTE

The cabin was filled with unsacked copra to the level of the upper tier of bunks. One had to crawl in on hands and knees. The copra bugs were something of a nuisance, and the smell and heat oppressive. I had traveled on more comfortable vessels, with tennis courts on the boat decks and Roman swimming baths below—but they didn't touch at Rutiaro.

I went through his accounts, verifying long lists of items, such as:

To Terii Tuahu, Dr.,
1 dozen beacon lanterns.....at 480 frs....Frs. 480
To Ohiti Poene, Dr.,
12 sacks Lily-Dust flour.....at 300 frs...Frs. 3600
To Low Hung Chin, Dr.,
1 gross Night-King flash lamps..at 3600 frs...Frs. 3600

The work of checking up finished, we went out for a breath of air. The atoll lay abeam and still far distant, a faint blush haze lifted a bare eighth of an inch above the circle of the horizon. Behind us, rain fell in a straight wall of water from a single black cloud which cast a deep shadow over the path we had come. Elsewhere the sky was clear and the sea the incredible blue of the tropics. Tino broke a long silence.

"Look here," he said. "What is it that interests you in these islands? I've never known anyone to visit them for pleasure before. Is it the women, or what?"

Under pressure, I admitted that Nature seemed to have spent her best effort among the Paumotuans in fashioning the men.

"You're right," said Tino. "The women are healthy enough, of course, but they don't set your heart beating a hundred to the minute. They have fine hands and white teeth, and you wont find such black hair in all the world as you find in these atolls. But that's the size of it. You can't praise them any further for looks. Maybe you haven't noticed their ears, because they always cover them up with their hair; but they're large, and their feet and ankles—tough as sole leather and all scarred over with coral cuts. That is well enough for the men, but with the women it's different. Makes you lose your enthusiasm, don't it?"

I had seen a good many striking exceptions in our wanderings, but I agreed that, in the main, what he said was true.

"Well, if it isn't the women, what else is there to be interested in? Not the islands themselves? Lord! When you've seen one you've seen the lot. Living on one of them is like living aboard ship. Not room to stretch your legs. They're solid enough, and they don't sink; but in a hurricane I'd a heap rather take my chances out to sea with the *Winship* than to be lashed to the stoutest coconut tree in the whole group. Now you take Rutiaro. It was washed over seventeen years ago and all but twenty of the people killed. They are back to seventy-five now, but wait till the next bad blow down that way. They'll drown like rats just as they did before.

"Well, we won't have to stop long," he added, grouchily. "I'll take what copra they have and get out. It's a God-forsaken hole. They only make about twenty-five tons a year. The island could produce three times that amount under decent management. They're a lazy, independent lot, at Rutiaro. You can't get 'em to stir themselves."

I asked him what they had to gain by stirring themselves.

"Gain?" he said. "They have everything to gain! There are only two frame houses in the place. The rest of them are miserable little shelters of coconut thatch. I haven't sold them enough corrugated iron in ten years to cover this cockpit. You remember Takaroa, and Niau, and Fakahina? Well, there's my idea of islands. Nice European furniture—iron beds, center tables, phonographs, bicycles—"

A further catalogue of the comforts and conveniences of civilization which the inhabitants of Rutiaro might have and didn't, convinced me that this was the atoll I had been looking for, and I regretted that our stay there was to be so brief. I did not begrudge the inhabit-



WEIGHING COPRA, THE PRINCIPAL PRODUCT OF THESE DISTANT ISLANDS

ants of richer atolls their phonographs and bicycles. They got an incredible amount of amusement out of them; listened with delight to the strange music, and spent entire evenings taking turns with the bicycles, riding them back and forth from the lagoon beach to the ocean shore. But the frame houses were blots on the landscape, crude, barnlike structures, most of them, which offend the eye like factory chimneys in a green valley. Rutiaro had none of these things, and, having no interest in it from the commercial point of view, I awaited impatiently our arrival there.

At ten o'clock we were three miles to windward of the village island. It lay at the narrower end of the lagoon, the inner shore line curving around a broad indentation where the village was. The land narrowed in one direction to a ledge of reef. At the farther end there was a small *motu* not more than three hundred yards in length by one hundred broad, separated from the main island by a strip of shallow water. Seen from aloft, the two islands resembled, roughly, in outline, an old-fashioned, high-pooped vessel with a small boat in tow. I could see the whole of the atoll from the mainmast crosstrees, the lagoon, shimmering into green over the shoals, darkening to an intense blue over unlit valleys of ocean floor; a solitude of sunlit water, placid as a lake buried in the depths of inaccessible mountains. I followed the shore line with my glasses. Distant islands, ledges of barren reef, leaped forward with an effect of magic, as though our atom of a vessel, the only sail which relieved the emptiness of the sea, had been swept in an instant to within a few yards of the surf. Great combers, green and ominous looking in the sunlight, broke at one rapidly advancing point, toppled and fell in segments, filling the inner shallows with a smother of foam. Beyond it lay the broad fringe of white, deserted beach, the narrow forest of shrub and palm, the empty lagoon, a border of misty islands on the farther side. I had seen the same sort of a picture twenty times before, always with the same keen sense of its desolate beauty, its allurement, its romantic loveliness. Tino had said, "When you've seen one you've seen them all," and an old skipper once told

me that "the atolls are as much alike as the reef points on that sail." It is true. They are as monotonous as the sea itself and as fresh with varying interest.

The village was hidden among the trees, but I saw the French flag flying near a break in the reef which marked the landing place for small boats. Farther back, a little knot of people were gathered, some of them sitting in the full glare of the sun, others in the deep shade, leaning against the trees in attitudes of dreamy meditation. Three girls were combing their hair, talking and laughing in an animated way. They were dressed in all their European finery, gowns of flowered muslin pulled up around their bare legs to prevent soilure. A matronly woman in a red wrapper had thrown the upper covering aside and sat, naked to the waist, nursing a baby. I put down my glasses, feeling rather ashamed of my scrutiny, as though I had been peeping through a window at some intimate domestic scene. The island leaped into the distance; the broad circle of foam and jagged reef narrowed to a thread of white, and the *Caleb S. Winship* crept landward again under a light breeze, an atom of a ship on a vast and empty sea. Eight bells struck, a tinkling sound, deadened, scarcely audible in the wide air. I heard Tino's voice as though coming from an immense distance: "Hello, up there! *Kai-kai's* ready!" I said: "All right! I'm coming," and was surprised at the loudness of my own shout. But I waited for a moment to indulge myself in a last reflection: "It is thirty-one years since the *Prince Edward* put in here. Excepting a few traders and missionaries, there isn't probably one man in one hundred thousand who has ever heard of this atoll; not one in a million who has ever seen it, or ever will see it. What a piece of luck for me!" Then I saw Oro at the galley door with a huge platter of boiled beef and sweet potatoes. The sight of it reminded me that I was very hungry. As I climbed down to the deck, I was conscious of the fact that a healthy appetite and a good digestion was a piece of luck, too, and that as long as one could hold it, the lure of islands would remain, and one's love of living burn with a clear flame. Jack, the monkey, seemed to divine my thought, to agree with it. As Oro, the food bearer, passed him, he reached down from his perch in the rigging, seized the largest sweet potato on the platter, and clambered out of reach. Assured of his safety, he fell to, greedily, looking out wistfully toward the land.

The pass was at the farther end of the lagoon, and in order to save time in getting the work ashore under way, the supercargo and I, with three of the sailors, put off in the whaleboat, to land on the ocean side of the village. Half a dozen men rushed into the surf, seized and held the boat as the backwash poured down the steep incline at the edge of the reef. Among them was the chief, a man of huge frame, six feet two or three in height. Like the others who assisted at the landing, he was clad only in a *pareu*, but he lost none of his dignity through his nakedness. He was fifty-five years old, as I afterward learned, and as he stood bidding us welcome I thought of the strange appearance certain of the chief men in America or France or England would make under similar circumstances, deprived of the kindly concealment of clothing. What a revelation it would be of skinniness or pudginess! What an exhibition of scrawny necks, fat stomachs, flat chests, flabby arms! To be strictly accurate, I had seen some fat stomachs among elderly Paumotuans, but they were exceptions, and always remarkable for that reason. And those who carried them had sturdy legs. They did not give one the uneasy feeling, common at home, at the sight of the great paunches of sedentary men toppling unsteadily along a strip of crimson carpet, from curb to club doorway.

Wherever one goes in Polynesia one is reminded, by contrast, of the cost physically to men of our own race of our

sheltered way of living. There on every hand are men well past middle life, with compact, symmetrical bodies and the natural grace of healthy children. One sees them carrying immense burdens without exertion, swimming in the open sea for an hour or two at a time while spearing fish, loafing ashore with no greater apparent effort for yet longer periods. Sometimes, when they have it, they eat enormous quantities of food at one sitting, and at others, under necessity, as sparingly as so many dyspeptics. It would be impossible to formulate from their example any rules for rational living in more civilized communities. The daily quest for food under primitive conditions keeps them alert and sound of body, so that, whether they work or loaf, feast or fast, they seem always to acquire health by it.

There had been no boats at Rutiaro in five months, and the crowd on the beach was unfeignedly glad to see us. The arrival of a schooner at that remote island was an event of great importance; the sight of new faces lighted their own with pleasure, which warmed the heart toward them at once. We had brought ashore a consignment of goods for Moy Ling, the Chinese storekeeper, and when the handshaking was over, they gathered around it as eagerly as a group of American children at a Christmas tree. Even the village constable seemed unconscious of any need for a show of dignity or authority. The only badge of his office was a cigarette-card picture of President Poincaré, fastened with a safety pin to his old felt hat. He neglected his duties as a keeper of order, and was one of the most excited of Moy Ling's helpers with the cargo. He kept patting him affectionately on the back, saying, "*Maitai! maitai!*" which in that situation may be freely translated as, "You know me, Moy Ling!" And the old Chinaman smiled the pleasant, noncommittal smile of his countrymen the world over.

Tino's was the only sour face on the beach. He moved through the crowd, giving orders, grumbling and growling half to himself and half to me. "I told you they were a lazy lot," he said. "They've seen us making in for three hours, and what have they been doing? Loafing on the beach, waiting for us



RUTIARO IS NOT "BLESSED" WITH THE COMFORTS OF CIVILIZATION

instead of getting their copra together! Moy Ling is the only one in the village who is ready to do business. Five tons all sacked for weighing. He's worth a dozen Kanakas. Well, I'll set 'em to work in quick time now. You watch me! I'm going to be loaded and out of here by six o'clock."

But chance, using me as an innocent accomplice, ordered it otherwise. It was Sir Thomas Browne who said, "Those who hold that all things are governed by fortune had not erred had they not persisted there." He may be right, although I don't remember now where his own nonpersistence lay. But there are some things, some events, which chance or fortune—whatever one wishes to call it—governs from the outset with an amazing show of omnipotence. Tracing them back, one becomes almost convinced of a fixed intent, a far-sighted, unwavering determination in its apparently haphazard functioning. It is clear to me now that, because I had been fond of playing marbles as a boy, I was to be marooned, fifteen years later, on a fragment of land, six thousand miles from the lumber yard of S. M. Brown & Son. Tino had no more to do with that result than I did. He merely lost his temper because chance disorganized his plans for an early departure; tried to quench his anger in rum, and became more furious still because he was drunk. Then off he went in the *Caleb S. Winship*, leaving me stranded ashore. I can still hear his parting salutation which he roared at me through a megaphone across the starlit lagoon, "You can stay—" But this is anticipating. The story moves in a more leisurely fashion.

As I have said, my box of marbles came to light again only a few hours before we reached Rutiaro. I took them ashore with me, thinking they might amuse the children. They had a good knowledge of the technic of shooting, acquired in a two-handed game common among the atolls, which is played with bits of polished coral. But theirs had always seemed to me a tame pastime, lacking the interest of stakes to be won or lost. I instructed them in the simple rules of "bull-ring" and "Tom's-dead," which they quickly mastered. Then I divided the marbles equally among them and gave them to understand that the winner held his gains, although marbles, like trade goods, might be bartered for. I emphasized that feature of the game because of a recollection remaining from my own marble-playing days, of the contempt in which boys were held who refused to hazard their marbles in a test of skill. They refused to play "for keeps," and the rest of us had nothing to do with them. The youngsters of Rutiaro were not of that stamp. They took their losses in good part. When I saw that, I left them to themselves and went for a walk through the village. I knew —at least I thought I did—that our stay was to be brief and I wanted to make the most of it.

I followed the street bordering the lagoon, past the freshly thatched houses with their entryways wide to the sun and wind, and came at length to a small burying ground which lay in an area of green shadow far from the village. There were a dozen or more graves within the inclosure, some of them neatly mounded over with broken coral and white shell, others incased in a kind of sarcophagus of native cement to keep more restless spirits from wandering abroad. Most of them were unmarked. Two or three had wooden headboards, one of which was covered with a long inscription in Chinese. Beneath this the word "Repose" was printed in English, as though it had some peculiar talismanic significance for the Chinaman who had placed it there. It was the grave of a predecessor of Moy Ling's. I fell to thinking of him as I sat there, and of all the Chinamen I had met in the earlier days, lonely, isolated figures, most of them, without family or friends or the saving companionship of books. What was it that kept them going? What goal were they striving toward through lives which held so little of the comfort or



FRAME HOUSES WERE BLOTS ON THE LANDSCAPE OF SOME LESS REMOTE ATOLLS

happiness essential to the rest of human kind? Repose? A better end than that, surely. The air rang with the sound of the word, the garish sunlight fell pitilessly on the print of it. To most men, I believe, with the best of life still before them, there is something terrible, infamous, in the thought of the unrelieved blackness of an endless, dreamless sleep. I turned from the contemplation of it; let my thoughts wander in a mist of dreams, of half-formed fancies which glimmered through consciousness like streaks of sunlight in a dusty attic. These vanished at length and for a time I was as dead to thought or feeling as Moy Ling's predecessor, sleeping beside me.

I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. A voice said, "*Haere i te pai!*" ("Come down to the boat!") and a dark figure ran on before, turning from time to time to urge me to greater speed. It was almost night, although there was still light enough to see by. I remembered that Tino had told me to be at the copra sheds at five. The tide would serve for getting through the pass until eight, but I hurried, nevertheless, feeling that something unusual had happened. Rounding a point of land which cut off the view from the village and the inner lagoon, I saw the schooner, about three hundred yards off shore, slim and black against a streak of orange cloud to the northward. She was moving slowly out, under power; the whaleboat was being hoisted over the side, and at the wheel I saw the familiar silhouette of the supercargo.

I shouted: "Hi! Tino! Wait a minute! You're not going to leave me behind, are you?"

A moment of silence followed. Then came the answer with the odd deliberation of utterance which I knew meant Tahiti rum:

"You can stay there and play marbles till hell freezes over! I'm through with you!"

What had happened, as nearly as I could make out afterward, was this: My box of marbles, which I had brought ashore for the amusement of the children, interested the grown-ups as well, particularly the hazard of stakes in the games I had shown them. Paumotuans have a good deal of Scotch acquisitive-

ness in their make-up. They coveted those marbles—they were really worth coveting—and it was not long until play became general, a family affair, the experts in one being pitted against those in another, regardless of age or sex. Tino's threats and entreaties had been to no purpose. All work came to an end, and the only copra which got aboard the *Winship* was Moy Ling's five tons, carried out by the sailors themselves. Evidently Puarei, the chief, had been one of the most enthusiastic players. He was not a man to be bulldozed or browbeaten. He had great dignity and force of character for all his boyish delight in simple amusements. What right had Tino to say that he should not play marbles on his own island? He gave me to understand, by means of gestures, intonation, and a mixture of French and Paumotuan, that this was what the supercargo had done. At last, apparently, Tino had sent Oro on an unsuccessful search for me. He thought, I suppose, that having been the cause of the marble-playing mania, I might be able and willing to check it. Balked there, he went on board in a fit of violent temper and had not been seen again, although his voice was heard for an hour thereafter. Of a sudden anchor was weighed, and I was left, as he assured me, to play marbles with the inhabitants of Rutiaro for an impossibly long time.

Most of these details I gathered afterward. At the moment I guessed just enough of the truth not to be wholly mystified. The watery sputtering of the *Winship's* twenty-five horse-power engine grew faint. Then, with a ghostly gleam of her mainsail in the starlight, she was gone. I was thinking, "By Jove! I wouldn't have missed this experience for all the copra in the Cloud of Islands!" I was glad that there were still adventures of that sort to be had in a humdrum world. It was so absurd, so fantastically unreal as to fit nothing but reality. And the event of it was exactly what I had wanted all the time without knowing it. There was no reason why I shouldn't stop at Rutiaro. To be sure, I was shortly to have met my friend Nordhoff at Papeete, but our rendezvous was planned to be broken. We were wandering in the South Pacific as opportunity and inclination should direct, which, I take it, is the only way to wander.

For a few moments I was so deeply occupied with my own thoughts that I was not conscious of what was taking place around me. All the village was gathered there, watching the departing schooner. As she vanished a loud murmur ran through the crowd, like a sough of wind through trees—a long-drawn-out Polynesian, "*Aue!*" indicative of astonishment, indignation, pity. Paumotuan sympathies are large, and I had been the victim of treachery, they thought, and was silently grieving at the prospect of a long exile. They gathered around, patting me on the back in their odd way, expressing their condolences as best they could, but I soon relieved their minds on that score. Then Huirai, the constable with the cigarette-card insignia, pushed his way through with the first show of authority I had seen him make.

"I been Frisco," he said, with an odd accent on the last syllable. He had made the journey once as a stoker on one of the mail boats. Then he added, "You go to hell, me," his eyes shining with pride that he could be of service as a reminder of home to an exiled American. He was about to take charge of me, in view of his knowledge of English, but the chief waved him away with a gesture of authority. I was to be his guest he said, at any rate for the present. He began his duties as host by entertaining me at dinner at Moy Ling's store. I was a little surprised that we did not go to his house for the meal until I remembered that the Chinaman had received the only consignment of exotic food left by the *Winship*. Puarei ordered the feast with the discrimination of a gourmet and the generosity of a sailor on shore leave for the first time in

months. We had smoked herring for *hors-d'œuvre*, followed by soup, curried chicken and rice, edible birds' nests flavored with crab meat, from China, and white bread. For dessert we had small Chinese pears preserved in vinegar, which we ate out of the tin—"Woman Brand Pears," the label said. There was a colored picture on it of a white woman, in old-fashioned puffed sleeves and a long skirt, seated in a garden, while a Chinaman served her deferentially with pears out of the same kind of a container. Underneath was printed in English: "These pears will be found highly stimulating. We respectfully submit them to our customers." That was the first evidence I had seen of China's bid for export trade in tinned fruit. "Stimulating" may not have been just the word, but I liked the touch of Chinese courtesy which followed it. It didn't seem out of place, even coming from a canning factory.

Puarei gave all his attention to his food, and consumed an enormous quantity. My own appetite was a healthy one, but I had not his capacity of stomach; furthermore, he ate with his fingers while I was handicapped from the first with a two-prong fork and a small tin spoon. I believe they were the only implements of the sort on the island, for the village had been searched for them before they were found. It was another evidence to me of the unfrequented nature of Rutiaro, and of its slender contact, even with the world of Papeete traders. At most of the islands we had visited, knives and forks were common, although rarely used except in the presence of strangers. The onlookers at the feast—about half the village, I should say—watched with interest my efforts to balance mouthfuls of rice on a two-prong fork. I could see that they regarded it as a ridiculous proceeding. They must have thought Americans a strange folk, checking appetite and worrying digestion with such doubtful aids. Finally I decided to follow the chief's example, and set to with my fingers. They laughed at that, and Puarei looked up from his third plate of rice and chicken to nod approval. It was a strange meal, reminding me of stories I had read as a boy, of Louis XV dining in public at Versailles, with a roomful



NO *MENU* IS NEEDED TO TELL THESE FEASTERS WHAT TO EXPECT

of visitors from foreign courts looking on; whispering behind fans and lace cuffs; exchanging awestruck glances at the splendor of the service, the richness of the food, and the sight of majesty fulfilling a need common to all human kind. There was no whispering among the crowd at the Chinaman's shop—no awestruck glances other than Moy Ling's, at the majesty of Puarei's appetite. I felt sorry for him as he trotted back and forth from his outdoor kitchen, bringing in more food, thinking of his depleted stock, smiling with an expression of wan and worried amiability. Louis XV would have given something, I'll venture, for that old Paumotuan chief's zest for food, for the kingly weight of bone and muscle which demanded such a store of nourishment. He pushed back his chair at length, with a sigh of satisfaction, and a half-caste girl of seventeen or eighteen removed the empty dishes.

Paumotuan hospitality is an easy, gracious thing, imposing obligations on neither host nor guest. Dinner over, I told Puarei that I wanted to take a walk, and he believed me. I was free at once, and I knew that he would not be worrying meanwhile about my entertainment. I would not be searched for presently, and pounced upon with the dreaded: "See here! I'm afraid you are not having a good time," of the uneasy host. I was introduced to no one, dragged nowhere to see anything, free from the necessity of being amused. I might do as I liked—rare and glorious privilege—and I went outside, grateful for it, and for the cloak of darkness which enabled me to move about unobserved. It lifted here and there in the glow of supper fires, or a streak of yellow lamplight from an open doorway. I saw family groups gathered around their meals of fish and coconuts, heard the loud intake of breath as they sucked the *miti* sauce from their fingers. Dogs were splashing about in the shallows of the lagoon, seeking their own supper of fish. They are a strange breed, the dogs of the atolls, like no other that I have ever seen, a mixture of all breeds one would think, a weird blending of good blood and bad. The peculiar environment and the strange diet has altered them so that they hardly seem dogs at all, but, rather, semi-amphibious animals, more at home in the sea than on land. They are gentle-mannered with their masters and with strangers, but fierce fighters among themselves. I sat down behind a clump of bushes concealed from the light of one of the smoldering supper fires, and watched a group of Rutiaroan dogs in their search for food. They had developed a sort of team work in the business, leaped toward the shore all together with a porpoise-like curving of their bodies, and were as quick as a flock of terns to see and to seize their prey.

Returning from my walk, I found the village street deserted and all of the people assembled back of Moy Ling's shop. He was mixing bread at a table while one of the sons of his strange family piled fresh fuel on the fire under a long brick oven. It was a great event, the bread making, after the long months of dearth, and of interest to everyone. Mats were spread within the circle of the firelight. Puarei was there, with his wife—a mountain of a woman—seated at his side. She was dressed in a red-calico wrapper, and her long black hair fell in a pool of shadow on the mat behind her. She was a fit wife for a chief, in size, in energy, in the fire and spirit living in the huge bulk of flesh. Her laughter came in a clear stream which it was a delight to hear. There was no undertone of foreboding or bitter remembrance, and the flow of it, as light-hearted as a child's, heightened the merry-making mood of the others. There was a babble of talk, bursts of song, impromptu dancing to the accompaniment of an accordion and the clapping of hands. As I looked on I was minded of an account I had read of the Paumotuans in which they were described as "a dour people, silent, brooding, and religious." Religious some of



A PAUMOTUAN WEDDING GATHERING

them assuredly are, despite a good deal of evidence to the contrary, and they are often silent in the dreamy way of remote island people whose moods are drawn from the sea, whose minds lie fallow to the peace and the beauty of it. But "dour and brooding" is very far from the truth.

I took a place among them as quietly as possible, for I knew by repeated experience how curious they are about strangers, and first meetings were usually embarrassing. Without long training as a freak with a circus, it would try any man's courage to sit for an hour among a group of Paumotuans while he was being discussed item by item. There is nothing consciously brutal or callous in the manner of it, but, rather, an unreflecting frankness like that of children in the presence of something strange to their experience. I knew little of the language, although I caught a word here and there which indicated the trend of the comment. It was not general, fortunately, but confined to those on either side of me. Two old grandmothers started a speculation as to whether or not I had any children, and from this a discussion rose as to which of the girls of Rutiaro would be best suited as a wife for me. I was growing desperate when Chance, the godfather of all wanderers, intervened again in my favor.

Moy Ling's fire was burning brightly and it occurred to several of the youngsters to resume their marble playing. I saw Puarei's face light with pleasure, and he was on his feet at once with his stake in the ring. Others followed, and soon all those who had marbles were in the sport. I understood clearly then how helpless Tino had been. I could easily picture him rushing from group to group, furious at the thought of his interests being neglected through such childish folly. Those marbles were more desirable than his flour and canned goods, which he stood ready to exchange for copra. The explanation of this astounding fact may have been that no one thought he would go off as he did, and to-morrow would do just as well for getting down to business. Since he had gone there was an end of that. It was futile to worry about the lost food. Certainly it was forgotten during the great tournament which took place that evening. Moy Ling worked at his bread

making unnoticed. His fire died down to a heap of coals, but another was built and the play went on. Puarei was a splendid shot, in marble playing as in other respects, the best man of the village; but there was a slip of a girl who was even better. During the evening she accumulated nearly half of the entire marble supply, and at length these two met for a test of skill. It was a long-drawn-out game. I had never seen anything to equal the interest of both players and spectators; not even at Brown's lumber yard when the stakes were a boy's most precious possessions, cornelian stone taws. No one thought of sleep except a few of the old men and women who dozed off at intervals with their heads between their knees.

The lateness of the hour—the bizarre setting for a game so linked with memories of boyhood, combined to give me an impression of unreality. I had the feeling that the island and all the people on it might vanish at any moment, and the roar of the surf resolve itself into the rumble of street traffic in some gray city. And, though it were the very city where marbles are made, where in the length or breadth of it could there be found anyone who knew the use of them, with either the time or the inclination to play? I might search it, street by street, to the soot-stained suburbs; I might go on to the green country, perhaps; visit all the old-time marble-playing rendezvous from one coast to the other with no better success. And, though I passed through a thousand villages of the size of Rutiaro, could an evening's amusement be provided in any one of them, for men, women, and children, at an outlay of four dollars, American? The possibility would not be worth considering. People at home live too fast in these days, and they want too much. I could imagine Tino, in a sober mood, giving a grudging assent to this. "But, man!" he would have added, "I wish they had more of their marble-making enthusiasm at Rutiaro. I would put in here three times a year and fill the *Winship* with copra to within an inch of the main boom every trip."

Moy Ling had enough of it for the whole island, it seemed to me. His ovens were opened as the tournament came to an end, and for half an hour he was kept busy passing out crisp brown loaves and jotting down the list of creditors in his account book. It must have been nearly midnight. The crowd began to disperse. Puarei joined me, smiling ruefully, holding out empty hands. He had lost all of his marbles to a mite of a girl whom he could have put in his vest pocket had he owned one. His wife teased him about it on the way home, laughed heartily at his explanations and excuses. They discussed the events of the day long after the other members of the household had retired to their mats on the veranda. At last I heard their quiet breathing, and a strip of light from the last quarter moon revealed them asleep, two massive heads on the same pillow. I lay awake for a much longer time, thinking of one thing and another—of my friend Crichton at Tanao, the loneliest atoll in the world, I should say; of the *Winship* far out to sea, homeward bound with one hundred and forty tons of copra in her hold; of Tino with his fits of temper, and his passion for trade which blinded him to so much of the beauty and the joy of life. But, after all, I thought, it is men like Tino who keep wheels turning and boats traveling the seas. If he were to die, his loss would be felt; there would be an eddy in the current of life around him. But men like Crichton or myself—we should go down in our time, and the broad stream would flow over our heads without a ripple to show where we had been, without a bubble rising to the surface to carry with it for a moment the memory of our lives. It was not a comforting thought, and I tried to evade it; but I realized that my New England conscience was playing a part in these reflections and was not to be soothed in any such childish manner. "How much copra have you ever produced or carried

to market?" it appeared to say. I admitted that the amount was negligible. "How do you mean to justify your presence here?" was the next question, and before I could think of a satisfactory answer, "What good will come of this experience, either to yourself or to anyone else?" That was a puzzler until I happened to think of Findlay's *South Pacific Directory*. I remembered that his information about Rutiaro was very scant, the general remarks confined, as I have already said, to a single sentence, "A lonely atoll, numbering a population of between seventy-five and one hundred inhabitants." As a sop to my conscience, it occurred to me that I might write to the publishers of that learned work, suggesting that, in the light of recent investigations, they add to that description, "Fond of playing marbles."

(*To be continued.*)

APPLES

BY ALICE BROWN

IF I should sing a heart-of-summer song
(Hear how the breeze half wakes himself and sighs!)
It would not be of love-disheartened men,
It would not be of ladies' lips and eyes.
It would be all of apples on a tree—
The tree so stout and sturdy waxing strong,
And her boughs upbearing gallantly—
Apples that grow and fall and come again.

If I should sing a song of wreathing snow
(Hear how the wind comes wuthering at the door!)
It still would be of apples gold and red,
Sound and cool and solid, rind to core.
Lovely darlings! rosy cheek and flesh
Barreled in the cellar, row on row,
Stripes and blushes in a ruddy mesh,
Bloom of plum, all purpled, overspread.

If I should sing a song of Candlemas
(Hear how the brook goes tinkling ancient airs!)
I would sing that oval, deftly done,
The rounded redness of an apple wears,
If so the magic of the summer spent
Has brought such lovely permanence to pass,
A fairest flaw, of spring and autumn blent,
The shadow of a leaf 'twixt fruit and sun.

THE GRAND TOUR OF HORLICK

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

A SMALL, strict-looking man was walking through Fifty-sixth Street, with a package under his arm. This package contained a half-finished critique of the Sumerian Epic. The little man was Professor Bidman, and his soul was bent on completing his work. He hurried along as uneasily as a hen or an egg-laden moth, preoccupied, worried, and looking for a good place to lay.

Being old, and a widower, he had come to New York to live with his daughter. But his daughter's home was too noisy to write in. She had several babies. Professor Bidman had consented to live there, to his daughter's secret despair; but he had informed her, he would have to work at his club.

Behind him in the street was a young, red-faced fellow, not long out of college, whose thoughts were in his home town in Michigan where he had a girl. As he looked at Professor Bidman he thought to himself, "What a poor, queer old runt!" He was a slow-minded, healthy young man, who had no use for cities. He was in New York only because he had been sentenced by his father to stay there a year. Mr. Horlick was the banker and leading man of Cabino, Michigan, and had wished his son to have every advantage before settling down. Lord Chesterfield sent his son to Paris and on the grand tour of Europe, and it was in much the same spirit that Mr. Horlick had ordered his to New York. The young man was to cultivate the acquaintance of great bankers downtown, and uptown he was to associate with distinguished men in fields outside business. By an uncommon bit of fortune his father had got him into a club, many of whose members were famous. He was now on his way there. He had gone there every day for some months, as a duty he owed to his father, but he would a hundred times rather have been gardening in Cabino, Michigan.

Professor Bidman arrived at the entrance and went into the club. Young Horlick, behind him, groaned, "He, too!" and presently followed. That club seemed to Horlick to consist of the most inhuman old gnomes, about as easy as hedgehogs or crabs for a young man to cultivate.

Professor Bidman spread out his papers on a desk in the library. It was a long room, with a beautiful ceiling of flying figures and clouds. The carpet was thick and soft, the windows were tall, the chairs deep. On the shelves stood thousands of books full of the silent outcries of men—their violent political opinions, their hopes, fears, and dreams; their discoveries, their sufferings, their wrath—a mighty chorus of writers. But these sounds were of the spirit; it was only the inner ear that they entered, and the inner ear of old Professor Bidman was hardy as leather. He sat by one of the tall, sunlit windows, with plenty of fresh pens and ink, and happily began to work away on the Sumerian Epic.

But soon, as he sat there, his outer ear heard sounds it abhorred. He looked up and saw a red-faced young man, with a hopeless expression, wandering aimlessly about, whistling softly, with his hands in his pockets.

Professor Bidman examined him indignantly. This was as bad as a baby.

He was a young man who should have been an umpire, he decided, or a construction-gang foreman. Even when he wasn't actually making noises, he seemed to exude them. The professor watched him hunt up the librarian and say, "How goes it?" right out, in his everyday voice; and this voice, which he seemed unable to regulate, was of a strong, booming timbre. The librarian hurriedly rose from his desk, whispered, "Yes, Mr. Horlick," and managed to get him out in the hall, where there were no rules of silence. But he came back in presently, and stood a long time at a table and rustled and shuffled the magazines, and lit a cigar. He picked up two ash receivers, examined them, and set them down with two clicks.

Professor Bidman patiently returned to his discussion of Sheshmu, the meaning of which he felt other Sumerian scholars mistook. Somebody leaned over his shoulder after a little while, and said, "Writing, are you?" He looked up at the dull, healthy face of that outrageous young man.

The young man was astonished by the exasperation he saw in that look. He said, "I beg your pardon, but I thought you might like more light for it; I'll pull up the shade." He went to the window. The cord slipped from his hold as he took it; the shade flew up with a crash.

There was a snort from the alcove beyond, behind the marble head of the Roman named Seneca, and the head of old Doctor Rutcher was thrust out to see what had waked him.

Professor Bidman left the room. He wished to find his friend Roscoe Harker, of the membership committee.

"Well, Bidman, he got in by mistake," Mr. Harker explained.

Professor Bidman's face darkened. "I fear I don't at all understand."

"Quite natural that you shouldn't, quite natural," Mr. Harker said, yawning. "It was a peculiar case. But the young man is innocent, I really believe. He is not a New-Yorker, you see. I imagine that's it. My theory is he wished to join a club and didn't know one from another. I cannot imagine why, otherwise, he should have sought admission to this. He seems disappointed because we have no athletic facilities!"

"My dear Harker," the professor said, sharply, "I don't care what *he* thought. I am asking you how and why you and your committee admitted him?"

"It was a mistake. That's what I'm telling you, Bidman. A mistake on both sides. I am sorry to say we allowed ourselves to be influenced by the plea of



SOMEBODY LEANED OVER HIS SHOULDER AND SAID, "WRITING, ARE YOU?"

some members who thought we ought to have a few younger men in the club. They kept urging the committee to take in what they called a little young blood. And the only man under fifty on the candidates' list was this Horlick."

"Why does he come here if he doesn't like it?"

"Nowhere else to go, probably."

"It's odd, very odd, that the membership committee were not more careful."

Mr. Harker smiled. The committee were always being criticized, whatever they did. He noted that several members had drawn near to help denounce him, as usual. He said, patiently, however:

"But, Bidman, there was nothing against the young man. He's well enough connected, for instance. He just doesn't happen to belong in this club."

"Exactly!" old Doctor Rutcher burst out. "He does not belong here. But you don't seem to realize that that's the most dangerous thing in the world."

"What is?" said Mr. Harker, with possibly a little less patience.

"Why for anyone or anything to be where it doesn't belong."

"Don't exaggerate, Rutcher!"

"I'm an older man than you, Harker. I can safely say I have had more experience."

"I am sixty-five, Doctor."

"I'm eighty-two," said the doctor, triumphantly; "when I was in college you were a child, a howling infant in arms. I was a practicing physician when you were a little boy being spanked."

"I was *not* spanked," said Harker.

"I feared so," said Doctor Rutcher, with a cold, fatherly smile. "That is probably why you don't as yet know enough of the world. You don't understand it, just as some men don't understand women." He shook his forefinger. "This earth is an infinitely varied establishment, Harker. There is room in it for every kind of person and object imaginable. But there is one strict requirement. Nobody must get out of place. A cannibal would be quite out of place in a girls' school, you'll grant me, yet I dare say there's an appropriate beach for him in the cannibal islands. And there's doubtless room for Horlick in Horlickville, but not in this club."

"I admit it, I admit it. I said so myself just now, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you don't admit or realize what trouble it may get us all into. That's what I wish to bring out. The arrangement of a social group is as complex as that of a watch; put somebody in where he doesn't belong and it upsets the whole business."

A venerable historian and scholar pushed excitedly forward.

"A man—h'm—a man must be—kr-r-hm—cast in suitable roles," he coughed, weakly. "It's like that famous historical incident of King What's-his-name, of—what was that country? At any rate, everyone is agreed he would have been quite all right in another walk of life, possibly, but that as a king he—if he had been boiled in oil, he would—kr-r-hm—have deserved it. And it is the same" (his quaver angrily rose) "with What-do-you-call-him—this young fellow here—Thingumbob. I should have only the kindest feelings for Thingumbob if he'd stay away from this club. But if he continues to come here, then boiling—er—I must say that boiling seems suitable." He waved his book sternly at Mr. Harker, and added, "I'll buy the oil."

Professor Bidman began to feel that New York was a hard place to work in. He tried to get a study at the city library, but they were all taken. He asked Doctor Rutcher what he could possibly do with the Sumerian Epic.

"The fellow can't be expelled, yet," Doctor Rutcher said. "It's unfortunate. The committee have a namby-pamby idea that the club ought to wait. We must wait till this Horlick breaks a rule, it appears. It's ridiculous. Meantime you can do no writing here, Bidman. That's plain. Don't attempt it."

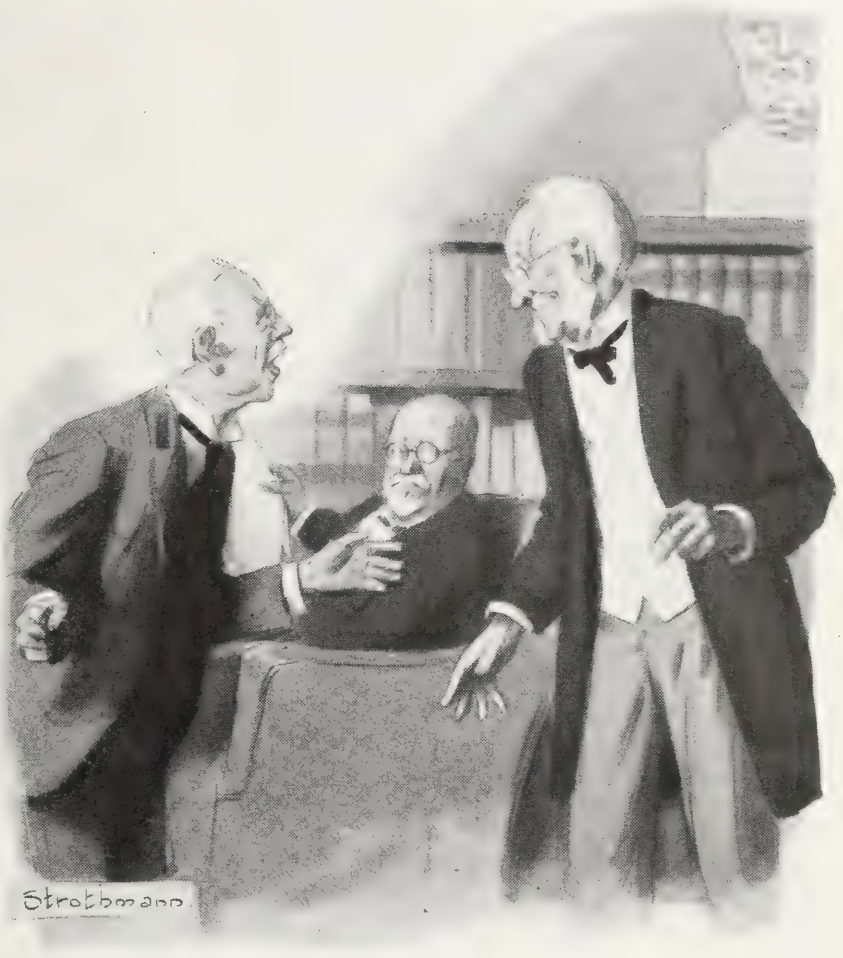
"And where am I to go, then?"

Doctor Rutcher looked compassionately at him. "Have you thought of the country?"

"The country? Well, that sounds very possible. The only thing is I've no place of my own. And hotels—"

"Ah, if you don't mind the country—I loathe and despise it myself—I can tell you exactly the place for you. The Reverend Appleton Jewett's."

It is not difficult to borrow whatever you wish, if you live among those who have it. If you live in the slums, your borrowings are confined, to be sure, to jackknives or kettles. But if you belong to a club it is equally easy to borrow a country place.



"I WAS *NOT* SPANKED," SAID HARKER

"The Jewetts are going to the Adirondacks," the doctor continued. "I had a note from him yesterday. He said he was writing to ask if I'd care to use their home on Long Island. He ought to know better. I dare say I've told him a thousand times how I hate country life. I have even suspected myself of being tediously repetitious about it, but evidently I shall have to tell him at least a thousand times more. These fellows who live in the country are such fanatics they can't believe a man's serious. However, there it is; the family's going away and leaving the cook to take care of things, and Mrs. Jewett doesn't want the cook to get lonely, which I'm sure is quite natural. Jewett says he hopes some of us will use the place. I'll tell him you wouldn't mind. Shall I?"

A week or two later Professor Bidman arrived by train at East Carrington, and took the one station taxi out by an empty road past marshes and woods to a plot of cleared land with an inappropriate house of gray stucco. It was not a large house, and several rooms had been locked and shut off, where the little Jewetts had put away their toys to be safe from this visitor. But it was large enough for Professor Bidman and the Irish girl who let him in when he rang. She was Katie, the cook, she explained. The nurse had been taken to the Adirondacks, she added.

She said it in a patient, disappointed tone, which he did not notice. They both were a little preoccupied in looking each other over. What Katie saw was a small, thin old man, who looked kind but seemed rather bothered, and who evidently needed to be taken care of by some one. What Professor Bidman saw was an awkward, handsome, healthy young woman, who wore a bead necklace which he didn't like, but who looked thoroughly competent.

The grounds around the house were attended to by a silent Italian, who came

afternoons, after he had finished an eight-hour day two miles off. Three times a week the iceman's wagon rolled in, followed by a provision man's. There were no other intrusions.

Professor Bidman fussed around, putting his clothes away and then looking for them in all the wrong drawers. He chose a writing table, moved it here and there, muttered a good deal to himself, and gave contradictory instructions to Katie about how he wanted his meals. All this was as necessary to him as it is to a dog to turn around and around before lying down. Also it was as soon over.

The place was so quiet that his nerves were almost instantly soothed. He got out his papers and by the end of a week was making good progress. A beautiful peace reigned through the house, from one day's end to another. Professor Bidman was deep in the splendors of the Temple of Dilmun, and was happily describing the blessed state of the goddess Nin-ella.

Then the cook began crying. He first noticed this one evening when he was out in the garden. There was a light in the kitchen, and a sound that he at first took for laughter.

"That is an odd sort of laugh," he thought, and walked nearer the kitchen. He now heard distinctly that she was crying. He returned to the front.

"We all have our troubles," he reflected. But it came like a new idea to him. It seemed to him most inconvenient, but the sounds she had made roused his sympathy. "Poor creature!" he thought. Outside of his family, he had always respected the feelings of women.

He sat up quite late in the garden, smoking an extra cigar.

The next few days, whenever he passed her, as she dusted the house, she was wiping her eyes on her apron, and her face looked slightly swollen. Professor Bidman, not wishing to intrude on her grief, or whatever it was that was ailing her, considerately seemed not to notice this. He also refrained from speaking of one or two things he wished done, in order to let her alone and not bother her until matters were better. He began to feel rather depressed himself, though, and his work didn't go well.

Then, one morning at breakfast, her step was so heavy he feared she was ill. She slouched in and out, with tears wet on her cheeks, sniffling audibly. There was something of an announcement about it. She seemed to mean him to hear her.

Professor Bidman felt indignant. He shook his newspaper roughly and barked at it with a fierce, rasping cough. Katie instantly stopped. He thrust his fork into the omelet and sternly broke off some toast. "I'll show her!" he thought. Then he glanced at her face and relented. She was a nice girl, and she looked fairly crushed.

He made an effort to get into some kind of touch with her. He said, "Are you ill, Katie?"

She put down his peaches, said, "No, sir," and sniffled. They stared helplessly at each other.

"Are any of your friends or your family ill or anything?" he persisted.

She again shook her head and said, "No, sir," in the mournfulest voice, and retired to the pantry, where she immediately began loudly sobbing.

Professor Bidman laid his fork down, unused, and looked dismally round him. The sun and a little fresh breeze were coming in at the window, the light curtains were fluttering, and a bobwhite was calling outside. On the table was a smoking-hot omelet, coffee and toast, and his peaches. White linen. Bright silver. But those awful sounds of grief from the pantry!

He twisted around in his chair and looked at the pantry door, then rubbing his chin, said, "Poor creature!" mechanically, and got up and stood at the window awhile. "Not a favorable atmosphere for doing my work," he sighed. "She's in love, perhaps. She is probably

having an unlucky affair with some cold-hearted fellow."

The sounds in the pantry had stopped. Professor Bidman returned hopefully to his breakfast. It consisted, however, by this time, of cold coffee and a very cold omelet. He thought to himself it might be a good plan if he went away for a day or two and gave her a chance to be quiet and get over this crying. He was sure it would be good for him, anyhow. He wanted to go back to the city. The pleasant little house was beginning to have the atmosphere of a tomb.

This notion so grew on him that an hour later he telephoned for a cab. He packed his things, and was about to call Katie, when he heard her laughing, out back, and realized that she was talking gayly enough with the iceman. This made him feel that perhaps it was unnecessary for him to go, after all. As he stood, undecided, Katie came up the stairs with her dustpan. She was looking reasonably cheerful, but as she raised her eyes and saw his brown bag her face grew alarmed.

"I am going away for a day or two, Katie," he suddenly said.

Her lip began trembling, her face puckered up—not attractively—and she put down her dustpan and wailed: "Oh, my Lord! I can't bear it!"

Professor Bidman attempted in some agitation to pass her.

"If you're going away, I'll be leaving, myself, sir," she sobbed.

"What? Nonsense! No, no!" he exclaimed. "I'll be back in a day or two."

She repeated her declaration shrilly. Professor Bidman was trembling. Katie really was behaving, he thought, as though it were he she were in love with. He looked at her in horror, pushed roughly by her, and ran down the stairs.

The cab was outside. He opened the front door—

The driver looked up, startled and interested at the cries from above. Professor Bidman immediately stepped back in and shut the front door again. He walked up and down the hall, thinking, "I suppose I must first have this out with her."

But you can't have things out with people just by wishing to—you must know how to uncork them. Katie was hard to uncork. He found that he could



"I'M YUMAN," SHE KEPT SAYING. "IT'S JUST THAT I'M YUMAN; THAT'S ALL, SIR"

make her cry easily enough, but he could not make her speak.

"I'm yuman," she kept saying. "It's just that I'm yuman; that's all, sir."

It gradually appeared that the whole trouble was, she was lonely. The house was so quiet. "Still as death, sir, the house is." She had been born into a large family and had always had a place in large households—she was used to having a lot of life and movement going on all around her. Quiet got on her nerves. She couldn't bear it no more, she said. She was desperate.

An intense pity, first for himself and then for her and for the whole race of men, arose in the professor's old heart. "Every one of us is seeking his own kind of a paradise," he thought, "and everyone is forever preventing some one else from reaching *his*." He saw he must compromise. He must either give up the country altogether and go back to New York and Horlick, or he must proceed to make this quiet house lively enough to suit Katie.

"A den of noise, that's what she wants," he growled. But he unpacked his bag. He had always been willing, as a reasonable man, to experiment.

He assumed that it would be easy enough to make the house a den of noise if he tried. He thought if he hummed more audibly, or sang a bit, that should be enough for her. But Katie, it seemed, had more full-blooded standards of merriment. She said, pessimistically, that no one gentleman could be noisy enough by himself.

Professor Bidman wished he could get another cook, but there was none to be had, and, anyhow, he did not feel warranted in dismissing the Jewetts's. But it was discouraging to come downstairs in the morning and try to be jocular, and have the best professorial jokes he could recall fall so flat. He argued with Katie, but it did no good; things only got worse, and after a day or two he grew pretty tired of arguing. He surrendered. He telephoned to the city and invited some of his friends from the club.

But his friends were staid, quiet men like himself—that's why they were his friends. They seemed practically soundless to Katie. And, in fact, they were even more sober than usual while there. It perplexed and concerned them to find Professor Bidman had changed. He had become unaccountably restless and his manner was queer. They liked to take naps, for example. He interrupted their naps. He insisted on showing them the garden, not once only, but several times over, though he plainly knew nothing about gardens, and they didn't, either. They followed him heavily up and down the row of dusty potato plants, and thought he had the dirtiest lettuce they ever had seen; and when he paused—near the kitchen window—and made sounds that seemed meant as a laugh, they chewed their cigars and stared at him thoughtfully, and shook their heads afterward.

He placed most of his hope in Mr. Harker, and Harker tried hardest. Professor Bidman had taken him into his confidence and explained what was wanted, so Harker made a point of whistling as much as he could in the dining room; and he visited the garden industriously, and whistled there, too. The situation his friend was in struck him as odd but distressing, and as he had the utmost good will for him, he felt glad to help. Whenever he saw Katie he painstakingly called out, "How goes it?" smiling brightly, like an elderly photographer trying to enliven a child.

Katie answered politely, but looked pityingly on these senile attempts to surround her with the richness and movement of life that she wanted. Mr. Harker meant well, she told Professor Bidman, but he might as well go back to town.

The professor looked about for his old friend and found him reading on the piazza.

"It's no good, Harker," he said. "I'm most grateful, I appreciate what you're doing, but it seems that there's

not enough body to it. She's as slumpy as ever."

Mr. Harker suggested, jocularly, that he could buy an accordion or beat a tin pan.

Professor Bidman shook his head. In his reasonable way, he had been trying to see Katie's side. "It's not just the volume of noise that she goes by," he said. "It's the *élan vital;* it's the impact behind it. That's what she really misses. She has always lived in large families. There is something to be said for the woman. It is a type that is not civilized, you understand. I suppose she's a moron. She feels herself alive only when she's surrounded by life, in some eager, pulsating, and—to us—rather overdone form. She wants to be in a current where she can feel the swing of strong tides; and here she is, a fish on the bank. I half sympathize with her."



HE PAUSED AND MADE SOUNDS THAT SEEMED MEANT AS A LAUGH

Mr. Harker felt cross. He really had tried pretty hard, and to have his best efforts disdained as so feeble annoyed him. "Ask Horlick here, then," he said, shortly.

"Horlick! When I left to get away from him?"

"*Élan vital*, Bidman."

The professor's face drooped. "That is true. He is full of it." He sat dejectedly turning this over. "That baboon, though!" he muttered.

The suggestion was preposterous, yet it haunted him when Mr. Harker had gone.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him—a plan that would settle everything nicely. He must keep it to himself, he saw, but clearly it would help for a while. . . .

Horlick was surprised enough, but interested, when he received the professor's brief letter. It wasn't exactly a warm invitation, but it was certainly urgent. Horlick couldn't know that Katie had taken to wandering around the house in the night, and that when Professor Bidman had remonstrated she had said she was yuman and couldn't lie still. He was now earnestly predicting to her that she'd feel better when she saw his new guest. He had begged Horlick to come down at once on the afternoon train.

Horlick did. He arrived in what seemed to Professor Bidman the noisiest cab in East Carrington. He said, in his terrible voice: "Hello! How'r' you?" didn't look at the view, and declared it was glorious. Then he examined his host inquisitively, but that dignified person said nothing.

Horlick sized up the good-looking Katie as a fellow human being at once. Going upstairs with the bags, he saw her

smile. It was the first smile he had seen in ten weeks, he thought. He smiled happily back and said he'd cut her heart out if she unpacked his things carelessly. Katie cheered up at this, and they exchanged one or two humorous passes. The professor was pleased. The prescription was succeeding, thank Heaven! He locked himself up in his writing room and got out his manuscript. No previous writer on Sumerian Epics, he smiled to reflect, had had to do his work with a moron and a baboon in the house.

When he came down to dinner he found Horlick asleep on a sofa. This was most disconcerting. Professor Bidman poked him up and asked peremptorily what was the matter. Horlick said that after he had dressed he had lain down for a moment. "The air here is fine," he added. "I tell you I'll sleep a great deal!"

"I wouldn't do that," Professor Bidman quickly replied, looking anxious.

"The fact is," said Horlick, not listening, "your invitation came at just the right time. I guess I'm no city man. Just walking around New York wears me out. I can walk by the hour and never see a single face that I know. I want to rest up from it, and sleep twenty hours a day."

Professor Bidman said nothing, but his indignation was so great he could hardly sit down to dinner. "The cheating scoundrel!" he thought. "I might have known he'd play me some trick." It was necessary, however, to be tactful if he wished to steer things as he'd planned. He restrained his anger, and kept perfectly still till he had thought out his course.

His first attack was on sleep. He pointed out to Horlick that a change of occupation was all that a tired man needed. Rest was often demoralizing. Sleep made you sluggish, or worse. Sleep really was like a disease; if you let the habit grow on you, there was no telling where it would stop. "Look at all the cases you see in the papers of girls who fall asleep for six months, and who can't be awakened, no matter how roughly they handle them."

Horlick laughed.

"I don't know what you're laughing at, Mr. Horlick," Professor Bidman observed. "It may sound amusing to you, but these girls have sometimes been



HE HAD HER CHANGE THE FURNITURE WHILE HE POKED FUN AT HER

known to die. It's a highly mysterious sickness. It's quite often fatal. I couldn't allow you to take any such risk on these premises."

"You mean to say you won't let a guest take a nap?" Horlick asked.

The professor became obstinate. "I mean to say, I don't see why a guest should come out here to sleep. And I shouldn't let him do it if a sleeping-sickness case might develop. They tell me," he went on, inspiredly, "that ice water, poured down the neck—"

"Oh, come now," said Horlick. "I know that you'd never do that. If you found me asleep in your hammock—"

"Ice water," Professor Bidman reiterated, tapping his knife on the table. "Down your neck. I shall do it."

Horlick smiled unbelievingly, but as he looked at his host his smile faded. The old boy seemed entirely serious.

To clinch the matter, the professor now introduced his second attack. He described the situation they were in from a cook's point of view. He had thought this argument out with such reasonableness that it surprised even himself.

"You can no longer go out and engage a cook as though you were buying a slave. It isn't like ordering groceries, Mr. Horlick. Servants are human. If two human beings—namely, you and I—want some one to cook for us, and if we engage a third human being to come here and do it, we must remember that she isn't a domestic animal, like a cow; she's as human as we are and she wants us to treat her accordingly.

"More than that, if three people are living together in the same house—you, Katie, and I, for example—we must be considerate to one another. Katie must study our needs. We must study hers. If we don't, what will happen? She will go to pieces, as any human being does when its needs are neglected. She has already gone to pieces twice, and it has greatly upset me." He described, in a warning and lowered voice, his recent experiences. "If we wish to stay on here, we must do all we can for her, Mr. Horlick. I rely on you not to go out, if I'm out. Understand? It wouldn't do to leave her alone here. She's a girl. She needs company." He went on to urge him to go into the kitchen occasionally and say a good word to her, "as well as you know how to," he added. "It would cheer her whole day."

"You've a cook who wants company, and I'm to be It?" Horlick asked.

Professor Bidman looked pained, but could think of nothing to say in rebuttal.

Horlick shook his head slowly. "I've thought for a long time I'd got into the queerest club in the world," he declared, "but you must be the queerest man in it. Getting me out here for this! Well, there's one thing about me," he went on. "I don't let myself be stumped. You don't seem to know how to handle this situation at all. I think I'll just have to show you how simply that cook can be fixed."

Professor Bidman saw uneasily that Horlick's way was to make her much extra work. He had her change all the furniture in his room around, while he sat and poked fun at her. He gave her his clothes to mend. He interrupted her when she was cleaning. He was immensely critical of her cooking and wanted new and difficult dishes. Incidentally, this last was good for her; it brought out her hidden abilities. She began, to her own delight as much as theirs, to serve them with marvelous meals.

The joking, however, wasn't so good for her. Horlick had made her expectant. She liked his atrocious jokes so much, the professor noted, that she virtually demanded more fun, and then, when he opened up, she entered into things too much with him.

But these small complications were of no concern to the professor whatever, because the moment had now come for him to put his plan into motion. He packed up and left, telling Horlick he had to go to New York for a day or two.

Immediately on arriving in the city he went to the club. It was utterly quiet. Old Doctor Rutcher slept behind Seneca. The professor got out his manuscript and went to work with a calm, thankful heart.

Day after day he breakfasted at his daughter's home and came back to the library. Day after day Doctor Rutcher slept and Professor Bidman wrote on. A surprised note from Horlick arrived, asking if something had happened. The professor replied, "Shall return shortly," and went on with his work.

Then one afternoon Doctor Rutcher got a telegram, right before Seneca, and had to be awakened by the librarian, and resented this, and had to be calmed. The telegram was from Appleton Jewett, who seemed most upset.

"Here!" cried Doctor Rutcher. "Bidman!" Several old members, scattered around the room, were aroused from their naps. "Bidman!" the doctor called loudly, again, in defiance of the placards of silence.

"The professor is just leaving, sir," the librarian said.

They met in the hall.

"What are you doing here, Bidman," the doctor demanded, "when I lent you that house of Jewett's?"

"Horlick's there," the professor said.

"Horlick? Hang him! He has created a scandal!"

The members in the hall paused and waited.

"I—h'm. I've been wondering where —er—Thingumbob was," an old scholar said. "Most pleasant here, lately."

"Jewett telegraphs that his neighbors in East Carrington have sent him word," said the doctor, "that a young man and woman who are not married are occupying his house."

"Pooh! Doctor. It must be Jewett's own cook they mean," Professor Bidman said, shortly.

"And the young man is Horlick?"

"Of course."

"Well, but see here, you know, that isn't quite suitable. I lent the house to you, Bidman."

"Yes, and Horlick's my guest."

"But why are you here, then?"

"I am here to write!" the professor shouted. "You don't suppose I could there, with Horlick?"

"You see, Jewett's a clergyman," the doctor said, a little perplexed. "The neighbors expect him to be most particular. He says that this young man and woman have been seen in public together. Where's the place—? Here it is. He says they have been to the movies."

"Without being married?" the old scholar vaguely inquired.

"They go back to Jewett's house and they live there, sir, without being married."

Members going in and out gathered around. There was a long, confused argument. Some felt Horlick must marry the cook for the sake of Appleton Jewett. Some felt if he married her it would be bad for the club. Others said that Professor Bidman should not have invited him down.

"It was Harker's idea," the professor said.

Several of the men looked at Harker disgustedly. He was always making some blunder.

Mr. Harker said he had never supposed Bidman would run off in this way, and added that the situation demanded that he now should go back.

"Go down there yourself, Harker," the professor said, "if that's how you feel about it."

"Upon my word, Bidman!" said Mr. Harker, flushing, "you are really too selfish. After all that I did for you, going down before and trying to help. And now you stand here and blandly invite me to carry your whole load! It's monstrous!"

"*My* load! Who strapped it on me?"

"If you mean my suggesting that you might invite Horlick—"

"I mean your committee's electing him to this club, to begin with. Isn't that how this started? *My* load! It's *yours*, and you've made us all carry it

for you, every man in this club. If you think that you can sentence me to jail myself in the country with Horlick, while the rest of you live happily here, you are vastly mistaken."

The two glared at each other, each feeling betrayed and ill-used.

Some one came in the door. Doctor Rutcher said:

"God bless me! Here's Horlick!"

Horlick went straight to Professor Bidman. He was the most ill-used of all, from his manner. He spoke in what he thought a confidential tone, but it rang through the hall.

"Professor Bidman," he said, "you have made me a great deal of trouble, sir. That girl—she's got worse every day. I don't know what to do with her."

As the professor regarded him, they made a picture, "Age Surveys Youth in Distress." Age seemed to be moved, as Age always is, by the troubles of Youth, but only on the score that he might be asked to help bear them. "And what have you already been doing with her?" Age asked, to gain time.

"What *haven't* I had to do?" Horlick bellowed. "It began"—he lowered his voice a little—"well, it began with croquet, I guess. That seemed harmless at first, but it got us to playing around together, and that made it hard, later on, to refuse anything else. Whenever I did refuse, she kept saying, 'Don't be a grump,' and telling me about what an awful time she'd had with your friends."

Bidman looked accusingly at Harker, and said, "Go on, Mr. Horlick."

"Well," Horlick went on, "I don't like anyone to call me a grump. But you take the movies, for instance; she's insatiable about seeing movies. And I've taken her to two woolly church sociables. Do you know what *they're* like? What I object to is that the situation is somehow getting intimate. Each day I drove out to the county fair she got right in with me, and while we were walking around she insisted on having our photograph taken. And every evening she winds up the phonograph and wants me to dance with her."

A ruddy old member on the edge of the group laughed aloud. "Mr. Horlick," he said, "don't you like dancing?" And he declared in an undertone to his neighbor, "The fellow's a prig."

Horlick replied, breathing heavily: "Yes, I like dancing, all right, but I'm a stranger in this part of the country and that's a mighty lonesome girl, let me tell you."

There was a slow general murmur of understanding from the gentlemen present. Even the venerable scholar tried to say something sympathetic, but was interrupted by coughs.

"And now what?" Horlick continued, with a menacing step toward Bidman. "I've had to bring her to New York in an automobile, to see Coney Island! She's outside, waiting for me. I've argued with that girl all the way up here. She says we must loop the loop. Well, for this once I'll do it; I'd just as lief see Coney Island. But I came here first to tell you, Professor Bidman, I positively won't keep it up. This is the end."

"You'll be lucky, young man, if it *is* the end," Doctor Rutcher broke in. "You have been most indiscreet. Do you realize you have made a village scandal by your reckless behavior? My friend Jewett has enemies in East Carrington. They'll take advantage of this. He has been hoping for years the congregation would build him a rectory, nearer the church than that house. You have given the opposition enough to talk about to deprive him of all chance whatever. He might even lose the parish for such a thing. Think what that means to a clergyman. If he has any legal redress, I should advise him to sue you. The loss you have caused him in reputation and peace of mind you can never make good, but the financial loss you at least should repay, for you can see it is heavy."

Horlick sat down, with a sick look, in an effort to comprehend this new trouble. A feeling crept over him that al-

most anything might be done to a man in New York.

"I have a telegram here from Doctor Jewett," Doctor Rutcher proceeded. "He is informed, he says, that the whole neighborhood is aghast at your conduct. There is even, I must tell you, a demand that you should marry this girl."

Horlick rose with a jerk, his eyes fixed upon Doctor Rutcher's, staring as wildly at that good old face as a trapped Perseus might at the Gorgon.

"I must go home," he whispered, as if to himself. "This is—awful. I must go right back to Michigan."

There was a sound from the street of a motor horn insistently barking. The club's doorman, old William, he who stands in the hall with his book in which he keeps illegible records of the visits of members, approached to announce that Mr. Horlick was wanted outside.

This brought Horlick back to his surroundings. "That's Katie," he groaned. "Professor Bidman, you must see for yourself I can't go with her." The stillness was tense as he added, "*You* must take her to Coney."

A scream shot from the professor's old throat, half of wrath, half of terror.

"Shame!" somebody cried.

Horlick was firm. In his mind he was saying to himself he could catch the express for the West if he hurried. He turned on his elderly fellow-members with the hardness of fear. "It seems to me only fair," he said, "that Professor Bidman should go. If you don't agree, he needn't, but *some* one of you gentlemen must. After what has been said I certainly can't be the one to go looping the loop with her."

The club staggered back from him, appalled at this call on their manhood. Old William assisted the venerable scholar to a seat in the coat room, and was heard trying to soothe with reassurances his quavering bleats.

"Send her back to East Carrington," Doctor Rutcher hoarsely demanded. "No one must take her to Coney."

Horlick gave a bitter laugh. "I'd like to see anyone stop her. Once that automobile starts, she's going, and she won't go alone."

"Bidman," said Doctor Rutcher, paying no attention to Horlick, "you and this young man are jointly responsible for this situation. You must use your authority. You and he must take the girl back to Jewett's. Leave her down there, and return to town together at once in this motor. After that we can all try to settle things. But that's the first step."

The voice of justice always, or, at any rate, often, is mighty. Having spoken, it bore down the protests of both the professor and Horlick. The club was a unit against them. They were pushed toward the door.

There at the curb stood the automobile with the happy young cook in it. She wore a hat furry with feathers which waved in the breeze.

Professor Bidman, with the Sumerian Epic clasped under one arm, was slowly assisted to take a seat beside this magnificence. The chauffeur, impatient of waiting, started the engine. Horlick was thrust up the step. But as the car sprang ahead, Katie called to the chauffeur, "Coney Island!"—and Horlick made a leap to the curb and sped off down the street.

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE LAYMAN

BY BROOKS SHEPARD

"I HAVE been asked to present this interesting subject," began the lecturer; and in the calculated, impressive pause that followed I was minded to reach for my hat and coat, for I knew that he was about to add, "in terms which the layman can understand."

Since giving the matter thought, I have objected to being called a "layman."

Webster gives no hint of the insult implied in the word. Originally a layman was simply a man who was not a clergyman. Nobody thought of taking offense at being called a layman, unless it be the divinity student who had flunked his finals. It implied no more affront than to call us humans because we are not pachyderms. It was purely a negative affair, and nobody's concern.

Presently the physics and the barristers awoke to the advantages to be had from an appellation which drew attention to a class by excluding the rest of the known world. They made a great pother about it, and before we knew what had happened the meaning of the term "layman" had been extended to include all those who were not professional men.

Having conveyed this much in his definition, Webster dropped the word to take up "lazar," forgetting that he had defined "lay-figure" as a dummy upon which garments are draped. He had twenty thousand words on his mind; and, for that matter, a lazar is distinctly more interesting, because more individual, than a mere layman.

This brings me to the point. We are not just laymen; we are *mere* laymen. A stigma is attached to nonprofessionalism. We have coal-tar chemists, theosophists, and health officers; patent lawyers and midwives; landscape gardeners, clairvoyants, and sanitary engineers. Each professional group has its trade publication, its class consciousness, its jargon. Each is aware of the intellectual gap that separates it from the vulgar plodding mind of society at large. Each enjoys telling the layman, in words of one syllable, a tithe of what it is doing and thinking. When a professor of geology calls a stratum a "layer," he feels that he has stooped to pat the head of his audience. He is gracious and admirable. It is like giving to the poor without deprivation to oneself.

People do not like to be talked down to; they would rather be dazed by professional jargon. They feel flattered that the lecturer should imagine they understand him. They enjoy looking up doubtful words in their dictionaries, and they are impressed with the importance of things they do not comprehend. I would rather be told that the magnitude of a fixed star is determined by observing its peristaltic movement, which I do not pretend to understand, than to hear it graciously explained that "by a salt we mean a chemical combination of two or more elements," which everybody knows.

Nor is this all. There are dabsters at science, amateurs, who parade their pseudo-attainments before their friends with the placid assurance of the elect. Take the case of Galbraith, a floorwalker in a dry-goods store. Galbraith is a mild sort of a jackass, with spectacles and long, narrow feet. He possesses a microscope, which he bought at a fire sale. At his club he talks knowingly

about spirogyra and streptococci, and tells the boys that disease would be eliminated in ten years if the layman knew what the poppycoccus looked like under a powerful lens. And the boys feel mean and inferior and restless, and they would like to punch Galbraith and take away his eyepiece. They do not know where he obtained his startling information, but they do not like his esoteric swagger.

He made the blunder of calling them laymen. Or he may have said "average man." The boys knew what he meant. He made them feel that he was speaking for a class which knew all there was to know about disease, and which rather pitied the world for knowing less.

For Galbraith belongs to a microscope club. Once a month he and his fellows meet to discuss what they have seen under the lens, or what the textbook tells them they ought to have seen. When poor Galbraith first became a member he could scarcely wait to impart to his fellows the astonishing news that a human hair looks rather like a crowbar if you magnify it enough; but the news was received so coldly that Galbraith felt crushed. It seemed that only laymen fooled with human hairs; serious-minded men went in for bacteria.

So presently Galbraith studied germs and swapped slides and became intolerable.

If there is any single motive which draws a man into a microscope club, it is the vague desire that, as one of a group, he may call the rest of the world "laymen." He hopes he may say to people, "we think" or "we have discovered." Thus we have star gazers and stamp collectors and vegetarians, and people who hunt birds without a gun. There are poetry leagues and drama leagues, and groups organized to study living conditions, or insects. A man once showed me where a tomato worm's intestinal tract is, lifting the creature between thumb and forefinger, and turning it deftly horrid-side-up so that I might look at its stomach. Nothing in our relations could have led him to suspect that I was even mildly interested in the viscera of a tomato worm. But he wanted to be smiling and tolerant, gripping his rotten worm, while he watched me shrink. It was a subtle way of calling me a layman.

The impulse to call people laymen is as old as vanity; that is to say, as old as the human race. The animals were not named by Adam and Eve; they were named by Adam, in order that he might tell Eve what they were. We are born with the impulse. When I was a small boy, I used to carry snakes in my pockets. It was not because I loved snakes, nor was denied other pets, but because some of my playmates were afraid of snakes, while I was not. I was calling my playmates "laychildren," and they probably hated me during this performance worse than they hated snakes. When I was in college I dropped snakes and took up Elizabethan English. I belonged to a highbrow club. I could be as offensive with Sir Philip Sidney as ever I could with a garter snake, and I believe that I was. One's capacity for snobbishness is augmented by membership in a group. One says, "WE are of the opinion."

What can we do about it, we laymen? We have no scientific hobbies, most of us. We cannot speak with authority about Mushrooms or Calories. We cannot tell people with calm finality about the mating of goldfishes, or the winter coloration of the Potbellied Goatgrabber. All we do is pay taxes, bolster the census, and furnish the statistician with raw material; yes, and the lecturer with an audience. We would not abolish lecturers, and we could not abolish human vanity. Nothing is left to us but defense. Let us organize into Laymen's Luncheon Clubs; else let each man acquire a fund of heavy, obscure information wherewith to confound his lecturer. The first method might be termed segregation; the second, vaccination. My own choice is the latter, and I am learning everything about viking civilization

in the tenth century. I refuse to be the peg upon which every catchpenny lecturer hangs the cloak of his self-esteem.

THE REFUGE OF THE PAST

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THERE are two dream refuges secure from disillusionment. One is the Future, the other the Past. For some of us the Future—just now, at all events—seems to wear too much the aspect of an exaggerated Present to meet the demands of our imagination. It seems too much like an extended shadow of our fears, rather than the radiant searchlight of our hopes. It is nearing us every moment with disquieting rapidity; and, proverbially, it is distance that lends enchantment. And here the Past has an evident advantage, for it is receding with ever-accelerated speed, like the waters of the torrent. It can never come again, and we can never catch up with it. Old London and Old Paris are all but vanished, "one with Nineveh and Tyre." Yet their very vanishing is our opportunity, and it is the same with all those beautiful dead ladies, and gay princes, and gallant *anciens régimes*. They are beyond the test of our experience, and even the economic interpretation of history casts but a passing blight upon them. The Past remains inviolable. It is like a work of art which gains in beauty from Time.

Vainly the realist, so-called, warns us of its ill-paven streets, dimly lit by lanterns at nightfall, odorous with foul gutters, and beset by bravos, avers that the sanitation of the Past was appalling, that the personal habits of the Past were unmentionable, that the table manners of the Past lacked modern refinement, and that the morals of the Past were simply scandalous. We know all these things perfectly well, and who will not agree with a delightful contemporary humorist when he says, "I should not like to have a nerve killed by an Elizabethan dentist." We likewise hear with equanimity that the famous beauties of the Past were not beauties at all, and that Cleopatra and Mary Queen of Scots would not be looked at even once on Fifth Avenue; that few heroes did the deeds attributed to them, few wits made the *mots* with which they are credited; that most victories were really defeats in disguise; that the Crusades were a purely business enterprise; that knighthood never was in flower; that martyrs allowed themselves to be burned alive for the advertisement and because they rather liked the sensation; that the Magna Charta amounted to nothing; that the Pilgrim Fathers were really a "trust"; that Nelson never said "England expects"; that some one wrote Lincoln's Gettysburg speech for him; and that generally all the "greatness" of the Past by which we have accustomed ourselves to being inspired—greatness of men, women, and events—was, when looked into, nothing more than stock jobbing and a manipulation of contemporary markets. A gigantic fraud from beginning to end—at best a fairy tale. Such, some would have it, was the Past, and, what is more, they can prove it!

It is neither profitable nor amusing to argue with these pedantic dullards. They have their reward. Our concern here is not with the truth of the Past, but with its beauty, its romance, be it imaginary or real; though it is probable that what has come to be generally believed about the Past is, on the whole, the probable truth about it. What men have long believed to be true may be faulty in particulars, but in essence it is not likely to be far astray. We go to the Past as we go to the theater, to refresh ourselves with make-believe, and there can be no question that it is the most entertaining and various of all possible shows. It is a wonderful continuous performance, at which we may drop in at all hours. We have but to open a book, and we are transported there in a moment. A line of Horace, a scene from Shakespeare, an essay of Addison's, "the Pompadour's fan," a bit of blue

china, or an old chair—a hundred such magically evocative things provide an instant "open sesame" to that dream world. We can choose our century according to inclination, and step from one to another with the facile transition of dreams. If we be of a hero-worshiping turn of mind, we can meet any of our beloved great ones we please. We can see Shelley plain at any hour of the day.

If the uniform mediocrity of our proletarian times makes us homesick for magnificence and distinction, the courts of fantastic kings and the halls of princely exquisites and golden patrons of the arts of life are open to us. In short, we can indulge all our fancies and our whims, whatever they may be, in this strange old playroom of the Past. But, over and above this refreshment of our imagination, this use of the past as a sort of artistic relaxation, it lends itself, in the case of certain temperaments, to a deeper service. Nothing is truer than that "the mind is its own place," and that our real lives are where our minds are rather than our bodies. We may eat and drink and pay our rent in the twentieth century, and employ certain of its conveniences for our physical comfort, but we may have little other concern with it, and indeed find it an uncongenial climate for what used to be called the immortal part of us; and we may even feel that certain mortal predilections of ours would have found their satisfaction in other centuries rather than this. Some would seem to hold it a form of *lèse-majesté* toward the Present for one to be in any way out of agreement or sympathy with "the times in which we live"; and to suggest that the Present is not Perfection is as dangerous as to suggest that America is not Paradise. To do so is to be stigmatized as a "reactionary," a label not entirely without danger in this direct-actionary times. Yet, if the wholesale praiser of past times may easily provoke irritation, the wholesale dispraiser of them is even more stupid; for, apart from personal predilection, it is easily demonstrable that, as Sterne said of France, they managed certain things better in the Past than they do in the Present, and that it were wiser to try and recapture certain "old perfections of the earth," to use Lord de Tabley's beautiful phrase, than to deride them. True "progress" may in the end be better served by what one may properly call creative reaction.

Creative reaction will probably be the next step in the process of the evolutionary turmoil at present rather violently in evidence, and, when the new order of things has had time to cool, we shall probably find that an instinctive wisdom has preserved more of the Past than some of us had dared to hope. Meanwhile, there can be no harm if those of us not actively engaged in the destructive construction of the new heaven upon the new earth retire into the cloister of the Past and there assist the Present with our prayers. For in that Past there are satisfactions which the Present does not bring us. The Ages of Faith are there. The reasoning powers had not yet usurped entire control of the human spirit. The brain yet retained its humility, and the heart its reverence. Religion still existed. Men still believed in God, in the Moral Law, in Duty, in Honor, in Pity. Atheism and sacrilege were rare. Pessimism was not yet invented. Universal cynicism and iconoclasm were undreamed of, and ribald materialism still attracted attention. These seem some good serious reasons for withdrawing from the Present and taking sanctuary with the Past. And there are others which, if not quite so solemn, make the past a desirable refuge. There is not nearly so much Noise in the Past. The nymph Quiet is to be found there—that goddess *Quies*, who, of old time, always had her temple outside the city walls.

And, with Quiet, Leisure. There was but little Speed in the Past, yet quite enough for the attainment of the greatest ends. The speed by which we reach nowhere, and attain nothing, in the shortest possible time—"Oh, why such

haste with nothing at the end?"—was unknown in the Past.

Also in the Past there were many charming and comfortable, beautiful and distinguished and companionable things of which even the most earnest lover of the present will sigh the lack. There were wonderful old houses. There were horses and dogs, and men who loved them, too. There were vast, roomy inns, in which the comfort of ages brooded like old ale. There was also the service of the antique world—not the condescending "service" of to-day. There were charming manners, and heartiness and gayety. And there was kindly candlelight, and there were viols and virginals in the black-raftered hall, and every man could sing his own song, as he could ply his own sword. If the Past be a lumber room, it is one into which more and more some of us will be glad to steal away for refuge and for companionship with its romantic shadows.

LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF ORLOB, THE NOVELIST

Translated by

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

WHY do they tell these lies? All my life I have listened to them talk—the fools! They talked of the tranquillity of nature, of the peace and quiet of the country in summertime. . . . And I, Nicholas Orlob, because there was a novel tangled in my brain, and because I wished tranquillity in which to write, was caught by the talk of fools, and left my city which I had never left before, either summer or winter, since the year I was born, and went into the country, from June to October, to bring forth my novel in peace . . . peace and tranquillity! . . . When, when shall I learn that whatever thing many people agree upon cannot be true? I have always known that. I was born knowing it. Yet, alas! I cannot resist now and then the temptation to believe. The desire to believe something comes upon me. It is a weakness. I shall never be great until I have mastered it. The great never believe. . . .

It is October, and I have come back again, with the novel still tangled in my brain. It would have been finished by now if I had not gone away, if I had stayed here in the city where I belong, the city which is built of stone and concrete; if I had never gone out there to the country, to the country where nothing is still, nothing rests, and all is movement, change, impermanence. . . . Or perhaps I might have endured everything else if it had not been for the terrible activity of those elderberries outside my window. Yes, I might have endured the rest, but I could do nothing, nothing, against that inconceivable, that steady, unceasing activity of those elderberries.

It began the first day. They grew outside my window by the well, and they were the first thing I saw when I arrived. Tall bushes, high as a man, and covered with white bloom. Soft white bloom, like confirmation, like brides; and I said to myself that I should enjoy looking at them all summer; they would make me happy as long as I stayed. . . . And the very next morning when I woke they had changed. I could scarcely tell how at first, but they were not the same. They were thinner, not so soft, not so white. And here and there the flesh-colored stems showed through. . . .

It had been going on all night while I slept! While I lay unconscious in my bed, there had been going on just outside my window that amazing steady change.

There were two windows in my room. The second one framed a tree-covered hillside rising a few hundred yards away. . . . I turned and looked out. . . . Yes, it, too, had changed. . . . Inexplicably, subtly, but changed. A denser green here, lighter there—a space filled out. . . .

That, then, was the beginning. . . . Day and night it increased. There were

other things besides the elderberries and the trees on the side of the hill. Other things? Everything! Nothing escaped. Nothing stood still. I could think of nothing else. My work was still unbegun. I no longer slept. All night I could hear the secret murmurous movement going on, and the endless sound of the hurrying river which never sleeps upon its bed. . . . And I have heard the sound of running rivers praised as sedative! . . . I watched the stars move horribly across the sky. (Thank God, here in my city one never sees the stars!) All day I knew they marched around the under side of the world.

The white bloom disappeared from the bushes beside the well. Infinitesimal green berries had begun to form. Spots that had been bare in the door-yard turned a bright, fresh green. And still my novel was unbegun. Although I sat day after day at a table, paper and pen before me, not a word was it possible to put down. My own brain had become the one static thing in the midst of all that appalling activity. It alone stood still while everything else in the universe rushed inexorably on!

Even the sunlight that came in at my open door. At first how I rejoiced, and watched how it fell like an oblong—a length of yellow silk across the floor. But only then. I looked away, and when I looked again it had moved, shifted, slanted out of shape . . . that immaterial thing of light, that delicate, unreal thing, could not achieve an instant's permanence or repose.

The farmer's wife, young, red-cheeked, blue-eyed, came at dusk, bringing my lamp, which she had forgotten to fill. As she set it down on the window sill, she stooped to look out. "You have a good view here from this window," she said; "it is never two days the same." Fool! As if I did not know there was no rest out that window for me. Two days! There were never two seconds the same. And she said it with a kind of smirk, as one praises something one has to sell.

And one day I met her at the well and she looked up. "We'll soon be having elderberries," she said, with a nod of her head toward the bushes beyond the well.

She was a fool, that girl. No sensibilities, no intelligence. Could she not see that I was not to be spoken to of those things? But no. One day she came into my room. She had placed some long blue flowers in a brown milk jug, and set it in the gray-stone fireplace. I was fond of the blue flowers at once. They were beautiful, like long blossoming whips standing up against the cool, gray stone. "I should like them just so all summer," I said. She laughed, and I knew before she said it what she was going to say: "They stay only a week or ten days, the blue ones. After they go there come white ones like them," she said. I could not enjoy those flowers for thinking how soon they would be gone; I dreaded to see the white ones appear. But they came! Nothing in nature can be interrupted—nothing can be stopped or stayed.

I give you my word I never saw that terrible girl that she did not in some way touch upon the very quick of my unhappiness. She was always going about the yard singing as if she had no sense. Soon after I arrived a nest of chickens was hatched, and she tended them, fed them, and they followed her about. I could not look at the little white fluffy things without seeing them as they would be in a month. My God! a month! Thirty days!—the white down disappeared, long-legged, scrawny, coarse yellow feathers — and, sure enough, on the very day—I stood watching them—and like an evil spirit there was that creature before me, a tin pan in her hand and corn in her blue apron. "We'll be having some fine fryers before long now," she said.

Why has God given those creatures red cheeks and blue eyes and no brains?

I should have fled from the place if my summer's lodging had not been paid in advance. I was compelled to stay

compelled to watch the silent, effortless progress of those elderberries beside the well, while I strove in vain to set down a word. For, although I might escape all the rest, I could not escape those elderberries. They were too near. They thrust themselves upon my consciousness every hour of the day. And although, stare as long and steadily as I might, I could never detect them in the process of change, yet I knew it was going on there under my eyes every instant of time. The green berries turned lavender, turned red, turned purple, turned black. And presently the farmer's wife gathered them and made wine, and bottled it.

The grass in the dooryard was brown. The trees that covered the hillside had a different set of colors every day for weeks, then the leaves turned brown and dropped.

The farmer's wife brought out the wine she had made from the elderberries, and gave it to us to drink with our meals.

Yes—if it had not been for those elderberries outside my window I might have endured all the rest. . . .

I shall never leave the city again. The city, which is made of stone and concrete, the city in which men and the minds of men are the only moving things.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

"SOMETHING must be done about it, and the sooner the better. It simply can't be allowed to go on spreading and spreading and infecting the Lord only knows how many people. It's a disease, and it's growing more virulent in every generation."

Bradford's words were without preamble, and they were thoroughly characteristic. He was given to verbal explosions, explosions related to no apparent cause. He wrote reviews, but he wanted to write blank verse. It was an early and persistent conviction of his that the reading public lacked soul.

"My dear Brad," I began, in my calmest manner, "you are doubtless right, but what is it that must be stamped out? Prohibition?"

He snorted. "You can afford to be funny. You don't have to review the blamed things."

"Review what?" I hazarded, quietly.

"Review what?" he repeated. "What do you think? Autobiography!"

His voice was that of a man who had suffered much. I began to comprehend, and I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right, Brad, old man. Don't take it so hard."

"You don't know how bad it is," he muttered.

"Yes, I do." I nodded sympathetically. I knew from previous confessions of his that book reviewing was a horrible business.

"Reviewing in general is bad enough, but I could stand it all until I ran up against Autobiography. I wrote a review of *Flowers of My Unsuspected Past*, by Lady Chortle, and the editor of *The Cry* liked it. Since then he has given me nothing but Autobiographies, Reminiscences, Memoirs, and My Lives. And the other editors have done the same. I hated the work at first, but now—O my Lord!"

He passed his hand across his brow in a state of temporary collapse. After a moment's silence he burst forth again:

"Do you realize that there is not a single law to prevent anyone from writing the story of his own life? And do you realize that everyone does write the story of his own life?" Apparently he did not expect an answer, for he rushed on: "Any disappointed, empty-headed, whimpering little egoist can translate his miserable empty life into print and make people read it. They are not satisfied with their normal span of existence. They are mad to live on, so they proceed to put their pitiful lives between the covers of a book. And I have to read them!"

"Not really!" I exclaimed, in genuine horror. "You don't actually read them?"

"Yes, I do," Bradford replied, almost savagely. "But that isn't the worst of it. *I've got so I like them, so I can't live without them.* At first I didn't read them, except for the title page, the publisher's notice, and a paragraph here and there. The work was dull enough, but I managed to write interesting, readable reviews." He sighed reminiscently. "But as time went on I found that I was reading more and more of the Autobiographies. The disease had hold of me."

"The disease?" I asked, wonderingly.

"It's like taking dope. You have no idea how insidious the thing is. I hated these Autobiographies, and I still hate them, because I know they are ruining my life, but they have come to exercise a strange fascination over me. The infection was slow, but fatal. Now I care for nothing save prying into the lives of obscure persons, dwelling on intimate revelations of people whom no one has ever heard of. I've lost all my former interests. I can't write poetry. I take more pleasure in finding out what John Smith ate for breakfast on June 3, 1876, than I do in reading the finest novel. I have become a literary body snatcher. My only hope is that there is some way to stop people writing Autobiographies. That would save others from my fate."

He stopped abruptly and crumpled up, his head in his hands. He was a pitiful figure, but he was a tragic one as well. Some moments later he heaved himself out of his chair and announced the necessity for departure. "I have some reading to do," he said, in explanation, and as his eyes avoided mine I fancied that I saw in them the gleam of the drug fiend.

I walked with him to the door, and as I opened it he seized my hand with a certain solemnity.

"Will you promise me something?" he asked.

"Yes." It was the only answer that I could give to his pleading eyes.

"Promise me that you will never write an Autobiography. When you feel the sense of your own importance overwhelming you, walk out into the night and look up at the stars. That will cure your egotism—if it is not too late."

"I promise," I answered.

He thanked me eloquently with a hearty handshake, and departed.

Late that night my telephone rang. Bradford had died at nine o'clock that evening.

The doctor's verdict was apoplexy, but I was sure that I knew better. They had found him sitting under his reading-lamp with a volume on the floor at his feet, where it had fallen from his hands. It was entitled, *The Life and Times of John Schuyler Sheridan Jones, Written by Himself.*

Among Bradford's effects was found a letter, addressed to me, of which I shall quote only the closing paragraph:

> I am asking you to take charge of the publication of these papers because I consider you my closest friend. If I die unexpectedly at any time, you will find the diary referred to in the third drawer of my desk. I have been compelled to write this account of my life because I think it has been, in certain respects, unique—my mental life, you understand, not my worldly adventures. I feel that I have been vastly misunderstood. I was born to be a poet. My Autobiography will reveal to the public the genius that it killed.

As I put down the letter I looked out the window. It was a clear, star-strewn night, and I thought of Brad's cure for egotism. I turned off the light that I might see the heavens. Andromeda was reaching out toward Perseus, and Algol was winking at Arcturus low down in the west.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THAT young Mr. Garland of Massachusetts, who declined last November to receive a million and a quarter of dollars that was his by inheritance from his father, has been exercising his young mind on a subject which is just now the cause of much disturbance in this world. Mr. Garland had scruples of conscience about receiving the money. As the newspapers quote him, he said: "I cannot accept it. It is not mine. I never did anything to earn it. To accept it would be against the teachings of Christ and against my moral beliefs." Now it would be easy to argue and probably to demonstrate that it is not against the teachings of Christ for Mr. Garland to take his inheritance, and that it ought not to be against his moral beliefs, but the important thing about the whole matter is that so many minds now operating in this world have become subject to impressions something like his. All strikes, of which there have been so many here and abroad, are due to an impression of the strikers that somebody is getting something that does not rightfully belong to him and which they themselves are entitled to. Bolshevism theoretically is based on this feeling that the people who are owners of a large part of the property in the civilized world have no real right to it.

"I refuse," says young Garland, "to accept the money because it is not mine. A system which starves thousands while hundreds are stuffed, condemns itself. A system which leaves a sick woman helpless and offers its services to a healthy man condemns itself. It is such a system that offers me a million dollars."

The system that he speaks of is what the Socialists and the Bolshevists and various active reformers or destroyers call the capitalistic system, and is that under which the business of the civilized world is at present conducted. The capitalistic system is based on the right to private property. A hundred years ago, Daniel Webster, in his speech on the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, declared that "a republican form of government rests not more on political constitutions than on those laws which regulate the descent and transmission of property." The true principle, he said of a free and popular government, would seem to be "so to construct it as to give to all, or at least to a very great majority, an interest in its preservation; to found it as other things are founded, on men's interest." It would seem, then, he argued, to be the part of political wisdom "to found government in property; and to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the support of the government." If Mr. Garland had based his rejection of his inheritance on the ground that the distribution of property (which in Mr. Webster's time was fairly satisfactory) had come in our day to be so uneven and so inequitable as to endanger the continuance of our government, his action would have been understandable, at least, to many persons who, as it was, were puzzled by it. If our government rests, as Mr. Webster said, as much on property laws as on political constitutions, anyone who thought our property laws were working in such a fashion as to hurt more people than they helped,

might repudiate them in so far as his personal interests were concerned, as a pure act of patriotism. Men give their lives willingly to save or benefit their country; a man, it would seem, might forego his inheritance to the same end without appearing unduly eccentric.

But Mr. Garland seemed not to base his action on any special concern for the preservation of republican government. He seemed not to have reasoned about that at all, but to have been impelled by an instinctive sense that something was very wrong with the world and that it seemed to be closely connected with the fact that under the existing system some people had vastly more than they needed and did not earn it, and others not nearly enough, and had to work too hard to get that little, and that for him, who hated such conditions, the right thing to do was to refuse to benefit by the laws and the system that seemed to make them possible. He seemed to be in sympathy with those reformers who feel that the right of private property has outrun its usefulness, or at least has been carried to a dangerous excess, and who would have the governments own and control the machinery that provides all the necessaries of life and a large part of the raw materials which have to be furnished. In Russia such a system is now being tried, but not yet with an engaging degree of success so far as our information can be trusted. This may be the idea that is at the bottom of Mr. Garland's mind—that the accumulation of property and its transmission to heirs is not right, and that we should live under a system which will look after everyone and guarantee him subsistence.

But his right to his inheritance is not really based on the capitalistic system—not exactly. It is based on the common law of England. The law recognizes that the right of inheritance is not a natural right, but it grants and defends it for convenience sake. It was discovered by experience that abandoned property made trouble and that when anyone died who had property it was better for the public peace that there should immediately be recognized owners for all of it. So the right of children to inherit the property of their parents was recognized, and in the default of children it went to the next of kin. The aim was that nothing should be left around loose for people to quarrel and fight over. Young Mr. Garland declined to accept possession of the property the law awards to him—would neither take it himself nor exercise the right to bestow it on some one else, so it stays in the hands of his trustees who are embarrassed at having to retain it, but mean to do their duty in the matter, whatever it seems to be. They complained that there was no precedent for the position that their unwilling heir had put them in.

One would say that the best thing for them to do would be to let young Mr. Garland's money accumulate while he gained experience of life and a fuller wisdom than anyone is likely to have at twenty-one. He is very young and has no reason to suppose that he has come yet to the full view on any subject that will finally control his development in life. Does he not make too much of money and take it too hard? He seems to have it clear in his mind that man is more than dollars, and in that he is right. If he thinks that too many dollars are apt to damage the man, especially if he gets them young, he is right about that, too. They are apt to slow up youthful energies. Inheritances have ruined many men, or at least hindered them from developing their powers to the fullest degree, for most people need the compulsions of necessity to make them work.

William K. Vanderbilt, who died the other day, was quoted as having said early in life that the huge inheritance which had come to him had left him no career. He felt that everything he could do for himself had been done for him. It was interesting that he should have felt so, whether or not he was right. The real trouble may have been that he was

not spiritually equal to exercising the amount of power his inheritance gave him, though as it was he did not do so ill with it.

The trouble about money is the disposition to lie down on it and let it carry one. A good many rich people lose their punch. They get used to a manner of life with ample provision of money in it and don't want to change. That makes them too insistent on the existing order. It makes them see the material things too big and tends to cloud their spiritual vision. The spiritual things are really all there is that is permanent. But this world, though temporary, is very much with us. We have to live in it and be of it. Other people the same. A great mechanism of life has to be kept up. As population increases it has to be improved and developed. We have to get oil out of the earth, and coal; raise food on its surface. The inhabitants must mingle if they are to develop to advantage. Money is an agent in all these things, a handy tool. Who has it makes less difference than people suppose, if only so be it does its work. The simplest life is not necessarily the best. The sheep is not the ideal of man. On the contrary, man was made in the image of a Being of immense resources, immense powers; if not Himself of immense activity, still a prodigious cause of activity in others. There is more than one kind of job in this world, and more than one manner of life that can be reconciled to the teachings of Christ. The aim, the use, is everything. The quantity of money involved is unimportant. All you can get out of money, anyhow, is board and lodging, opportunities for education, and power. If your lodging is too expensive it is a care, and if you have too much to eat it is a disadvantage and in the end taxes your strength and maybe makes you ill. If you misuse power, it does harm. It is the spirit of man that is important, not money, one way or the other. Young Garland has acted according to his conscience and his information. One can't say he has done wrong; indeed, he is better off than if he had taken his million dollars and lived on it uselessly, or spent it for mere pleasures. But if he has rejected the chance for more usefulness and accepted less, why, that is a mistake —not a fatal mistake, but a mistake. For twenty years, or maybe a little more, money has been growing steadily less imposing. It is still convenient, but its power has shrunk. Another kind of power—the power of spirit, the power of ideas—is crowding up on the money power year after year. In the end, with good luck, it will govern it, but not annihilate it. The Bolsheviks would annihilate it; they would annihilate the money power altogether. The Bolsheviks are communists; their idea is that all should share alike, but that involves a dreadful leveling down and repression of talents. Somebody must rule. There must be government. The only question is whether it shall be representative or autocratic. Just now the Russians have arbitrary government, apparently very bad. But most of their communism has faded out, and is not Mr. Garland's idea communism? Perhaps if he thought he had earned the million dollars he would take it, but the idea one gets is that it is his view that nobody should have a million dollars.

A million and a quarter is not a very great sum in these days, but if young Mr. Garland should argue that he was not equal to the responsibility the income of that much money imposed upon him, it would not be unreasonable. Probably he is not, but he might learn. Whoever turns his back on lawful power seems to commit a fault. He is like the man who buried his talent. When Mr. Garland refused his million, some of the other heirs of millions felt flouted and gave indignant sympathy to the poor million that had been turned away. Mr. Garland, they said, is a quitter—he shirks his responsibility, and in that there was a certain amount of truth. But no one can blame him because, as far as he could see what was right, he did it.

The English law of primogeniture recognizes the possible deleterious effects of property in a practical and quite amusing way. It gives the bulk of whatever is inheritable to the oldest son. To be sure, it was started when there was not much to be inherited but land. The oldest son got the property and the duty of defending it and the other responsibilities that went with it. He was the head of the family and, if he was a good man, he assumed the duties to the family his father had borne before him. By this system only one man in the family ran the risk of being slowed up by his inheritance. Only one needed to devote himself to the property already acquired—the rest of them could go out and seek their own fortunes; and it has been mainly the younger sons, who had to find themselves jobs and the means of living, that carried the British flag all over the world and made England great. But the eldest sons who got the property kept up a family home, and that is very important indeed, and many of them served that larger public, their country, to very great purpose besides.

In raising a family money is useful. In educating children it is useful. In tiding over illnesses it is useful. The modern improvers of mankind would have that all done by the state. It seems to be, though Heaven knows what is the truth about Russia, that the soviet government there assumes the charge of all children whether parents like it or not. If that is true, it is to our minds a deplorable condition; but, then, we live under a capitalistic system and have been taught to think that family life is a good thing and that young children are best off under the control of their parents. So they are, when the parents are good or even halfway decent; but the authority of parents over children is an imperfect institution, just as the capitalistic system is an imperfect institution. Maybe young Mr. Garland will recognize sometime that all the institutions under which we live or do business are imperfect; that they are merely the best that we can do. Then perhaps he may realize that the institutions he would substitute for them, if he has any in mind, would also be imperfect—that, instead of insuring freedom, they might destroy it; that for parental rule, which is tolerable in most cases, they would substitute a rule that no one knows much about and which looks far less attractive.

Human liberty is one of the great things to be defended and preserved. Great possessions are apt not so much to defend as to restrict it. Accumulated money is for a man very much what armament is for a nation. A nation gets afraid of its neighbors or becomes aspiring and wants more than it can legitimately gain by purchase or negotiation, and it turns to armament to defend itself against the jealousy of rival states or the consequences of its own greed. It wants to do as it will, and to put something strong between itself and interference, whether the interference is just or not. So it is with money. Prudent men wish to accumulate it because they think it makes them safe, and most of us think a fair amount of money laid away is a wise and handy protection. But it can be overdone, just as armament can be overdone, and as soon as it is overdone it becomes a peril and an anxiety, and instead of bringing freedom it brings fear.

For freedom is a spiritual state. It is a state of mind even more than a state of body. A man may be in his legal status a slave, and yet be free in spirit, and he may be ever so rich and not be free. When the soul dominates the body, then a man is free. When the body dominates the soul, then he is not free. When you see a bull grazing in the field, please notice that he usually has a ring in his nose. That is the condition of a great many men whose bodies dominate their souls, and the fact that the ring may be a gold ring does not help it. What one suspects in Mr. Garland is that he wishes to be free. We may not think that he goes about it wisely, but surely the aspiration is worth while.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE TIME CLOCK IN THE TAJ MAHAL

BY CAMBRAY BROWN

"YOU may say what you please, the most extraordinary romances are those that come out of real life," Duckworth maintained, stubbornly. He stood with his back to the fireplace, with a chicken sandwich in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, which hampered sadly his gesticulations.

It was the monthly "smoker" at the rooms of the Westport Writers' Club. Scarcely more than a dozen members had braved the inclemencies of the wet November night—just enough to make a comfortable circle around the logs glowing in the big, stone fireplace—so that the subject set that evening for discussion had resolved itself into an informal causerie. Jackson, the aged local caterer, who was invariably requisitioned for these occasions, had already passed round the salad and sandwiches and was serving the coffee.

"It's the things that happen in real life that beggar imagination," Duckworth repeated.

"You've said something," put in a voice at his elbow, but at this outspoken—and somewhat crude—indorsement of his words Duckworth only looked annoyed.



"I HAD TO RECRUIT NEARLY THREE HUNDRED OF THEM FOR THAT JOB"

No one could have said precisely who the speaker was, or how he happened to be in the club that evening. Presumably some member had brought him as a guest. But something about the sleek cut of his blue serge clothes, and his cheery, brisk manner, seemed to deny the man of letters. They were suggestive, rather, of a prosperity derived from the sale of mining stock or "old masters."

"Then you agree with me, Mr.—er—"

"Standish," the stranger supplied, affably. "Oh, yes, I've knocked about the world a lot in my time. I've seen a lot of life. The things that never could happen are happening every day."

The stranger broke off uneasily, smiled in an abashed way, as if he had ventured too far into the literary conclave, and turned to flick the ashes from his cigar into the fireplace. There was a pause, during which various members of the group looked at one another uncertainly. The man in the blue-serge suit was difficult to place.

"Do you write, Mr. Standish?"

It was Crosby, who, thrusting his coffee cup upon the ledge over the fireplace, had turned to the stranger.

Standish smiled at the question and promptly shook his head. "Oh no, indeed. Often wished I could. But it's a gift—reserved to the few—"

It was a disarming and not infelicitous answer in the ears of those who heard. Obviously, the stranger knew his place, even if he was decidedly out of place in a gathering of this sort.

"That's the Taj Mahal," Crosby volunteered, for Mr. Standish's benefit. The latter, frankly interested in everybody and everything around him, was staring at the large, framed print above the fireplace. Crosby was about to continue, with some interesting details regarding the famous mausoleum of India, when the other spoke up, suddenly:

"I wonder why tney never photograph it except from the southeast. Those minarets bunch up differently if you get off on the western side. Make a real nifty effect."

"Then you've been there—!"

Something of a sensation had been created in the room. The stranger's crudity of phrase, which had fallen unpleasantly upon the circle, was overborne by the astounding fact that he had actually looked upon the Taj Mahal.

"Yes, I was in that neighborhood for quite a spell," Standish admitted.

"And you have actually gazed upon the Taj Mahal!"

"Uh-huh."

"The Taj Mahal!" breathed the poet Thorne, and the whole room meditated upon the magic connotation of the words.

Standish alone remained matter of fact and unimpressed. He turned to Duckworth to remark, casually:

"The queer thing about it was that I had to install a time clock in that joint."

Crosby spoke up sharply: "Did I understand you to say—a *time clock?*"

"Uh-huh," answered Standish.

There was a long moment of profound silence, in which the speaker's sanity rather than his veracity was gravely debated by each member of the club.

Some one appealed to Crosby as the fount of all information.

"Isn't the Taj Mahal a sort of Moslem tomb?"

"Right," said Crosby. "Erected in the seventeenth century by the Shah Jehan, for his favorite wife. It took twenty years to build. The mosaics alone are worth a king's ransom. It's all of white marble."

"The white marble is there, all right," agreed Standish, reminiscently. His interest for the moment seemed centered upon Jackson, the caterer, who was going the rounds again with a tray of sandwiches.

"Just what, if I may ask, is a *time* clock?" demanded the poet Thorne. "Don't all clocks keep time?"

Arkwright leaned over to whisper in Thorne's ear.

The poet listened, lifted his eyebrows. "Ah, used in workshops, factories, you say. Naturally the word would puzzle me," he muttered, aside. "Time clock—a most tautological compound." His eyes wandered back bewilderedly to the picture of the famous classic gem of Oriental architecture. "This fellow is spoofing us," he announced to Arkwright in a whisper.

This, indeed, was already the consensus of silent opinion. There was no recourse but to politely ignore so crass and preposterous a statement as the stranger had made.

Meanwhile Duckworth had been studying the picture of the Taj Mahal with a close and critical eye. "Doesn't the stuff in these club rooms ever get a dusting?" he demanded. "Who's chairman of the house committee?



"THERE WAS THE WORST KIND OF A HULLABALOO"

Just look at this frame. . . . Phew!" He had half turned the picture from the wall, disclosing a sad state of neglect. "And will you look here, Crosby! What's this? Bugs?"

Crosby edged up alongside and inspected the back of the picture.

"An unpleasant word, Duckworth. You should refer to them as *psocidæ*. I think a general house cleaning is in order, and the summary expulsion of the *psocidæ*."

Crosby, brushing the dust from his hands, turned to find Standish beaming upon him in his fatuous way. "It's fortunate that they are not the *lacertus luscus*," he observed.

"What's that?" demanded Crosby, frankly stumped by the Latin.

"Why, a sort of second or third cousin, I imagine, to that harmless type of invader you've got there."

He nodded toward the picture frame.

"*Lacertus luscus*," repeated Crosby, impressed by this nonchalant display of scientific nomenclature on the part of the mysterious salesman of mining stock or "old masters" or whatever he really was. "Are you by any chance an entomologist?" he demanded, with sudden inspiration.

The stranger, however, was obviously puzzled by the word. "Am I a—what?"

"An entomologist. A scientific student of insects."

"Oh no, indeed!" Standish disclaimed, with a smile, now that he understood. "Very far from it! But I happen to know about the *lacertus luscus*—a very great deal about the beastly little pests. You see, it was really the *lacertus luscus* that led me to install that time clock in the Taj Mahal."

Crosby and Duckworth looked at each other in a sort of stunned and helpless way.

"Did you get what he just said?" muttered Crosby, guardedly.

"All but the Latin," answered Duckworth, with a suspicious eye cocked over Crosby's shoulder at the unsuspecting stranger. "Do you think he's escaped from some asylum or just lost his reason and wandered in here?"

"He seems harmless enough," muttered Crosby. Then, turning to Standish, who had accepted a third sandwich from the tray, he

ventured: "This is rather extraordinary—what you have just said."

"Well, yes," admitted the stranger, but with a deprecatory smile. "It's what I had in mind a moment ago, when this gentleman"—he indicated Duckworth—"was saying that the things that never could happen are happening every day."

"Won't you tell us about it?" urged Duckworth. Everyone was now intent upon the stranger.

"I don't know that there's much to tell," said Standish, eying his sandwich reflectively, and then biting into it again. "Doubtless you gentlemen know all about the Taj Mahal—much more than I do. The pictures don't do it justice. It stands on a platform of solid white marble—eighteen feet thick and over three hundred feet square. Had to measure it myself, as it happened. But the interior makes the outside look like thirty cents. Mosaics everywhere—agate, bloodstone, jasper. And no light admitted anywhere except through the most wonderful and delicately pierced marble screens. It would bust Rockefeller to duplicate a place like that to-day. And they tell me that it's nothing but a tomb that some ancient Hindu gink built for his wife. I used to stop and think what a lot he must have thought of her—especially since he had other wives to think about—that is, when I had a chance to stop and think, for those blasted Hindu laborers, with their newly acquired Bolshevik notions, kept me on the job every minute."

"I fail to understand," interrupted Thorne. Just what you were doing there?"

"Oh, I didn't explain that, did I? You see, I'm not much of a hand at telling a story—not like you gentlemen, who are writers. Well, those Hindu coolies were worse than any bunch of I. W. W. lumberjacks I ever had to handle. Why, once, out in Idaho . . . let me see . . . that must have been nearly four years ago. . . ."

It seemed that the speaker of the evening, for such he had become, was about to wander far afield from the Taj Mahal. Duckworth forcibly brought him back to the subject.

"You were saying something about Hindu laborers turned Bolshevik."

"Yes. I had to recruit nearly three hundred of them for that job."

"What job?"

"Why, reinforcing that gigantic platform of white marble under the Taj Mahal!" Mr. Standish looked around him in surprise. "Didn't I tell you? Why, you see, heavy rains in the district around Agra had threatened an inundation, and the situation was pretty serious. They had finally called in some English engineers, who looked things over and decided on what preventive measures must be taken. And it was up to me to do it, with those Hindu coolies—the worst bunch I ever had to handle in the Far East, for a bunch of low-caste Mohammedans, newly turned Bolshevik, are the limit. There's no arguing sense into them or kicking the nonsense out of them. They're the worst ever. It was really a bright idea of mine—the time clock."

The speaker paused and munched thoughtfully at his sandwich. "You see," he resumed, with his mouth full, "according to Mohammedan custom, they were hired to work by the day, and a day began half an hour after sunrise and ended at sunset."

"Then I don't see why you needed a time clock," interjected the practical Duckworth.

"We shouldn't—if it had been autumn," Standish explained, "but it was spring, and the days were getting longer. The sun was rising earlier every morning, and setting later. The working day was, therefore, a continually lengthening interval—every day was a little longer than the day before; and those confounded coolies were just enough infected with some crazy brand of Bolshevism to object. They had heard of overtime and the extra pay that goes with it, and they wanted to try it—for the novelty, I suppose, as much as anything. They insisted on a fixed-length working day, and then, as the days grew longer, overtime until sunset. So I had to give in and requisition a time clock from Bombay."

"And you were permitted to install it in the Taj Mahal!" exclaimed Thorne. "Why, I should think it would have been deemed sacrilege!"

"You've said it," agreed Standish. "There was the worst kind of a hullabaloo when I told the native authorities what I was going to do. I was very respectful in proposing it, but at the very thought of a heathen contraption of that sort being brought into that sacred edifice they almost had a fit. However, with those coolies ready to strike and the floods threatening to undermine the foundations of the Taj Mahal—well, there was really no choice in the matter. I got the time clock set up inside the Taj, and those coolies punched it daily. I think they rather



HE PRODUCED FROM HIS POCKET A THIN LEATHER-BOUND BOOK

enjoyed it. It was like a magic toy which decreed them more wages than they deserved."

"But I don't see why you couldn't have put it up somewhere outside—built a shed for it if necessary," objected Duckworth.

"Of course you don't," agreed Standish. "That's because you don't know anything about Agra and the district around the Taj Mahal. There's a jolly good reason why that old Shah, back in the seventeenth century, didn't use any wood in building the Taj Mahal. Even the screens to the windows are of pierced marble. That's because of the *lacertus luscus*."

"Oh, the *lacertus luscus*," Duckworth echoed, mystified.

"Yes, the tagwort. It's a kind of insect found in certain parts of Asia that attacks dry wood. It's almost incredible, but they come from nowhere in particular—billions of them—and can riddle an ordinary board shanty in a night."

"I've heard of certain ferocious kinds of ants in South America," put in Crosby.

"It's much the same thing," assented Standish. "The tagwort will destroy all the dry wood in sight. Why, we had to outfit that gang of coolies with specially constructed picks and shovels—handles made of a kind of composition instead of wood—"

"Most extraordinary!" ejaculated the poet Thorne.

"Well, yes, but not in districts where they are accustomed to the ravages of the tagwort. As to the picks and shovels, we had provided in advance against that contingency, knowing the conditions under which the men would have to work, but it wasn't until that time clock was halfway across India that I happened to think that it would be worse than useless because of its wooden case. There was the tagwort—billions of 'em—ready to eat it up overnight. There was no safe place for it except in the Taj itself—behind a marble barricade, so to speak. So, when the time clock arrived, in it went—into the sacred Taj Mahal."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard," said Thorne, deeply impressed.

"And yet the only sensible thing to do," replied Standish.

"It only goes to show, as I maintained," chortled Duckworth, "that the most incredible romance comes from real life."

During the remainder of the evening Duckworth rather patronizingly took under his

wing the impromptu guest of the club. The latter had conclusively proved Duckworth's pet theory, and even the poet Thorne was silenced.

"I envy you your experience of the world," said Duckworth. "Obviously you have seen a great deal of it. When I think of the stories I could write if I had your recollections to draw upon!"

"Now that is the very point," said Standish, with sudden earnestness of tone, "which I should like to make to you literary gentlemen, although I first confide it to you alone. My recollections, as you call them, are yours for the asking. You needn't stir a foot out of Westport to experience all that I have experienced, and more, too."

"I don't get you," said Duckworth.

"You will when I show you this," said the other. He produced from his pocket a thin, leather-bound book, and opened it. "These are specimen pages of the new Universal Encyclopedia, a work in twenty volumes, which I am introducing to a special clientele. Here, you will observe, on a single page are two descriptive articles, namely the 'TAGWORT,' and the 'TAJ MAHAL.' In other words, this story of mine, which you think somewhat extraordinary, is simply my own poor contriving from the facts set forth on a single page. Now when you consider that there are over eighteen thousand pages in the twenty volumes—I put it to you, Mr. Duckworth, as a man gifted with literary imagination and sense—there is no limit to the stories that are yours for the mere contriving."

"You're a book agent!" exploded Duckworth, in disgust.

"You may put it that way. I sha'n't quarrel," said Mr. Standish, affably. "I hope I haven't intruded this evening. The caterer happens to be a brother-in-law of mine, and I ventured to come along with him to-night, thinking that possibly I could interest some of you gentlemen in the *Universal Encyclopædia*. Now, since I've shown the possibilities in a single page of it to story writers like yourself—and as my story seems to bear out your own particular literary theory—I'm wondering if you would not say a good word for me to the others present. Of course I'm not pressing you to subscribe to a set yourself, Mr. Duckworth, but possibly some of the others, if you would explain—"

Duckworth and Standish silently took each other's measure. Then Duckworth capitulated:

"I'm afraid it's rather late to bring this matter up now. In fact, if I could persuade you to let the matter drop—I mean in so far as broaching it to the other members present—why, I shouldn't mind taking a set myself. Not that the others wouldn't appreciate the opportunity. But it's rather late—and a bit irregular, you understand."

"I understand perfectly," said Mr. Standish, affably, producing a fountain pen from his pocket. "It's very kind of you, I'm sure. Now, if you'll put your signature on this dotted line . . . the matter will end there."

Poetic Courage

A CERTAIN young woman, a stenographer for a New York firm, is best known in an admiring suburban circle as a "poetess." She jots her inspirations down in shorthand notes, transcribes them on her typewriter, and submits the effusions to the local newspaper, which sometimes finds place for them.

One morning, as she was commuting from New Jersey, there was a heavy fog on the North River, and the ferryboat was proceeding on its way gropingly, with frequent stops and much whistling. At one time, out of the gloom, a great hoarse whistle, suggesting an ocean liner, sounded near. There was a stir of uneasiness among the crowded passengers, and the poet's male companion looked up from his newspaper with a nervous frown.

"Are you afraid?" he asked of the poet.

"Afraid!"—the word came with withering scorn. "Afraid! I? Why, you know Shelley died by drowning."

A Mutual Trust

THE town council of a small community met to inspect the site for a cemetery. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day they decided to leave their coats there.

"Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested one of the members of the council.

"What for?" demanded another member. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for anyone to watch the clothes?"



THE VISITOR: "*Yes, this picture is interesting, but have you been to see the new Whistlers?*"
MRS. NEWLY RICH: "*No, we don't care much for vaudeville*"

A Memory for Faces

EVERY ship carries the sort of passenger who seems to have devoted his whole life to making a record in the matter of Atlantic crossings.

A Chicago girl was once poking a little fun at a passenger of this type. He said to her:

"Do you know, this is my forty-ninth crossing!"

"Is it?" she said, indifferently. "It's my one hundred and eighth."

"Really?" the man exclaimed.

"Oh yes, indeed," she answered, yawning. "It's an old story to me, crossing the Atlantic. Why, actually, I always recognize more than half of the waves we meet."

Legal Sociability

IN many of our local courts the law is not hedged about by awe, and an amusingly sociable atmosphere is frequently to be found among judge, jury, lawyers, and client. A certain lawyer in a county court, having exhausted his eloquence in behalf of his client on trial for stealing, worked up to this climax:

"Gentlemen of the jury, after what this man has offered in evidence and what I have stated to you, is this man guilty? *Can* he be guilty? *Is* he guilty?"

The foreman, with a smile and in a genial tone, replied:

"You just wait awhile, old top, and we'll tell you."

A Hopeless Case

AN Arkansas man from the "back districts" was taking his first ride on a train. He had been assigned to a seat in the coach that obliged him to ride backward. At the first stopping place he asked the conductor to give him another seat, saying it made him ill to ride backward.

"Ask the man opposite to change with you," said the conductor, gruffly, for he was busy with his accounts.

"But there is nobody opposite to me," complained the man, "and so I cannot ask him."



Room—and Bored

BUSINESS OF MAKING UP

HORACE: Book III, Ode 9

"Donec gratus eram tibi . . ."

HORACE:

WHEN I was your Gentleman Friend,
And nobody else had a chance—
Oh, why must Romance have an end?
Oh, why put an end to Romance?—
I wouldn't have given you up, my own,
For a chance to sit on the Persian throne.

LYDIA:

When I was your Lydia Love,
And in the affairs of your heart
You ranked Little Liddy above
This Chloë—confound her black art!—
The odes that you'd write me as fast as you'd think 'em
Made me more famous than Lydia Pinkham.

HORACE:

Well, Chloë's consid'rable queen;
She plays ukelele by ear;
Her features were meant to be seen;
Her voice is a pleasure to hear!
I'd slaughter myself that Chloë might live—
And be sorry I had but one life to give!

LYDIA:

Well, now, but it's funny! That's *just*
How Calais looks to *me.*
When he talks I get frightened and fussed—
I blush like a baby of three!
The gods, if they listen to *my* advice,
Will let *him* alone and murder *me* twice.

HORACE:

Suppose our affection returns?
Suppose that it binds us anew?
That my heart no longer yearns
For Chloë—but only for you?
Supposing, in short, that I asked you to
Give Cally the hook—well, what would you do?

LYDIA:

Though *he* makes the stars look dim,
And *you're* full of tem-per-a-ment,
I'd say my good-by to him
And never be sorry he went.
In brief, if you want me to be Friend Wife
You can tell the world I am yours for life.

MORRIE RYSKIND.

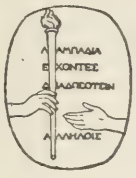


Painting by Walter Biggs — Illustration for "The Mountain of Jehovah"

SO THE WOMAN CAME AND WENT AMONG THEM, AND REMAINED A MYSTERY

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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THE ANARCHY IN IRELAND

FROM THE VIEW OF THE AVERAGE ENGLISHMAN

BY PHILIP GIBBS

THERE is no doubt whatever that the present condition of Ireland, with almost daily reports of murders, ambushes, attacks on police barracks, and military reprisals amounting to a reign of terror, is doing more harm to the decent reputation of England in the world than any other action which arouses hatred or criticism among England's enemies or friends.

Even our friends—and it must be confessed that we have not many just now, in spite of all our sacrifice and efforts in the war—find it hard to defend our conduct in Ireland or to reconcile it with that professed love of liberty for the small nations and all mankind by which we called our men to arms, and proclaimed the terms of peace. Through the medium of Irish propaganda, skillfully organized and widely circulated, they read of the passionate claim of the Irish people for the right of nationality denied and repressed by a British government which has helped to create many new nations in Europe, including Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Czechoslovakia, and Armenia. They read of an organized system of military and police coercion by which the Irish people are denied the usual rights of civil law; forbidden to hold inquests on fellow citizens shot by soldiers or policemen; subjected to arrest on suspicion and imprisonment without trial; and terrorized by an army of occupation ruthless in its command. Day by day and week by week they read of outrageous things done by a body of men called "Black-and-Tans," who have been recruited from the ranks of unemployed soldiers, some of them brutalized perhaps by five years of war, callous of human life, and hostile to the population among whom they have been sent to maintain "order." These men, with or without official sanction and connivance—some of the evidence seems to incriminate the English government—have, it is alleged, committed acts of atrocity only comparable to the German work in Belgium in the early days of 1914, shooting, flogging, and torturing Irish citizens, burning their houses, shops, and factories, running amuck in their streets while they fire indiscriminately, raiding their houses in the dead of night, entering their churches when they are in the act of worship, hauling men out and shooting them in

NOTE.—Some weeks must necessarily elapse between the writing of any magazine article in England and its publication in America. The revolution in Ireland may take overnight an unforeseen turn. The author's analysis of conditions, however, would seem to require, up to the moment of going to press, no amplification or alteration. The problem remains one of the most baffling that has ever confronted any government.—THE EDITOR.

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cold blood. Those things are not read unmoved by the friends of England. Their first incredulity is overborne by apparent weight of evidence and by repetition, and they are aghast at the reign of anarchy which England has made in her sister Ireland. "How is it," they ask, "that the English, who are not a brutal people, whose men (as the war proved) are generally kind-hearted, even to their enemies, who for centuries have led the way to civil progress in Europe, should lose their moral qualities and betray their best ideals in the case of Ireland? We cannot understand!" . . .

So speak our friends in America, in France, and in other countries, as I know by letters I receive. Even the French people, who are not soft in putting down rebellion, who are not tolerant of political revolt, are scandalized by the English treatment of Ireland. From one Frenchman who served with our armies in the war on the western front I have had a letter in which he explains his perplexity about Ireland, and adds a postscript in which he sums up his indignation in one savage little sentence, "Your government disgusts us!"

If our friends talk like that, what of our enemies? They find this Irish business to their liking. It provides them with one more proof of the incurable abomination of England. "John Bull," they say, "always was and always will be a hypocrite and a bully. For centuries he has prated about liberty while he has thrust his fist into the face of all rivals, trodden down the native races of his colonial and captured territories, increased and held his empire by brute force, exercised the most cynical diplomatic policy, and done all things in the names of righteousness and God. His present terrorism in Ireland is only one more proof of his traditional brutality, and does not surprise us in the least." That, in a mild way, is the verdict of England's enemies in every part of the world to which Irish propaganda reaches.

But what of England's view of this state of affairs in Ireland? What does the average Englishman, not tied to the policy of the Coalition government, or to any definite party which has to defend or attack that policy, think of the Irish problem as it has developed since the war? I think it would be well both for England's friends and England's enemies to know that, and it is my purpose in this article to attempt an explanation of the average English attitude.

First of all, it is necessary to leave out of account the extreme views held by minorities on one side and the other. There is a minority of men in England who are always ready to believe the worst of their own country and of their own government, not, as a rule, through any lack of patriotism, but generally through an excess of sensibility. They so hate the idea of tyranny and injustice on the part of England that they are apt to resent the use of any kind of force for the suppression of crime or for the maintenance of order, even when the security of the state is menaced. In the case of Ireland they admit everything on the Irish side and see only the soul of a people struggling for life against brutal oppression and using heroic means against great odds on behalf of liberty. They do not condemn the murder of policemen. They do not call it murder. They grant the full claim to an Irish Republic. The policy of reprisals fills them with anguish and rage. They are generous, sensitive, romantic, unpractical souls, with whom I confess I have much in sympathy, though some old ancestor of mine, or some hard experience of life, enables me, I think, to see a strain of weakness in them. They are the "Intellectuals" of England, the little Intellectuals recruited from the ranks of novelists, painters, poets, social reformers, theoretical socialists, and revolutionary rebels, who are desperately anxious to see a reconciliation of peoples in Europe, to abolish war, to get a move on toward a closer brotherhood of man, and they are utterly incapable of controlling the forces of violence which are surging about them.

On the other side of the Irish quarrel is the old type of Englishman, hard in his Imperialism, narrow in his Protestantism, reactionary against any effort of change or progress, sure that the Englishman of his own type is the noblest effort of God, disliking all aliens, including Irish, Welshmen, and Scots, and a firm believer in "resolute rule" with machine guns and tanks for all rebellious people such as native races, and workingmen who want more wages. He was the defender of the Amritsar massacre. He is all for shooting down the unemployed if they make themselves annoying. He would like to see a rounding up of all socialists, labor leaders, and intellectual theorists, like H. G. Wells, who are endeavoring to change the old structure of English life with its Heaven-sent prerogatives of great landed estates for the "good" families, high profits for the capitalists, and low wages for the working class. His ideas on Ireland are clear and sharp. "The Irish people," he says, "are just savages, and they must be dealt with as such. Shoot 'em down wholesale if they won't obey English law. Reprisals? Certainly, and plenty of them. Let our men have a free hand and teach 'em what's what! If necessary, conquer Ireland again, and do it properly this time. The best thing would be to sink the whole damned island."

That type of man is to be found in many places and classes of English life. You may find him in sporting clubs down Pall Mall and St. James's Street, on the racecourse at Epsom, where he is keeping a "book," in the crowd that goes to see a prize fight, in the manor house of a country squire, sometimes in the rectory of a country parish. But his type is old-fashioned and dwindling away. Even before the war it was passing, and when the war came his old-fashioned opinions were heard with laughter at mess tables where young officers who had been thinking hard about many problems of life and death, the causes of the war and the hopes of the world, were not taking the old chap's blusterings as the last word in the way of wisdom. But he still exists, and writes letters to the *Morning Post*, which is published exclusively for his class and ideas. He is also in the Coalition government, and in the House of Commons, where he fumes and frets over the weakness of the Ministers and their compromise with the forces of disorder. He snorted with laughter over any allusion to the hunger strike of Mayor MacSwiney, and he became purple in the face with rage when the policy of reprisals was challenged by Mr. Asquith.

Those are the two extremes of thought in England, but, as I have said, they are both minorities and do not in my opinion represent the great body of moderate Englishmen who are anxious to know the truth and to find out some kind of reasonable solution to the Irish problem. This average Englishman, as I meet him in tramcars, tea shops, and other places of middle-class circumstances, is mightily perplexed about the Irish trouble. Frankly, he does not understand the Irish temperament, nor see any kind of solution of the Irish problem. For one thing, he cannot bring himself to believe that the Irish have a real hatred of England and the English. He sees no adequate reason for hatred, and argues that the Irish with whom he comes in contact in London or elsewhere are nice people with a sense of humor and not at all murderous in their instincts. He likes most of their men and all their women, as far as he knows them, and he believes firmly, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that Sinn Fein and its "wild men" are only a minority of extremists who do not at all represent the great body of Irish people, and that, therefore, their violence is artificially engineered, and, if defeated by English resolution, would be followed by a renewal of friendship between our two peoples, provided Ireland were given a generous measure of home rule.

He is beginning to admit, however, that there are some qualities in the Irish

character which baffle him. His remembrance of old novels by Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, and other writers, as well as the stage type of Irishman traditional for a long time in England, still holds his imagination with the figure of a breezy, laughing, devil-may-care, romantic soul who helped to win most of England's battles and was loyal to the flag. Now recent experiences have taught him that there is something wrong in that picture. He finds an unexpected cruelty in the Irish people, the cruelty of the peasant mind brooding over old grievances, unforgiving, relentless in the pursuit of vengeance. Where he expected weakness he finds surprising strength—most obstinate resistance to English "reason." Where he looked for sentiment, especially in the war with Germany, he finds the hardest realism, a most selfish refusal of allegiance, and, worst of all, black treachery to Old England in her hour of need. What is the meaning of that? "What the devil," he asks, plaintively, "is the matter with these people?"

It must be remembered that the average Englishman knows very little of Irish history. He does not read it in his school books; he does not find it in his newspapers. He has not seen, as I have before the war, young men and girls in Dublin standing on orange boxes in side streets on a Saturday night, reciting old ballads about the battle of the Boyne, the massacre of Limerick, and other episodes of tragedy which are kept green in the memory of the people. He knows very little of the way in which Irish industries were deliberately killed by Castlereagh—Cutthroat Castlereagh, as they call him—nor of the frightful famines which decimated the country because of that policy, nor of the tragic evictions under English or Anglo-Irish landlords which made thousands of families homeless and foodless, nor of the penal laws which made martyrs of their priests and tried to kill a people's faith, nor of the executions and jailing of Irish patriots through many centuries of resistance to English rule. The average Englishman has not read much of that and does not know that it is the intellectual food upon which the Irish feed from early childhood, so that the remembrance of all that history is black in their souls and a flame of passion in their hearts. Vaguely the ordinary Englishman knows and admits that England in the old days was "rather rough" on Ireland—he is unaware that even as recently as 1880 there were the evictions and terrorism of Clanricarde—and, generously, as it seems to him, he wishes to make amends. He thinks he has made amends by the Wyndham land acts which enabled the peasants to buy their land with English credit, and for the life of him he cannot understand why the Irish hark back to the past and refuse to recognize that England is a good friend.

He does not realize that anything England does for Ireland, or has done or will do, is not received with gratitude as a favor, or as a generous act, but is regarded as a long-delayed concession forced from us and as dust in the balance compared with half a thousand years of tyranny, robbery, and brutality. He does not understand that the claim for national independence has never been abandoned for all that time, and that, though the spark burns dim in times of misery, it flames up again and spreads, as it has now spread again, like a prairie fire throughout those island people with their frightful remembrance of history, their cherished faith, their undying pride.

The average Englishman, of whom I was one, was shocked to his inmost soul by the rebellion of 1916. I shall never forget when that dreadful news came to us on the western front. We had been through a ghastly winter when the Germans held all the good positions against us on the ridges in Flanders, while we were in the flats and swamps at a time when we were still weak in artillery, so that they pounded our men with shell fire and we could answer back but feebly. Day after day, night after night,

our men were blown to bits, our casualty lists lengthened with the names of our noblest youth, and we knew that the Germans were hardly touched in strength while on other fronts they were winning stupendous victories and England's life was menaced. At that very time the Irish tried to stab us in the back—did stab us in the back. Young officers of ours, and of theirs, on leave in Dublin, were shot down, sometimes without arms in their hands. Young Irish boys sniped English soldiers from the roofs, though some of our officers would not give the word of command to fire back on them, as I know, because of the youth of those lads. There was proof since, admitted without shame, that the Irish leaders were in negotiation with the Germans for active help. They expected German ships to arrive with arms and ammunition, and with fighting men. They were willing to get any kind of German help in order to defeat England in her time of peril. Count Plunkett, I am told, went in disguise to Germany to negotiate this aid. Casement in Germany was acting on his own initiative, tortured by his conscience and by his fears. When that news came to us it seemed at first incredible, and then unforgivable. It is still hard to forget or forgive by any Englishman, and by some Irishmen. An Irish general said to me: "I can never go back to Ireland, never! I can never take off my hat to an Irishman again." There were tears in his eyes as he spoke.

The average Englishman does not know the Irish defense of that act of rebellion, and, if he knew, would not admit a word of it. I know and will set it out with fairness. The Sinn Feiner says: "We would have fought for you if you had guaranteed our national claims. We would have fought for you if you had let us fight under our own flag and in our own Irish brigades. The Nationalist leaders (wrongly, as we now think) arranged a scheme of recruiting—which was turned down by your War Office. Hundreds of thousands of young Irishmen (stupidly, as we now believe) *did* volunteer and were drafted, not in their own brigade, as a rule, but in English battalions, and died in heaps to save the liberty of England while strengthening England's tyranny in Ireland. Gradually we saw this. England's fight for liberty was not to be our liberty. What was happening in Ulster? The Ulster volunteers who had been allowed to arm against us in 1914 were still kept back in Ulster while our men were being massacred in Gallipoli and France. They stood solid as a menace to southern Ireland, with preferential treatment and secret help from England. . Very well! We began to recruit our own volunteers. At first there were two groups—John Redmond's, designed for the help of England, and James Connolly's, for the liberty of Ireland. A split took place, led by Connolly. Presently the Redmond men drifted over to Connolly's side—for Ireland and not for England. Then we thought we saw our chance of victory. England was hard pressed. Germany seemed certain of victory. It was Ireland's chance of liberty. There were divided counsels—some wanting to wait until we were stronger. Pierce was overborne by the spirit of Connolly. But the arrangements were faulty, and the affair was a tactical mistake. At first the people of Dublin were against us. They cursed us for our foolhardy act. After three days, when the 'rebels,' as England called them, were hard pressed and losing and being killed in large numbers, the people were all for us. They were set on fire by the heroism of those boys, and the spirit of Ireland, the soul of Ireland, was stirred to its depths by pity, by pride, by the old call of nationality, and then by an undying hatred of England, when General Maxwell began his Bloody Assizes, executed James Connolly and fifteen others, and swept into the prisons, with unnecessary brutalities and horrors, three thousand young Irish lads. After that Sinn Fein was established in every Irish home outside Protestant Ulster, and the whole

people are dedicated anew to the liberty of their nation."

Those are, as far as I remember them, the exact words of one of the intellectual leaders of Sinn Fein, who told them to me no longer than a night before these lines were written. It is clear, therefore, that Sinn Fein was seeking German aid and that the rebellion of 1916 was a deliberate effort to drag England down to ruin. To an Englishman, however sympathetic toward Ireland, as I am, that is a terrible revelation, a most tragic and heartbreaking knowledge, because it shows that the Irish people are so divorced from all ties of sentiment with us that they desire our downfall and prefer alliance with our deadliest enemies to any fellowship with us.

The Act of Conscription, which was never enforced in Ireland, intensified the spirit of national resistance to English rule, and the recruiting, drilling, and training of Irish volunteers under Sinn Fein went on apace. I am told—and absolutely believe—that any attempt to enforce conscription would have led to bloody civil war. England could not, and did not, risk it, and during the last two years of the war the Sinn Fein organization was perfected, and the administration of Dhail Erin, the Irish Republic, was put into actual practice. They established their own courts of law, whose judgments their people sought and obeyed; their volunteers acted as police in civic disturbances when the Royal Irish Constabulary, weak in numbers, and boycotted, could only look on and take no active notice. They did not for a time attack the English executive. They simply ignored it. Over a great part of the south and west of Ireland the King's writ did not run.

Then came another phase when, after the war, the English government were able to turn their attention to Ireland with a greater determination to enforce the old rule. It was the phase of police murders, attacks on police barracks, ambushes, and all elements of guerrilla warfare. The average Englishman read with horror the repeated shootings of Royal Irish Constabulary men. His blood boiled at the thought of these guardians of law and order shot down so often in cold blood, or after sieges of their barracks in which, temporarily, they were greatly outnumbered by well-armed men. It seemed to him, and seems to him still, a brutal campaign of murder for which there is no excuse and no defense. Again he does not know the Sinn Fein point of view, or, if he knows, rejects it as utterly poisonous in its doctrine. The Sinn Fein view, I am told on trustworthy authority from the inside, is that the majority of policemen shot by armed bodies of men have been proved to be spies of Dublin Castle, gathering, or concocting, secret evidence against Irish volunteers, and that, as in all warfare, it is acknowledged right to shoot spies on sight; so these men have been dealt with as such and not as ordinary policemen carrying on the ordinary duties of maintaining order. That is not good enough for the average Englishman, and he says, "Murder is murder, and these crimes must be stopped by the full power of martial law." The Irishman retorts, "Withdraw your police, and your orders which turn them into spies and *agents provocateurs*, and they will not be killed!" The English answer is, "Let the murders stop first before there is any truce."

It was to stop murders, and to maintain order, apart from all political discussion, that the average Englishman gave his moral support to the government's strengthening of the military garrisons in Ireland and to the enlistment of a new force of men, auxiliary to the Constabulary, who now have earned a sinister name as the "Black-and-Tans." These men were recruited from the enormous numbers of ex-officials and non-commissioned officers who had not settled down to peace after the Great War, who found it difficult or impossible to get decent jobs, and who were tempted at once by this chance of active employ-

ment in Ireland. Their relatives and friends believed that they were going to Ireland for honest work, even though dangerous and unpleasant work, such as might befall a body of special police in time of riot. They did not think they were going for dirty work which would bespatter the good name of England with mud and filth.

It was not until recently that a certain ominous word was mentioned in English newspapers and in the English Parliament. Reprisals. Months after there were columns in Irish, American, and continental newspapers about this new phase of activity in Ireland did the ordinary English reader hear anything about it beyond a few obscure paragraphs, or occasional half columns, which gave him to believe that dreadful things were happening in some places across the Irish Sea when English soldiers and the new force of auxiliaries were firing back at crowds which attacked them, and raiding private houses where they killed those who tried to kill them, or burning farmsteads and other houses and cottages from which they had been fired upon. The ordinary decent Englishman deplored these things and said, "Surely to God this business ought to be settled!" but could not find it in his heart to blame any of those soldiers or police who defended themselves against ambush and assassination, and hit back hard against those who struck first. That is still the view, very largely, I am sure, of many incidents briefly reported to him, and the Englishman says to all sentimentalists, "Surely our fellows must be allowed to hit back, to shoot if they are shot at, to arrest the murderers at all risk, to burn their houses about their ears if they won't surrender to the forces of the Crown in their duty of checking crime and maintaining order!" . . . If that were all, I think the average Englishman would be justified in his judgment, apart from the rights and wrongs of our government of Ireland.

It is only quite recently, within the last month or two, that certain facts have been brought under the Englishman's notice which fill him with abominable misgivings. Charges were brought against the "Black-and-Tans" which at first he utterly refused to believe. It was asserted by the Irish and their American friends that in Balbriggan, and Tuam, and many other places, these English auxiliary police had run amuck and had committed acts of arson and murder, not in self-defense, not in punishment of individual criminals, not even in the passion of rage against great provocation, but blindly, wantonly, and brutally, as those Germans who played the devil's game in Alost and Louvain. It was further asserted that civilians were being shot and flogged; that buildings, creameries, farmsteads, and village homes were being burned, not as the sudden impulses of brutal men inflamed by a boycott in a hostile population and by murderous attacks, but under the direct orders of their military chiefs and as part of a deliberate and cold-blooded policy to kill the spirit of a people by a steady reign of terror. The average Englishman, the man in the street, of whom I am writing, the decent-minded fellow, proud of the good name and fame of England, resented such charges with indignation and disgust. The vast majority of people in England at the time I am writing still repudiate those accusations. They do not believe it possible that their government, or the military and police chiefs in Ireland, would tolerate such an abominable policy, or that soldiers who fought in the Great War would carry it out. That is their position now at the time I am writing, and they are fortified by government denials in the House of Commons.

It is there that I must leave "the average Englishman," tired to death of the whole Irish problem, anxious for any kind of settlement which would bring about peace without injuring the prestige and power of Old England, willing to grant the broadest measure of home rule this side of a republic, irritated with

the truculence and narrow spirit of the Ulster men, and with the passion and fanaticism of the Catholic Irish, shocked by the anarchy now prevailing, abhorrent of the police murders, but upholding the right of retaliation so long as the tragedy and stupidity of this guerrilla warfare lasts.

I write now for myself, not classing myself with the average Englishman, because I have greater access to the sources of news, a closer knowledge of the forces at work, and personal acquaintance with some of the moving spirits behind the scenes on the English and the Irish side.

I am bound to admit that I am not satisfied with the government denials on the subject of reprisals. I cannot put on one side the admission of General Macready, which he has never denied, that it is a "delicate and difficult matter" to punish men who, under his authority and discipline, do acts of indiscipline and disorder in the way of reprisals. Vainly I searched the speech of Lloyd George at Carnarvon for any denunciation of reprisals, but found only an admission and defense. And since then I have seen a great deal of evidence coming in, but not admitted, as a rule, to the English newspapers, revealing certain criminal acts and brutal deeds, a callous and wanton cruelty amounting to a real reign of terror, on the part of the "Black-and-Tans," which I am constrained to believe, though I hate to believe them, because of their origin and authority. From some English people living in Ireland, as well as from some of the Irish themselves, I have been given detailed accounts of the shooting of civilians, the "shooting-up" of villages, the destruction of property, for which I can find no justification, even by the laws of warfare, which are ruthless enough. Personally I cannot stand for this. I love England too well to defend that which dishonors her. As a war correspondent in France during the years of slaughter, I was the chronicler of the heroism of all those young men of ours who fought for the ideals of liberty—who died for them—and I described the war with what passion I could put into my pen only because liberty seemed to me the goal for which we fought and the only justification of its horror, its insanity, its degradation of our civilized world. I should be betraying the dead, and all their faith, if now I tried to defend a reign of terror in Ireland which the united body of Irish Catholic bishops have described in words which cannot be put on one side in view of other evidence I have.

"We know that latterly, at least, all pretense of strict discipline has been thrown to the winds and that those who profess to be the guardians of law and order have become the most ardent votaries of lawlessness and disorder; that they are running wild through the country, making night hideous by raids; that reckless and indiscriminate shootings in crowded places have made many innocent victims; that towns are sacked as in the rude warfare of earlier ages; that those who run through fear are shot at sight. . . . For all this not the men, but their masters, are chiefly to blame. It is not a question of hasty reprisals, which, however unjustifiable, might be attributed to extreme provocation, nor of quick retaliation on evil doers, nor of lynch law for miscreants—much less of self-defense of any kind whatsoever. It is an indiscriminate vengeance deliberately wreaked on a whole countryside, without any proof of its complicity in crime, by those who ostensibly are employed by the British government to protect the lives and property of the people and restore order in Ireland."

There is no decent Englishman who, if he believes these things are true, as I believe some of them are, will for a single moment defend them as legitimate, in spite of all provocation. Unfortunately, the facts have been boycotted in England—apart from two or three courageous papers—and the mass of the people do not know them.

I see in all this the inevitable result of long stupidity and wickedness. The

wickedness began again when Sir Edward Carson was allowed to raise and arm the Ulster volunteers—with German rifles—and defy the authority of the King and Parliament by a threat of civil war if Home Rule were passed. I saw in Belfast the march past of those men, and banners which promised allegiance to the Kaiser rather than submit to Nationalist coercion. I saw riots there in which the Catholic minority were stoned and beaten with extreme brutality, and I saw the swearing of the Covenant which raised again the old fires of religious hatred and political warfare, while the present Lord Chancellor of England, F. E. Smith, acted as "galloper" to the leader of the Ulster rebels. It was the freedom given to Carson, the blind eye turned to the gun running of German arms and ammunition, which challenged the Nationalists and raised Sinn Fein. We went from one stupidity to another. Ireland would have accepted Home Rule if we had given it with real sincerity before the war. She would have fought with all her manhood by our side if in return we had pledged ourselves to anything like Dominion Home Rule. She would have hated us less if for long years past, as still to-day, we had not placed in Ireland as our representatives men who did not understand the Irish temperament and were not courteous to Irish sensibilities, but men who at Dublin Castle were the avowed enemies of her national aspirations, hostile to her faith, and hard and brutal in their minds and manners. As we have sown in stupidity so now we shall reap in tragedy.

What is now to be done? There are only two ways open to us. Either a bloody conquest of these people by a hideous civil war which will leave Ireland a desert, or a truce of God when by a general amnesty and a withdrawal of troops we may come to some kind of peace treaty with the leaders of Sinn Fein. I am certain that the English people will not stand for that bloody civil war. The English people are tired of war. They want peace. Or, if there is to be any civil war, it will not be restricted to Ireland, but will flame out in England, too. Therefore, failing a new conquest of Ireland by fire and sword, there must be a truce and a treaty. That is not going to be easy of arrangement, whatever the good will of the English people. The Irish people have no good will to us. They say: "We are not interested in your Home Rule bill. You can talk and talk, and add clause to clause, but we care nothing for it all and will have nothing of it!" They say: "You may offer us Dominion Home Rule, and if you clear out we shall be very glad and will breathe more freely in your absence. But we will carry on with the Irish Republic, which is ours now in spirit as it will be in every future act. You may cut out Ulster to your heart's content, but Ulster is part of Ireland, and as such shall be part of the Irish Republic."

What is to be done with an attitude like that? Frankly, I do not know, unless we leave the Irish to fight it out among themselves, as far as Ulster is concerned, which seems to be an impossible proposition because of English and Scottish sentiment for Ulster's safety. If Ireland will not accept any measure of Home Rule, leaving Ulster separate for the time being, nor anything less than a republic, then I am afraid that there will never be any bridge of reconciliation between our two islands. For the English people will not surrender, except by absolute compulsion, the Irish Harp on their Royal Standard. They know that to accept an Irish republic would be the outward and visible sign of the break-up of the British Empire and the downfall of our pride and power. Anything less than that they will grant, but never that except by the ruin of their spirit and strength. As an Englishman, friendly to Ireland, in spite of that rebellion which I cannot forgive except by a remembrance of tragic history which put poison against the English into Irish brains, and acknowledging with shame

the folly and evil of many things which are now happening under our martial law—not justified despite the murders and guerrilla warfare which I equally condemn—I can see no hope in the future of avoiding greater tragedy, more fearful things, unless the Irish will show a little generosity on their side, wipe out many black memories, abandon their attacks upon military and police, and, in return for a complete and absolute truce, come to terms which will give them full rights over their own nationality while still remaining in the confederation of British peoples under the King-Emperor. If they would agree to that they would get not only the friendship of the English people, among whom, in spite of all this tragedy, they have masses of friends, but they would rise to a height greater than that of nationality, which is the brotherhood of man in the name of Christ. But, knowing the Irish people and their present passion and purpose, I think they will not agree to any of that, so that the future is as black as night.

ANIMA MUNDI

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

LET all things vanish, if but you remain;
For, if you stay, beloved, what is gone?
Yet, should you go, all permanence is vain,
And all the piled abundance is as none.
With you beside me in the desert sand,
Your smile upon me, and on mine your hand,
Palm-trees and fronded water-wells
Phantasmal rise,
Oases green and holy camel-bells;
For, in the long adventure of your eyes
Wind all the wandering ways to Paradise.

Existence, in your being, comes and goes—
What were the garden, love, without the Rose?
In vain were ears to hear,
And eyes in vain,
Lacking your ordered music, sphere to sphere;
Blind—should your beauty blossom not again.
The pulse that shakes the heaven with rhythmic beat
Is but the white touch of your little feet.
And all the singing vast of all the seas,
Down from the Pole
To the Hesperides,
Is but the praying demiurgic soul.

Therefore, beloved, know that this is true:
The world exists and vanishes in you.
'Tis not a lover's fancy: ask the sky
If all its stars depend not, even as I,
Upon your eyelids, as they ope or close;
And let the garden answer, with the Rose.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

Author of *Main Street*

CANDEE'S sleeping porch faced the east. At sunrise every morning he startled awake and became a poet.

He yawned, pulled up the gray camping blanket which proved that he had once gone hunting in Canada, poked both hands behind his neck, settled down with a wriggling motion, and was exceedingly melancholy and happy.

He resolved, seriously and all at once, to study music, to wear a rose down to business, to tell the truth in his advertisements, and to start a campaign for a municipal auditorium. He longed to leap out of bed and go change the entire world immediately. But always, as sunrise blurred into russet, he plunged his arms under the blanket, sighed, "Funny what stuff a fellow will think of at six A.M.," yawned horridly, and was asleep. Two hours afterward, when he sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his jaw in the hope that he could sneak out of shaving this morning, letting his feet ramble around independently in search of his slippers, he was not a poet. He was Mr. Candee of the Novelty Stationery Shop, Vernon.

He sold writing paper, Easter cards, bronze book-ends, framed color prints. He was a salesman born. To him it was exhilaration to herd a hesitating customer; it was pride to see his clerks, Miss Cogerty and the new girl, imitate his courtesy, his quickness. He was conscious of beauty. Ten times a week he stopped to gloat over a print in which a hilltop and a flare of daisies expressed all the indolence of August. But—and this was equally a part of him—he was delighted by "putting things over." He was as likely to speculate in a broken lot of china dogs as to select a stock of chaste brass knockers. It was he who had popularized Whistler in Vernon, and he who had brought out the "Oh My! Bathing Girl," pictures.

He was a soldier of fortune, was Candee; he fought under any flag which gave him the excuse. He was as much an adventurer as though he sat on a rampart wearing a steel corselet instead of sitting at a golden-oak desk wearing a blue-serge suit.

Every Sunday afternoon the Candees drove out to the golf club. They came home by a new route this Sunday.

"I feel powerful. Let's do some exploring," said Candee.

He turned the car off the Boulevard, down one of the nameless hilly roads which twist along the edge of every city. He came into a straggly country of market gardens, jungles of dead weeds, unpruned crab-apple trees, and tall, thin houses which started as artificial-stone mansions and ended as unpainted frame shacks. In front of a tar-paper shanty there was a wild-grape arbor of thick vines draped upon second-hand scantlings and cracked pieces of molding. The yard had probably never been raked, but it displayed petunias in a tub salvaged from a patent washing machine. On a shelf beside the gate was a glass case with a sign:

ToYs for thee chilrun.

Candee stopped the car.

In the case were half a dozen wooden dolls with pegged joints—an old-man doll with pointed hat, jutting black beard, and lumpy, out-thrust hands; a Pierrot with a prim wooden cockade; a princess fantastically tall and lean.

"Huh! Hand made! Arts-and-grafts stuff!" said Candee, righteously.

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

He drove on.

"Freak stuff. Abs'lutely grotesque. Not like anything I ever saw!"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

He was silent. He irritably worked the air-choke, and when he found that it was loose he said, "Damn!" As for Mrs. Candee, she said nothing at all. She merely looked like a wife.

He turned toward her argumentatively. "Strikes me those dolls were darn ugly. Some old nut of a hermit must have made 'em. They were—they were ugly! Eh?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

"Don't you think they were ugly?"

"Yes, I think that's so," said Mrs. Candee, as she settled down to meditate upon the new laundress who was coming to-morrow.

Next morning Candee rushed into his shop, omitted the report on his Sunday golf and the progress of his game which he usually gave to Miss Cogerty, and dashed at the shelf of toys. He had never thought about toys as he had about personal Christmas cards or diaries. His only specialty for children was expensive juveniles.

He glowered at the shelf. It was disordered. It was characterless. There were one rabbit of gray Canton flannel, two rabbits of papier-mâché, and nine tubercular rabbits of white fur. There were sixteen dolls which simpered and looked unintelligent. There were one train, one fire engine, and a device for hoisting thimblefuls of sand upon a trestle. Not that you did anything with it when you had hoisted it.

"Huh!" said Candee.

"Yes, Mr. Candee?" said Miss Cogerty.

"Looks like a side-street notions store. Looks like a racket shop. Looks like a—looks like— Aah!" said Candee.

He stormed his desk like a battalion of marines. He was stern. "Got to take up that bum shipment with the Fressen Paper Company. I'll write 'em a letter that 'll take their hides off. I won't type it. Make it stronger if I turn the ole pen loose."

He vigorously cleared away a pile of fancy penwipers—stopping only to read the advertisement on an insurance blotter, to draw one or two pictures on an envelope, and to rub the enticing pale-blue back of a box of safety matches with a soft pencil till it looked silvery in a cross-light. He snatched his fountain pen out of his vest pocket. He looked at it unrelentingly. He sharpened the end of a match and scraped a clot of ink off the pen cap. He tried the ink supply by making a line of O's on his thumbnail. He straightened up, looked reprovingly at Miss Cogerty's back, slapped a sheet of paper on the desk—then stopped again and read his mail.

It did not take him more than an hour to begin to write the letter he was writing. In grim jet letters he scrawled:

FRESSEN COMPANY:

GENTLEMEN,—I want you to thoroughly understand—

Twenty minutes later he had added nothing to the letter but a curlicue on the tail of the "d" in "understand." He was drawing the picture of a wooden doll with a pointed hat and a flaring black beard. His eyes were abstracted and his lips moved furiously:

"Makes me sick. Not such a whale of a big shop, but it's distinctive. Not all this commonplace junk—souvenirs and bum valentines. And yet our toys— Ordinary! Common! Hate to think what people must have been saying about 'em! But those wooden dolls out there in the country—they were ugly, just like Nelly said, but somehow they kind of stirred up the imagination."

He shook his head, rubbed his temples, looked up wearily. He saw that the morning rush had begun. He went out into the shop slowly, but as he crooned at Mrs. Harry McPherson, "I have some new light-weight English envelopes—crossbar lavender with a

stunning purple lining," he was imperturbable. He went out to lunch with Harry Jason and told a really new flivver story. He did not cease his bustling again till four, when the shop was for a moment still. Then he leaned against the counter and brooded:

"Those wooden dolls remind me of—Darn it! I don't know what they do remind me of! Like something— Castles. Gypsies. Oh, rats! Brother Candee, I thought you'd grown up! Hey, Miss Cogerty, what trying do? Don't put those Honey Bunny books there!"

At home he hurried through dinner.

"Shall we play a little auction with the Darbins?" Mrs. Candee yawned.

"No. I— Got to mull over some business plans. Think I'll take a drive by myself, unless you or the girls have to use the machine," ventured Candee.

"No. I think I might catch up on my sleep. Oh, Jimmy, the new laundress drinks just as much coffee as the last one did!"

"Yes?" said Candee, looking fixedly at a candle shade and meditating. "I don't know. Funny, all the wild crazy plans I used to have when I was a kid. Suppose those dolls remind me of that."

He dashed out from dinner, hastily started the car. He drove rapidly past the lakes, through dwindling lines of speculative houses, into a world of hazelnut brush and small boys with furtive dogs. His destination was the tar-paper shack in front of which he had seen the wooden dolls.

He stopped with a squawk of brakes, bustled up the path to the wild-grape arbor. In the dimness beneath it, squatting on his heels beside a bicycle, was a man all ivory and ebony, ghost white and outlandish black. His cheeks and veined forehead were pale, his beard was black and thin and square. Only his hands were ruddy. They were brick-red and thick, yet cunning was in them, and the fingers tapered to square ends. He was a mediæval monk in overalls, a Hindu indecently without his turban. As Candee charged upon him he looked up and mourned:

"The chain, she rusty."

Now Candee was the friendliest soul in all the Boosters' Club. Squatting, he sympathized:

"Rusty, eh? Ole chain kind of rusty! Hard luck, I'll say. Ought to use graphite on it. That's it—graphite. 'Member when I was a kid—"

"I use graphite. All rusty before I get him," the ghost lamented. His was a deep voice, and humorless and grave.

Candee was impressed. "Hard luck! How about boric acid? No, that isn't it—chloric acid. No, oxalic acid. That's it—oxalic! That 'll take off the rust."

"Os-all-ic," murmured the ghost.

"Well, cheer up, old man. Some day you'll be driving your own boat."

"Oh! Say!"—the ghost was childishly proud—"I got a phonograph!"

"Have you? Slick!" Candee became cautious and inquisitive. He rose and, though actually he had not touched the bicycle, he dusted off his hands. Craftily: "Well, I guess you make pretty good money, at that. I was noticing—"

"Reason I turned in, I noticed you had some toys out front. Thought I might get one for the kids. What do you charge?" He was resolving belligerently, "I won't pay more than a dollar per."

"I sharge fifty cent."

Candee felt cheated. He had been ready to battle for his rights and it was disconcerting to waste all this energy. The ghost rose, in sections, and ambled toward the glass case of dolls. He was tall, fantastically tall as his own toy emperors, and his blue-denim jacket was thick with garden soil. Beside him Candee was rosy and stubby and distressingly neat. He was also uneasy. Here was a person to whom he couldn't talk naturally.

"So you make dolls, eh? Didn't know there was a toy maker in Vernon."

"No, I am nod a toy maker. I am a sculptor." The ghost was profoundly sad. "But nod de kine you t'ink. I do

not make chudges in plog hats to put on courthouses. I would lige to. I would make fine plog hats. But I am not recognize. I make epitaphs in de monoo-ment works. Huh!" The ghost sounded human now, and full of guile. "I am de only man in dose monooment works dat know what 'R.I.P.' mean in de orizhinal Greek!"

He leaned against the gate and chuckled. Candee recovered from his feeling of being trapped in a particularly chilly tomb. He crowed:

"I'll bet you are, at that. But you must have a good time making these dolls."

"You lak dem?"

"You bet! I certainly do. I—" His enthusiasm stumbled. In a slightly astonished tone, in a low voice, he marveled, "And I do, too, by golly!" Then: "You— I guess you enjoy making—"

"No, no! It iss not enjoyment. Dey are my art, de dolls. Dey are how I get even wit' de monooment works. I should wish I could make him for a living, but nobody want him. One year now—always dey stand by de gate, waiting, and nobody buy one. Oh, well, I can't help dat! I know what I do, even if nobody else don't. I try to make him primitive, like what a child would make if he was a fine craftsman like me. Dey are all dream dolls. And me, I make him right. See! Nobody can break him!"

He snatched the Gothic princess from the case and banged her on the fence.

Candee came out of a trance of embarrassed unreality and shouted: "Sure are the real stuff. Now, uh, the—uh—May I ask your name?"

"Emile Jumas my name."

Candee snapped his fingers. "Got it, by golly!"

"*Pardon?*"

"The Papa Jumas dolls! That's their name. Look here! Have you got any more of these in the house?"

"Maybe fifty." Jumas had been roused out of his ghostliness.

"Great! Could you make five or six a day, if you didn't do anything else and maybe had a boy to help you?"

"Oh yez. No. Well, maybe four."

"See here. I could— I have a little place where I think maybe I could sell a few. Course you understand I don't know for sure. Taking a chance. But I think maybe I could. I'm J. T. Candee. Probably you know my stationery shop. I don't want to boast, but I will say there's no place in town that touches it for class. But I don't mean I could afford to pay you any fortune. But"—all his caution collapsed—"Jumas, I'm going to put you across!"

The two men shook hands a number of times and made sounds of enthusiasm, sounds like the rubbing of clothes on a washboard. But Jumas was stately in his invitation:

"Will you be so good and step in to have a leetle homemade wine?"

It was one room, his house, with a loft above, but it contained a harp, a double bed, a stove, a hen that was doubtful of strangers, a substantial Mamma Jumas, six children, and forty-two wooden dolls.

"Would you like to give up the monument works and stick to making these?" glowed Candee, as he handled the dolls.

Jumas mooned at him. "Oh yez."

Ten minutes later, at the gate, Candee sputtered: "By golly! by golly! Certainly am pitching wild to-night. Not safe to be out alone. For first time in my life forgot to mention prices. Crazy as a kid—and I like it!" But he tried to sound managerial as he returned. "What do you think I ought to pay you apiece?"

Craftily Papa Jumas piped: "I t'ink you sell him for more than fifty cent. I t'ink maybe I ought to get fifty."

Then, while the proprietor of the Novelty Stationery Shop wrung spiritual hands and begged him to be careful, Candee the adventurer cried: "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to sell 'em at three dollars, and I'm going to make every swell on the Boulevard buy one, and I'm going to make 'em

pay their three bones, and I'm going to make 'em like it! Yes, sir! And you get two dollars apiece!"

It was not till he was on the sleeping porch, with the virile gray blanket patted down about his neck, that Candee groaned: "What have I let myself in for? And are they ugly or not?" He desired to go in, wake his wife, and ask her opinion. He lay and worried, and when he awoke at dawn and discovered that he hadn't really been tragically awake all night, he was rather indignant.

But he was exhilarated at breakfast and let Junior talk all through his oatmeal.

He came into the shop with a roar. "Miss Cogerty! Get the porter and have him take all those toys down to that racket shop on Jerusalem Alley that bought our candlestick remainders. Go down and get what you can for 'em. We're going to have— Miss Cogerty, we're going to display in this shop a line of arts-and-crafts dolls that for artistic execution and delightful quaintness— Say, that's good stuff for an ad. I'll put a ten-inch announcement in the *Courier*. I'll give this town one jolt. You wait!"

Candee did not forever retain his enthusiasm for Papa Jumas dolls. Nor did they revolutionize the nurseries of Vernon. To be exact, some people liked them and some people did not like them. Enough were sold to keep Jumas occupied, and not enough so that at the great annual crisis of the summer motor trip to Michigan, Candee could afford a nickel-plated spotlight as well as slip covers. There was a reasonable holiday sale through the autumn following, and always Candee liked to see them on the shelf at the back of the shop—the mediæval dolls like cathedral grotesques, the Greek warrior Demetrios, and the modern dolls—the agitated traffic policeman and the aviator whose arms were wings. Candee and Junior played explorer with them on the sleeping porch, and with them populated a castle made of chairs.

But in the spring he discovered Miss Arnold's batik lamp shades.

Miss Arnold was young, Miss Arnold was pretty, and her lamp shades had many "talking points" for a salesman with enthusiasm. They were terra-cotta and crocus and leaf green; they had flowers, fruit, panels, fish, and whirligigs upon them, and a few original decorations which may have been nothing but spots. Candee knew that they were either artistic or insane; he was excited, and in the first week he sold forty of them and forgot the Papa Jumas dolls.

In late April a new road salesman came in from the Mammoth Doll Corporation. He took Candee out to lunch and was secretive and oozed hints about making a great deal of money. He admitted at last that the Mammoth people were going to put on the market a doll that "had everything else beat four ways from the ace." He produced a Skillyoolly doll. She was a simpering, star-eyed, fluffy, chiffon-clothed lady doll, and, though she was cheaply made, she was not cheaply priced.

"The Skillyoolly drive is going to be the peppiest campaign you ever saw. There's a double market—not only the kids, but all these Janes that like to stick a doll up on the piano, to make the room look dressy when Bill comes calling. And it's got the snap, eh?"

"Why don't you—? The department stores can sell more of these than I can," Candee fenced.

"That's just what we don't want to do. There's several of these fluff dolls on the market—not that any of them have the zip of our goods, of course. What we want is exclusive shops, that don't handle any other dolls whatever, so we won't have any inside competition, and so we can charge a class price."

"But I'm already handling some dolls—"

"If I can show you where you can triple your doll turnover, I guess we can take care of that, eh? For one thing, we're willing to make the most generous on-sale proposition you ever hit."

The salesman left with Candee samples of the Skillyoolly dolls, and a blank contract. He would be back in this territory next month, he indicated, and he hoped to close the deal. He gave Candee two cigars and crooned:

"Absolutely all we want is to have you handle the Skillyoolly exclusively and give us a chance to show what we can do. 'You tell 'em, pencil, you got the point!'"

Candee took the dolls home to his wife, and now she was not merely wifely and plump and compliant. She squealed.

"I think they're perfectly darling! So huggable—just sweet. I know you could sell thousands of them a year. You must take them. I always thought the Jumas dolls were hideous."

"They aren't so darn hideous. Just kind of different," Candee said, uncomfortably.

Next morning he had decided to take the Skillyoolly agency—and he was as lonely and unhappy about it as a boy who has determined to run away from home.

Papa Jumas came in that day and Candee tried to be jolly and superior.

"Ah there, old monsieur! Say, I may fix up an arrangement to switch your dolls from my place to the Toy and China Bazaar."

Jumas lamented: "De Bazaar iss a cheap place. I do not t'ink they lige my t'ings."

"Well, we'll see, we'll see. Excuse me now. Got to speak to Miss Cogerty about—about morocco cardcases—cardcases."

He consulted Miss Cogerty and the lovely Miss Arnold of the batik lamp shades about the Skillyoolly dolls. Both of them squeaked ecstatically. Yet Candee scowled at a Skillyoolly standing on his desk and addressed her:

"Doll, you're a bunch of fluff. You may put it over these sentimental females for a while, but you're no good. You're a rotten fake, and to charge two plunks for you is the darndest nerve I ever heard of. And yet I might make a thousand a year clear out of you. A thousand a year. Buy quite a few cord tires, curse it!"

At five Miss Sorrell bought some correspondence cards.

Candee was afraid of Miss Sorrell. She was the principal of a private school. He never remembered what she wore, but he had an impression that she was clad entirely in well-starched four-ply linen collars. She was not a person to whom you could sell things. She looked at you sarcastically and told you what she wanted. But the girls in her school were fervid customers, and, though he grumbled, "Here's that old grouch," he concentrated upon her across the showcase.

When she had ordered the correspondence cards and fished the copper address plate out of a relentless seal purse, Miss Sorrell blurted: "I want to tell you how very, very much I appreciate the Papa Jumas dolls. They are the only toys sold in Vernon that have imagination and solidity."

"Folks don't care much for them, mostly. They think I ought to carry some of these fluffy dolls."

"Parents may not appreciate them, and I suppose they're so original that children take a little time getting used to them. But my nephew loves his Jumas dolls dearly; he takes them to bed with him. We are your debtors for having introduced them."

As she dotted out, Candee was vowing: "I'm not going to have any of those Skillyoolly hussies in my place! I'm—I'll fight for the Jumas dolls! I'll make people like 'em, if it takes a leg. I don't care if I lose a thousand a year on them, or ten thousand, or ten thousand million tillion!"

It was too lofty to last. He reflected that he didn't like Miss Sorrell. She had a nerve to try to patronize him! He hastened to his desk. He made computations for half an hour. Candee was an irregular and temperamental cost accountant. If his general profit was sufficient he rarely tracked down the



"JUMAS, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ACROSS!"

share produced by items. Now he found that, allowing for rent, overhead, and interest, his profit on Papa Jumas dolls in the last four months had been four dollars. He gasped:

"Probably could make 'em popular if I took time enough. But—four dollars! And losing a thousand a year by not handling Skillyoollys. I can't afford luxuries like that. I'm not in business for my health. I've got a wife and kids to look out for. Still, I'm making enough to keep fat and cheery on, entirely aside from the dolls. Family don't seem to be starving. I guess I can afford one luxury. I— Oh, rats!"

He reached, in fact, a sure, clear, ringing resolution that he would stock Skillyoolly dolls; that he'd be hanged if he'd stock Skillyoolly dolls; and that he would give nine dollars and forty cents if he knew whether he was going to stock them or not.

After the girls had gone out that evening he hinted to his wife: "I don't really believe I want to give up the Jumas dolls. May cost me a little profit for a while yet, but I kind of feel obligated to the poor old Frenchie, and the really wise birds—you take this Miss Sorrell, for instance—they appreciate—"

"Then you can't handle the Skillyoolly dolls?"

"Don't use that word! Skillyoolly! Ugh! Sounds like an old maid tickling a baby!"

"Now that's all very well, to be so superior and all—and if you mean that I was an old maid when we were married—"

"Why, Nelly, such a thought nev' entered my head!"

"Well, how could I tell? You're so bound and determined to be arbitrary to-night. It's all very well to be charitable and to think about that Jumas—and I never did like him, horrid, skinny old man!—and about your dolls that you're so proud of, and I still insist they're ugly, but I do think there's some folks a little nearer home that you got to show consideration for, and us going without things we need—"

"Now I guess you've got about as many clothes as anybody— "

"See here, Jimmy Candee! I'm not

complaining about myself. I like pretty clothes, but I never was one to demand things for myself, and you know it!"

"Yes, that's true. You're sensible—"

"Well, I try to be, anyway, and I detest these wives that simply drive their husbands like they were pack-horses, but— It's the girls. Not that they're bad off. But you're like all these other men. You think because a girl has a new dancing frock once a year that she's got everything in the world. And here's Mamie crying her eyes out because she hasn't got anything to wear to the Black Bass dance, and that horrible Jason girl will show up in silver brocade or something, and Mamie thinks Win Morgan won't even look at her. Not but what she can get along. I'm not going to let you work and slave for things to put on Mamie's back. But if you're going to waste a lot of money I certainly don't see why it should go to a perfect stranger—a horrid old Frenchman that digs graves, or whatever it is—when we could use it right here at home!"

"Well, of course, looking at it that way—" sighed Candee.

"Do you see?"

"Yes, but—there's a principle involved. Don't know that I can make it clear to you, but I wouldn't feel as if I was doing my job honestly if I sold a lot of rubbish."

"Rubbish? Rubbish? If there's any rubbish it isn't those darling Skillyoolly dolls, but those wretched, angular Jumas things! But if you've made up your mind to be stubborn— And of course I'm not supposed to know anything about business! I merely scrimp and save and economize and do the marketing!"

She flapped the pages of her magazine and ignored him. All evening she was patient. It is hard to endure patience, and Candee was shaken. He was fond of his wife. Her refusal to support his shaky desire to "do his job honestly" left him forlorn, outside the door of her comfortable affection.

"Oh, I suppose I better be sensible," he said to himself, seventy or eighty times.

He was taking the Skillyoolly contract out of his desk as a cyclone entered the shop, a cyclone in brown velvet, white hair, and the best hat in Vernon—Mrs. Gerard Randall. Candee went rejoicing to the battle. He was a salesman. He was an artist, a scientist, and the harder the problem the better. Mechanically handing out quires of notepaper to customers who took whatever he suggested bored Candee as it would bore an exhibition aviator to drive a tractor. But selling to Mrs. Randall was not a bore. She was the eternal dowager, the dictator of Vernon society, rich and penurious and overwhelming.

He beamed upon her. He treacherously looked mild. He seemed edified by her snort:

"I want a penholder for my desk that won't look like a beastly schoolroom pen."

"Then you want a quill pen in mauve or a sea-foam green." Mrs. Randall was going to buy a quill pen, or she was going to die—or he was.

"I certainly do not want a quill pen, either mauve or pea-green or sky-blue beige! Quill pens are an abomination, and they wiggle when you're writing, and they're disgustingly common."

"My pens don't wiggle. They have patent grips—"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, shall we look at some other kinds?"

He placidly laid out an atrocious penholder of mother-of-pearl and streaky brass which had infested the shop for years.

"Horrible! Victorian! Certainly not!"

He displayed a nickel penholder stamped, "Souvenir of Vernon," a brittle, red wooden holder with a cork grip, and a holder of chased silver, very bulgy and writhing.

"They're terrible!" wailed Mrs. Randall.



MISS ARNOLD'S LAMP SHADES HAD MANY "TALKING POINTS"

She sounded defenseless. He flashed before her eyes the best quill in the shop, crisp, firm, tinted a faint rose.

"Well," she said, feebly. She held it, wabbled it, wrote a sentence in the agitated air. "But it wouldn't go with my desk set," she attempted.

He brought out a desk set of seal-brown enamel and in the bowl of shot he thrust the rose quill.

"How did you remember what my desk set was like?"

"Ah! Could one forget?" He did not look meek now; he looked insulting and cheerful.

"Oh, drat the man! I'll take it. But I don't want you to think for one moment that I'd stand being bullied this way if I weren't in a hurry."

He grinned. He resolved, "I'm going to make the ole dragon buy three Jumas dolls—no, six! Mrs. Randall, I know you're in a rush, but I want you to look at something that will interest you."

"I suppose you're going to tell me that 'we're finding this line very popular,' whatever it is. I don't want it."

"Quite the contrary. I want you to see these because they haven't gone well at all."

"Then why should I be interested?"

"Ah, Mrs. Randall, if Mrs. Randall were interested, everybody else would have to be."

"Stop being sarcastic, if you don't mind. That's my own province." She was glaring at him, but she was following him to the back of the shop.

He chirped: "I believe you buy your toys for your grandchildren at the Bazaar. But I want to show you something they'll really like." He was holding up a Gothic princess, turning her lanky magnificence round and round. As Mrs. Randall made an "aah" sound in her throat, he protested. "Wait! You're wrong. They're not ugly; they're a new kind of beauty."

"Beauty! Arty! Tea-roomy!"

"Not at all. Children love 'em. I'm so dead sure of it that I want— Let's see. You have three grandchildren. I want to send each of them two Papa Jumas dolls. I'll guarantee— No. Wait! I'll guarantee the children won't care for them at first. Don't say anything about the dolls, but just leave 'em around the nursery and watch. Inside of two weeks you'll find the children so crazy about 'em they won't go to bed without 'em. I'll send 'em up to your daughter's house and when you get around to it you can decide whether you want to pay me or not."

"Humph! You are very eloquent. But I can't stand here all day. Ask one of your young women to wrap up four or five of these things and put them in my car. And put them on my bill. I can't be bothered with trying to remember to pay you. Good day!"

While he sat basking at his desk he remembered the words of the severe schoolmistress, Miss Sorrell, "Only toys in Vernon that have imagination and solidity."

"People like that, with brains, they're the kind. I'm not going to be a popcorn-and-lemonade seller. Skillyoolly dolls! Any ten-year-old boy could introduce those to a lot of sentimental females. Takes a real salesman to talk Jumas dolls. And— If I could only get Nelly to understand!"

Alternately triumphant and melancholy, he put on his hat, trying the effect in the little crooked mirror over the water cooler, and went out to the Boosters' Club weekly lunch.

Sometimes the Boosters' lunches were given over to speeches; sometimes they were merry and noisy; and when they were noisy Candee was the noisiest. But he was silent to-day. He sat at the long table beside Darbin, the ice-cream manufacturer, and when Darbin chuckled invitingly, "Well, you old Bolshevik, what's the latest junk you're robbing folks for?" Candee's answer was feeble.



SHE WAS A SIMPERING, STAR-EYED, CHIFFON-CLOTHED LADY



HE STARED AT THE TWO DOLLS

"That's all right, now! 'S good stuff."

He looked down the line of the Boosters—men engaged in electrotyping and roofing, real estate and cigar making; certified accountants and teachers and city officials. He noted Oscar Sunderquist, the young surgeon.

He considered: "I suppose they're all going through the same thing—quick turnover on junk *versus* building up something permanent, and maybe taking a loss; anyway, taking a chance. Huh! Sounds so darn ridiculously easy when you put it that way. Of course a regular fellow would build up the long-time trade and kick out cheap stuff. Only—not so easy to chase away a thousand or ten thousand dollars when it comes right up and tags you. Oh, gee! I dunno! I wish you'd quit fussing like a schoolgirl, Brother Candee. I'm going to cut it out." By way of illustrating which he turned to his friend Darbin. "Frank, I'm worried. I want some advice. Will it bother you if I weep on your shoulder?"

"Go to it! Shoot! Anything I can do—"

He tried to make clear to Darbin how involved was a choice between Papa Jumas and the scent pots of the Skilly-oolly. Darbin interrupted:

"Is that all that ails you? Cat's sake! What the deuce difference does it make which kind of dolls you handle? Of course you'll pick the kind that brings in the most money. I certainly wouldn't worry about the old Frenchman. I always did think those Jumas biznai were kind of freakish."

"Then you don't think it matters?"

"Why, certainly not! Jimmy, you're a good business man, some ways. You're a hustler. But you always were erratic. Business isn't any jazz-band dance. You got to look at these things in a practical way. Say, come on; the president's going to make a spiel. Kid him along and get him going."

"Don't feel much like kidding."

"I'll tell you what I think's the matter with you, Jimmy; your liver's on the bum."

"Maybe you're right," croaked Candee. He did not hear the president's announcement of the coming clam-bake. He was muttering, in an injured way: "Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!"

He was walking back to the shop.

He didn't want to go back; he didn't care whether Miss Cogerty was selling any of the *écrasé* sewing baskets or not. He was repeating Darbin's disgusted: "What difference does it make? Why all the fuss?"

"At most I'd lose a thousand a year. I wouldn't starve. This little decision—nobody cares a hang. I was a fool to speak to Nelly and Darbin. Now they'll be watching me. Well, I'm not going to let 'em think I'm an erratic fool. Ten words of approval from a crank like that Sorrell woman is a pretty thin return for years of work. Yes, I'll—I'll be sensible."

He spent the late afternoon in furiously re-arranging the table of vases and candlesticks. "Exercise, that's what I need, not all this grousing around," he said. But when he went home he had, without ever officially admitting it to himself that he was doing it, thrust a Jumas doll and a Skillyoolly into his pocket, and these, in the absence of his wife, he hid beneath his bed on the sleeping porch. With his wife he had a strenuous and entirely imaginary conversation:

"Why did I bring them home? Because I wanted to. I don't see any need of explaining my motives. I don't intend to argue about this in any way, shape, manner, or form!" He looked at himself in the mirror, with admiration for the firmness, strength of character, iron will, and numerous other virtues revealed in his broad nose and square—also plump—chin. It is true that his wife came in and caught him at it, and that he pretended to be examining his bald spot. It is true that he listened mildly to her reminder that for two weeks now he hadn't rubbed any of the sulphur stuff on his head. But he marched downstairs—behind her—with an imperial tread. He had solved his worry! Somehow, he was going to work it all out.

Just how he was going to work it out he did not state. That detail might be left till after dinner.



"BESIDES," HE SHOUTED, "HOW DO WE KNOW THE SKILLYOOLYS WOULD SELL?"

He did not again think of the dolls hidden beneath his bed till he had dived under the blanket. Cursing a little, he crawled out and set them on the rail of the sleeping porch.

He awoke, suddenly and sharply, at sun-up. He heard a voice—surely not his own—snarling: "Nobody is going to help you. If you want to go on looking for a magic way out—go right on looking. You won't find it!"

He stared at the two dolls. The first sunlight was on the Skillyoolly object, and in that intolerant glare he saw that her fluffy dress was sewed on with cheap thread which would break at the first rough handling. Suddenly he was out of bed, pounding the unfortunate Skillyoolly on the rail, smashing her simpering face, wrenching apart her ill-jointed limbs, tearing her gay chiffon. He was dashing into the bedroom, waking his bewildered wife with:

"Nelly! Nelly! Get up! No, it's all right. But it's time for breakfast."

She foggily looked at her wrist watch

on the bedside table, and complained, "Why, it isn't but six o'clock!"

"I know it, but we're going to do a stunt. D'you realize we haven't had breakfast just by ourselves and had a chance to really talk since last summer? Come on! You fry an egg and I'll start the percolator. Come on!"

"Well," patiently, reaching for her dressing gown.

While Candee, his shrunken bathrobe flapping about his shins, excitedly put the percolator together and attached it to the baseboard plug, leaving out nothing but the coffee, he chattered of the Boosters' Club.

As they sat down he crowed: "Nelly, we're going to throw some gas in the ole car and run down to Chicago and back, next week. How's that?"

"That would be very nice," agreed Mrs. Candee.

"And we're going to start reading aloud again, evenings, instead of all this doggone double solitaire."

"That would be fine."

"Oh, and by the way, I've finally made up my mind. I'm not going to mess up my store with that Skillyoolly stuff. Going to keep on with the Jumas dolls, but push 'em harder."

"Well, if you really think—"

"And, uh— Gee! I certainly feel great this morning. Feel like a million dollars. What say we have another fried egg?"

"I think that might be nice," said Mrs. Candee, who had been married for nineteen years.

"Sure you don't mind about the Skillyoolly dolls?"

"Why, no, not if you know what you want. And that reminds me! How terrible of me to forget! When you ran over to the Jasons' last evening, the Skillyoolly salesman telephoned the house—he'd just come to town. He asked me if you were going to take the agency, and I told him no. Of course I've known all along that you weren't. But hasn't it been interesting, thinking it all out? I'm so glad you've been firm."

"Well, when I've gone into a thing thoroughly I like to smash it right through. . . . Now you take Frank Darbin; makes me tired the way he's fussing and stewing, trying to find out whether he wants to buy a house in Rosebank or not. So you—you told the Skillyoolly salesman no? I just wonder— Gee! I kind of hate to give up the chance of the Skillyoolly market! What do you think?"

"But it's all settled now."

"Then I suppose there's no use fussing— I tell you; I mean a fellow wants to look at a business deal from all sides. See how I mean?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee, admiringly. As with a commanding step he went to the kitchen to procure another fried egg she sighed to herself, "Such a dear boy—and yet such a forceful man."

Candee ran in from the kitchen. In one hand was an egg, in the other the small frying-pan. "Besides," he shouted, "how do we know the Skillyoollys would necessarily sell so darn well? You got to take everything like that into consideration, and then decide and stick to it. See how I mean?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Candee.

PROBLEMS OF THE INCOMING ADMINISTRATION

TAXATION, THE TARIFF, AND FOREIGN TRADE RELATIONS

BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

WHEN the editor of *Harper's Magazine* asked me to express my "views on the financial and economic problems which the incoming Administration will have to face," he might as well have invited me to write a third volume to H. G. Wells's history of the world. Each of the party platforms last summer made allusion to most of the problems that are confronting us; but party platforms have the habit of touching only the "high spots." They declare the benevolent intentions of their respective parties, but they can hardly be expected to set forth concrete working programs. In fact, the field to be surveyed is so large that I shall not attempt at all to touch upon the questions that are pressing for solution in labor, in merchant marine, and in many other matters. There are, however, three outstanding topics which every citizen ought to study and discuss. For it is only by reviewing past history that we can gain the data upon which to form sound judgment for future operation. These three topics — all of which are closely correlated — are those, first, of taxation; second, of the tariff; and third, of foreign trade relations.

TAXATION

First, we must look upon our government's balance sheet and profit-and-loss account. Of course this is a dull thing to do. Nothing is more irksome than to study one's own household accounts; but we have to remember this is our own government—no one else's. According, then, to official figures, the interest-bearing debt of the Federal government amounted, on October 31, 1920, to $23,828,606,604. The interest on this debt is approximately $1,015,000,000 per annum. In addition, sinking funds for the gradual retirement of the debt call every year for, say, $250,000,000 more. Thus the total Treasury requirements for the service of the debt come approximately to $1,265,000,000 annually. This debt-service item alone is more than one and one-half times the total revenues of the government in 1914. (This paper does not classify postal receipts as included in revenues.) To maintain the civil establishment, we need, according to the Treasury's incomplete estimates, $695,000,000 a year. The cost of our military and naval establishment will, of course, be whatever Congress sees fit to make it, but the figure for this is placed by the Treasury at $1,553,000,000, a sum almost twice the total government revenues six years ago. In fact, if, in this category of a war budget, we include the items for service upon our war debt and pensions, we shall see that to war purposes, past and present, we are devoting *80 per cent* of our total Federal revenues. For a strictly peace-loving nation this is "going some." Of course, it must be obvious that the quickest way to reduce this great burden of the military establishment is to enter into some agreement with the other nations of the world, looking to partial disarmament; toward a naval holiday wherein we are free from the necessity every year of building new capital ships at a cost of $30,000,000 apiece. When a distinguished professional soldier like General Pershing comes out for a drastic reduction of armament, the great body of citizens who are struggling under the

heavy burden of taxation can afford to urge a similar policy.

But to return to our figures, the grand total of our Treasury requirements is $3,750,000,000 annually, as compared with $700,000,000 for similar purposes in 1914. Secretary Houston has recently urged that the revenues should provide for an outlay of at least $4,000,000,000 a year.

There is also to be considered the floating debt in the form of Treasury certificates, mostly held by the banks, amounting, on October 31, 1920, to $2,629,432,950. If this floating debt is to be paid from current revenue before the maturity of Victory notes in May, 1923, the Treasury must be supplied with approximately $1,300,000,000 additional annual revenues in both 1921 and 1922. In 1923 $5,025,000,000 of Victory notes and War Savings certificates mature. Here we have, roughly, $7,600,000,000 government debt, to be either retired or refunded in the next three years. The retirement of the Treasury certificates out of current revenues, as Secretary Houston proposes, is certainly desirable, if practicable. But whether the revenues will be sufficient, without sweeping revision of the revenue laws, is more than doubtful; for our revenues are now largely derived from a single source of taxation, and the tax scheme has been so unscientifically applied to that single source that what was but recently a "gusher" may soon be a trickle, if not a "dry hole." In the foregoing estimates no allowance has been made for payments by foreign governments on account of their indebtedness to our government. For the time being even their interest payments are being deferred, and I see little likelihood of our government's foreign creditors — earnestly as they may desire it—being able to make any early or substantial reduction of their indebtedness. You can't get blood out of a stone.

As we look at the situation to-day, this much is certain: For years the Treasury will be in need of prodigious revenues, as compared with its requirements in pre-war days, and the burden of taxation will be heavy. How shall the burden be distributed? Shall some portion of the population, some parts of the country, some businesses, be overloaded, or shall the burden be spread as evenly as may be over all that part of the population that is able to carry it? If we are to comprehend this last inquiry, we must again look at the dry figures. In the last three years, a total of $9,385,000,000, or 60 per cent of the Treasury's total receipts, has been derived from income and profits taxes. In 1914, when the Treasury's total ordinary receipts were $734,673,166, only about 8 per cent, or $60,710,196, was derived from income taxes, the balance of the revenues flowing from indirect taxation and miscellaneous sources. The figures speak for themselves. Before America's participation in the war the country's tax burden was light, and direct taxes contributed about one-third of the Treasury's total receipts. But in 1917 the enactment of the Revenue bill marked a radical change of policy, and the government's scheme of taxation was made to bear with tremendous weight upon incomes and profits, as the following statement of Treasury receipts clearly shows. These figures are in millions of dollars:

Year Ended June 30	Income and Profits Taxes	Other Internal Revenue	Customs	Miscellaneous	Total Ordinary Receipts
1914.....	61	319	292	62	734
1915.....	80	336	210	72	698
1916.....	125	388	213	54	780
1917.....	360	449	226	83	1,118
1918.....	2,839	857	183	295	4,174
1919.....	2,601	1,239	183	624	4,647
1920.....	3,945	1,460	323	967	6,695

As regards income and profits taxes on corporations, it is certain that the government's revenues from this source in 1921, assessed on the profits of 1920, will fall heavily below those of recent years. The sharp drop in commodity prices and the curtailment of manufactures in the last half of 1920 mean only one thing—heavy losses in stocks of goods and materials on hand, and there-

fore greatly reduced profits for the year. This statement applies with almost equal force to the revenues to be derived next year from individual income taxes. Secretary Houston recognized this when, a few weeks ago, he said, "There is no certain means of predicting the course of business or of incomes and profits; but the probability is that the income and profits tax receipts for the calendar year 1920 will be materially lower."

It is unnecessary for me to discuss at length the inequities and the unsound features of the so-called excess-profits tax. Throughout the country students and experts, including Secretary Houston, have been almost unanimous in urging the necessity for the repeal or complete revision of this tax. The Treasury's attitude was concisely put by Secretary Glass in his report to Congress in 1919 in these words:

> The Treasury's objections to the excess-profits tax, even as a war expedient (in contradistinction to a war-profits tax), have been repeatedly voiced before the committees of the Congress. Still more objectionable is the operation of the excess-profits tax in peace times. It encourages wasteful expenditures, puts a premium on overcapitalization and a penalty on brains, energy, and enterprise, discourages new ventures, and confirms old ventures in their monopolies.

Those who are actively engaged in trying to forward the business affairs of the country are running every day into the unfortunate workings of this law. In time of war men are quick to suppress natural impulses and to merge the welfare of self, family, and friends into the one end of winning the war. But with war ended no man or concern, operating in a large or small way, will undertake the risk of new enterprise if his reward is to be snatched away from him by the requirements of his government, which, however, assumes no share of his loss in case his enterprise prove unprofitable. So that, all over the country, this tax acts as a dead hand on initiative and enterprise. With enterprise held in check, labor soon feels the slackened demand for its services and runs into lower wages and unemployment.

Whether the excess-profits-tax law works badly or well is, however, not the chief point. The serious situation is that this policy of relying for taxation upon incomes and profits makes the government practically dependent upon a single source of revenue. In such policy lurks a grave danger. Prof. T. S. Adams, former chairman of the Advisory Tax Board, focused attention on the peril when he recently wrote

> This reaction from indirect to direct taxation has gone to extremes in certain respects, and it has made the Federal government dangerously dependent upon a single source or method of taxation. An industrial depression might easily cut the public revenue in half and bring with it a fall in the public credit that—in view of the large refunding operations which the government must face in the near future—would spell disaster. A single tax, whether upon general property, land, income, expenditure, or any other basis, may be attractive in theory, but it does not furnish a dependable basis for the financial system of a great modern state.

We are even now in the midst of the "industrial depression" which Professor Adams apprehended, and consequently the new Administration, unless it is able to institute sweeping economies, may conceivably find itself—even under our present burdensome tax laws—facing a serious deficit in revenue.

Not only is the government at present dependent chiefly upon a single source of taxation, but the method of imposing the taxes bears with extraordinary weight upon a small portion of the country. Not less than $3,472,000,000, or approximately 64 per cent, of the total income-and-profits-tax receipts in 1918 and 1919 came from five states—Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Still further analysis of the personal income tax returns for the calendar year 1917 (complete figures for later years not yet being available) is worth while. In that year 1½ per cent of the population of the United States

made returns of taxable incomes. About 98 per cent of the total 1½ per cent paid 26½ per cent of the total individual income taxes, while the balance—only 2 per cent—paid 73½ per cent of the taxes. In other words, three ten-thousandths of the population paid almost three-quarters of the income taxes. There were in that year 1,565,328 taxable incomes running from $2,000 to $40,000 each. The total of these incomes aggregated $7,824,276,660; but of this only $151,946,821, or about 2 per cent on the average, was paid in income tax. At the same time there were 26,190 incomes each of $40,000 or above, aggregating $2,768,710,502. Upon this amount (being less than one-third the larger amount) there was paid in income tax $422,052,848, almost three times as much as the total paid by the million and a half incomes. As is well known, the subsequent revision of the Revenue Act made the burden on the higher incomes heavier for 1918 and 1919.

Back in 1787 Alexander Hamilton predicted that the collection of direct taxes by the Federal government would be most difficult. He believed that the people would not readily disclose the details of their incomes and private affairs, or, as he put it, "The genius of the people will illy brook the inquisitive and peremptory spirit of excise laws." Hamilton then added this significant phrase: "The pockets of the farmers, on the other hand, will reluctantly yield but scanty supplies, in the unwelcome shape of impositions on their houses and lands." As a matter of fact, the government returns for 1917 go far to confirm Hamilton's estimate of the empty-pocketed or escaping farmer; for only $806,000,000, or *less than 7 per cent* of the total net income returned for 1917, is represented by personal incomes from agriculture and animal husbandry, although the gross value of farm products for that year was officially estimated at the gigantic sum of $19,331,000,000. How the shades of Blount, Spaight, Williamson, and those other agrarian delegates to the Constitutional Convention in 1787 would have chortled with glee at these figures!

The stages by which the country has finally reached the imposition of individual income taxes, and those at a rate higher upon very large incomes than that prevailing in other countries—including England, the home of the income tax—are so well known that it is not necessary to recall them here. The Continental Congress had no authority to levy direct taxes; and even at the time of the Constitutional Convention the individual states desired to reserve that power exclusively to themselves. The Sixteenth Amendment, proclaimed in 1913, nullified the provision of Article I of the Constitution and provided that "the Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several states and without regard to any census or enumeration." Thus, the limitation on the Federal power to lay direct taxes was swept aside, and the government was granted free hand to tap a new source of revenue, not only to meet the requirements of increasing appropriations, but, as it was soon to appear, to provide the bulk of the revenue from taxation needed to meet the colossal expenditures of the war against the Central Powers. The faith of Congress in the efficacy of direct taxation soon was made clear; and, dazzled by the invisible and mysterious fund of personal property, it soon assumed that inquisitorial role which Hamilton had deplored. And, in point of fact, it almost forgot the "pockets of the farmers." It laid—as has been pointed out—an extraordinary burden of direct tax on a portion of the country. It went farther, and laid it on a very small minority of the population.

In pointing out these features of the income-tax law I would not be understood as indicating that there has been severe complaint on the part of that small minority of the population because of the prodigious burden of taxation laid

upon it. During the war itself there was no complaint. On the contrary, there was readiness, nay, eagerness, to make any sacrifice that would better support the government and advance the prosecution of the war. Now, however, that the war has been won, it behooves us to examine more closely the economic aspects of the situation, and to determine whether our so-called excess profits and income taxes, as at present levied, are not serving actually to reduce the country's wealth and its power of continued and ample employment for labor at a good wage.

Certainly an outstanding fact of the first importance is that the investment markets are deprived of a fund that should be available for the productive and reproductive purposes of the country's industry and commerce. Excessive income taxes, especially upon large incomes, accomplish little more than the unwholesome transfer of funds from the productive processes of the country to the Treasury of the government. In the absence of such excessive taxation, funds normally accumulated are promptly reinvested, so as to swell the country's capital available for new enterprise. But with a continuation of an income tax that is excessive, and for large incomes indeed almost confiscatory, even the stream flowing into the Treasury will inevitably diminish. Human ingenuity for legal avoidance and reduction of the tax will be vigorously exercised. In this country, for instance, municipal bonds offer a ready means for the individual of large income to defeat the income-tax law. There are state, city, and other municipal obligations—tax exempt—outstanding in this country to an estimated amount of $4,670,000,000. The first Liberty loan, the 3¾-per-cent Victory notes, and other government obligations amounting to about $6,080,000,000 are also exempt from all income tax. Here we have the income from $10,750,000,000 of obligations, equivalent to 5 per cent of the country's total wealth (as estimated in 1914) escaping income tax entirely. Obviously, the higher a man's income and the heavier the rates of income tax imposed, the greater is the incentive for him to transfer his investments from a form of property burdened with taxes to obligations which are tax exempt.

The diversion to the government's Treasury of a large stream of income which otherwise would be available for loans or new business throughout the country naturally causes a rise in interest rates. Even were the stream so diverted not large, interest rates would still rise because of the competition between taxable and tax-exempt securities. For instance, an individual with an income of $25,000 can to better advantage buy a 5-per-cent municipal bond (tax exempt) than a taxable bond yielding 6⅛ per cent. In the same way the greater a man's income the greater is the advantage in his holding a tax-exempt security. For a man receiving a great income, like $250,000, a 5-per-cent tax-exempt investment is equivalent to a taxable investment yielding *18½ per cent.* From all this it must be clear that, from an economic point of view, the advantages of direct taxation—and there are admittedly many—are lost to the state when too large a part of the country's vitalizing wealth—designed to develop new enterprise, to create vast new fields of employment—is forced from the channels of commerce and becomes solidified in an inert mass of tax-free municipal obligations, the owners of which do not contribute to Federal government support and hardly at all to the direct up-building of the country's wealth.

In his annual report to Congress in 1919, Secretary of the Treasury Glass emphasized the very situation that I have described. His recommendations had the support of the President, who, in his message to Congress in the same year, suggested that "the Congress might well consider whether the higher rates of income and profits tax can, in peace time, be effectively productive of

revenue, and whether they may not, on the contrary, be destructive of business activity and productive of waste and inefficiency. There is a point at which, in peace times, high rates of income and profits taxes discourage energy, remove the incentive to new enterprise, encourage extravagant expenditure, and produce industrial stagnation, with consequent unemployment and other attendant evils." Has our unscientific tax system been a strong contributing cause to our present "industrial stagnation" and "unemployment"? We may well ask ourselves this question.

When, in accordance with the Republican platform pledges, the new Administration and the new Congress take up the subject of revenue revision, they can hardly find the situation otherwise than as it has been described by Secretaries Glass and Houston and by President Wilson. Whether, however, the Administration will be able to cut the knot and revise these particular taxes is a grave question, because of the huge revenues which for the next few years the Treasury will still require. We must have greater economy in administration, and that the Republican party has promised. But we can hardly expect any reduction in the aggregate tax burden. Moreover, no one is looking for an abandonment of the income-tax principle. Income taxes in this country have come to stay. The question is whether they shall be levied productively or the reverse, as now. In any event, whether the excess-profits tax is repealed or not, whether the income-tax law is revised or not, all indications point to diminishing revenues from these sources. There are those who favor a general sales tax, there are others who favor a limited sales tax, there are still others who favor consumption taxes on selected articles. All of these proposals have had much discussion and must have more. The recent proposal by some Republicans to get a billion dollars a year by raising import duties naturally brings us to the second topic of our discussion.

THE TARIFF

A few years ago, as I have pointed out, the income tax was a novelty to Americans. The tariff, on the other hand, has so long had a foremost place in our national finance that it has become well-nigh a tradition. But the new fact of supreme importance that confronts us to-day in our study of the tariff problem is that we have grown from a debtor to a creditor nation. Historically it will be recalled that prior to 1787 certain of the states had adopted, as against one another, a policy of protection to their local industries. The grant to Congress of the power to lay imposts changed all this and at once transformed the tariff from a state to a national issue, which it has continued down to the present time.

The historical background of the American protective policy must be kept clearly in mind if we are to have an intelligent discussion of the problem to-day. Our forefathers, prior to the war of the Revolution, were educated under Great Britain's former policy of exercising strong measures for controlling foreign trade and protecting home industries. In winning America's independence they aimed also to knock the shackles from commerce; possibly they dreamed of free trade throughout the world. But while the Colonies were fighting the war for independence, the death knell of the old mercantile system in England was being sounded. In the same year the Colonies declared their independence, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* appeared, overthrowing the old economic system in England. Smith's teachings in England were echoed by James Madison in America, who said, "I own myself the friend to a very free system of commerce." But the new Federal government was in dire need of revenues to bolster up its credit, a consideration which influenced many who, in principle, were free-traders, to still their opposition to a protective policy, and indeed even to support it. Thus Madison, although leaning strongly

toward free trade, recognized the government's need of revenue. In drawing up the first tariff bill, he yielded his free-trade principles to what he regarded as his public duty.

Since 1860 our tariff policy has departed farther and farther from Madison's doctrine of free commerce. The expenditures of the Civil War left the Federal government badly in need of additional revenues, and among other expedients the tariff was availed of. After the war the tariff was not only not reduced, but duties were actually raised above the war rates. The Tariff Act of 1864 is generally regarded as the basis of the tariff as it exists to-day. In tariff legislation since the Civil War, questions of principle and of national policy have still been argued, but there has been much pressure from particular industries, and the reshaping of the tariff, from time to time, has not always been free from the play of private interests. During the whole one hundred and twenty-five years from 1789 to 1914 the United States, be it noted, was always a debtor, never a creditor nation.

To-day, as in the days following the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Napoleonic Wars, and the Civil War, the cry is raised again that the remedy for stimulating that "languid and mutilated state of trade," as Hamilton termed it, is to be found in a high tariff wall. "Dumping" of goods on our shores by Europe is to be prevented, and $1,000,000,000 import duties are to flow into the Treasury to boot! By what art will our magicians collect imposts in customs houses which they will have first emptied? We can shut out imports entirely. We can produce almost everything, if the duties are but high enough. Let us look at the facts and note what the bulk of our imports consists of:

In the year ended June 30th last our total merchandise imports were $5,238,000,000 and the customs receipts amounted to $322,000,000. Forty groups of commodities account for 88 per cent of these imports, and of these forty groups 35 per cent are dutiable, 65 per cent nondutiable. The average *ad valorem* rate in 1920 on all imports (both free and dutiable) was 6.3 per cent. To have raised from duties in 1920 an additional $700,000,000 (so as to reach the magic one-billion-dollar mark) would have meant increasing duties to produce an average *ad valorem* of 20 per cent on all imports, dutiable and nondutiable. Just how, at one clip, we can treble our average import duties and still maintain the present imports has not yet been explained. Still, suppose we attempt to accomplish this seemingly paradoxical feat. Then it must be manifest, from the figures that I have just quoted as to the total of duties now paid, or to be paid, that to produce an extra revenue of approximately $700,000,000 we must place exceedingly heavy imposts upon such articles of daily consumption as tea, coffee, sugar, etc., just as England does. Now if we add to the import costs of such articles, there is no one—in the final analysis—to pay that extra cost except the consumer. And so there we should again increase the cost of living. With such an inevitable end in view, is there a likelihood that Congress, no matter how strongly Republican, can be persuaded to make such an increase in duties?

In point of fact the tariff problem is not soluble by scientific methods. It is an economic and not a scientific problem. Fundamentally, there is nothing new in it to-day except the factor of America's changed and changing situation. But we shall hear the same old arguments of a hundred and more years ago. There are many who still cling to the old mercantile theory of trade, who believe that a country's greatest gain lies in a large export trade with a correspondingly large importation of specie in payment. It is taking a long time for some of our statesmen, and for the American people, to grasp this fact—that imports pay for exports, and that, in the long run, a country gains, not loses, by ample imports.

There are many hide-bound protectionists left in America who are to-day declaring that the tariff should be raised, not simply for the purpose of gaining additional revenue, which everyone knows the Treasury needs, but for the purpose of affording continued protection upon an ample scale to American industries. Now there may be certain cases in the United States where the infant-industry theory is still tenable, but those cases must be few and far between. There are other cases where the question of national defense comes in. For instance, this country, as well as Great Britain, will be perfectly justified in levying such prohibitive duties upon chemicals as will force their manufacture in this country; so that if a future Germany, holding the chemical trade of the world almost in its hands, were to arise and make war we should not be altogether helpless. With certain exceptions, such as these, I believe economists are generally agreed that a creditor nation must regulate its commerce to a large extent on the principle of unrestricted trade. I do not for a moment mean to suggest that this country should forthwith go to a free-trade basis. Anything approaching such a complete change is impossible. But the tendency toward freer trade is bound to become more marked. Our position before the war as a debtor nation was a far different one from what it is to-day. When in those days we sold food and raw materials for export we were able to find our pay for them in a number of different ways. The peoples abroad sold us services in the way of ocean transportation, they sold us insurance. Lastly, on a large scale, they loaned us capital, which is only another way of saying that they provided credits with which we paid our own imports.

Now the position is reversed. From being a nation in debt to the peoples abroad, to the extent of say $5,000,000,000, as we were in 1914, we have become, on net balance, a creditor to the peoples abroad to the extent of $12,000,000,000, perhaps even $15,000,000,000. Therefore, whether we will it or not, from this time forward we must act the part of a creditor nation; we must be governed by the economic and commercial laws that govern creditor nations. We must begin to realize, if we do not already realize it, that we cannot continue to pile up these credits indefinitely without disarranging our own and the world's markets. In other words, we shall find our operations working against the old mercantile theory of trade, that same ancient theory that England, as a great creditor and commercial nation, found herself compelled to abandon a hundred and fifty years ago. We shall find ourselves ardently desiring to buy as well as to sell. If such shall prove to be the case—and I see no escape from it—we shall automatically tend toward freer trade. We shall inevitably grow to realize that the ideal status for the world is for our country to produce those things which it can produce cheapest and best, and to exchange those things for the products of other countries which those countries are able to produce better and more cheaply than we.

In the early days of this government, as I have pointed out, our Colonies and states were separated by tariff walls, but we saw almost at once the absurdity of not having a free exchange of goods, under which New England could, manufacturing shoes and cotton goods more cheaply than the other states, freely sell them in return for the coal and iron that could be more cheaply produced in Pennsylvania, for the wheat and corn which could be grown better in Indiana and Illinois. As it was among the states of this country, so measurably it is among the world states. The same basic principles of production, of sale and barter hold true. The only difference is that, whereas in the case of the several states of the Union, it took only a few years to bring about free trade, in the case of the world states it will take many years, perhaps generations.

In all this I am simply declaring what

will be the commercial tendency of this country over a long period to come: not for a moment am I attempting to prophesy what is going to happen when Congress is called in special session on the 4th of next March. If, and when Congress then convenes and takes up the tariff question, we are going to find the same political difficulties that we have always met, there is going to be the same outcry on the part of certain industries for better protection. There is going to be the same log rolling, and in the end, if, and when, a new law is passed, it is going to be like all its predecessors—made up of compromises. But, even so, I believe that we shall witness, even as early as this spring, a gradual realization by our legislators of the new situation in which this country finds itself, a gradually growing conviction that as a creditor nation we must now begin to run into a period of freer trade. And I shall not be surprised if the new Congress, realizing our country's enormously changed situation, will find the difficulties of thorough-going tariff revision so great that they may abandon any immediate attempt at it.

FOREIGN TRADE RELATIONS

Each of the leading countries of the world has confronting it new problems as a result of the Great War. What course will they adopt? Many of them, formerly creditor nations, have suffered a reversal of their positions and are now in the debtor class. We can recall President Wilson's phrase, "the program for the world's peace" cannot be complete without including the third of his fourteen points, "The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance."

This requirement was again voiced, as an ideal yet essential end, a few weeks ago at the Brussels Financial Conference, which resolved that, "Commerce should, as soon as possible, be freed from control, and impediments to international trade removed."

Finally I may be permitted on this subject to quote briefly from what President Wilson said in his annual message to Congress, 1919: "Anything which would tend to prevent foreign countries from settling for our exports by shipments of goods into this country could only have the effect of preventing them from paying for our exports and therefore of preventing the exports from being made. The productivity of the country, greatly stimulated by the war, must find an outlet by exports to foreign countries, and any measures taken to prevent imports will inevitably curtail exports, force curtailment of production, load the banking machinery of the country with credits to carry unsold products, and produce industrial stagnation and unemployment. If we want to sell, we must be prepared to buy."

It has of late been the fashion to decry President Wilson's utterances, but in the light of history many of them will come, more and more, to be acknowledged as economically sound and fundamentally constructive. No one of them can be clearer than the one I have just quoted. "If we want to sell, we must be prepared to buy." President McKinley, in his famous Buffalo speech, delivered shortly before his death, said, in almost the same words, "We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing." This has been axiomatic of trade since the world began. Yet many Americans still fail to realize that, as to our foreign trade, it is now truer than ever before. These individuals go back to the days before the war when we were buying—as I have shown—transportation and capital. They fail to realize that with America turned creditor nation she must now—if she is to continue to sell abroad — buy goods, or even securities. These individuals—be they in the Congress, or scattered throughout the land—will one day—and that one not far distant—wake up to realize that,

if we wish to maintain our foreign trade, we must take a far deeper and more co-operative interest in the affairs of the nations abroad than we ever took in the old days. For purely selfish reasons, America's participation in world affairs must be intimate and far reaching. She cannot escape unless she is prepared to suffer loss of foreign trade or to abandon it entirely. Before the Great War the United States had a foreign trade of about $4,250,000,000 a year. In the year ended June 30th last, this had mounted to $13,350,000,000. For some of its raw products the United States is totally or largely dependent on foreign sources of supply—that is, in rubber, wool, jute, sugar, coffee, tea, nitrate, and so on. We are also dependent on foreign markets for the sale of American products, like cotton, wheat, and other farm products; copper, iron and steel, leather. If Congress should pass laws which work so as inevitably to cut down our imports of those articles that foreign countries can furnish us, we shall at the same time automatically be depriving those countries of the ability to buy our cotton, wheat, and other products.

Now at the time of the Peace Conference in 1919 many of the British, French, and Italian economists undertook to carry too far the idea of international relationship in trade and economics. They attempted to set up a theory of *solidarité financière*, as the French fondly termed it. They proposed to bring about this financial solidarity through various methods. One was to pool all the Allied national war debts and then have a redivision of the consolidated debt among the various nations, in inverse proportion to their loss of man power. This particular proposition would, of course, have meant that America, whose loss in man power was comparatively trifling, would have assumed a larger proportion of the funded debt. These Allies of ours argued that inasmuch as France, for instance, in her loss of one and a half million men, had suffered great depletion in her earning power, she was entitled to look to her gallant ally, America, to help her in some way. The only way that France could figure out was to have America undertake an additional burden, in money, as substitute to the loss of human life.

An alternate plan proposed at the Peace Conference was an all-around scaling down, or cancellation, of international debts. For instance, France had lent money on a large scale to several of the lesser powers among the Allies. Great Britain in turn had loaned to France and to her other allies something like $8,000,000,000. The United States had, as I have said before, loaned to all the associated powers put together, about $10,000,000,000. This alternate proposal at Paris meant that France would forgive many of the debts owing to her, Great Britain would write off perhaps half the money owing to her. America, in turn, under any such scheme, would cancel perhaps half of the debits owing to her. All this, to be sure, would have meant a quick cleaning up of a good part of the international balance sheet. But neither of these proposals could be seriously considered by the American delegation. The United States had already undertaken, as her share in the war, an expenditure of $35,000,000,000 within two years, and the country was in no mood to consent at the time of the peace negotiations to take on additional monetary obligations.

The Peace Conference, however, did not adjourn until the machinery had been set up to enable the different nations to meet from time to time to discuss these problems of co-operation. This machinery was provided in the financial section of the League of Nations Covenant. The United States, for reasons of its own, refused to ratify the Treaty and the League Covenant. Therefore, automatically, America has been prevented from having competent delegates sit in with the European nations at the conferences of the last eighteen months, called for the purpose of discussing these important problems

—problems the solution of which affects the commercial interests of America only to a less degree than those of Europe. Putting quite aside all the political aspects of the League of Nations, it has been unfortunate for our manufacturing and export interests that the United States has been unable to join in these conferences and so ascertain, by a meeting of minds, what methods of cooperation could be adopted, mutually helpful to the people of Europe who want to buy our products and to the manufacturers and merchants of America who want to sell these products to European consumers. It is perfectly obvious that our own business situation here is dependent for its revival to a considerable extent upon better conditions in Europe. And the new Administration must, I believe, make up its mind—simply in America's own selfish interests—to bring about some form of conference and understanding as to conditions of foreign trade.

Another phase of the same situation is that of the reparation which Germany must pay. In the Peace Treaty, contrary to the vote of the American delegation, it was provided that the German indemnity should be left for settlement to a later period. This postponement meant that Germany's liability was indefinite. It must be obvious that until this liability is determined, neither Germany, which is obliged to pay the indemnity, nor France and the other countries, which are to receive it, can adjust their government budgets and their economic life to the situation as it exists. In the settlement of this matter of German reparation America should have had, and ought now to have, representation; not because we want to "mess into" European complications, but simply because our own commercial interests are so largely involved in a reasonable and effective determination of the amount that Germany must pay. We all know that she must pay to the limit of her capacity. What that limit is should, long before this, have been determined. Furthermore, if the new Administration is to do its share in resolving the present depressed business situation in America, it will see to it that methods are provided for Americans to take part in such vital discussions as to international matters as the German reparation has proved to be. What many of our people, who are urging that we refrain from "involving" ourselves in the European situation, fail to understand, is that commercially London, Paris, and Berlin are much nearer New York to-day than was Buffalo a hundred years ago. They are infinitely nearer as to prompt communication, and closer in point of time as to the transportation of commodities. Just as, a hundred and forty years ago, the thirteen states abandoned the theory of isolation, so we as a country must realize that, commercially and economically, we never can be isolated; that our prosperity is interwoven with the prosperity of our customers in Europe; and that, as those customers are badly off, we must do our best to help them back to a position of restored and undiminished buying power.

To this same end, it will undoubtedly be necessary for the new Secretary of the Treasury to consider whether, for the permanent interests of the Treasury, it will eventually be wise to consider some plan for bringing down to a manageable figure the foreign obligations now owing to this government. Great Britain owes the United States Treasury something like four and a half billion; France, two and a half billion; Italy and other countries, lesser amounts. We know perfectly well that the sums which Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and perhaps other even richer countries will be able to pay in liquidation of their debts will for several years to come be trifling, if anything at all. We know, furthermore, that this debt, as long as the bulk of it is outstanding, remains as an incubus upon the backs of these foreign peoples, a heavy drag to their attempts to get on their feet. We understand that the sooner they get on their feet, the

sooner they will again become good customers of American exporters. The question, then, confronting the Administration will be the same one which confronts a rich creditor when his debtor, John Smith, becomes embarrassed. The rich creditor, if he is wise, is apt, in colloquial fashion, to say something like this: "John Smith, who is 'in the hole,' has always been a good and profitable customer of mine. He owes me a hundred thousand dollars to-day. I haven't any security for it. If his other creditors who are in like position with me join me in canceling twenty-five per cent of Smith's obligations that we hold, that plan will put Smith in a position where he still has some capital to work with; he will get back on his feet again and continue for all time as a good customer of mine. To be sure, I hate to write off twenty-five thousand dollars of what he owes me, but I think I would better do it, because out of my trading with him, if all goes well, within two or three years I shall more than make up that loss and then have him as a friend and client for years to come."

Of course the positions of the individual creditor and the United States government differ in the point that the United States government isn't in business. But the United States government is simply the representative of all the people of the United States who are in the business of producing or selling goods, and therefore the government has a right, in a situation like this, to take the same position that an individual creditor has. In pointing out the possibility of action along this line I am not for a moment advocating a cancellation of European war debts in whole, or even in part. I am simply indicating the sort of important problem along this line that the new Administration will have to take up and discuss; discuss not on a basis of immediate benefit, but of advantage to the American people for a long time to come.

In any event it will be very necessary for the new Administration, as well as all of our people, to approach this whole situation of international co-operation commercially (politically, too, for that matter) in a spirit of confidence. Not a few of our politicians have been casting distrust upon the motives of our fellow nations; they have told us that they are tricky and that we must watch out for snares. So far as my own experience goes, both statements are untrue. We Americans are no doubt a very fine people, but there are other peoples on the earth who are just as honest and self-sacrificing as we are. If we are to accomplish anything in helping to build up this world, somewhat broken in spirit, and in trade and commerce very badly broken, we must cultivate a spirit of trust, rather than distrust. We must arrange for close association, for constant comparison of ideas with our friends across the seas. We must try to arrive with them at a common understanding, and be moved with a spirit of sympathy for the terrible disasters that they are working through and that are linked up to our own lesser troubles. If in that spirit we approach these international problems, then indeed we shall achieve something and can move forward with confidence in what the future holds in store.

The new Republican Administration comes into office with the most overwhelming vote of confidence that the country has ever bestowed upon any President-elect. With that vote of confidence is joined an earnest desire upon the part of all good citizens, whether they voted for Senator Harding or for Governor Cox, to rally to the support of the new President, and to do everything within their power, through counsel and co-operation, to assist the Administration in meeting these weighty problems that confront us all—not as members of a political party—but as loyal citizens of one great American commonwealth.

THE STRIKE BREAKER

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

ON a day in 1890, and in the afternoon of that day, there took place in Tidborough events which, put together, make a tellable story, though a story outraging all the best and oldest-established literary conventions, and therefore to be avoided by sentimental readers.

At five minutes past four on this afternoon the express from London was awaited at Tidborough station by a great crowd of the kind that is called "an ugly crowd." Ugly to the eye, it was composed of males and females of all ages. The men wore cloth caps and rough clothes and had scarfs about their necks; the women were mostly hatless and they had among the lot of them not so much "finery" as would have decorated (according to their ideas of decoration) the person of a single one of their number. This was because the whole of the combined walking-out trousseaux of the female hands of Bassett's Paper Mills, together with the Sunday clothes of the men, was in the care of the Tidborough pawnbrokers.

Ugly to the eye, the crowd that awaited the oncoming London train was also ugly to the perceptions. It had a sullen, a sinister, and a threatening air. A fortnight, or even a week, before, this crowd, similarly assembled, would have temporized the violent strength that manifestly lay within it by coarse chaff and banter and by cheery hailings, one to another. But not now. Bassett's strikers were past that stage. They were hungry. At the outset of the strike they had been noisy. They paraded the streets and sang songs, and, touching the subject of food, they made jokes with one another about "tightening your belt up a couple of holes." Now they were no longer noisy. They stood silently about the bakers' shops, and the bakers wore a worried look and after closing hours paid visits to the police station.

The strikers had been genial, then jovial, then irritable, then angry. They were now ferocious, and the immediate object of their ferocity was approaching them, assembled at the station, in the 4.05 P.M. from London—Tug Sanders, the strike breaker.

Strike breaking by the importation of workers from another district has been known in America. It has never been successfully established in England, and the notion of Mr. Tug Sanders that it could be done, and that he was the man to do it, had been confined, thus far, to his own statements in that section of the London and provincial press which opened its columns to the possibilities of this factor in the problem of labor unrest, just then engaging considerable attention. Mr. Sanders, reading of the prolonged strike at Bassett's Paper Mills, Tidborough, had communicated with Mr. Henry Bassett. Henry Bassett, stubborn, determined, constitutionally impervious to any other reasoning than his own, an embittered man, a lonely man, a man with a grudge against all men, proud to his marrow and hard to the bone, knowing public opinion in Tidborough unanimously against him and steeled by that knowledge to bash public opinion across the face and humiliate it to the dust, had replied to Mr. Tug Sanders's communication. Mr. Sanders had triumphantly announced to the press that he was "proceeding to Tidborough with a view to arranging to

break the strike at Bassett's Paper Mills"; and the employees of Bassett's Paper Mills were now assembled at Tidborough station with a view to breaking the adjectived neck and adjectived head of Mr. Adjectived Sanders, and then to kick the adjectived remains of his adjectived carcass across the adjectived market place.

She's signaled! A sharper note ran through the murmur of the crowd. Here and there along the platform violent eddies disturbed the packed solidity of the press. They marked the presence of police constables who, foiled in successive attempts, first to clear the station and then to line the rail edge of the platform, had become wedged in scattered units that now, as the excitement began to seethe, strove to become unyielding centers in a vast mass which yielded from end to end like quicksand trembling within its confines. Rough stuff began to happen in the centers of the eddies. A young and inexperienced constable lost his head and tried to draw his truncheon.

Here she comes!

Immediately the great press upon the platform convulsed in enormous upheavals, tossings, and surgings. Rushes from behind on the part of those who would get better placed for the business in hand were frantically battled by those at the front who found themselves driven perilously upon the edge. Oaths flew and savage blows were exchanged.

"Don't push, yer blasted idiot! Can't yer see what—?"

"All right, all right! What the hell's up with yer? Take that, then."

"An' that one for you!"

Into this stupendous uproar the 4.05; and at once cessation of the private brawls; at once a common rush, shouting, fist-tossing, upon the doors and windows of the coaches. Curious passengers sought to protrude inquiring heads, but hastily withdrew them in wise alarm. That savage tumult was a good thing to keep out of.

The threatening, sweaty faces pressed against the windows and surged along them.

"Where is he?"

"Where's the——?"

"Hand him out!"

"Throw him out! Throw him out!"

"We want Tug Sanders!"

And then in a sudden moment, with the quick and mysterious unanimity that gives universal instruction to a mob, there was taken up by every voice a crashing chant:

"We want Tug Sanders!"

Feet were accommodated to the rhythm. While those in front pursued their eager quest, wrenching open doors and shouting their ferocious inquiry among shrinking passengers, the crowded masses behind trod out the measure, with hobnailed boots crashing in unison with vibrant throats.

"We—want—Tug—Sanders!"

Mr. Tug Sanders heard it and it urged him nimbly on his way. He had been warned and he had arrived alert to pay behest to the warning. At the junction forty miles up the line there had been handed to him a telegram from the Tidborough superintendent of police:

> Very hostile crowd assembled at station. You are advised to leave train by up-side door.

One glimpse, as the train drew into Tidborough, had been quite enough for Mr. Sanders, a man of notably quick perceptions. The 4.05 was not come to complete stop before the eminent strike breaker was nimbly out of the farther door of his compartment and fleeting across the rails in purposeful testimony to the grand natural law of self-preservation. Safety first!

The 4.05 drew out. To the tumult of the ravening strikers she had added her own enormous din of escaping steam. Now, as they realized disappointment and bafflement, she whooped sardonic comment upon them from her whistle and slid enormously away to her own business, leaving them to theirs.

Very quickly the platform cleared. Disappointed of its prey, returned to the hard facts of the lockout, the mob took counsel with itself and presently announced its judgment in loud shouts of: "To the Old Man's! To the Old Man's!"

At six o'clock the Old Man—Mr. Bassett—was to receive a deputation. Any hopes concerning it had been shattered when it became known that he would first receive the famous strike breaker. Rumor now quickly spread the report that Tug Sanders had arrived, given them the slip, and doubtless was well on his way to Mr. Bassett's. It commended itself to the strikers to assemble about the Old Man's gates and hear the result straight from the deputation immediately its members left the presence; they shambled into some kind of marching formation and moved along, slouching, silent, downcast, dangerous.

Upon the station platform, meanwhile, there had been reproduced the best-known fable of Phædrus. "A mountain was in labor, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the region the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth an absurd mouse." The 4.05, when it drew out, instead of leaving upon the platform the colossal personality expected of it, grotesquely deposited only the tiny figure of a little girl. Her hair was bobbed—a fashion highly uncommon in 1890—her face was pale, her eyes large. She had a little tin box, and she carried a large satchel; and she stood there looking extraordinarily tiny and quaint till a porter, detaching himself from watching the departing strikers, observed her and came toward her.

"Now, then, missy, what's for you?"

The little girl said, primly: "Good afternoon, porter. If you please, I want a hansom cab." And she added, as if she apprehended a thought in his mind: "You must understand I am quite accustomed to hansom cabs and allowed to go in them, because I come from London. There are simply millions of hansom cabs in London, you know."

The porter, being entirely unaccustomed to children, was able to treat them just as they like being treated. "That so?" he said, seriously.

"Oh, millions! Have you ever been to London?"

The porter had not had this advantage.

"You ought to ask the station master to let you go one day. It's a most wonderful place, you know. My dear aunt Victoria says the City of London is the hubbub of the Empire."

"That so?" said the porter.

The little girl nodded in vigorous confirmation. "And it *is* noisy."

She was in stature scarcely at the level of the porter's waist, but in her singular self-possession and primness she was completely the dominant partner in these exchanges; and she now, by a glance toward the exits and a gesture of her shoulders, quite clearly instructed the porter that the requirements of polite interchange were fulfilled and that his duties must now be attended.

He swung up her box in one horny fist and, again obeying a gesture, extended the other toward her. She took it and gave the explanation she seemed to think necessary.

"You see, I'm only eight," she said, "and in railway stations I always hold my dear mamma's hand."

"Ain't your mamma come with you, then?" inquired the porter.

Her reply caused him to look sharply down at her, trotting by his side.

"Oh no! You see, my dear mamma is dead."

"That so?" said the porter.

He felt immediately that it was an inept remark, and to get well away from it, he said, in a changed and hearty voice: "And where might you be making to now, missy?"

"I'm going to my dear uncle Henry."

"That so?" said the porter. "And what might your uncle's regular name be, missy?"

The little girl replied, rather as if she had learned it by heart, "Henry Bas-

sett, esquire, The Old Court House, near Penny Green, Tidborough."

The porter whistled. The thing—the coincidence — was so completely astounding to him that he had no words to suit it. He felt dazed, and in dazed silence he led the way into the station yard. Three or four hansom cabs were in waiting. He hailed one, and as it came jingling up prepared to hand on his amazement to its driver.

He swung up her box, the driver stiffly reaching tightly overcoated arms for it.

"Wherever don't you think this fare's bound for?"

The driver, who was no public speaker, vouchsafed only the surly grunt of one to whom the vagaries of fares were as nothing. But for the porter's reply he clearly was not prepared.

"Old Bassett's," said the porter.

The driver jerked up his head. "Not on your life!" He had a very deep, suspicious voice and a very small, beery, and suspicious eye. "Not on your life she ain't!"

"Ask of her, then," affirmed the porter, with the pride of one that has released a startler. He looked toward the little girl. She was standing by the horse's head, her hands clasped in ecstatic adoration. "Calls 'im her dear uncle Henry."

"Not on your life she don't!"

The porter nodded impressively. "Said it to me with her own lips right there on the platform—" He broke off, for the little girl had turned from the horse and was approaching him, her fingers in her purse.

"Thank you, porter," she addressed him. "That's very nice. Here is threepence for you. Just lift me up to the step, will you? And in case, porter, any of the four-wheelers are annoyed I took a hansom, just tell them, please, it's because I like to watch the horse." She was on the footboard of the cab, and she caught the driver's small and suspicious eye astoundingly regarding her over the roof; but, with the air of one doing the correct thing, she ignored his eye and gave her instruction to the porter. "I'll tell the man where to go from inside."

"I've told him, missy," said the porter.

She was working herself on to the seat, sitting on her legs tucked beneath her. She said, reprovingly: "But I still will, if you don't mind."

A yellow eye now gazed lambently down upon the little girl through the roof trap. She addressed it:

"If you please, I am going to my dear uncle Henry. If you please, to Henry Bassett, esquire, The Old Court House, near Penny Green, Tidborough. What's your horse's name?"

The eyes of the porter on the pavement said, "Ah, now it's your turn!" The yellow eye of the driver, raised in astonishment from the trap, gazed first upon his horse, then upon the porter. A great difficulty faced the driver; and it was that the only name by which he ever called his horse was "Blast yer!" —"Get up, blast yer! Now, then, blast yer! Whoa, blast yer!"

He was, however, though a slowish man, a man of resource. A powerful aroma of beer descended upon the little girl. "What name would you like him to be called, lady?"

She twisted up her face to the beer vent. "I should *like* him to be called Black Beauty."

"That's what he is called, lady," said the driver, hoarsely.

"Although he's brown?" said the little girl, quickly.

The driver raised his head and blew an enormous discharge of beery fumes across the top of his cab. "Hoo-oo-oo-ff!" He gazed despairingly at the porter, but saw no sympathy there. He again applied his face to the trap. "'Is mane's black, lady, *an'* 'is tail."

"So they are! So they are!" cried the little girl, and struck her hands together. "Do you mind if I click him off?"

"Not a bit, lady," said the driver, relieved.

"T'ck! t'ck!" clicked the little girl. "Gee up, Black Beauty!"

The driver thought hard, though slowly, during the long drive to the Old Court House. He was in violent sympathy with the strikers, and entertained a violent opinion of Henry Bassett, and in the fuddled way in which the processes of his mind worked, he had a sullen notion that he was playing false to the strikers by permitting a relative of the hated Bassett in his cab. The notion swelled to a head as the cab overtook, passed through, and left the ranks of the marchers. He was cogitating some remarks to the little girl on the subject of her uncle when the roof trap was agitated from beneath and he raised it and looked down.

The little girl, who had climbed upright to get at the trap, was resettling herself upon her curled-up legs. "I just wanted to ask where are all those men going to?"

The question was pleasant to the driver. He said, with harsh emphasis:

"They're going to see your dear uncle."

"*Are* they?" cried the little girl. "Is it a party?"

"*Party?*" growled the driver.

"You've been drinking beer, haven't you?" said the little girl.

"Yes, lady," said the driver, and closed the trap.

The Old Court House was approached by massive iron gates and a short drive. The front door stood within cavernous portals in which the little girl, standing before it, looked rather like a fly at the bottom of a large teacup. The driver, descending, rang for her the bell pull which depended like a giant's club far above her head, was paid, and drove off. "For the less I sees of these 'ere, lady," said the driver, "the better I feels."

"When I'm not feeling very well," said the little girl, "my dear mamma gives me syrup of figs."

The driver withdrew himself.

A very tall, thin man, with the appearance of having been baked dry in an oven, opened the door.

"If you please," said the little girl, "I've come to stay with my dear uncle."

Stupefaction took voice within the tall man. "Come to stay with—come to stay with your dear uncle?" he repeated.

"Yes, thank you," said the little girl, and stepped over the threshold and began very industriously to wipe her feet on the mat.

The man stared down with the air of one watching an astounding and uncanny phenomenon. "Is it Mr. Bassett you mean?"

"Excuse my not answering before," said the little girl, after a pause in which her feet continued vigorously at work. "I go nine times with each foot. How many times do you go?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite say as to that," said the tall man. With the porter and the driver he found himself, as it were, mesmerically overpowered.

The little girl regarded him interestedly. "I suppose it's a habit with you. My dear mamma says that in time it becomes a habit and then you stop counting. Do you do the backs of your heels like this or like this?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite say as to that, miss," said the tall man. He cleared his throat.

"What name might it be, miss?"

"Lucy," said the little girl. "What's yours?"

"Cleggs, miss," said the tall man, speaking, like the porter, on the rebound of surprise. He hesitated, but as the little girl appeared willing to accept this without comment he drifted uncertainly up the hall and, knocking discreetly, passed through a doorway.

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills sat at a writing table, fingering some papers and looking the man impervious to any reasoning but his own, the solitary and embittered man with a grudge against all men, the man proud to the marrow and hard to the bone, that he was reputed to be and that unquestionably he was. His clean-shaven face was the setting of eyes that were like dull-gray stones, hard and cold



"THANK YOU, PORTER. HERE IS THREEPENCE FOR YOU"

as such, and that appeared to be lidless, so fixed their gaze; and of a mouth whose lips were tightly pressed together, as though he held something upon his tongue.

He looked up and spoke in an austere voice, as of one pronouncing a judgment. "If that's the deputation, Cleggs—"

Cleggs began: "I beg your pardon, sir. It's—" and turned at something that was pushing like a dog against his legs.

"I can't quite get past you," said the little girl in her high, clear voice. "Thank you. Didn't you know I was just behind you when you stopped?" She advanced to the writing table. "Are you my dear uncle Henry?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Bassett. He might have been addressing a burglar.

"I'm your little niece, Lucy."

Mr. Bassett set his hands upon the arms of his chair and appeared to constrict them. "Lucy's child!" He turned his hard glance sharply across the room. "Get out of here!" he said to Cleggs. He said to the little girl, very roughly: "What nonsense is this? Where do you come from?"

"From London. I've come to stay with you. Have you got something in your mouth?"

"It will be time for you to ask questions," said Mr. Bassett, "and not rude

or stupid questions, when you have answered mine."

"Thank you," said the little girl. "I only asked because you hold your lips pressed up like I hold mine when I have cod-liver oil and can't bear to swallow it. What was your question?"

"My question was: What nonsense is this? Where is your mother?"

The little girl swallowed before she spoke. "My dear uncle Henry, please don't cry, but be brave. My dear mamma is dead."

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills said, "Lucy—dead!"

"She's with God," said the little girl. "I'm not to cry, and I haven't. Feel my handkerchief."

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills disregarded the invitation. "When did she die?"

"On Tuesday."

"Who was there?"

"Only me."

"Where was she buried?"

"At Kensal Green."

"Who was there?"

"Only me."

The little girl's lips were swiftly protruded and withdrawn.

"I find if I pinch my nose it's a great help," she said. "I think I will."

It was a little pathetic. A tear should have stolen down Mr. Bassett's grim, cold cheek at the news of the death of his one-time favorite sister, but he did not so much as wince. As a child he had been devotedly attached to his sister Lucy. In youth she had kept house for him. He had quarreled violently and tyrannically with her; and the hard but thoroughly human fact is that his childhood's affections and the impulses of his youth were screwed and battened down beneath forty years of brass-bound, weather-proofed, self-interest.

He did not even wince. "Only you?" he said, solidly. "Only you? Your uncles, your aunt—they were in touch with her—where were they?"

The little girl was still pinching the bridge of her nose. Her raised elbow and the simultaneous twisting of one leg seemed to indicate the necessity, and the exercise, of much force. "If you can see any wetness," she announced, "it's the pinching. My dear aunt Victoria and my dear uncles said it was most unfortunate for them, but you can't put off a wedding just because anyone is ill; and afterward my dear aunt came and explained you couldn't put it off for a funeral. It was my dear cousin Kate's wedding, and my dear uncle William said it was a most important catch—no, match. Would it be catch or match?"

"Catch, if I know my dear sister Victoria," said Mr. Bassett.

"A most important catch," continued the little girl, "and it would have looked so strange if they weren't there. And my dear uncle Barnabas said it was most unfortunate being the same day and—"

"Ah, like them, like them!" interpolated the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. "I can see them; I can hear them!"

"*Can* you?" said the little girl, and stood on tiptoe and looked along the line of her uncle's sight.

He laughed. He laughed, and—listen to this—it was his laugh, and no groan, that did actually cause a stir and a creaking of the massy balks beneath which, like soft green leaves pressed dry and skeletonized in a book, his childhood's generous qualities lay. He laughed. His thought was: "What an idea! What a child! What a thing to be so ingenuously simple as that! Imagine it, if one could be a child like that! Ah me! if one could!"

He laughed, and somewhere deep within him a twinge responded. He laughed, and all the little angels stood on tiptoe with excitement. (The task of all the little angels is the old men and women; the old angels look after the children.) "If only she can get him laughing!" cried the little angels, standing on tiptoe with excitement, for they were rather worn out with this trying guardianship of the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills.

All Mr. Bassett said, snapping off the laugh and stifling the twinge, was: "Where were you living? In lodgings?"

The little girl nodded. "In our lodgings, yes. Do you know"—she put a hand on the table in the motion of calling particular attention—"do you know, our landlady's grown-up daughter was in the pantomime? She was! She was in the fourth row, and our landlady said she would have been in the front row only she had thin legs on her father's side. Which side of you is your father's side?"

He laughed again, this time a full and free laugh, and all the little angels hugged themselves for joy on the wide steps of heaven and cried: "Hush! Hush!" to one another, and tiptoed again.

"Well, you're all on your mother's side," he said, "if that's any explanation to you." And he ended again, to himself, "Ay me!"—not because he was thinking of her mother, for he was not, but because he was thinking of himself.

He said to her, "Do you know, when you walked in at that door just now you were about as likely to stay and live here as Cleggs is to stand on his head."

"*Can* he?" cried the little girl, enormously interested.

"You'd better ask him. But suppose you do stay here? What an idea! How could you? There'd be all sorts of difficulties."

The little girl seemed quite to appreciate this. He was frowning over certain of the difficulties, and she reflected his frown.

"There'd be my back to wash," she said.

He laughed again. It came quite easily. "Ah, that particular difficulty hadn't occurred to me. I dare say we could get over that."

"Well, I can do everything else for myself. It's only my back when I have my bath."

He was not really thinking of practical difficulties. Practical difficulties never stood in the way of the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. That was why he paid supertax on his income. The difficulties he was thinking of were of the same order as those which torture a man when he knows he ought to get up in the morning, and will be infinitely happier when he does get up, but feels he simply cannot. All very well to have this little girl in the house and to have always this—this freshness, this *newness;* but how about giving up his accustomed mode of life and his accustomed outlook on life and the bearing and the behavior



"ARE YOU MY DEAR UNCLE HENRY?"

in life that his fellow men were accustomed to see in him? Forty years habituated in it. Forty years—ay me!

But he kept up the pretence of practical difficulties. "How about lessons? Don't you have to do lessons?"

It was the merest idle dalliance, but all the little angels hugged themselves anew to hear him dallying. "He'll go too far in a moment!" cried all the little angels, jumping in their little nightgowns.

"My dear mamma did me my lessons," said the little girl. "I can show you and you can do me them because, do you know, I've got the very same books that you and my dear mamma used when you were little like me. They've got your marks in them. I've got them here."

She took from a chair the satchel she had brought with her and put it on the table. "There was no room in my box," said the little girl. She pulled out small and battered volumes. "There they are. Do you remember them?"

"I remember them," he said, and at his tone, "Oh, poor thing!" cried all the little angels.

The little girl had opened one of the books and was turning over the leaves before him. "Look! Those are your marks when you were learning. Your dear mamma used to put the dates every day, and so did mine."

He rather stolidly regarded the thumbed pages, his mother's pencil marks, the old-fashioned woodcuts and the little readings in huge print. He was not touched by it all. What he felt was a strange but unmistakable delight in the funny little old book with its grotesquely pious and moral tales. His sole reading was the *Times* and the *Financial Times*. This stuff was delicious, and once it had thrilled him. "Ay me!"

The little girl thought he must have finished the page at which he was staring. "That was your reading book," she said. "My dear mamma says you both simply loved it. There was one page—a poetry page—she said you couldn't understand. I'll show you."

She flattened before him a page conspicuously white compared with the finger-stained others—obviously seldom read. It had three stiff woodcuts—a small urchin sporting after a butterfly; a young man walking a path and looking at a bird above him, presumably in song; a middle-aged man seated on a bench in the attitude of reflection.

He remembered the pictures perfectly. His eyes read the verse accompanying them:

Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

. . . . . .

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

It was unfair. The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills was smitten between the joints of his harness. He was forty years deep in the prison—forty years from the glory and forty from the dream—and he was in the company of a little girl upon whom no shades of the prison house had yet descended, which rather intensified and showed up his condition.

The little girl waited an enormously long time for him to speak. At last she said, "Do you understand that now, uncle?"

He said, rather heavily, "I understand it." He turned in his chair toward her. "You're going to stay with me, all right. What would you like to do—first?"

The little girl said, "I'd like—most awfully—to cry."

("Look out! Look out!" cried all the little angels.)

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills extended his hands to her.



"WHICH SIDE OF YOU IS YOUR FATHER'S SIDE?"

She said, "Do you think my dear mamma would mind?"

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills swallowed something. "She'll know I said you might."

The little girl's face began to work with extraordinary convulsions.

He opened his arms to her.

"That's done it! That's done it!" cried all the little angels, and hopped and skipped in their little nightgowns about the floor of heaven.

The little girl sobbed with an abandonment to grief utter, complete, enormous, devastating. Every fiber and particle of her small body seemed to contribute to the abandonment. It was like a universal capitulation of all her parts rushing to the call of one stream as river banks collapsing to a flood. Her face was buried in the shoulder of the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. He had never seen anything like such grief. He had never imagined that anything like it could be. Once or twice she cried: "My dear mamma! My dear mamma!" He put an awkward hand to her head and stroked it and held her rather tight.

And beneath the catastrophic collapse of her emotions he was himself undergoing a huge and monstrous capitulation, a washing out, a surging up from under, that the little twinges when he laughed at her had begun. He was thinking all kinds of things while he held her. He began to suffer the extraordinary feeling that he was not so much holding her as himself holding on to her. He was thinking all kinds of things. The only thing that, in common decency to him, need be reported, was the thought: "This infernal strike! That's in the way. Infernal thing!" Also this thought: "It's time I got out of it. Turn it into a company. Getting too old. Don't understand these new ideas about workpeople. Get out of it. Potter about—with this scrap." And again: "This infernal strike!"

The violence of her passionate sorrow ran its course. It ebbed away in long heaves and little shudders. He sat her upright on his knee and with a handker-

chief wiped her eyes. "Feel better? Better now, eh?" He put the handkerchief in his pocket. "Look here. I expect you'd like to do something for me. Wouldn't you?"

She nodded. She couldn't quite get words yet.

"There 're some people waiting here to see me. Cleggs has been in and out of the room while you've been having your cry. I want you just to go in and say something to them for me. Will you?"

She nodded again. Her sniffs would have made a vacuum cleaner feel jealous. But she brightened very much at the idea of a thing to do. She nodded more vigorously. "Is it the p-party?"

"You might call it a party." He set her on her feet. "They're in the room straight opposite across the hall. Just go in and say to them from me—" He told her what to say. "Can you remember that?"

"Oh yes. It sounds funny to me. Will they understand?"

"You see. Well, perhaps— Look! If they don't, give them this." He wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to her.

Six persons awaited the little girl. The strikers' deputation consisted of four men and two women. They sat along one side of the table in the great dining room on chairs arranged for them by Cleggs, and they sat silently, with rather sad, anxious eyes fixed on the door. They had been kept waiting a long time, and they boded no good from the delay. That strike breaker!

The handle of the door turned slowly. "O my God!" said one of the women.

The door, instead of opening very wide to admit the master, opened but a few inches. The little girl slid in through the aperture and turned and stood on tiptoe to put both hands to the handle and shut it again.

The deputation simply stared.

The little girl came up to the table and looked over it. "If you please," she said, "my dear uncle says your terms are granted."

The deputation simply stared.

The little girl nodded in a friendly way. "Yes, your terms are granted. That's what my dear uncle told me to tell you."

They were all on their feet.

"Granted!" cried one; and, "Granted!" another.

The woman who had made the exclamation as the door handle began to turn came quickly round the table and struck her hands together upon her shrunken bosom before the little girl. "Dearie, you wouldn't deceive— Dearie, for the love of God—"

"There's this paper," said the little girl, rather surprised, for she had never been to a party like this before.

The paper went to the hands of an old man who had had the center place at the table. He read it aloud in an extraordinary, trembling voice:

> "Your demands are granted. The works will open in all departments at 6 A.M. tomorrow. The new scale will take effect forthwith.
>
> "HENRY BASSETT."

The old man dropped terrifically on his chair and put his arms on the table and buried his head in them. Some one said: "Praise God! Praise God!" The woman facing the little girl dropped on her knees and clasped the little girl terribly to her heart. The little angels on the wide steps of heaven skipped and crowed with glee. "Did you ever!" cried all the little angels, and snapped their pink little fingers and thumbs, and skipped and crowed again.

Mr. Tug Sanders had spent an unprofitable, but very jumpy, afternoon, partly in shelter at the police station, and partly hovering timidly on the outskirts of the crowd that stood about Mr. Bassett's residence, waiting for the news. The strike breaker made three attempts to penetrate the crowd and reach the house, but each time his courage failed him and he retreated. Assured at last of the detrimental effect on his health of

remaining in the neighborhood, he turned disconsolately away and, also for his health's sake, wandered the lanes, keeping away from the town, till the seven-o'clock up-train should be due. But when at length he headed for the train an appalling thing awaited him. Sneaking furtively upon the city from a different quarter, he was frozen to discover the market square, through which he must pass, filled with a yelling, rushing, and madly excited crowd of strikers. His hat positively lifted from his head upon his starting scalp. He pulled it over his eyes and tremulously threaded his way into the mob.

He was well known. His photograph had been in every paper. He had not made fifty yards to the station when he was discovered and his name roared into the welkin. He was seized. He closed his eyes and set his teeth for the hideous end of being torn to death. Lo, he was raised shoulder high! He was held aloft and being borne aloft to the station! Thunderous roars hymned him on. "Good old Tug Sanders! Good old Tuggy! Three cheers for good old Tuggy!—and another—and another—and another!" Hundreds pressed forward to touch his hand. Mothers held up their children to him. Women fought with his carriers to throw their arms about him and kiss him. Girls threw flowers.

Dumfounded, amazed; speechless, in a dream; dead and in another world—the superb and magnificent strike breaker found himself in a compartment of the up-express and leaning from the window and regarding with a sickly and fatuous grin the tossing mob that tumultuously surged before him, adoring him. His shattered ears had informed him that the strike was ended, the men victorious, but what on earth—? What the devil—? His sickly and fatuous grin was all he could achieve.

"Ah! Ain't 'e modest?" cried a stout lady perched on the platform bookstall for better view of the adored countenance. "Ah, if 'e ain't modest as 'e is noble, the darling!"

She then overbalanced and fell off.

Simultaneously the train started. What a shout! What a very delirium of ecstatic cheering! A Salvation Army band, tearing up at the double, and, as the Tidborough County *Times* said on the morrow, at the "psychological moment," fixed their instruments with lightning speed. With heartfelt throats the crowd took up the well-known tune. Slowly the stupendous strike breaker, leaning from the window, smiling his modest, sickly smile, waving his modest, lackadaisical hand (he felt it was the least he could do)—slowly he was drawn away to the heartfelt, heart-aching song, hymned from five hundred throats:



HE HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE SUCH GRIEF



THE WOMAN DROPPED ON HER KNEES AND CLASPED HER TO HER HEART

'God be with you till we meet again."

It was tremendous. Strong men wept, and well they might. In the words of the Tidborough County *Times*, "It was a sublime and deeply moving moment."

The stupendous strike breaker drew in his head and wiped his streaming brow.

"Sir," said an aged gentleman of evangelical appearance seated in the carriage—"sir, this is the most glorious day in the history of Tidborough. Sir, you are noble! You are noble, sir, and you are enshrined forever in the hearts of this great city."

"Oh, well," said the noble strike breaker. "Oh, well," and sat down, dazed, and tried to look noble what time he thought, "*What* the dickens—?"

"But that's not fair!" cried a very small and quite inexperienced little angel, peeping.

"Oh, poof! That's nothing!" cried the other little angels. "That's nothing to what they do down there sometimes. What *does* it matter? Just look at Henry Bassett. Stand on this cloud."

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of *Caliban*

IF I felt that I could avoid it, I should not write this chapter, for I hold that the American woman is a woman before she is an American. I should rather write, with an American slant, an essay on woman unqualified, consider her as affected by the primal emotions of love, hatred, ambition; I fear that my title may misrepresent me, that it may imply separation of the American woman from her sisters, whether British or Eskimo, which is not intended. But, though she may not differ from them essentially, at least among the central masses of the country, her exterior manifestations of character do establish bright contrasts with the woman of Europe. Of those one must take note. One must also take note of the fact that most Americans ask most Europeans, "What do you think of the American woman?" and seem to expect a reply embodying amazement before an entirely new human species.

The stranger's difficulty is made all the more intense by his endeavors to find out what is an American. Is it the descendant of a Pennsylvanian German who immigrated a century and a half ago, or a recent immigrant of British stock, or an Irishman with forty years' political work behind him; a long Yankee; a square-headed, thick-jowled salesman, called Smith, whose father came across as Strubelsky? The questioning stranger finds the problem more puzzling among the women because fashion levels their appearance. He watches the procession of British, Italian, Jewish, Slav types; if he has opportunity to speak with them, their accent is uniform; he asks himself whether their national point of view is uniform, whether the American woman is anything but a European varnished in America. And if that is the case, then the varnish. . . . What is the varnish?

If we assume as an average American type the woman whose parents, of immigrant extraction, were born in the United States, one thing can be said of her in general—her physical attractions are very great. It is no exaggeration to lay down that, though not every young American woman is pretty, she nearly always knows how to seem it. She is excessively well groomed; she takes of her hair and her hands a care that the average Englishwoman does not; she gives intelligent thought to her clothes. However tired, the stenographer presses her skirt every day, and spends upon its renewal money she sometimes needs for food. She outclasses the Englishwoman because she is less given to breaking her lines with bows and frills; she takes trouble with her shoes; she is very near to the Frenchwoman in her style of dressing, except that she uses stronger colors and that she sometimes adds to a simple model gown a trimming one could do without. Strong colors are not against her; for my part, I am rather tired of the eternal black and white, fawn and gray, of Paris. Some of this lore seems to be imparted at certain finishing schools, where she is taught the care of skin, hands, hair, which is never done in an English school, where it is despised, or

in a French school, where it would be thought improper. The tendency to decoration is so strong that I have even seen several colored girls with their cheeks rouged and their mouths made up. This had a little exotic air that was rather pleasing, but it seems to me to represent the highest point of feminine egotism.

Reverting to the problem offered by the admixture of races, though there are no female American types corresponding with the two dominant male types, there is a common facial characteristic. I noticed this soon after arrival, but it was two months before I could define it. You find in America long faces, round faces, dark skins, and fair skins, and yet they are mostly American, in this sense that the features are more marked than they are in Europe. That seems to me to be the definition. The eyes are larger, the lips much thicker or much thinner, the chin and jaw lines more pronounced. The American woman has more emphatic features than the European woman. What is interesting is that in the cities she does not recognize that nature has endowed her with strong features, so she powders, uses lip salve, strengthens her eyebrows, or thins them into half-circular brush strokes, and kohls her eyelids much more than the European. Also, when the fashion in dress tends toward undressing, she is rather excessive. This may be due to the hot summers; it may point to temperature rather than to temperament, but it may also express one side of her psychology. Where the European woman suggests, the American woman proclaims. If I may generalize so far as to say that the English attitude in woman is to sit down and look sweet until some one notices her, that the French attitude is to edge away, but not too far, I suppose I may define the American attitude as the storming of the mild fortress which is called the American man.

I have been told that the American woman does not take pains to attract men, and that is to a certain extent true. I have passed six months in this country, visited many cities, and been on the lookout for any interesting facts, but I have never seen an American girl give to a man in the street what the English call the "glad eye." That is a matter of method; I feel that she is merely reserving her strength and that when she decides to go over the top she does it with a speed and vigor which a European would call unmaidenly. She tends to bash rather than to entangle. Excess in clothing and decoration does not at all mean that women are trying to attract men. Women don't dress for men; they know better than that; they know better than waste themselves on a sex so dull; they dress for one another, and half the strain of fashion is due to the knowledge that they are appearing before women, the hardest critics and the most learned.

I have talked in this sense with a certain number of American men, who did not like the subject much. I find the American point of view on women rather difficult to understand. There prevails in this country a cult—we may call it gynæolatry—a verbal worship of woman in the abstract which puzzles a person like me, who insists on looking upon women as merely human beings. When an American man talks to one about the nobility and purity of women, about their remoteness from the common temptations of mankind, one is quite as surprised as when one meets the universal cynical type which hates woman and thinks her capable of all crimes. Many Americans are willing to assert that there lies a spiritual beauty in the soul of woman. This again puzzles me, for I do not know what spiritual means; I think beauty undefinable, and am suspicious of the soul. I find it difficult to identify the point of view of the United States of Femininity, because Americans, when you press them, willingly confess that "Frenchwomen are loose, Englishwomen are hypocritical, etc.," and then, by degrees, allow you to

feel that their women are not as other women; that they have a superior idealism; that they are lifted above the grossness of the world—which are chilly things to say of women. They seem to think the American woman incapable of sin, yet all the time one has a queer sense that this rhapsody is recited like a lesson which they have read somewhere, perhaps a lesson which has been proclaimed to them by the objects of their adoration.

The American woman undoubtedly proclaims herself (by word and deed) to the uncommitted male. She is a good partisan of her sex; she thinks it a fine thing to be a woman, while her mate finds no special pride in being a man. I think she herself has set up the standard of virtue by which her men measure her.

CONTENTMENT

The American is more than the European woman conscious of her importance. She is conscious in a double sense—namely, she thinks highly of women in general, and she generally thinks fairly highly of herself in particular. This is not an attack, for no respect is deserved by those who do not respect themselves, but between conceit and self-respect lies an abyss that can be bridged only by common sense. Generally speaking, I have found few American women unduly satisfied with their own charms and capacities, or their position; but I have found a somewhat inflated idea of the value and power of woman in general.

Many American women seem persuaded that no standard exists for their comparison with the Europeans; that they are the product of another age, and that it is their mission to show mankind what woman can do. They consider that in coolness of mind, in executive capacity, in logical faculty, in beauty of spiritual imagination, they have attained heights of which their European sisters have not reached the foothills. Women's writings, in American books and magazines, are spattered with phrases that exhibit narcissism. (There is no pathological implication in this, except in so far as self-admiration is a pathological reaction.) For instance, in *Women and the New Race*, by Mrs. Sanger, we are told that *women*, by controlling birth, *may remake the world*. A little farther on we are told that upon the shoulders of *woman*, conscious of her freedom, rests the responsibility of creating a new sex morality. These pretentions seem to me not only excessive, but also exclusive; it takes two to make a morality. If women were to enforce a new moral attitude, in which man had no say, we, who for years have been attacking man-made laws, would equally object to woman-made laws.

This brings us back to the American woman's belief that she is not as other women. I have several times received shocked criticisms of the heroine of my novel, *Blind Alley*, who has a passionate though incomplete affair with a married man. In every case I have been asked whether Monica is "a typical English girl," and told that "no American girl would behave like this." Such illusions—the newspapers being filled with sex crimes—must be rooted in vanity. You find this feminine national vanity everywhere. For instance, I was brought into contact with a woman who was to show me that I did not understand her sex, to explain the American woman, so that I might realize the progress and the change brought about in the New World. The question arose between us whether courtship should be practiced as an art. I had ventured to write down a few views as to the way in which men should conduct their courtship, so as to obtain from the woman they love the maximum of response. I had indicated that, in my opinion, any man who can support a woman can get a wife, but maybe will not obtain love. Thereupon followed a detailed statement of the process by which the self-esteem of a woman is encouraged, and elementary notes on the treatment of rivals, the maintenance of freshness in a long engagement, etc. These views infuriated not only the lady

in question, but three more of the same kind. I was told that these ideas, these old-fashioned flatteries, these preambles, these devious devotions, are merely boring to the young ladies with direct minds who go around to-day deciding whom they will matrimonially devour. It was added that perhaps Englishwomen were like this, but that it would not do in America. (You see, the *national* ending is inevitable.)

What is one to reply to these inflated statements? Do some women walk the world blindly? Do they not see men striving to gain the regard of a woman who hesitates? Do they really believe that the modern woman, after a period occupied by golf, or noncommittal rides in the Subway, is suddenly asked by a man, "Will you marry me?" and bluntly replies, "Yes, let's get hitched." I think many do believe this. The woman who is intoxicated with the progress made by her sex can spend a week on Broadway, or, what is still more revealing, a week in small-town socials, and continue to believe that there has been an enormous change in the relations of the sexes. She believes what she wants to believe; in America it is extraordinary how many educated women fail to realize what a faint scratch has been made on human nature by the last fifty years. They seem to allow nothing for the effect of tradition on the unconscious or subconscious part of the female temperament. Female education in the United States began only seventy or eighty years ago. If you go a little farther back, you find Martha Washington making her pickles, fearing God, and keeping her mind free from ideas that did not concern her. Behind those three generations of educated women lie about two thousand generations of women who were not cousins of the ape, but women with a language and a rude civilization. Now, is it reasonable to put the cultivation of two or three generations against fifty thousand years? Can a short course in a prairie university so entirely do away with the traditions, the compulsions, the inhibitions left behind by a period so long that it makes the history of Egypt almost news for this afternoon's newspaper? I do not want to stress this, but I do think that an elementary knowledge of comparative history compels one to laugh aside the idea of a revolution in the female mind, whether in Europe or in America. The difference between this day and a hundred years ago amounts to a varnish; the reformer had better realize that, so that his reforming energies may not be dulled by an overcomplacent sense of achievement. This does not mean that the American woman is wrong in feeling pride in the conquests of her sex, nor is she wrong in thinking that she has gone farther in freedom than her European sisters. Only she has not gone quite so far as she thinks.

In the days of chivalry the knight went on his knees to his lady, but he took this as a formality. The kneeling attitude of the modern American seems honest. He definitely admires his women. He does not, like the Parisian, stress their elegance; like the Frenchman, their beauty; while vaunting their smartness and good looks, he especially values their moral quality; he accords them a certain dignity which Europe refuses them. America is definitely a woman's country. But when you consider the facts a little more closely you begin to be doubtful. I don't know in how many hundreds of crowded street cars I have ridden, but only two or three times have I seen a man give up his seat to a woman.

I quite understand that American life is hard and competitive, but this does not quite accord with the goddess theory. Likewise, one is struck by the position women seem to have attained in business, until one has dealings with their firms. I have had to do with many American business organizations ; in a number of cases I had to make arrangements with an underling. Whenever the underling was a man, all went well; in the two cases where I had to deal with

a woman, no further notice was taken of the messages. I have a vision of the offices where these women carried their messages, of the man in charge listening to his male subordinate and telling the woman to run away and play.

This, of course, is not a generalization, but merely an indication. I have been equally surprised by the conquests made in business by American women. It is rather a shock to a European to meet a pretty girl of twenty-seven, to hear that she works in a drug corporation, and then to discover that she is a director; a shock to find a woman running a lawyer's office entailing annual expenses of seven or eight thousand dollars, and making a living. It is a surprise to find the American stenographer earning four times as much as her European sister. All those shocks, however, arise out of particular instances, and, though I agree that the American woman has made herself a good position, when I go through a business-reference book, I find that not one in a hundred of the leading names is the name of a woman. In America man still rules; all you can say is that he does not rule women so harshly as he does in Europe.

These suspicions as to the actual position of women in America are strengthened when one investigates a little more closely the achievements which have been so loudly advertised in the press. Consider, for instance, the position of women in the American civil service. The Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has recently issued a report on "Women in Government Service." During the period considered, 86 per cent of the women appointed were given salaries lower than $1,300 a year, while only 36 per cent of the men were given positions as low as this. The report goes on to show that, as the amount of salary advances, the number of women appointed decreases. For positions higher than $1,300 a year, only 5 per cent of the women are appointed, as against 46 per cent of the men. If we view the situation a little differently, and compare government appointments with the number of women who passed the requisite examination for the higher posts, we find that, while 59 per cent of the female candidates passed the clerical tests for middle positions, the commissioners did not appoint, as one might think they would, 59 per cent of the women to these positions. They appointed 72 per cent; the difference of 13 per cent represents female candidates who were given a middle position instead of the superior position they had won in open contest. And if we consider the posts where special training is required, while 30 per cent of the female candidates were eligible, only 15 per cent were appointed. As the examinations harmonize as nearly as possible with the vacancies, it follows that in every case women were deprived of anything between a quarter and a half of the rights which they obtained by open examination in competition with the men.

The reader should not conclude that I am making a case against the treatment of women in America. I am quite aware that in every way of life woman is better treated here than in any other part of the world; that the marriage and divorce laws, notably, in many states are her excessive partisans. But it would be foolish to believe that woman's battle has been completely won in the United States. She still has a great deal to do to achieve equality; she had better realize this, and struggle for it, than be led away by sentimental eulogies of her achievements, and more or less dishonest proclamations of her supremacy.

Two instances of the lyrical exaggerations which lead American women to believe that the male world is open to them I find in an article in the *Pictorial Review*, called "Two Women Lawyers at the Head of Their Profession." One is Mrs. Georgia P. Bullock, Deputy District Attorney and Public Prosecutor of Los Angeles. That is a high-sounding title, and one must not underrate the achievement of Mrs. Bullock; but if one

looks carefully into details of her work one cannot avoid the feeling that she is the deputy district attorney with emphasis on the *deputy*. It is true that she goes into court to prosecute, but it is permissible to doubt whether she is given the more important prosecutions. Furthermore, her special work appears to be the settlement of disputes between husbands and wives, the collection of money from defaulting husbands. In other words, she seems to be merely a probation officer on a large scale. I do not say that her duties are unimportant, but I do say that they are much less responsible and much less independently performed than her title would suggest.

The second case is that of Mrs. Annette Abbott Adams, described as the first woman Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. Here, indeed, is a high-sounding title, but as one reads into the details one feels more and more that Mrs. Adams is not so much the Assistant Attorney-General, as the assistant *to* the Attorney-General. Here again is a woman who goes into court and pleads, but here once more is a woman whose work seems mainly to be the examination and preparation of cases for the decision of her male chief. Hers is a powerful post, but it has nothing of the supreme. She is not mistress of her office. She may have men under her, but she has men over her. Until a woman actually occupies a Cabinet post, or the sole headship of a government department, the case will not have been made; until then one is justified in saying that the people who make out that the American woman has got to the top, are either untruthful or sentimental.

MISS AMERICA

One of the most interesting features of the American woman question is the supremacy of the girl. In Europe the girl hardly counts at all; in Scandinavia, Russia, Germany, she has, to a certain extent, emancipated herself, but has thereby lost a little in bourgeois consideration. In the south of Europe, and even in France, she is still a chattel of the family, while in England she is completely eclipsed by the young married woman. It is a remarkable thing in an American summer hotel to see the owners of automobiles filling their cars with young girls, while the young matrons are left behind. Yet the young married woman is far more attractive, far more amusing than the bread-and-butter miss. Except in rather fast circles, she seems in America to be almost entirely ignored. Everything goes to the girl—money for college, for training, social consideration; she is encouraged to waywardness, as if the men took a delight in her freshness, her mischievousness, and enjoyed her youthful petulance. It is rather regrettable in a way, for it leads to the conclusion that the American woman's good time is rather short.

After her marriage she can assert herself over her husband; if she is rich she can attain a big social position, be fêted, photographed, but she's not the catch of the season; she is the caught. If she is poor, she is taken little notice of; she is not courted as a woman; her husband is supposed to provide courtship, and he is seldom at home. If, as is most likely, she has to do a lot of housework because she finds no help, she loses her looks rather quickly. Her skin dries; at twenty she is exquisite; at thirty-five nerves and boredom have aged her. Since her marriage she has not counted. Many will remember the triumph of Miss Alice Roosevelt, who was described as "Princess Alice"; since her marriage she has not been heard of as "Queen Alice." She may now be a social leader, but she has ceased to "star." A debutante is a normal star, which sets when changed from Miss into Mrs.

The American girl has the time of a butterfly; it is not a long one, but it is a better time than the European's. If she works, it is a national custom to entertain her, to give her things, and this may have something to do with the development of her character. I hesitate to dissect anything so complex. I

suppose that excessively hard pictures of her were made by Henry James in *Daisy Miller*, by Mr. Owen Johnson in *The Salamander*, and by Mrs. Wharton in *The Custom of the Country*, but I do believe that a certain hardness must afflict the American girl, owing to the excess of good things which she enjoys very early and very easily. When one obtains things easily one looks upon them as a natural right. If then one's rights are flouted one grows peevish.

It is rather interesting to listen to the American girl when she visits England; she can't understand the man who gives her no candies or flowers, who seldom takes her to the theater, and who actually expects her to amuse him instead of working to amuse *her*. I confess that I don't like her as well as the American married woman, who has been reduced by work and difficulties to a state devoid of petulance. She has lost a few illusions. She is no longer leading the rather excited life of the well-to-do girl, and the fairly excited after-hours life of the popular working girl. An Englishwoman who has lived in America many years sends in the following criticism of the American girl: "She accepts life as it is and makes the most of it; she neither digs up corpses nor broods over injuries; she goes on to the next adventure life offers, ignoring the past. She sheds few tears, would consider the fostering of her soul absurd, the pursuit of beauty irrelevant. She lives untouched by beauty and sorrow." I reproduce, but neither assent to nor differ from this.

It is the American girl, more than the American woman, who embodies the national restlessness. She is always meeting young men in a queer, comradely way; she is always on the telephone, making a date; automobiles appear for her late in the evenings; she goes out with the moon and returns with the sun. There is something bright, almost metallic about her, and the Englishman grows bewildered when he tries to understand the process of starvation which turns her into the modest and even resigned American wife. I am picking my words; in spite of their proclamations, I doubt whether the American man is quite as much at his wife's feet as is made out. It seems to me that he respects his wife as he respects an expensive picture. He talks a great deal about the high qualities of women, but tends to treat them like little dears. He seems to revere women in general, but perhaps not in particular, his wife being the most particular of instances.

In America women do have a good deal of power, but I suspect that this is because the men are so busy that they have no time to argue, and too little time to exercise all the powers themselves. So they hand over some of the minor powers, and honestly believe that this constitutes a female coronation. That is why the well-to-do married woman in America generally strikes me as unhappy. While the poor man's wife lives the universal hard but human life of the poorer European wife, the wife of the man of middle fortune seems eaten up by vain ambitions. But even she is less unhappy than the rich wife, for her husband works short hours and gives her companionship, while too many rich wives see their overworked, business-haunted husbands only at an occasional evening meal, when guests separate them; she is alone while he travels; hence her frantic search for amusement, faiths, causes, social life, movement, always movement. My mental picture of the rich American wife is a grim one; while the rich Englishwoman is often bored by her husband, the American equivalent is bored by having no husband at all. Within a few years of her marriage her lover goes back to his office and does not come out again.

THE UPPER AIR

At a small but high-browed gathering (often, but not only, in America).

YOUNG LADY: "Mr. George, I'm just crazy to know what you think of Miss May Sinclair."

MR. GEORGE: "Well . . ."

YOUNG LADY: "Don't you think her books are full of cosmic universality? Oh, do tell me what you think."

MR. GEORGE: "You mean . . ."

YOUNG LADY: "What I like about Miss Sinclair is just that—her sense of the universal cosmos. Now in my home town in Oregon they want to know just what you think."

MR. GEORGE: "From the . . ."

YOUNG LADY: "If you think she coordinates the analyses of the psyche of the characters, then what I want to know is how she correlates the theory of the moron with that of the urning. . . ."

MR. GEORGE: "I . . ."

[YOUNG LADY *discusses Bergson and the Matriarchate.*

MR. GEORGE: "You . . ."

[YOUNG LADY *discusses Sinn Fein and the decay of taste.*

MR. GEORGE: "If . . ."

[YOUNG LADY *discusses Mr. Carl Sandburg, Longfellow, psychoanalysis, Mrs. Fiske, prohibition, spooks, Alexander Hamilton, the negro question, the Barrymores, the exchange problem, and Yellowstone Park.*

MR. GEORGE: "When . . ."

YOUNG LADY (*rapturously*): "I'm so glad to have met you. You've no idea, Mr. George, how they hang upon your slightest word way out in Oregon. I do love to hear you talk."

[*She continues.* MR. GEORGE *is later discovered concealed in the refrigerator.*

That sort of thing rather worries one. Because of it, perhaps, I have spent in America little time in literary circles and much more in places where they talked of copper and of corn. But, though it is tiring, it is not so absurd as it sounds; indeed, it has significances which should be neither ignored nor derided. My impression of the American woman is that on an average she is intellectually more developed than the European; potentially, she is not superior, but in development she is. The American woman is to the European what a tilled field is to an untilled field. She is infinitely better informed, more interested in new ideas, readier to accept a new theory of life, just as her man, compared with the European, is readier to accept a new invention. There is hardly anything in which one may not hope to interest her; the traveling Englishman is continually surprised to encounter in cities of thirty thousand inhabitants large groups of clubwomen who meet month after month, and year after year, to hear lectures on literature, social questions, foreign lands. He discovers in their houses the best new books; he is asked questions which reveal acquaintance with the world's movements; he receives the expression of views which only a year before were being expounded at the Sorbonne or at Jena. England has nothing like this. In a small English town you generally discover one or two delightful and cultured women, who are more or less miserable because they find the men as stupid as men know how to be, and intelligent female society nonexistent. The brilliant Englishwoman in the country must shut herself up with her books; there is nothing else for her. The brilliant American woman, on the other hand, has this unique outlet of club life, which draws together most of the women of brains that live in the locality, and also a large number of women of inferior intellectual capacity, who honestly want to improve that intellectual capacity, are anxious to get hold of all the new ideas and manifestations of art. Only in very big English cities do women have clubs, and even then one might say that in those institutions the Englishwomen assemble to gulp tea, while the American women assemble to gulp ideas.

Many American men laugh at the women's clubs. They find these places humorous. Also they like to pretend that clubwomen wear bloomers. But, having by now visited a large number of women's clubs all over the country, I know quite well that every one of them is a center for culture and stimulus. The eagerness with which an idea is received

by American club women is the most hopeful side in American civilization. It seems the most hopeful because the action of the women, which is now only beginning to make itself felt, amounts to a reaction against the money-getting male. Leaving aside the artist and the scientific genius, it appears that in all countries the man is to-day less vivid, less open-minded, than the woman. This is particularly the case in England, where the average man is a stupefied creature, intellectually much inferior to his wife. The average American woman is, it is true, less superior to the average American man than is the average Englishwoman to the average Englishman, but she does outdo him in her keenness for new outlooks. Thus she becomes the force that leads to the cultural development of her country.

Naturally, if I may use an old aphorism, "one makes no omelette without breaking eggs." The sad conversation I had with a young lady, which is reproduced above, is an instance of what can happen to a woman who has taken in her culture in too large doses and too fast. Very commonly, when you meet a well-educated American woman, you find that the conversation runs more than is comfortable on French literature, Claudel, Marcel Proust, Paul Fort; you will suffer quotations from Westermarck; you may drift into general ideas, philosophy, psychology. That embarrasses the Englishman for two reasons; one of them is that he is accustomed to talking to women about plays, games, holiday resorts, etc., or, if he belongs to a more evolved type, of love. The second reason is that he is not accustomed to being told what the woman thinks; he is accustomed to tell her what *he* thinks, and to being helped to develop what he chooses to call his ideas by a minimum of contradiction. So the American woman worries him. He finds that she is using him as a sounding board to try her latest song; he feels he is being lectured; and if, as is often the case, she changes the subject at frequent intervals, he fears he is being jabbed. As a rule, he therefore dislikes that type and is thankful when he escapes to the American girl. Unfortunately, the American girl seems to expect him to play golf and tennis, to swim and climb trees in a single morning, so the vitality of the American feminine rather worries him.

What worries him particularly in the American woman is the presence of this active prehensile mind within an attractive form. He meets a woman in the middle twenties; she has a clear, beautiful skin; she is well manicured; she wears an attractive frock of chiffon, which is not crumpled; she is a woman with whom he feels he ought to exchange some amorous dallying, this being the thing to do. Only he does not know how to begin. She is too serious, too interested; she seems too aloof from these natural things. If he is strongly attracted, he considers with a certain misery that these well-cut lips are wasting their time in discussing psychoanalysis and that he might find them better employment—if only he knew what to do. Should he, he wonders, begin by an epigram out of Bernard Shaw? He asks the American man, who, he naturally concludes, knows something of the emotional temperament of his countrywomen. The American man, if that day he is in a cynical mood, instead of his normal state of rhapsody, gives him advice which I cannot reproduce here, and the Englishman sadly shakes his head and walks away.

The difficulty of the European is that he generally looks upon sex attraction as the basis of all relations between men and women. To a great extent he is right, in this sense that between every man and every woman who like each other at all there is at least a streak of that attraction. But while the European is accustomed to viewing that streak through a microscope, in America he has to use a telescope. So he flounders in Bergson, and tries to discuss pragmatism; he tries to get back to the firm

ground of his intersexual concept. Sometimes, when he plunges and induces the woman to talk of love, his trouble increases, because he finds the intellectual American woman inclined to look upon love as something between a sacrament and a laboratory test. He encounters a high idealism about "the divinity of sex," which seems to him as fantastic as it is cosmic. He is told that love is not as simple as the symbolic holding of hands. It must be dosed and analyzed before practice; it must be organized into a conjugal eucharist, prepared for, practiced on the appointed day, certified by Doctor Freud as well as by Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson. The Englishman becomes horrified; he is in the middle of things he cannot understand. The native kisses knew less complexity; there was less sense of national welfare in his embraces of yore. It is only by degrees that he grasps that the passion of two individuals is not an intimate thing. All his life he has been making a mistake about that. He begins to realize that the people he calls lovers are merely delegates of the race; he conceives it as possible that in days to come they may be duly elected (for three years or the duration of the boom in divorce) by a jury of matrons. So he flounders among the latest theories of psychiatry and the newest statistics of the congenitally blind, until at last he struggles on to the firm, safe old English ground of commonplace and says, "Yes, I see; one must not be selfish." To which he receives as a reply, "The sex relation must be ego-phobocentric."

All this, of course, is on the surface; I develop this aspect only because the visiting Englishman is so easily deceived by that surface. What he does not understand, until he takes trouble, is that the new and swift education of the American woman is responsible for a certain rawness in her culture. What has happened is that, within half a century, the American woman has acquired more information, considered more ideas, than she could assimilate in thrice the time. Skyscrapers are built at the rate of a floor a week; an attempt has unconsciously been made by the American woman to construct her mind at that pace. But it is not so easy to modify the mind as to hasten the laying of the inanimate brick. An idea planted in a mind is not inanimate. It is a thing that develops into a sometimes quite unexpected form. An idea which was planted for a lily often turns out, when full grown, to be a hollyhock; and another attempt may produce, not a hollyhock, but a chrysanthemum. The result is that, having started with a perfectly orderly bed of lilies, put in a little hurriedly, without thorough examination of the bulbs, the ultimate result is a garden in a state of some disorder in which, human nature being what it is, grow a certain number of weeds.

This metaphor should not be taken as an attack, for it is better to plant rather at random than not to plant at all, but I think it explains what I mean—that the intellectual ambition of the American woman has proved so swift, so greedy, so magnificently open to the newest things, that it would be unreasonable to expect it to produce everywhere an entirely balanced state of mind. The American woman is making intellectual experiments. Already she is ahead of the European in variety of product. As time goes on, she may grow less anxious to seek novelty and prove more inclined to proceed with the ordering and qualification of her present collection. Meanwhile she is on the right road from the point of view of her development. Whether this road will ultimately lead her into cool intellectuality, whether intellect will be absorbed for the strengthening of emotion, is impossible to say, but she is doing one great thing—she is shaking free from the intellectual stagnation which for so many centuries kept her so enslaved.

A NOTE ON LOVE

Believing as I do that in fundamentals, such as love, human beings change

very slowly, it is difficult to generalize on the love emotion in the United States. It is impossible and untrue to say that human passions are in America more developed or less developed than they are elsewhere. That is the sort of thing which one does not know. But one can go so far as to compare two nations by saying that a certain type (common to both) is more prevalent in one race than in the other. One encounters frigid Sicilians and fanciful Swiss, only one does not encounter them very often. The Englishman in America is considerably puzzled as to the love relations of the inhabitants, partly because climate and race make them so various, partly because they are abundantly discussed and therefore obscured by words and expositions of idealism. Also he comes across amusing contrasts. He may drift into a radical group where, in presence of several people, a woman will say, "I am suffering from sex starvation." On the other hand, he may encounter a number of women who declare it sinful to smoke a cigarette. If, as he should, he makes allowances for extremes, he is puzzled by the public behavior of men and women.

One case that occurs to me is that of a couple whom I was able to watch unobserved. The man belonged to the *viveur* type; the woman did not look unapproachable. For five days they were continually in each other's company. They obviously enjoyed it, to the exclusion of others. Their conversations were continuous, and yet I never saw between them the slightest familiarity, even when once, by accident, I came upon them in a dark garden; they were sitting well apart, talking, talking—as if there were something in this idea that comradeship can exist between woman and man. This is not a solitary case. American men and women are either more capable of purely mental relations than are Europeans, or they are more careful to conceal what may lie behind the mental, or the women set upon themselves such a price that they are able to repel familiarity. It seems to me that one of these three solutions must apply. If the first or the third is the correct one, this must mean that the frigid type is more common in the United States than it is in Europe. One hesitates to conclude in a manner so sweeping, but the behavior of couples leads one rather in that direction.

For my part, I suspect that the impulses of the American women, though much the same as those of the European women, are to a certain extent inhibited by two factors—the materialistic civilization and the survival of puritanism. One should not underrate the effects upon the feminine temperament of the haste, restlessness, and hectic intensity of American life. The noise of the streets, for instance, must have an effect; it has even been suggested to me that the rather high voice of the American woman is due to the effort she must make to dominate the surrounding sounds of traffic. But that is a detail; what I am thinking of is that the effort to get on, to make money, to enjoy all the life that can be torn from sleep, is likely to cause mental anæmia, which is unfavorable to emotional indulgence. Purity can very well be a form of exhaustion; one's mind may be so full of things to do, appointments to keep, faces to remember; one may be so overworked, or so overplayed, that one literally has not the time for those brooding states of mind where flourishes the impulse to emotion. I have the impression that the American woman of the towns is generally a tired woman; she goes too hard at work and too hard at play to have energy for the dallyings which occupy her European sisters.

Before touching on the puritanic question, one must remember that one of the results of intense American life, of its need for pleasure, is the need for money. The American man, so often cynical, comes more and more to look upon himself as exploited by women, and this whether he is married or single. He seems to discern a certain hardness, par-

ticularly in the American girl, who appreciates him only if he can afford to give her a good time, to present her with the many things which she violently desires. Fairly often, in the magazines, I find stories where the woman is shown as demanding of man more than he can afford, and these are more common than tales of male selfishness. Briefly, there is a masculine revolt against the privileges gained by women when they were few. This does not imply hostile criticism on my part. In the first place, it is quite natural that a young girl should desire to possess things. In the second place, it seems to be a national custom to spoil the American girl. It is not so much a question of greed as a question of habit; if, as may happen, the American girl thinks poorly of the man who does not take her to the theater or present her with candies, she is only expressing what the European woman would feel if a man forgot to remove his hat. Briefly, I do not believe that the mercenary instinct goes very much deeper than it does in Europe. It may express itself more flagrantly; it is more brutal to call a husband a "meal ticket" than a "good match"; but expression is nothing by the side of fact. The American woman is often getting what the European would like to get. Both are ready to make concessions to obtain these things, and both of them will concede as little as they can, which is humanly normal. If the American woman "gets away" with it, while the European seldom does, it is because American public opinion is prepared to let her "get away" with it. Her aspiration to money arises partly from the insecurity of American life, where fortunes are risked and jobs insecure; it connects with the intoxication of swift-made fortunes. Her demand for a good time is the obvious reply to her men's financial Napoleonism. She is in no sense abnormal in her aspirations; whether she is inhibited in her responses I do not know.

My own belief, judging from a number of inquiries, is that no sensible essay can be written on this subject without taking into account the temperament of the American man. After all, women are what men make them, and men what women make them. In spite of the life lived by a few smart and continental holiday resorts, I believe there is less moral slackness among educated American women than among the English equivalent. The tradition of the country is against it. Marriage is favored; after marriage, either the household cares are so heavy, or the social pleasures so whirling, that there is less need for emotional stimulant than there is in soberer lands. Lastly, the American divorce law makes irregularity unnecessary; the rich man and the poor man can, by shifting their capital or their labor from state to state, live in legal free love by means of frequent divorce; only the man in the middle is tied up. The fact that last year there were two hundred more divorces in Chicago alone than in the whole of England and Wales illustrates what I mean by legal free love. In all this the American man appears as an enigmatical figure. He seems to me at the same time forward and backward. He is aggressive to women in trifling ways, but seems to hold back when the situation grows intense. He will use a chance opportunity in an elevator, but will not create one in the street, as if he were afraid of something, as if he were leashed. To a certain extent he is leashed by local laws, which thrust upon loose men financial and even criminal responsibilities, which appall the man of middle fortune. In the very rich and very poor ranks of society this does not operate so much, and the newspapers report many sex crimes and misdemeanors. But I doubt whether it is the law makes this change in manners; as a rule it is manners make a change in law. I suspect that the women maintain their standard by establishing moral ascendancy. They do not repel attacks; they do not have to. Thus I discern less coldness than freedom from temptation. If they are tempted, it is so far, and not

farther. Hence the surprise of the European who finds advances so readily repelled. The woman he approaches is so unaccustomed to such advances that she repels him instinctively.

This may to a certain extent have modified the temperament of the American woman; being insufficiently stimulated; being inflamed with desire for clothes, automobiles, residence in the best hotels — briefly, money; being trained to believe that all will be given her—she may have lost part of her capacity for giving. She may have become slightly sterilized from the emotional point of view; the wifely tyranny that some men complain of in America is probably traceable to that. This tyranny is also traceable to the puritanism which still flickers in most Americans, completely dominates certain regions, and in general the small towns. I mean by puritanism not so much prohibitions as an attitude of mind. In this sense it may generally be said that the American tendency is to coat with a film of impropriety all facts and ideas affecting passion. Though radical and worldling circles express themselves freely, most American intercourse is fettered. Jokes are made against the married relation, but they are seldom more depraved than those of Mutt and Jeff; there are conversational parallels to "Bringing Up Father," . . . but it is seldom suggested that Father needs bringing up from the point of view of fidelity. Indeed, the suppressions are so intense that if you look down a list of divorces filed for hearing, you will find that nearly all allege failure to maintain, desertion, or cruelty. When adultery exists, the tendency is to hush it up if other causes suffice to justify divorce. I doubt whether the American woman is by herself responsible for this state of things; all over the world man appears more conventional than woman, and there is no reason to think that the American woman (much as she likes to think so) differs so greatly from her sisters. But I suspect that the suppressions maintained by men are so maintained because American men seem to feel that they owe respect to the delicate sensibilities they attribute to their women. As an American said to me, "We are living in 1860; we still think that the ladies are brittle and should be carried about on velvet pads." Realizing, unconsciously or consciously, the practical value of this respect, it may be suggested that the American woman encourages it by merely verbal displays of prudery; in other words, she avails herself of a favorable condition which she does not alone bring about; such American puritanism as exists originates largely from man.

The American woman generally gives her support to this puritanism, which is natural enough in a society where capitalism alone has power, where nearly all capital is vested in the male, and where puritanism enables woman to make capital out of purity. She has an interest in limiting the normal brutality and polygamous instinct of man by setting up taboos; she has an equal interest in imposing upon him a narrow code of language, suggestion, and approach, because this handicaps the male capitalist in his contest with the sexual capitalist. From woman's point of view, manners make the shield that shelters morals. The situation appears curious only when we consider the intellectual grade of the women who maintain the hard moral standard for others and possibly themselves. While they proclaim their contempt for wiles, they remember to bewitch; they profess aversion from male rule, and demonstrate only to the extent of aspiring to wear a wedding ring; they proclaim themselves free, and yet do not reject gifts. It sounds puzzling, like all female problems when frankly stated. But, like all female problems, it is simple enough, and sums itself in the old human desire to have the cake and eat it; more than any other the American woman seems able to do this.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MOUNTAIN OF JEHOVAH

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

TO come upon it unexpectedly was like coming, half way up the silent mountain, upon a toy village under a Christmas tree. That was because of the great, somber height of the pines, and the ring of tiny fanciful houses under them. And the stillness, the absolute hush, that pervaded the spot increased the suggestion, as if it were the day after Christmas and the children to whom the tree belonged had tired of it, and, putting the houses in order neatly, had gone away to play elsewhere. To be sure, there were many trees, a whole marvelous grove of them, straight-columned, majestic, and tall, instead of one like a Christmas tree. So, perhaps, it only bore that resemblance because there was nothing else in one's experience to compare it with. And surely, one felt, the erratic little wooden houses, no two alike, yet all of the same inconsequential elaboration of millwork scallops and scrolls, peaked roofs, miniature bow windows, and rustic railed-in verandas; and the naïve gravity of the tiny church, facing the entrance to the ring with exactly the expression of a prim and elderly spinster—two windows, a door, an uncovered little portico, and from the center of the peaked roof a wooden scroll, painted white, that followed down either side and ended in two round spit curls depending from the eaves, and the bell perched like a top-knot under its square support directly atop the peak. . . . Surely all this was the work of some inspired old toymaker of Nuremberg.

There was, you see, a queer thing about the place: for it only reminded you of a toy village under a Christmas tree until you knew what it really was, and then it took on a look even more unreal, an atmosphere still more strange. One could no longer think of toys or a Christmas tree because one could no longer imagine children there. Instead, one thought of straight-backed, thin-haired women, and black-coated men with sanctimonious faces—and of a voice, and a Book, and a raised hand, and of a solemn intonation: "Thou shalt not! . . ." that still lay upon the air. And the little houses with their peaked roofs, and their fancy millwork curlicues took on a fanatical look.

For this was the Mountain of Jehovah, where, summer after summer, in years gone by, the black-coated elders came to harvest souls, to instill the fear of God in sinners' hearts, and to exhort the pious to a more rigid piety. Here the faithful came up through all those straight and narrow paths that lead out from the homes of the righteous wherever they may be.

Then the hush that reigns there now was broken, for every day and every night, at the sound of a rung bell, the people came out of the little houses that faced inward upon the grassy inclosure, and took their places on rows of benches ranged under the pines. And many more, camped in tents beyond the circle, poured in steadily through the main entranceway until all the benches were filled; and a fringe of the curious and the unsaved loitered within hearing about the edge.

On the uncovered portico of the little church—"the tabernacle" they called it—a pine pulpit was brought out, and there the elders stood to preach; they stretched forth their hands, long and febrile, like the hands of hypnotists,

and threw back their heads, and lifted up their voices, and prayed, loud and long . . .

"Have mercy upon us, O Lord! Avert thy wrath, O God! for yet another day! . . ."

The open Book . . . the text . . . the reading from the Word . . . "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." . . . Pages turned . . . "And it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud. . . . And the people stood afar off; and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was. And the Lord said unto Moses, Thus thou shalt say unto the children of Israel, Thou shalt have no other gods before Me . . . for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me. . . . Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. . . . Thou shalt not! . . . Thou shalt not! . . . Thou shalt not! . . .

"Ah, my brethren, the way to salvation is clear and plain" . . . and so the sermon, with its terrifying question, Are you prepared to die?

Hymns—long-drawn and many-versed—with hundreds of voices singing uncertainly off key, the awe-inspiring cadences:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains—
Lose all their guilty stains!"

The dying away of the song, the organ repeating thinly the last refrain—the voice of the preacher again—low, beseeching, sorrowful; Choose! Choose, while there is yet time! Come! Jesus your Saviour bids you Come! Come into the fold of everlasting life before it is too late! . . . A pause, a sign to the choir, and the sopranos softly begin·

"Almost persuaded"—

Other voices join in, and through the song, which continues tender and mesmeric as a lullaby, the voice of the elder is speaking again: "Death cometh like a thief in the night. . . . To-morrow may be too late. . . . Heed the voice of your conscience. . . . To-morrow may never come. . . ." And here and there youths and maidens, with sudden, convulsive sob, that terrified their families and made of them momentarily strangers, wrenched themselves out of their seats and, weeping blindly, stumbled down the grassy aisle to meet the trembling, outstretched hands of the man in Sunday black, until rows of kneeling penitents sobbed and rocked like a stricken orchestra under those quivering hands, stood up, repeated words, pledges, renounced the world, its pleasures and follies, temptations and sins, and received in their stead the promise of bliss beyond the grave. . . .

All this was years ago. To-day they preach no more, and the crowds no longer come, and silence reigns.

The grass grows high in the inclosure, and a few straggling, empty benches still face the little tabernacle, which, with its shuttered windows, seems to have "fallen asleep in the Lord."

Perhaps salvation went out of date, or perhaps all the sinners were saved, or perhaps the straight and narrow way would hold no more. Whatever the cause, the people fell away, the elders ceased to come, and the hush descended upon the grove. Deserted, the little houses stood, save that when the heated weather came in the summertime, one might have believed that here and there a ghost of other days had crept back to inhabit them. For the figure of an old lady might be seen to stand for a moment in a cottage door; and across the ring, on an upper-storey porch, a gray head bending motionless over a Book; or an old man, sitting in a rocking chair, a gnarled stick in his hand, and his round hat straight on his head, behind the millwork of another little stoop.

These are they who have walked straightly all their lives, and feared God, who have come to the Mountain year after year, and, now that the world has withdrawn both its temptations and its rewards, they are too old to change their habits or their ways. Yet they are not so old, in reality, as they seem; only, with neither kith nor kin, there is nowhere else for them to go. Perhaps they pay a little rent. But the houses are there, and the elders, sitting in council every three months in the city far below, can afford a little charity. And then there are never more than five or six of them, and no doubt the elders forget their existence from year to year. So there, on the Mountain of Jehovah, the last wraithlike stragglers of the flock await in peace their call to the promised bliss. There is little left to interest them in the world except its wickedness, of which they sometimes speak, thanking God they have been saved from it.

Of late something has happened to the pines. "Dying," the old people say, nodding their heads when they meet, and peering upward through the thick brown lacework of dead branches, to where, at the very top, a little green is still visible. Can it be that in days gone by the great trees harkened to the reiterated denials, the thundered Thou-shalt-nots of the Word, until at last the very sap stopped flowing and dried, or fled, the little that was on its way, upward toward the light, out of reach of the Thou-shalt-nots and denials of men, where it sang greenly in the sun? Even the birds' songs are hushed when they penetrate the grove, and they hop gravely from branch to branch, as if in wonder at so much solemnity.

No one comes that way, no stranger wanders in from the valley roads. For the Mountain of Jehovah is set in the midst of a region little known, a region of crumbling stone walls, of abandoned houses and barns falling to ruin board by board. Yet it is a country almost monotonous in the sylvan beauty of its brooks and trees and deeply wooded hills. Automobile parties on their way from the city far below to the fashionable mountain resorts beyond, pass through on the valley roads late in the afternoon, when their eyes are weary of scenery, and their minds are filled with speculations as to whether, with luck, they will reach their destination in time for nine-o'clock dinner, and dancing afterward. Now and then, struck by the many deserted farms, they are led to speculate upon them, and to remark that it seems a fertile country enough; but as they speed up against the distance yet before them, the mystery is dismissed, and the abandoned houses are left behind in a swirl of dust, and silence settles over the region again.

It was no wonder, then, that on that misty summer day, when the Woman appeared so suddenly in the enclosure, with her rich, warm beauty, and her black dress, and the string of pearls at her throat, and spoke in her full musical voice to old Lemuel Spence, sitting behind the railing of his little veranda, no wonder that he only blinked and did not answer, as though he were deaf or doubted his sight.

She was looking at him with a puzzled, incredulous smile on her lips, for she too was not sure he was real, not sure that the old man himself, with his round hat and his gnarled stick, was not just an added bit of realism in the toy village under the Christmas tree. So when she had asked for the second time what place it was, and when old Lemuel had found his tongue enough to tell her, her expression changed at once to a kind of astonished and gentle reverence.

"A place of worship!" she said, and stood with her white hands clasped against her black dress, just looking her fill at the place. And the looking seemed to assuage some deep, spiritual weariness that lay in the depths of her dark eyes and sounded a moment after in the added beauty of her voice. There came to her imagination no forbidding echoes

of "Thou shalt not," nor any visions of straight-backed women or sanctimonious men; for she knew nothing of such cold and austere faiths as theirs. She saw only the shadowed peace of the great pines, like spaced columns in some vast churchly nave, and the ring of little houses like chapels opening into it. It seemed a long time before she spoke again, and then it was to say, as if she had suddenly made up her mind to something within herself, "I didn't believe there was anything so perfect in the world!" and to ask, "Are all the houses occupied?"

The old man shook his head. "No," he said—"no, jest a few. They don't have the meetin's any more."

"I wonder," she said—"I wonder if they would rent one of them."

Now, if old Lemuel Spence had been asked that question as a mere matter of opinion—say the day before—he would naturally have said no, but somehow, with the Woman there before him, it made a difference, and without knowing why, he replied, "I don't know's they ever did rent one, but I s'pose mebby they would if a body wanted it bad enough."

"Would it need to be a member—one of the church?"

Here again Lemuel answered without knowing exactly why: "Well, no; any good person, I guess."

At this the woman paused, looking away from the old man, and then back again, as she seemed once more to come to some secret decision within herself.

"I should so love to stay, now that I'm here," she said. "Don't you think it could be arranged?"

It was not a strange thing that old Lemuel Spence was persuaded so quickly to "see what he could do," since his was neither the first nor the strongest will that had failed to resist much slighter wishes of hers than this. So he presently brushed down the knees of his trousers, and, carrying his gnarled stick, hobbled across the inclosure to "see the others and get what they think, if you want it right away. The elders don't meet till next month; and I s'pose in a case like this whatever we'd do ought to be all right to them."

And so it came that on that very day the Woman took up her abode among them, in the cottage with the green valance. And all they knew of her was that she had come in a long blue motor car, which waited in the grass-grown road outside the ring, in charge of a chauffeur in a gray uniform; that her name was Marie Lingard; and that when they asked her how she had heard of the Mountain of Jehovah, and what had put it into her mind to come there, she answered that she had never heard of it at all, but had come upon it by chance while seeking quiet and rest away from the world, and that she could only believe that God had guided her there—an answer that seemed to make it impossible for them to turn her away.

They had held a kind of conference upon it while the Woman waited in full view beside old Lemuel's steps, a conference in which there was really very little talk, and very few opinions offered or expressed. For they were all pretending indifference, as if it were a matter of little importance one way or the other whether she stayed or went. The women even affected not to look at her and to have no curiosity whatever about her; and they walked away before the decision was finally made, as if to show that they thought it a matter unworthy so much consultation and fuss, though in reality they walked away in order that the responsibility might rest upon the men, whose decision they knew could be but one way.

So Marie Lingard put a purse into the hands of the gray-uniformed chauffeur, and he turned the blue motor car about and drove down the mountain alone. But first he had carried in her bags—two of them, with her initials, "M. L." in silver upon them—and deposited them in the tiny upstairs bedroom of the house with the green valance.

At the end of a week they knew no more about the stranger than they had known on that first day. She spent hours in the forest beyond the grove, and hours inside the house with the green valance, or lying in the hammock on her tiny veranda, holding a book, unread, in her hand. She stood often under the pines, looking up through the brown lacework of branches where, at the very top, the high breeze moved among them, and their slender columns passed and repassed majestically, as if engaged in some stately and solemn dance. Underneath, in the cloistered light the little peaked roofs were like praying hands.

Her light went out at nine. And she must have been up before dawn, for they would see her come in from the forest, walking lightly and quickly, and slip into her little house by the back door, before they had got the sleep out of their eyes. She asked no questions and invited none. But she had always a smile and a friendly word when they passed. And sometimes she would bring a leaf or a branch from a tree in the forest, to ask them its name, or a flower from the edge of the stream beyond the wood.

And yet, after a few days, when their show of indifference had worn a little away, and the old people began to talk at the little back stoops, and in the tiny kitchens where they met, it was plain that there was something disturbing in the presence of the stranger who dwelt among them there. True, she was quiet and kept to herself, and as guiltless of vanities as any one of them, with her simple dress and the plain "beads," which were her only ornament. The something disturbing about her was her beauty and her voice, which made their own voices sound thin and queer and flat; that and a certain faint, lovely scent that clung about her clothing when she passed; and when she dropped her handkerchief one day, and later old Lemuel picked it up, they passed it round in Miss Abby's kitchen, and each one of them sniffed at it gingerly; the women nodded their heads, as if it might be something pretty bad proved there, and the three old men—old Lemuel, Benny Ameel, and Joshua Meade—sniffed, squinted up their eyes, and sniffed again, and Joshua Mead said, "Purty good scent."

It was a curious thing that although they seldom brought themselves to talk of her, when they did talk what they had to say came always to a sudden, pointed stop.

It was Benny Ameel, who had been a foreign missionary for two years in his youth, who told them one day that the "beads" she wore were not beads, but pearls—"perils," he called them—and worth a fortune in themselves.

Here the conversation came to one of those pointed stops in which they merely looked from one to another with an astonished, though covered, expression in their sharp old eyes. And there the conversation would have remained if it had not been for Mercy Ellis, who was a little deaf and never quite sure how much she had missed, and consequently had a habit of giving, when she was in doubt, a little tentative shove to the conversation to see if it was still alive. So now, gaining nothing from the faces about her, she said, quite casually, as if she were remarking it to herself, that it did seem a strange thing that a body so wealthy should wish to come here by herself. At this the silence deepened, until it was suddenly cut by Miss Abby's crisp voice: "Strange? . . . Well, I should say strange!"

Miss Abby had been a school-teacher years ago, and she still wore "shirt-waists" and high collars, pinned with an ebony brooch. Whenever she spoke it was with an air of telling people to take their seats. She delivered this ejaculation without looking at anyone, then picked up a pan and carried it across the kitchen and put it in its rack.

Old Lemuel, who somehow felt himself attacked, spoke up defensively, "You never spoke ag'in' her stayin'."

Miss Abby still avoided their eyes.

"You was all so set on it," she said, "but I couldn't see why a worldly woman as good-lookin' as that would be travelin' round by herself, and wantin' to keep out of the way of people she knows."

"If she be a worldly woman," said old Lemuel, also avoiding their eyes, "it ought to be all the more reason why we should take her in. What was the place built for, but for the savin' of sinners and the glory of God? Jesus, the Son of Man, turned nobody away, not even the Scarlet Woman herself!"

His last words fell upon a shocked silence. At the mention of the Scarlet Woman a scared look came into their faces, as if they were afraid of old Lemuel. No matter what they had been thinking, that seemed a bit too far for him to go. Even Mercy Ellis had no doubt that that was the end of the conversation for that day. And for many days, for they seemed to have resolved, each of them, not to be first to speak of the stranger again.

So the Woman came and went among them, and remained a mystery.

It was a month of overcast skies, of threatened rains that hung in the heavens but did not descend. All day the clouds were like a blind drawn by some gracious hand against the heat and glare of the sun. At evening a white mist floated in the hollows and ravines. By night a light breeze scattered the clouds and moved in the tops of the tallest trees, until their silently swaying branches crossed and recrossed the high, fitful path of the moon, and seemed with their gentle rhythm to be rocking the mountain to sleep.

It is not easy to say by what vague looks, glances, whisperings, there began on the Mountain of Jehovah the strange thing which led in the end to the formal "hearing" in the city below, with all the elders in their black coats sitting in a circle round a massive oak table with a polished top, and asking questions, with only one witness present at a time. Or by what hidden means it came to the ears of the elders themselves. A letter, it must have been, from one of the six old ones on the mountain. But which one? The elders did not say; they were the questioners. There may have been even more than one, and written in confidence.

It would appear that on a certain night old Lemuel Spence, waking in the middle of the night, had thought he heard a sound as of a movement in the inclosure below. Ordinarily he would have paid no attention to such a sound; they were common enough—a night bird shifting its perch, or some small woods creature under the pines. But to-night he lay there in the dark, straining intently to hear, wondering what it might be, for it seemed to him that there was something strange, a kind of stealthiness, in the sound that was reaching his ears.

At last he thrust aside the covers and got out of bed. He slipped noiselessly in his bare feet across the room to the window, drew aside the curtain, and, accustoming his eyes to the darkness, peered down into the inclosure under the pines. And there, in his bare feet, risking cold and forgetting sleep, old Lemuel remained, staring fixedly down into the inclosure below.

The next morning, pausing a moment at Miss Abby's kitchen stoop, Lemuel heard in the comment with which she greeted him—"Bad nights for colds in the head"—a note of meaning beyond the words; and, glancing up at her, surprised in her gimlet-like old eyes a look of intense inquiry, withdrawn on the instant he looked. There followed between them a pause in which Lemuel sought frantically for some casual reply, and the result of which was a remark which ignored her reference to his cold in the head, only to strike upon a reference even more dangerously significant. "Fine nights for sleepin', though," he said.

"I'm a light sleeper myself," said Miss Abby, and bored straight through

to his secret before she let go his eyes, and marched inside her house.

And that night Lemuel Spence well knew that from the curtained upstairs window of Miss Abby's darkened cottage across the ring another pair of eyes looked out and watched.

And the night after that, another pair. And still another the night after that.

No one spoke of it; yet the news of it spread. Something strange and untoward was going on in the inclosure at night.

The rumor of it went among them like telepathic communications among the spiritually attuned, by mysterious routes and channels that make no use of words, yet are no less direct. When they met there passed continually between them quick, frightened glances, half question, half dread—glances which said nothing and which said everything, which both suggested and withdrew, both corroborated and denied. They had the look of people continually crossing themselves.

When they spoke of the most commonplace matters now it was with lowered voices and furtive, involuntary glances toward the house with the green valance.

The lights went out in the ring at the usual hour. But in the dead hours of the night, in silence, and never a glimmer of light, six strained, eager old faces peered cautiously from behind six curtained upper-story windows, out upon the inclosure, and watched.

In the mornings they were up and about as early as usual. Perhaps they slept an hour or two during the day; or perhaps, because they were old, they needed little sleep. They found themselves congregating together without knowing it, as people unconsciously do when possessed of a common secret of which they fear to speak. And finding themselves thus together, they seemed in haste to part, yet held by their strangely inhibited wish to communicate.

When the Woman came out of the house with the green valance, they followed her silently with their eyes, ceasing even their feeblest attempts at conversation when she passed.

Once or twice she looked back over her shoulder, and seemed on the point of turning about, but she caught them gazing after her, and, affecting not to have seen, went on.

"She pretty near said something then," said Miss Abby, and the rest of them nodded their heads, their eyes still following where she went.

There was no doubt about it. She was avoiding them. She no longer stopped for a word, though she still smiled and spoke when she passed. But it seemed to them that even her smile was not the same. She no longer brought in leaves or blossoms to ask about, though she still disappeared into the woods for hours at a time. And still the first ones stirring in the morning would catch sight of her slipping quickly and noiselessly in from the forest beyond the ring. And now they remembered that from the beginning, on those occasions, she had worn the same long, dark cloak that covered her from head to foot, and that she held it closely about her as she moved.

Once, by prearrangement the day before, Mercy Ellis and Mrs. Heath got up earlier than usual to go berrying before breakfast in the woods; but they had been gone no time at all when they came scurrying back with no berries in their pails, and, making straight for Miss Abby's cottage, vanished within her kitchen door, from whose shelter, some fifteen minutes afterward, three pairs of sharp old eyes looked out to see the Woman emerge from the path, wrapped in her long, dark cloak. A minute later the three heads were abruptly withdrawn, for they knew they had been seen. The Woman had suddenly turned her head in their direction, upon which she had half halted in her step, and then, recovering herself, had gone forward as if she had not seen.

It was on that very day, just after noon, that the Woman came across the

inclosure directly to where Miss Abby sat rocking on her little millwork stoop. She came with her buoyant walk slowed as she reached the stoop, and the faint exotic odor reached Miss Abby's nostrils as she paused, with a smile and a casual greeting, as if she had been in the habit of coming to talk with Miss Abby in the afternoons.

In repeating the conversation afterward Miss Abby said: "I don't know what it was she come over there to say, but it was *something*, all right; but whatever it was, she lost her grit when she got up to me, and she made up a question quick to throw me off. I wasn't going to help her out, and she stood there a minute, and then she asked me how long it's been since we stopped havin' the meetin's here. 'Five years,' I said, and that seemed to leave her high and dry. 'And you don't have 'em any more at all?' she said. 'Not any more,' I said. Well, she had a kind of a funny look, like she'd got on the wrong track and couldn't think of anything more to say, and then she mentioned goin' for a walk in the woods, and went on down the path between my house and the tabernacle, and went out to the woods that way."

It both relieved and increased the tension to have something tangible they could speak of like this. There was at least some sort of communication established, some sort of acknowledgment that a tension did exist. And it made it less necessary for them to conceal the significance with which they received old Lemuel's report, when, the following day, he surprised the strange man in the inclosure at dusk.

The stranger was standing in the shadow between two of the cottages, looking into the inclosure, when Lemuel saw him first. He looked youngish and tall, and dressed, Lemuel said, "in the outlandishest rig I ever see." He did not seem to be looking at anything in particular, but gazing intently into the ring. He stood perfectly still in the same position until Lemuel coughed. Then he started, turned suddenly about, and disappeared down the forest path.

"Did he have a red sash wrapped round his waist?" asked Miss Abby, to everybody's astonishment.

"Yes," said Lemuel, "that's what he did; and a kind of a greenish coat."

"That's the same man I talked to two weeks ago."

"*Talked* to him?"

She nodded. "I met him over there in the woods. He said his name was Anderson and he was a woodchopper."

"He's no woodchopper," said Lemuel Spence.

"I know that," said Miss Abby, and permitted herself a grim look round the room. . . .

And then, on the very day the letters came from the elders, the Woman came out of the house with the green valance and across to Lemuel Spence, to say she was going away.

The letters arrived in the morning, one for each of the six. They were summoned to appear at a hearing before the Council of Elders, in the city, on a certain specified date. Money for the expense of the journey was inclosed.

The next day, shortly after noon, the blue motor car appeared again on the Mountain of Jehovah, and took the Woman away.

At the end of the corridor, behind closed doors, the "hearing" had been going on since two o'clock. In the center of the room the Council of Elders sat, nine of them, in black coats, round a massive oak table with a polished top.

Elder Blanchard, who sat in the middle like a patriarch, and led in the questioning, leaned forward now and nervously stroked his beard. Before him on the table was strewn a little pile of papers and penciled notes, which he seemed to consult.

Facing him, the vacant witness chair stood waiting for the seventh witness to appear. And all the elders, wrapped in an air of official silence, sought vainly to conceal their real expressions under-

neath, the shocked and covert look of men confronted suddenly with the very devils of whose existence they have so long preached.

From two o'clock until four they had been sitting, with hardly a change of position, in their hard oak chairs. Six times in those two hours the door marked "Private" had opened and closed to admit a solitary witness into the room. Six times it had opened and closed to let each of them out again. And six times they had listened to the thin, flat voices of those witnesses building up, one after another, their amazing corroboration. For through the homely, meager phrasings, the timorous vocabulary of piety and age, grown more homely and more timorous as they approached the telling of things for which they had never before had occasion to find words, there had emerged a tale more darkly sinister than all the eloquence of genius could have brought to life—a tale of bacchanalian orgies, of strange and secret rites, carried on in the dead hours of the night on the Mountain of Jehovah, while godly folk lay sleeping in their beds; a tale of dim, fantastic figures, moving stealthily through the dark to their nocturnal rendezvous; of secret signals instantly obeyed, leapings, whirlings, arms upflung, of figures interlaced, of grotesque posturings, sibilant whisperings and soundless, terrible mirth, and the muffled thud of footfalls on the yielding turf.

Details here and there diverged, but seemed only to add to the verity. The reluctant quavering response of Mercy Ellis that "Some had different things, but mostly—seems as if they was undressed," lent increased color to the declaration of Benny Ameel that "their faces was streaked with black and they had their bodies painted, like heathen savages." Another told of figures in "spangles and tights, like bareback riders in circuses"; and two had plainly seen the cloven hoofs, the horns, and the whipping tail of a shape in the guise of the Evil One himself.

And over and through it all, compelling and cumulative, was the wordless corroboration of their suspicion, directed like the unconscious gestures of so many pointing hands, toward the strange Woman who dwelt in the house with the green valance, a suspicion which transferred itself to the elders and which they could neither resist nor reason away.

Of what, then, was she accused? What evidence had there been of her complicity? None, now that the sixth witness had gone and the question confronted them, except this: The thing had begun after the Woman's coming to the Mountain of Jehovah; it had ceased when she went away. A strange thing, surely, to be without meaning; too strange for coincidence.

The timid, high-strung voices of the witnesses seemed to linger in the room, and the images they had evoked hovered phantasmagorically round the empty witness chair, from which the circle of elders seemed involuntarily to have drawn away.

They were waiting now, in silence, for the seventh witness to appear.

The door opened, and a boy came in.

"The lady is here," he said.

All eyes were upon Elder Blanchard, who, with his gaze still fixed upon the penciled notes, continued a moment to stroke his beard with a nervous hand. Then abruptly he raised his head.

"Have her come in," he said.

The boy disappeared without closing the door, and a moment later the Woman stood in the room.

A silence like a gasp ran round the circle of elders. Elder Pollard, at the end, rose quickly from his place and adjusted the witness chair. One or two others half rose, made an awkward kind of bow, and then sat down again, fumbling with their papers or their spectacles.

Elder Blanchard, standing in his place, extended his hand toward the witness chair. "Sit here," he said, "if you will."

She bowed quietly, in acknowledgment, crossed to the chair, and sat down.

Her beauty glowed against the rich, dark fabric of her gown, and the faint exotic odor followed her. Sitting there in the very spot where all afternoon, one after another, the withered old figures had sat, she seemed to bring the cold and forbidding room to life.

Elder Blanchard had resumed his seat. He fumbled among his papers a moment, adjusting them carefully edge to edge. Then, with a decisive lift of his head, he spoke:

"Will you tell us, madam, for what reason you went to the Mountain of Jehovah?"

"I wished to rest," she said, "and to be alone—and I came upon the mountain by chance."

"And you were acquainted with no one in that vicinity?"

"No one," she said.

"We understand that you occupied the sixth cottage to the left of the tabernacle, and that you lived there alone?"

She inclined her head.

"Did you receive any visitors while you were there?"

"None."

"Did you encounter any strangers in the wood?"

"None."

Elder Blanchard shifted his position, cleared his throat, and readjusted his spectacles, before he went on:

"Will you be good enough to tell us now whether during the time you occupied the house on the Mountain of Jehovah, you were aware of any—well, of any unusual occurrences?"

Marie Lingard moved slightly; her white hand, lying along the hard oak arm of the chair, moved to join its companion in her lap, before looking full into Elder Blanchard's eyes, she replied: "Yes; during the last week of my stay on the Mountain of Jehovah I did become aware of what were, at least to me, unusual occurrences."

A pause followed the admission, and Elder Blanchard's voice broke oddly into the end of it. "Will you state how the knowledge came to you?"

"I cannot say just how I became aware of it—except that there was something—something in the air—something I did not understand. And one night I was wakeful, and hearing what I thought were footfalls in the inclosure, I acted upon the impulse to leave my bed and go to the window to look out. . . ."

". . . Yes . . . and what did you see?"

The elders seemed to brace themselves.

"I saw—processions of worshipers—passing under the pines. . . . They moved slowly, rhythmically, as if in time to soundless chants . . . and I could see their bowed heads, and their hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. . . ."

"*Worshipers?*" Elder Blanchard had regained his voice. "Why do you say they were worshipers?"

"There was no doubt of that," said she. "Of course I did not understand the ritual; but I could see them kneel together, and rise again—and there were leaders among them, like priests, who wore long, white robes, and held their arms aloft in supplication as they passed. . . ." She stopped, and glanced hesitatingly round the circle of elders, who might have been graven images across the polished table top.

"Are you sure, madam"—it was Elder Blanchard's voice—"that you are not mistaken in what you saw?"

"No, I am not mistaken. I saw it exactly as I have told."

"Did you see it more than once?"

"It was of nightly occurrence during the last week of my stay."

Suddenly all the questions they had prepared for her seemed no longer to fit the case. The silence spread, while the Woman waited expectantly.

"Do you know who they were? Did you recognize any of them?"

"No; I could see their faces only dimly in the dark."

"Did you never on those occasions leave your house and join in the midnight ceremonies?"

The Woman regarded her questioner with a serious, puzzled smile. "I?

Certainly not. It was enough that I, an outsider, should watch from my window, when they believed their devotions unseen. But—I felt I was doing no harm by watching, and—somehow it was so beautiful, that watching them seemed to do me a great deal of good."

Again the silence spread, and presently Elder Blanchard, turning his head slowly to the elders at the right, and then to the elders at the left, as if searching for a hint which he did not find, took the responsibility upon himself, "There are no more questions, I believe. . . ."

At his right, the thin, dark elder with the drooping mustache leaned to him and spoke in an undertone. Elder Blanchard nodded assent and addressed the witness again. She had risen from her chair and stood waiting patiently.

"Will you tell us where you had been when you were seen on certain mornings coming in from the forest shortly after dawn, wrapped in a long black cloak?"

She stood uncertainly, as if she found it difficult to bridge the distance between the last question and this, and then, with a little apologetic, though still very much puzzled, laugh, she said: "It must have been when I came in from my bath. I had found a deep pool in the stream beyond the wood, where I went every morning to bathe. And I would return to the house before the old people were awake. I came in quietly so as not to disturb anyone."

Elder Blanchard conferred a moment with the elder at his right.

"That will be all, then, for the present," he said.

She seemed for a moment to search the faces before her for the meaning of something suddenly obscure. Then she moved toward the door. As before, when she entered the room, one or two of the elders got to their feet with a little awkward bow. At the door she turned and sent round the circle of black-coated elders a long, unsatisfied glance of wonder and concern. Then she went out, and the door closed with a soft click after her.

Elder Blanchard had remained standing, his long upper lip decisively set. And now, immediately, he spoke, with the manner of one who wished to waste no time.

"Let us have in the man and hear what he has to say. We may learn something from him."

He pressed a button, and almost at once the door opened and the office boy appeared.

"Ask the young man waiting outside to come in."

The boy disappeared, and presently there entered the room a young man. Strong, supple bodied with a fair complexion and clear gray eyes, he stood waiting at ease. He had on a greenish coat, a little the worse for wear, a soft collar, and loose, black tie, and he carried crushed in his hand a soft greenish hat, also a little the worse for wear. His gray eyes passed quietly from face to face as the elders took him in.

"Sit there, please," said Elder Blanchard, with a gesture of his hand.

The young man came forward and sat down in the witness chair. Elder Blanchard began at once, formally:

"Your name is Carl Anderson and you are an artist by profession, you say?"

"A painter, yes," said the young man in a quiet, even voice.

"Will you explain to us how you came to be working this summer at a logging camp on North Ridge, near the Mountain of Jehovah?"

"I was working to earn money to keep myself during the winter," he said.

"Your profession does not keep you, then?"

"I 'piece out' now and then—"

"By a little honest work?" asked Elder Blanchard, with a grim, short smile.

"By a little honest work," repeated the young man, also smilingly.

Elder Blanchard leaned forward now, as if, these preliminaries finished, he must proceed to the business in hand.



Drawn by Walter Biggs

AND ONE AND ALL, THEIR EYES WERE COVERED WITH THEIR HANDS

"Are you acquainted with a woman named Marie Lingard?"

"No." The young man shook his head. "I know no one of that name."

"A woman named Marie Lingard, who lived in one of the cottages on the Mountain of Jehovah?"

"No," said he, shaking his head.

"You know no one on the mountain?"

"No one," said the young man.

"Yet you went there frequently, you say?"

"I went there often, yes."

"At night?"

"Yes—most often at night."

"And what took you to the Mountain of Jehovah alone, in the middle of the night?"

"The unusual beauty of the place."

"At midnight?" Suspicion was sharp in Elder Blanchard's voice.

"It was beautiful always; but I was at work during the day and had no time to go. And then I preferred going at night when the lights were out in the houses and the whole mountain was asleep, for then it had a mysterious unearthly beauty, like nothing I have ever seen in the world."

A kind of embarrassment fell upon the elders, and Elder Blanchard fumbled a moment with his pile of penciled notes.

"And now," said he, "will you describe to us exactly what took place in the inclosure on the Mountain of Jehovah while you were there?"

"What took place?" The young man looked straight into the eyes of his questioner. "Nothing took place in the inclosure while I was there."

"You saw no unusual occurrences—no one entered the grove?"

"I saw nothing—nothing whatever—except the swaying shadows of the pine trees moving in the moonlight—marvelous ghostly shadows that passed and repassed under the trees, and out of which one's imagination might have made—anything!"

The elders sat perfectly still. Nothing moved but their eyes, and those they presently turned from the face of the young man to the face of Elder Blanchard.

"Are you willing to swear that that was all you saw?"

"I assure you, gentlemen, there *was* nothing else."

The young man had gone, and the elders confronted one another across the polished table top.

"It is easier to believe the painter," said one of them, "but the devil is always easy to believe."

"He is one against six," said another, "and when six God-fearing men and women have testified to a thing—"

"Brothers," said Elder Blanchard, rising from his chair, "we have here a problem in which we should ask for guidance from above. Shall we pray?"

Two or three of the elders knelt beside their chairs. The others bowed their heads in their hands, over the table top. Elder Blanchard stood looming tall above them in his long black coat. Then abruptly, when all was still, he bent his head, covered his eyes with his hand, and prayed:

"O God, Thou omniscient One, Thou solver of all the problems of men! Lead us into the place of understanding; make us to see the light! . . ."

And one and all, their eyes were covered with their hands.



Photograph by William Crake.

THE CORAL FRINGED SHORES ARE BROKEN INTO ROCKY POOLS

FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

PART V—A MEMORY OF MAUKÉ

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL AND CHARLES NORDHOFF

MANY months ago, when I first passed through Tahiti, I was dining one evening at the hotel in Papeete. I had been watching a sunset of extraordinary loveliness, with the peaks of Moorea etched against a sky of rose and gold, and now—while the ridges of Tahiti faded in the brief twilight—my thoughts dwelt on the present and the past.

Groups of natives, barefoot and graceful, strolled leisurely along the street outside; I could hear their voices speaking with soft rapidity in the old tongue. The wide veranda on which the tables of the diners were set was alive with tourists from the steamer, stopping overnight. The women wore coarse pandanus hats, such as a native laborer wears; strings of shell were around their necks and gardenias over their ears. They seemed to delight in this quaint manner of adornment, but they were little more grotesque than the amateur cannibals, one or two of whom I discerned among the crowd—ladies and gentlemen of the brush or pen, who come to Tahiti for a few colorful weeks, rent a palm-thatched hut in the districts, tuck *pareus* about their waists and flowers over their ears, and are convinced that they have reverted to a primal and blissful state of savagery. Here and there, dining with a morose and dyspeptic air, a foreign clerk or merchant was to be seen, white-faced with indoor living, dreaming forever of a competence and a return to the provinces of England or France—alien to the life of the island as the tourists of a few hours' stop.

The diners were served by three native girls dressed in loose, sheer frocks, their hair in thick braids down their backs, their dark eyes proud, shy, and faintly sullen. I heard a cry: "*Rairi! Tetua!*" The girls set down their dishes and raced to a corner of the veranda where a man and a woman were standing. The woman was a Tahitian, slender, pretty, and simply dressed in the native fashion. The man I am not likely to forget. Though not tall, the poise and balance of his body suggested a tremendous muscular power of the active sort. He was very handsome—an Irishman, from the dark-blue eyes and look of keen good nature; his face, ruddy and brown with vigorous life in the sun, contrasted with a suit of snowy drill; his shoes were spotless, and the hat he held in his hand must have cost weeks of delicate and patient weaving. He had a friendly hug for each of the girls who clustered about the woman at his side, talking all together with the animation of children. As they led him to his place he nodded to the commercial gentlemen among the diners, two or three of whom rose, with unaccustomed smiles, to cross the veranda and shake hands. At his table, I noticed that he stood until his wife was seated—for the woman with him was his wife.

"That's Riley," said the man with me, leaning across to speak in a low voice; "he's a bit of a character. Runs one of the finest coconut places in this part of the world—a whole island with eighty thousand trees on it. He has lived here, in the Marquesas, and in the Cook group; speaks all three languages and knows more about the natives than you'd believe a white man could. Fine woman that Tetua of his—they've been through some rough times together. I want you to meet him after dinner."

My acquaintance with Riley was limited to a handshake, for he was in a hurry to leave; yet of the dozen or more Rileys I have known, this one alone is



COOK ISLAND TYPES IN GALA ARRAY



CANOE HOUSES NEAR THE BEACH

more than a shadow in memory, vivid, individual, vibrant with life—the white man who fitted the background of the South Seas.

Ever since that day I have been hoping to meet him again—a vague hope, unlikely to be fulfilled unless I chance to be in Papeete next time he makes his annual trip. Nordhoff has been more fortunate. In his last letter to me he tells of a cruise in company with Riley, who was visiting the small islands to the west in search of labor for the season on his lonely plantation.

Nordhoff's letter here follows:

We sighted Mauké at dawn. The cabin lamp was still burning when the boy brought my coffee; I drank it, lit a cigarette, and went on deck in a *pareu*. The skipper himself was at the wheel; half a dozen men were in the shrouds; the native passengers were sitting forward, cross-legged in little groups, munching ship's biscuit and gazing ahead for the expected land.

The day broke wild and gray, with clouds scudding low over the sea, and squalls of rain. Since we had left Mangaia, the day before, it had blown heavily from the southeast; a big sea was running, but in spite of sixty tons of copra the schooner was reeling off the knots in racing style, running almost free, with the wind well aft of the beam, rising interminably on the back of each passing sea, and taking the following slope with a swoop and a rush. We had no log; it was difficult to guess our position within a dozen miles; the low driving clouds, surrounding us like a curtain, made it impossible to see more than a few hundred yards. Until an observation could be obtained, the landfall was a matter of luck and guesswork. Our course had been laid almost due north-northeast—to pass a little to the west of Maukê—which gave us the chance of raising Mitiaro or Atiu if we missed the first island; but ocean currents are uncertain things, and with a horizon limited to less than half a mile, nothing would be easier than to slip past the trio of low islands and into the stretch of lonely ocean beyond. Every trading skipper is accustomed to face such situations; one can only maintain a sharp lookout and hold on one's course until there is an opportunity to use the sextant, or until it becomes obvious that the land has been passed.

A squall of rain drove down on us; for five minutes, while we shivered and the scuppers ran fresh water, our narrow circle of vision was blotted out. Then suddenly, with the effect of a curtain drawn aside, the clouds broke to the east, flooding the sea with light. A shout went up. Close ahead and to starboard, so near that we could see the white of breakers on the reef, was Mauké—densely wooded to the water's edge, a palm top rising here and there above the thick bush of ironwoods. Next moment the curtain descended; gray clouds and rearing seas surrounded us; it was as though we had seen a vision of the land, unreal as the blue lakes seen at midday on the desert. But the skipper was shouting orders in harsh Mangaian; the schooner was swinging up into the wind; the blocks were clicking and purring as half a dozen boys swayed on the main-sheet.

Presently the land took vague form through the mist of squalls; we were skirting the reef obliquely, drawing nearer the breakers as the settlement came in view. A narrow boat passage, into which an ugly surf was breaching, had been blasted through the hard coral of the reef; a path led up the sloping land beyond, between a double row of canoe houses to the bush. A few people were gathering by the canoe houses; it was evident that we had just been sighted, and that it would be some time before a boat could put out, if, indeed, the boatmen were willing to risk the surf. Meanwhile we could only stand off and on until they came out to us, for the skipper had no intention of risking his ship's boat and the lives of his men on such a forbidding shore. "*Arari!*" he sang out, dwelling long on the last syllable of this Cook Island version of "hard alee." The schooner rounded into the wind with a ponderous deliberation calculated to make the nerves of a fair-weather sailor twitch; she seemed to hesitate, like a fat and fluttering grandmother; at last, after an age of bobbing and ducking into the head sea, while boom tackles were made fast and head-sails backed, she made up her mind, and filled away on the port tack.

Riley, the American coconut planter, who was recruiting labor for the season on his island, turned to me with a wink. "If this old hooker was mine," he remarked in a voice meant to reach the



WELCOMING THE SOLDIERS HOME AT AITUTAKI



Photograph by Sidney Hopkins.

A HOLIDAY GATHERING BY THE BOAT-PASSAGE, MANGAIA

skipper's ears, "I'd start the engine every time I came about; she can't sail fast enough to keep steerageway!"

The skipper sniffed a British sniff; they are old friends. "If this damn fine schooner was yours," he observed, without turning his head, "she'd have been piled up long ago—like as not in broad daylight, on an island a thousand feet high."

Riley chuckled. "Too early for an argument," he said. "Let's go below and have a drink."

I have not often run across a more interesting man than Riley. Thrown together, as he and I have been, in circumstances which make for an unusual exchange of confidence, I have learned more of him in two months than one knows of many an old acquaintance at home. At thirty-five years of age, he is a living object lesson for those who bewail the old days of adventure and romance, and wish that their lives had been cast in other times. His blood is undiluted Irish; he has the humor, the imagination, the quick sympathy of the race, without the Irish heritage of instability. Born in South Boston, the son of an immigrant laborer, and reared with only the sketchiest of educations, he set out to make his way in the world at an age when most boys are playing marbles and looking forward with dread to the study of algebra. For fifteen years he wandered, gathering a varied background of experience. He worked in mills; he drifted west and shipped as cabin boy on vessels plying the Great Lakes; he drifted farther west to become a rider of the range. Finally he reached San Francisco and took to the sea. He has been a sealer, an Alaska fisherman, an able-bodied seaman on square-riggers sailing strange seas. He has seen Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope; he speaks of the ports of India, China, Africa, the Java Sea, as you would speak of Boston or New York.

In the days when a line of schooners ran from San Francisco to Tahiti, touching at the Marquesas on the way, he felt a call to the South Seas, and shipped for a round trip before the mast. When he returned to San Francisco a change seemed to have come over him; the old, wandering life had lost its charm—had gone flat and stale. Like many another,

he had eaten of the wild plantain unaware. The evenings of carousal ashore no longer tempted him; even the long afternoons of reading (for reading has always been this curious fellow's chief delight), stretched on his bed in a sailor's boarding house, had lost their flavor—the print blurred before his eyes, and in its place he saw lands of savage loveliness rising from a warm blue sea; shadowy and mysterious valleys, strewn with the relics of a forgotten race; the dark eyes of a girl in Tai-o-Hae.

Remember that Riley was both a sailor and an Irishman—a rough idealist, keenly susceptible to beauty and the sense of romance. It is stated that the men who live romance are seldom aware of it; this may be true, though I doubt it—certainly in Riley's case the theory does not work out. He is the most modest of men, untainted by a trace of egoism; in his stories, superbly told with the Irish gift for circumstantial detail and dramatic effect, the teller's part is always small. And yet as one listens, thrilled by the color and artistry of the tale, one is all the while aware that this man appraises his memories at their full value—reviews them with a ripened gusto, an ever-fresh appreciation. In short, he is one of those fortunate, or unfortunate, men for whom realities, as most of us know them, do not exist; men whose eyes are incapable of seeing drab or gray, who find mystery and fresh beauty in what we call the commonplace.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Riley was aboard the next schooner bound south for the islands. Nukuhiva knew him for a time, but the gloom and tragedy of that land—together with an episode of domestic infelicity—were overpowering to a man of his temperament. From the Marquesas he went to Tahiti, and his wanderings ended in the Cook group, six hundred miles to the west. Perhaps the finding of his journey's end wrought the change, perhaps it was due to his rather practical Tahitian wife—in any case, the wanderer ceased to rove, the spendthrift began to save and plan. In the groups to the eastward he had picked up a smattering



Photograph by William Crake.

COPRA LAID OUT TO DRY ON TRAYS OF PLAITED FROND

of coconut lore; it was not long before he got a berth as superintendent of a small plantation. With a native wife and the Irishman's knack for languages, he soon mastered the dialect of his group; he is one of a very few white men who speak it with all the finer shadings. This accounts in part for his success with labor—the chief difficulty of the planter throughout Polynesia. To one interested as I am in the variations of this oceanic tongue, it is a genuine pleasure to talk with Riley. In school he learned to read and write; beyond that he is entirely self-educated. A good half of his earnings, I should say, in the days when he followed the sea, were spent on books; a native intelligence enabled him to criticize and select; he has read enormously, and what he has read he has remembered. Each time a new subject attracted him he hastened to the book shops of San Francisco, or Liverpool, or Singapore, and gathered a little forecastle library of reference. Like most intelligent men in this part of the world, he has grown interested in the subject of Polynesian research; it is odd to hear him discuss—with, a strong accent of south Boston, and the manner of a professor of ethnology—some question of Maori chronology, or the variations in a causative prefix. Once he made clear to me a matter often referred to in print, but which I had never properly understood. He was speaking of the language of Tahiti.

"When you hear a Tahitian talk," he said, "it sounds different, but really it's the same as Hawaiian, or Marquesan, or Rarotongan, or New Zealand Maori. Tahiti is the oldest settled place, and the language has kind of rotted away there. Nowadays the Tahitian has lost the strong, harsh sounds of the old lingo, the *k* and *ng;* in place of them there is simply a catch between two vowels. If you know Rarotongan and understand the system of change, you can get on all right in Tahiti. Take our word *aka-tangi*—to play a musical instrument. *Tangi* means 'wail' or 'weep'; *aka* is the old causative prefix; the combination means 'cause to weep.' Now let's figure that word out in Tahitian. First we've got to take out the *k* and *ng;* that leaves a bad start—it doesn't sound good, so the Tahitians stick on an *f* at the beginning. That's all there is to it; *fa'ata'i* is the word. It makes me laugh to think of when I first came down here. I was working in Tahiti, and when I came home in the evening my girl would look up from her sewing and sing out, 'O Riley!' 'For the love of Mike,' I'd tell her, 'don't you know my name yet? It's Riley, not O'Riley!' Finally I caught on; I'd been fooled on the same proposition as Cook and all the rest of them. You remember they called the island Otahiti. That O is simply a special form of the verb used before personal pronouns and proper nouns. The old navigators, when the canoes came out to meet them, pointed to the land and asked its name. 'O Tahiti' said the natives ('It is Tahiti'). My girl didn't mean to call me O'Riley at all; she was simply saying, 'It's Riley.'"

A serious white man, particularly when he is able to recruit and handle native labor, is always in demand in the islands; it was not long before Riley's talents were recognized; now he is manager and part owner of an entire atoll. I have listened with a great deal of interest to his accounts of the life there. Every year, at about Christmas time, a schooner comes to load his copra and take his boys back to their respective islands. Not a soul is left on the atoll; Riley boards the schooner with his wife and takes passage to Papeete for a couple of months of civilization. When the time is up he makes a tour of the Cook group to recruit twenty or thirty boys for the new season, and is landed on his island with a nine months' supply of medicine, provisions, and reading matter. He is the only white man on the atoll; one would suppose such a life deadly monotonous and lonely, but just now he is pining to get back. It is really the pleasantest of lives, he says; enough

routine in keeping the men properly at work, superb fishing when one desires a touch of sport, plenty of time to read and think, the healthiest climate in the world, and a bit of trouble now and then to give the spice a true Irishman needs.

Riley is a man of medium size, with thick brown hair and eyes of Celtic dark blue, perpetually sparkling with humor. I have never seen a stronger or more active man of his weight; on his atoll he spends an hour every day in exercise, running, jumping, working with dumb-bells and Indian clubs. From head to foot he is burnt a deep, ruddy brown—a full shade darker than the tint of his native wife. Sometimes, he says, he works himself into such a pink of condition that he aches to pick a fight with the first comer, but I fancy he finds trouble enough to satisfy another man. Once a huge, sullen fellow from the Gambier group attempted to spear him, and Riley called all of his men in from their work, appointed the foreman referee, and beat the two-hundred-and-twenty-pound native—fierce and lithe and strong as a tiger—slowly and scientifically, to a pulp. On another occasion, a half-savage boy, from a far-off island of the southern Paumotus, took a grudge against the manager and bided his time with the cunning of a wild animal. The chance came one afternoon when Riley was asleep in the shade behind his house. The Paumotan stole up with a club and put him still sounder asleep with a blow on the head that laid his scalp open and nearly fractured his skull. Half a dozen kicks, from the ball of a toughened foot, stove in the ribs on one side of his chest; with that, the native left his victim, very likely thinking him dead. Riley's wife, from whom I got the story, was asleep in the house at the time; toward evening she went to look for her husband, and found him stretched out, bloody and unconscious, on the sand. In spite of her agitation—her kind are not much use in a crisis—she managed to get him to the house and revive him. Riley's first act was to drink half a tumbler of whisky; his second, to send for the foreman. The Paumotan boy had disappeared; overcome by forebodings of evil, he had taken a canoe and paddled off to hide himself on an uncleared islet across the lagoon. Riley gave the foreman careful instructions; early in the morning he was to take all the boys and spend the day, if necessary, in running down the fugitive, who under no circumstances was to be injured or roughly handled.

They brought the boy in at noon—deadly afraid at first, sullen and relieved when he learned his punishment was no worse than to stand up to the manager before the assembled plantation hands. It must have been a grievous affair; Tetua could scarcely describe it without tears. Riley was still sick and dizzy; his ribs were taped so tightly that he could breathe with only half his lungs, and a two-inch strip of plaster covered the wound on his head. The Paumotan was fresh and unhurt; he outweighed his antagonist by twenty pounds, and fought with confidence and bitterness. The Kanaka is certainly among the strongest men of the world, a formidable adversary in a rough-and-tumble fight. It went badly with Riley for a time; the boy nearly threw him, and a blow on his broken ribs almost made him faint, but in the end—maddened by pain and the thought of the treacherous attack—he got his man down and might have killed him if the foreman and half a dozen others had not intervened.

Riley's island is a true atoll—a broad lagoon inclosed by an oval sweep of reef along which are scattered islets of varying size. Many people must have lived on it in the past; everywhere there are traces of man's occupation. A dozen inhabitants were there within the memory of living men, but the dead outnumbered the living too heavily—the place became unbearable to them, and in the end a schooner took them away.

The outlying Cook Islands are places full of interest; I determined, when I began this letter, to give you a real ac-

count of Mauké—the island itself, its people, the number of tons of copra produced annually, and other enlightening information. But somehow, when one begins to write of this part of the world, it seems a hopeless task to stick to a train of facts—there are too many diverging lines of fancy; too many intangible stimuli to thought, stirring to the imagination.

Our landing on Mauké was a ticklish business. Like Mangaia, Mitiaro, and Atiu, this island is of mixed volcanic and raised-coral origin—the pinnacle of a submerged peak, ringed with millions of tons of coral, and without any lagoon worthy of the name. The polyps have built a sort of platform around the land, low inshore and highest—as seems usually the case—just before it drops off into the sea. Breaching across the outer ridge, the surf fills a narrow belt of shallows between it and the shore; the result is a miniature edition of a lagoon—a place of rocky pools where children wade knee-deep, on the lookout for crayfish and baby octopus. On the outer edge the reef is steep, too, dropping off almost at the perpendicular. It is difficult to realize, when one has been brought up on the friendly coasts of America, that if a boat capsizes off these reefs one must swim offshore and wait to be picked up—that it is wiser to chance the sharks than to attempt a landing in the surf, for the sea is breaking along the summit of a sunken cliff—jagged and sharp as broken glass, poisonous as the venom of a snake.

They came out to us in a whaleboat; Riley, the supercargo, and I were the first to go ashore. As we pulled away from the schooner a high-pitched argument began. One of the principal men of the island had come out as a passenger and was sitting beside me. He insisted that as they had got off safely from the boat passage it was best to return the same way. The boat steerer disagreed; it was all very well to put out from the passage, with a score of men to hold the boat until the moment came, and launch her out head-on to the breakers, but now the situation was different; the passage was narrow; it must be entered just so, and a mishap might have unpleasant consequences in such a surf. The steersman had the best of it; he took us a quarter of a mile beyond the passage, and let his men rest on their oars off a place where the reef seemed a little lower than elsewhere.

Each time we swung up to the crest of a swell I got a look at the surf, and the prospect was not reassuring. Once or twice, as the backwash poured off in a frothy cascade, I caught a glimpse of the coral—reddish-black, jagged and forbidding. Little by little we drew near the land until the boat lay just where the waves began to tower for the final rush; the oarsmen backed water gently—the boat steerer turned his head nervously this way and that, glancing at the reef ahead and at the rearing water behind. I thought of a day, many years before, when my father had taken me for a first experience of the "chutes," and our little boat seemed to pause for an instant at the summit of the tower before it tilted forward and flew down the steep slope to the water—infinitely far off and below. The feeling was the same—fear mingling with delight, an almost painful exhilaration.

All of us, saving the watchful figure in the stern, were waiting for a signal which would make the oarsmen leap into activity, the passengers clench their teeth and grip the rail. Suddenly it came—a harsh shout. Six oars struck the water at once; the whaleboat gathered way; a big sea rose behind us, lifted us gently on its back, and swept us toward the reef. Next moment I saw that we had started a breath too late. We were going like the wind, it was true, but not tilted forward on the crest as we should have been; the wave was gradually passing beneath us. Riley glanced at me and shook his head with a humorous turndown of the mouth. It was too late to stop—the men were pulling desperately, their long oars bending at every

stroke. When the sea broke we were slipping down into the trough behind; as we passed over the edge of the reef the wave was beginning its backward wash. There were shouts; I found myself up to my waist in a foaming rush of water, struggling with might and main to keep my footing and to hold the boat from slipping off into the sea. We stopped her just on the brink; her keel grated on the coral; another sea was coming at us, towering high above our heads. Riley, the supercargo, and I leaped aboard in response to a sharp command. The boys held her stern-on to the last; as they scrambled over the sides the sea caught us, half swamping the boat and lifting her stern high in the air. She tilted wildly as her bow crashed on the coral, but a rare piece of luck saved her from turning broadside on. Next moment we were over the reef and gliding smoothly into the shallow water beyond. As I drew a long, satisfying breath I heard Riley chuckle. "I think I'll get a job diving for shell," he remarked; "I'll swear I haven't breathed for a good three minutes!"

When we stood on the beach, a dozen men came forward, smiling, to greet their friend Rairi. With a decently pronounceable name—from the native standpoint—Riley has got off easily; I never tire of wondering what these people will call a white man. They seem to prefer the surname if it can be pronounced; if not, they try the given name, and Charley becomes Teari, or Johnny, Tioni. If this fails, or if they take a dislike to one, the fun begins. I have a friend who, unless he leaves the islands, will be called Salt Pork all his life; and I know another man—a second-rate colonial of the intolerant kind—who goes blissfully about his business all unaware that hundreds of people know him by no other name than Pig Dung. No doubt you have noticed another thing down here—the deceptive simplicity of address. In these eastern islands the humblest speaks to the most powerful without any title of respect, with nothing corresponding to our "mister" or "sir." At first one is inclined to believe that here is the beautiful and ideal democracy—the realization of the communist's dream—and there are other things which lead to the same conclusion. Servants, for one example, are treated with extraordinary consideration and kindliness; when the feast is over, the mistress of the household is apt as not to dance with the man who feeds her pigs, or the head of the family to take the arm of the girl who has been waiting on his guests. The truth is that this impression of equality is false; there are not many places in the world where a more rigid social order exists—not of caste, but of classes. In the thousand or fifteen hundred years that they have inhabited the islands the Polynesians have worked out a system of human relationships nearer the ultimate, perhaps, than our own idealists would have us believe. Wealth counts for little, birth for everything; it is useless for an islander to think of raising himself in a social way—where he is born he dies, and his children after him. On the other hand, except for the abstract pleasure of position, there is little to make the small man envious of the great; he eats the same food, his dress is the same, he works as little or as much, and the relations between the two are of the pleasantest. There is a really charming lack of ostentation in these islands, where everything is known about everyone, and it is useless to pretend to be what one is not. That is at the root of it all—here is one place in the world, at least, where every man is sure of himself.

We were strolling up the path between the canoe houses when Riley stopped me. "Come and have a look," he said; "this is the only island I know of where you can see an old-fashioned double canoe."

There were two of them in the shed we entered, under a roof of battered galvanized iron—long, graceful hulls fashioned from the trunks of trees, joined in pairs by timbers of ironwood laid across

the gunwales and lashed down with cinnet. They were beautifully finished—scraped smooth and decorated with carving. In these craft, my companion told me, the men of Mauké still voyage to Atiu and Mitiaro, as they had done for generations before Cook sailed through the group. There is an ancient feud between Mauké and Atiu; it is curious how hard such grudges die. The men of Atiu were the most warlike of all the Cook Islanders; even in these times of traders and schools and missionaries no firearms are allowed on the island. Time after time, in the old days, they raided Mauké, stealing by night upon the sleeping villages, entering each house to feel the heads of the sleepers. When they felt the large head of a warrior, they seized his throat and killed him without noise; the children and women—the small heads and the heads with long hair—were taken back alive to Atiu. Terrible scenes have been enacted under the old ironwoods of Mauké; when the raiders, maddened with the heat of killing, danced in the firelight about the opened ovens, and gorged on the bodies of the slain; for the Cook Islanders, excepting perhaps the people of Aitutaki, were cannibals as fierce as the Maoris of New Zealand or the tawny savages of the Marquesas. Why should Aitutaki have bred a gentler and finer people? The group is not widely scattered as islands go; there must have been fighting and intermarriage for ages past. Yet any man who has been here long can tell you at a glance from which island a native hails; even after my few weeks I am beginning to have an eye for the differences. The Mangaian is certainly the most distinct, recognizable at once by his dark skin, his wide, ugly mouth, his uncouth and savage manner. The full-blooded Rarotongan, who will soon be a rarity, is another type—handsome in a square-cut leonine way, with less energy and far more dignity of presence. The people of Aitutaki are different still—fair as the average Tahitian, and pleasing in features and manner; I have seen girls from that island who would be called beautiful in any country. These differences are not easy to account for, it seems to me, when one considers that the islanders are all of one race, tracing their ancestry back to common sources and speaking a common tongue.

The trader, a friend of Riley's, took us to his house for lunch. The day was Sunday and a feast was already preparing, so we were spared the vocal agonies of the pig. Times must be changing—I have seen very few traders of the gin-drinking type one expects to find in the South Seas; nowadays they seem to be rather quiet, reflective men, who like to read and play their phonographs in the evening, and drink excellent whisky with soda from a sparklet bottle. This one was no exception; I found him full of intelligence and a dreamy philosophy which kept him content in this forgotten corner of the world. He was young and English; there were cricket bats and blazers in his living room, and shelves filled with the kind of books one can read over and over again. He was pessimistic over Riley's chances of getting men—the people of Mauké were growing lazier each year, he said, and seemed to get along with less and less of the European things for which, at one time, they had worked. As for copra, they no longer bothered much with it; the nuts were left to sprout under the palms. The taro patches were running down; the coffee and breadfruit dropped off the trees unpicked; the oranges, which brought a good price when a vessel came to take them off, were allowed to drop and rot.

As we sat smoking after lunch, a native boy came in, with a vague air of conspiracy, to hold a whispered conversation with Riley. When he had gone the American winked at our host and turned to me.

"There's a beer tub going full blast out in the bush," he said. "I think I'll drop in on them and see if I can pick up a man or two. You'd better come along."

Liquor is prohibited to the natives throughout the Cook Islands; even the white man must buy it from the government in quantities regulated by the judgment of the official in charge. The manufacture of anything alcoholic is forbidden, but this latter law is administered with a certain degree of tolerance. Fortunately for everyone concerned, the art of making palm toddy has never been introduced; when the Cook Islander feels the need of mild exhilaration he takes to the bush and brews a beverage known as orange beer. The ingredients are sugar, orange juice, and yeast—the recipe would prove popular, I fancy, in our own orange-growing states. The story goes that when the Cook Island boys went overseas to war they found a great drought prevailing in their eastern field of action—Palestine, I think it was. But there were oranges in plenty, and these untutored islanders soon showed the Tommies a trick that brought them together like brothers. I have tasted orange beer at all stages (even the rare old vintage stuff, bottled two or three months before) and found it not at all difficult to take; there are worse varieties of tipple, though this one is apt to lead to fighting, and leaves its too-enthusiastic devotee with a headache of unusual severity.

We found fifteen or twenty men assembled under an old utu tree; a dance ended as we drew near, and the cup was being passed. Two five-gallon kerosene tins, with the tops cut off and filled with the bright-yellow beer, stood in the center of the group. Women are never present on these occasions, which correspond, in a way, to Saturday evenings in a club at home. A sort of rude ceremonial—a relic, perhaps, of kava-drinking days—is observed around the beer tub. The oldest man present, armed with a heavy stick, is appointed guardian of the peace, to see that decency and order are preserved; the natives realize, no doubt, that any serious disturbance might put an end to their fun. The single cup is filled and passed to each guest in turn; he must empty it without taking breath. After every round one of the drinkers is expected to rise and entertain the company with a dance or a song.

Riley was welcomed with shouts; he was in a gay mood and when we had had our turns at the cup he stripped off his tunic for a dance. He is a famous dancer; unhampered by the native conventions, he went through the figures of *heiva*, *otea*, and *ura*—first the man's part, then the woman's—while the men of Mauké clapped their hands rhythmically and choked with laughter. No wonder Riley gets on with the people; there is not an ounce of self-consciousness in him—he enters into a bit of fun with the good-natured abandon of a child. As for dancing, he is wonderful; every posture was there, every twist and wriggle and flutter of the hands—what old Bligh called, with delightful, righteous gusto, the "wanton gestures" of the *heiva*.

Riley had told his friends on the beach that he was on the lookout for labor; by this time, probably, the whole island knew he was on his way to the atoll and that he needed men. Before we took leave of the drinkers three of them had agreed to go with my companion. The sea was calmer now, and, since Riley's wife was on the schooner, we decided to go aboard for dinner. Four more recruits were waiting by the canoe houses to sign on—it was odd to see their response to the Irishman's casual offer when half the planters of the group declare that labor is unobtainable.

The whaleboat was waiting in the passage. It was evening. The wind had dropped, the sky overhead was darkening; out to the west the sun had set behind banks of white cloud rimmed with gold. The oarsmen took their places; friendly hands shot us out in a lull between two breakers; we passed the surf and pulled offshore toward where the schooner was riding an easy swell, her lights beginning to twinkle in the dusk.

(To be continued.)

VITAMINES

NEW LIGHT ON THE MYSTERIES OF NUTRITION

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

ONCE there was a man who was very progressive in spirit but a little slow in his reading. The same might be said of his wife, with an emphasis. They were enthusiastic over science, but they lacked the background and the scientific habit of thought. They were, nevertheless, such enemies of "germs," as they called them, that they made their household, as nearly as they could, an aseptic establishment. The advent of little Willie, their first child, set in motion an even greater rigor than they had observed before against all sorts and conditions of micro-organisms. Willie's food consisted of rations carefully balanced as to proteins, fats, and carbohydrates, all effectively sterilized. But little Willie proceeded to languish; he failed to grow; he whimpered and fell away despite the most scrupulous care and the best advice. A classmate of the father's who was professor of chemistry (with a physiological leaning) in a near-by college, recommended raw cabbage for Willie. This the father took for offensive humor and the mother for an insult, but the professor declared that he had given his best professional advice and that the step proposed was one which he sincerely believed would benefit their boy. With fear and trembling they administered, rather than fed, the uncooked, unsterilized vegetable to their child along with his other food, and the child thereupon ceased to fear and tremble. He began to grow and to shout and to make a nuisance of himself to the neighbors; to become strong and vigorous and fat. Little Willie is now nearly six years old, and he shows every promise of becoming a great football player.

Observe, please, that Willie's otherwise perfect food was lacking in something which was provided by fresh, uncooked cabbage. By the time we have finished this paper I hope it will be clear to every reader that Willie's rations, being sterilized by heat, were lacking in Water Soluble Vitamine C, which the cabbage provided; also that very probably Willie suffered in his early sterilized childhood from an incipient attack of scurvy.

Vitamines got their name about nine years ago from a Polish chemist named Casimir Funk, who made an extract of rice polishings which he precipitated and dissolved and precipitated over and over again until he had a very small quantity of a crystalline substance, the chemical structure of which is still unknown. He was led to do this by previous records of the research of others. The first scientific report was made by Inspector-General Takaki of the Japanese navy, back in 1880. He changed the rations of sailors on long cruises and thus overcame the ravages of beriberi.

Later, in 1897, a Dutch physiologist named Eijkman made studies in nutrition by feeding pigeons a diet of polished rice and water and nothing else. Polished or milled rice means that which we usually buy at the grocer's, from which the hulls have been completely removed. He observed that the erstwhile healthy pigeons soon began, under the polished rice and water diet, to suffer from a nervous disorder; they staggered as they walked; later they lost their capacity to stand up, and shortly afterward they died. Note, please, that the rice which he gave them was perfectly good rice. It contained the kernels of the grain, but not the hulls.

Again, in 1907 and 1908, medical offi-

cers of the United States army in the Philippines found that beriberi was prevalent among those who lived chiefly on a diet of milled rice, and they made the discovery that the rice polishings or hulls, fed to the patients, cured the disease. A great many observations to the same effect were made in Java and elsewhere during the early part of this century.

Dr. Casimir Funk made his experiments with pigeons in Poland similar to those of Doctor Eijkman in Holland, and he observed the same results among his birds when he restricted their diet solely to milled rice and water. But when he obtained his crystalline extract of the hulls he found that, even with pigeons so far gone that they could only lie down on their sides and kick, a surprisingly small amount of the extract administered to them would effect such a cure that they stood upright, walked about straight, and were apparently well within half an hour afterward. He called this substance *Vitamine*, and it now bears the more specific name of Water Soluble Vitamine B.

Beriberi is a disease of the nervous tissues in which fat globules form in the nerves. As the disease progresses it affects the heart, and eventually every tissue of the body. It is very painful, and is fatal unless a substance containing Water Soluble Vitamine B is administered. The pigeons had beriberi.

In the meantime, somewhat earlier than Funk, in 1906, Dr. F. G. Hopkins of London, who has recently received a large share of the Rockefeller donation to London hospitals for his biochemical laboratory, conducted nutrition experiments on rats. He gave them a perfectly balanced ration of proteins, carbohydrates, and fats, on which, according to the theory of the day, they should thrive lustily—but they did not. He treated his rats just as little Willie's parents, to whom we have referred, treated their child. Proteins, we know, are nitrogenous organic bodies, contained in meat, fish, beans, eggs, the germs of grains, etc., and are necessary for the maintenance of life. Carbohydrates consist of sugar, starch, etc., and are found in potatoes, grains, and the like, and are needed to supply energy. Fats are animal or vegetable fats or oils, the so-called glycerides, but not mineral oils, and these provide a storage of energy. Our fat is our energy warehouse. Sometimes we load it so full we can hardly carry it along. And here were Doctor Hopkins's rats, fed with supreme care as to their health, and yet the young ones failed to grow, while all of them languished, fell away. They lacked energy and were generally miserable; "meechin'" is an old New England expression for the way his rats behaved. The birth rate decreased also. But as soon as he added two cubic centimeters, or a thimbleful of fresh cow's milk to their daily ration, they straightway cheered up. The young rats proceeded to grow with vigor, and it was immediately evident that their wave of trouble had rolled by. He had as lively a colony of healthy rats as one could wish to see—livelier and healthier, in fact, than most of us wish to see. He declared, therefore, that there must be some stimulating substance in milk that is necessary to life. He endeavored to separate this active body from the milk, but was unable to do so. Then he published his report.

Right here, in the observation of Hopkins was the beginning of understanding in regard to vitamines. In the year 1911 Professors Thomas B. Osborne and Lafayette B. Mendel of Yale —both among the leading American authorities on nutrition—confirmed Hopkins's reports, and enlarged our scope of knowledge of the subject. Shortly afterward they (Osborne and Mendel) and McCollum and Davis (Prof. Elmer V. McCollum, then of the University of Wisconsin, and Miss Marguerite Davis, a student working under him) observed independently but at about the same time that there was something in the yolks of eggs and in butter fat which not only stimulated growth, but seemed al-

most necessary for it, and that this body did not appear to be contained in lard or in olive oil.

Also, shortly following the publication of his conclusion by Hopkins, two Norwegian physiologists, Holst and Froelich, began experimenting on guinea pigs, feeding them oats and water and nothing else. Within twelve to fifteen days the guinea pigs so fed developed scurvy. Now scurvy is another very painful disease which affects the bones and the blood vessels. The teeth loosen and fall out, the bones become fragile, the joints stiffen, and hemorrhages occur in almost all tissues. But Holst and Froelich found that the addition of green vegetables or of citrous fruits, such as oranges and lemons, and not the hulls of grain this time, quickly cured the disease and prevented its occurrence. They also found that it took many times as much boiled cabbage to effect prevention and cure as it did of the same vegetable uncooked. They discovered also that most dried vegetables and fruits, especially if they had been aged for a long time, were very inactive in this respect in comparison with those that are fresh.

Here we have a series of typical examples of development in science. Somebody does one thing; a pair of leading authorities like Osborne and Mendel in New Haven will collaborate; a professor and a student, such as McCollum and Davis in Madison, will take up studies along the same line, but possibly from a different angle; still another, like Casimir Funk, will address himself to another phase of the problem, and each investigator tells precisely what he has found. Then, when the records are brought together, we begin to get a vision of things. It would take far too long to give a history of the many contributions, or a complete list of the names of the contributors in regard to vitamines, but more important and conclusive data will soon be at hand. The American Research Council, in connection with the American Chemical Society and other learned bodies, is about to issue a scientific monograph on vitamines which is in preparation by Dr. H. C. Sherman, acting head of the department of chemistry at Columbia University, New York, and professor of food chemistry at that institution. The writer is indebted to Mr. Victor K. La Mer, an instructor in chemistry at Columbia, for a great deal of the information contained in this article. Suffice it for us to say that as a result of long application and the earnest work of men and women of science who have studied and watched, and at the cost of the lives of many monkeys and guinea pigs and pigeons and rats, we have acquired some valuable information.

Before entering into particulars, let us consider for a moment some of the diseases of malnutrition. The line that distinguishes them from others is not clearly marked. Tuberculosis, for instance, is a zymotic disease—that is, a disease caused by a definite and known bacillus. But the war has emphasized what we knew already—that if we do not feed enough fat to human beings they become immediately and singularly susceptible to contagion, and that consumption becomes a veritable epidemic if we cut the fat supply too low. A question yet to be decided is whether tuberculosis does or does not follow a deficiency in diet of the Fat Soluble A Vitamines, more specifically than a general deficiency of fats. That is, whether an abundance of lard, olive, or other vegetable oils which do not contain the Fat Soluble A type in the rations will provide measurably against the incursions of tuberculosis, or if milk, cream, butter fat, eggs, cod-liver oil, and those containing the Fat Soluble Vitamine A are necessary for the purpose of protection among healthy persons. It is hoped by means of animal experimentation to have the problem determined before long. If it becomes evident that without these vitamines (the Fat Soluble A) we are made especially susceptible to tuberculosis, the remedy will not be restricted

to the requirement of more butter, because the same effect of increasing the rations of Fat Soluble Vitamine A may be obtained by increasing the diet of green vegetables. It seems likely that all fats, whether they contain the Vitamine A or not, help to ward off tuberculosis, but this is not definitely known as a fact. On the other hand, the very diet which is prescribed for consumption is milk and eggs, and such foods as are particularly rich in that vitamine known as Fat Soluble A. But we can catch tuberculosis even while we are living almost entirely on a diet of milk and eggs, and we can become infected from the milk of tuberculous cows, so it is best not to generalize too much about this disease. Scurvy and beriberi are more distinctly diseases of malnutrition; they appear as a sequel of defective diet—that is, a diet which lacks certain vitamines which are known to exist. And these diseases generally yield to treament which consists in a diet that includes the needed vitamines. Still other diseases, such as pellagra, war œdema and sprue, are as yet subject to study and debate as to their actual origin: whether they are rather of malnutrition, or are caused by some microorganism, or are the result of a condition due to malnutrition, which causes the subject to become a host to the microorganism which causes the disease.

When our nutrition is deficient we starve, and this starvation shows itself far oftener in disease than it does in hunger. We do not of necessity starve in all respects at once. We can starve partially without knowing anything about it. When a volume entitled *Eat and Grow Thin* was published, in which fat readers were advised to restrict themselves almost wholly to a protein diet, many who followed the advice did really grow thin. At the same time they put upon their digestive apparatus a crippling burden of metabolism with improper materials—that is, with nothing but proteins. Now in animal metabolism, which includes our own processes of assimilation, when protein substances are used in the place of starchy foods such as bread, potatoes, rice, Jerusalem artichokes and the like, because we do not eat enough of such starchy foods, an interesting process takes place. The protein has to be divested of that which makes it protein—that is, the amino groups have to be split off from the molecules of part of the meat before it can do the work of bread and potatoes. And these discarded nitrogenous parts, the amino radicals, have very frequently a way of combining into compounds of the most offensive and mephitic nature. So many of the good people who grew thin in the manner directed paid the penalty in breath for their improvement in figure.

The rice that was fed to those pigeons of Eijkman and Casimir Funk was, as we have already noted, perfectly good, healthy rice; the oats that the guinea pigs of Holst and Froelich ate were good oats; the complete rations of Doctor Hopkins's rats were excellent rations, and little Willie's sterilized food was the best of its kind. So, too, there was at least abundance of carbohydrates in the polished rice that the Filipinos ate, while thousands of sailors have sickened and died in agony from scurvy who had all the salt beef and salt pork and hardtack that they wanted, and salt pork and hardtack contain proteins, fats, and carbohydrates in large quantities. What all lacked was the minute quantities of those still unknown compounds, those stimulants, which we need along with our food, and without which we sicken and die of diseases of partial starvation. In short, we learned that we need, as Doctor Hopkins said we do, other things besides proteins, carbohydrates, and fats in order to live; other things besides what we have heretofore regarded as foods. We need these vitamines; we need mineral salts, especially lime and phosphoric acid; we need sulphur and iron and even manganese; indeed, there are minute quantities of a great many elements in us which we might least ex-

pect. The statement that a man is twelve pounds of ash and fourteen buckets of water, or that he is a mere composite of carbon compounds, needs qualification. It takes a great deal of chemistry to make us.

Please bear in mind that life is a balance, an equilibrium, and that the balance is delicate. Nature takes what we give it, and does what it can with what it gets. It has its preferences, however. If a pregnant woman is starved, her child will be the last to suffer. Her fat and tissues will be transferred to the child while she is reduced to a living skeleton.

As results of research up to to-day, we now know that there are at least three kinds of vitamines which are present in varying quantities in different foods. We do not know their chemical structure, although we are persuaded that they are organic bodies—that is, that they are carbon compounds with oxygen and hydrogen, and that they are rich in nitrogen. They do not, apparently, build tissue or yield energy, at all events in the direct manner which characterizes the fats and carbohydrates.

There are several theories as to the action of vitamines within the body of which we may note a few.

They may stimulate the appetite—that is, it has been shown that rats fed on rations deficient in Vitamine B, and which in consequence have refused their feed, would eat ravenously as soon as they have licked a little crumb of substance containing it.

In a somewhat similar way they may stimulate cell metabolism. This process uses up, or, as is often said, burns up, food and thus creates hunger.

They may affect directly such glands of internal secretion as the adrenal, reproductive, thyroid, etc., but how or in what manner is also a matter of conjecture and not of observation.

I have said that there are three vitamines known. There may be more than three. Some men of science are convinced that there is a fourth, different from the Fat Soluble A, which prevents and cures rickets in children, and some hold that there must be a great many. We shall confine ourselves, however, to the three. If they are not present in the food of young mammals, there follows a failure to grow, and this holds true of children just as it does of monkeys and guinea pigs and rats and dogs. If they are not present in our food at all ages we become very susceptible to the painful diseases of malnutrition, and these diseases are fatal unless we can get the needed supply of vitamines to cure them. The whole subject presents one of the most fascinating fields for research, and every step forward adds to the betterment of man and the conquest of disease.

The three known types are:

1. Fat Soluble Vitamine A.
2. Water Soluble Vitamine B.
3. Water Soluble Vitamine C.

All are present in milk and green vegetables, and all three promote growth in the young of human animals.

The Fat Soluble A is soluble in fats and very slightly soluble in water. It is found in milk, cream, and butter, in the yolks of eggs, in cod-liver oil, and in the leaves of green plants. It is not found in lean meat. If it is not present in the diet of children they seem likely to develop the disease known as rickets, in which the bones fail to grow normally; they become bow-legged or knock-kneed, and generally physically defective. Cod-liver oil has long been known as a cure for rickets, and cod-liver oil is rich in the Fat Soluble Vitamine A. Another evidence of the absence of this vitamine in food is a disease of the eyes called xerophthalmia. During the war there was a scarcity of milk in Scandinavia, and right there it was observed that a great many children failed to grow adequately, while a general epidemic of sore eyes developed. Elsewhere it was observed that in a slaughter-house infested with rats all the rats caught were affected with sore eyes. It is evident that they did not eat the liver

of the animals slaughtered, or that they could not get at it, because the Fat Soluble A Vitamine is taken from food and deposited in such glands of animals as the liver, but it is not deposited in the muscles, except when the animals have been fattened on abundant grass feed, and even then it is scarce. It is not produced in the body of any animal. These slaughter-house rats apparently missed the Fat Soluble A Vitamine, and they showed it in the condition of their eyes.

The Vitamine A is not found in grains, sugars, or refined vegetable fats and oils.

The main sources of supply are milk and cream (and more particularly butter made from cream), cod-liver oil, and green vegetables. It does not appear that this vitamine is so seriously affected by heating, drying, and cooking as is the Water Soluble C which we shall consider later, but this subject is now under investigation. Whether the A type remains active in fried liver or broiled sweetbreads may depend on the time and intensity of the cooking.

The Fat Soluble A is needed to promote growth in children, probably to avoid rickets and a specific disease of the eye called xerophthalmia. Its absence may cause other evil effects, but they are not known yet.

The fact that it is not present in nut butter and only present in oleomargarine when this contains considerable butter made from milk, or when the cattle which furnish the suet to make it have been out to grass, and then only in small quantities, does not detract from the merits of these foods. The point to make clear is that if we use oleomargarine or nut margarine, or other substitutes for creamery butter we should add milk or green vegetables to our diet.

The Water Soluble B is that which was first separated by Casimir Funk in Poland. This, it will be recalled, is the stimulant or food accessory without which beriberi develops in pigeons and other animals as well as man. Bear in mind, please, that this beriberi is merely a sign of Vitamine B starvation; it is the culmination of our miseries if we lack it. What the Water Soluble Vitamine B does is not clearly known, but one theory is that it stimulates all cell metabolism. Another theory is that it affects especially the ductless glands. It is known to be necessary for growth, and it appears to have a favorable effect on reproductive processes. It has been observed that the progeny of animals fed with rations deficient in Water Soluble B diminished in marked number. It is found in the outer hull of grains and in the germs of grains. It is also found in beans, in green plant tissue, in green leaves and fruit, and in large quantities in yeast. In the Philippines, when beriberi was prevalent among the natives, who lived chiefly on a diet of milled rice, it was found that the substitution of beans for rice cured the disease.

Deficiency in diet of Water Soluble B often shows itself in boils, acne, and other skin eruptions, and the addition of this requirement to the diet frequently effects a speedy cure. It has no effect on skin eruptions due to infection, except that it may, in a limited measure, increase the resistance to infection.

In view of the fact that it is not only found in yeast in large quantities, but also because it greatly stimulates the growth of yeast, there has been developed a very interesting test to demonstrate the presence of Water Soluble B in various foods. For this purpose yeast is started as a culture in a standard nutrient solution and is divided into a control and separate tests. Into the separate tests a few drops of the food to be determined as to its Vitamine B content, such as alfalfa solution, bean solution, etc., are added, and the results are surprising if the B Vitamine be present. While in the control test the increase in cells is twenty-four fold, in the alfalfa and bean tests the cells increase several thousandfold in the same time, and under the same conditions. The Water Soluble B is therefore shown

to be abundantly present in both alfalfa and bean extracts.

It is curious how long it takes for information to get around. It was known as far back as 1912 that Water Soluble Vitamine B was present in large measure in yeast, and that skin eruptions due to malnutrition were often speedily cured by the ingestion of fresh yeast. But the fact was not advertised by those who had yeast for sale until last year, so far as we have observed.

Another noteworthy fact in connection with type B is that, while it is present in large quantities in yeast, beer or ale has not been found to contain it. This is admitted in the interest of truth, but with a sigh of regret.

The Water Soluble C, so far as known, is required only by guinea pigs, monkeys, and man. Rats thrive very well without it, although it may have a slight effect on their growth. Its function is antiscorbutic, and its great value lies in the prevention and cure of scurvy. This is one of the oldest of known diseases, and is a consequence of malnutrition. Back in 1830 the authorities of the British navy prescribed lemon juice, which came to be called lime juice, for the sailors who had suffered dreadfully from the disease when on long voyages, and whose diet had lacked green vegetables and fresh fruit. The name lime juice remained, and the sailors of sailing ships which are chartered for long voyages are still called "lime juicers." In point of fact, lime juice seems to contain less of the Vitamine C, or, at all events, to have inferior keeping qualities to that of oranges and lemons.

This Water Soluble C Vitamine is found in citrous fruits, spinach, peas, oranges, lemons, lime juice, tomatoes, cabbage, and lettuce, but more particularly in oranges, tomatoes, cabbage, and lettuce, while it is also present in great measure in sprouted beans. Dried beans are of no value in this respect, but as they are allowed to sprout the Vitamine C is developed. In King's College Hospital, London, when they had a number of mild cases of scurvy among soldiers from the Balkans, comparative tests were made, treating some with four ounces of fresh lemon juice daily, and others with an equal weight of dried beans which had been freshly germinated for forty-eight hours. Within four weeks 53 per cent of those treated with lemon juice, and 70 per cent of those treated with germinated beans were cured.

In less degree this vitamine is present in apples and bananas. It is sensitive to heating, drying, and aging, although its keeping qualities seem to be greatly improved by the presence of an acid. Thus, if cabbage, which is a neutral food, being neither acid nor alkaline, is boiled for from one half to one hour, it loses 90 per cent of its antiscorbutic properties. Green peas lose it in the process of canning. On the other hand, in the case of tomatoes and oranges, which are acid, the effect of boiling is not nearly so pronounced. Tomatoes being more acid than apples or bananas, a great deal of the vitamine is preserved in the canned product; indeed, the juice of the canned tomatoes seems to be almost as good as that of the fresh fruit. This is important in feeding armies when large quantities of dried fruits and vegetables are used. Ordinarily, dried carrots, potatoes, and cabbage contain little, if any, of this vitamine, while dried tomatoes and dried orange juice are surprisingly rich in it. The knowledge of this fact was put to good use by the authorities of the British army in Mesopotamia and the East during the war, where fresh fruits and vegetables were unobtainable. Potatoes contain this antiscorbutic vitamine if they are not cooked too long. In this country Doctor Hess tells of the development of scurvy in numerous institutions following the poor potato crop in 1915. In one of these there were more than twenty deaths, and in another over two hundred diagnosed cases, and probably many latent cases that escaped observation. In 1848, during the potato famine in Ireland, there was an epidemic of scurvy. In northern

Russia it is frequently prevalent during the long winters when vegetables are scarce.

It was thought by some that this anti-scorbutic vitamine was an organic or a fruit acid, such as citric acid (obtained from lemons). The following experiment, however, seems to disprove it. Harder and Zilva, of the Lister Institute of London, precipitated all the organic acids in some lemon juice with powdered chalk. This they filtered off, and evaporated the resulting acid-free solution until nothing was left but a gummy residue. This residue was very active in curing guinea pigs and monkeys suffering from scurvy.

The citric acid, however, evidently acts as a preservative, for the neutral gummy material lost its potency very rapidly when heated, or even after it was allowed to stand in the ice box for a few weeks.

Just as acid acts as a preservative for the Vitamine C, so does alkali seem to destroy it. Cooking with soda, for instance, appears to be especially deleterious to vitamines. This is considered to be one of the reasons why pellagra is so prevalent in parts of the south of the United States, where bread "raised" with yeast is hardly known, their flour being almost wholly baked in the form of soda biscuits. The soda in the biscuits gives them a brown tinge by helping to turn the sugars present into caramel, but it also destroys the vitamines.

An infant fed entirely on pasteurized milk is almost sure to develop a mild case of scurvy unless this is avoided by a little orange juice or, what will do just as well, a little of the juice of raw or canned tomatoes. Milk being neutral, a very little heat will destroy the Water Soluble Vitamine C contained in it. This does not mean that milk should not be pasteurized; there are enough tuberculous cows to make this a wise precaution. What it does mean is that a child so fed should have a little orange juice or tomato juice added to its ration every day.

Tests are now in process to determine how much of these vitamines are lost in the dehydrating of vegetables. Generally speaking, it appears very probable that more of A and B will remain active than of C, excepting only in the case of those giving an acid reaction such as tomatoes and oranges. But more information is sorely needed than is yet available in this respect.

In testing dried vegetables or other prepared foods intended for human consumption, it is necessary that guinea pigs be used in the experiments in addition to rats, because rats are not affected by the absence of the Vitamine C.

Although, as we have already declared, milk contains all three types, the tests have shown varying results, sometimes in the content of all the three varieties; but this holds true more particularly in regard to C than with the others. It has now been definitely determined that cows fed on concentrates, such as oil cake, bran, molasses, or dried hay, secrete markedly less vitamines in their milk, especially of the type C, than those that are at pasture. The effect of ensilage feeding on the Vitamine C content of milk does not appear to have been investigated as yet.

That green grass should produce more C Vitamine in cow's milk than oil cake or dried hay is not surprising, because the bodies of mammals do not produce vitamines. They are ingested, eaten with food. And, as we have observed, the C Vitamines do not seem able to resist drying, except under acid conditions. Dried hay will probably retain a good proportion of the Fat Soluble A from the grass and the Water Soluble B. Oil cake, if it contains the germs of the seed or nuts from which the oil has been pressed, will probably also carry the Water Soluble B, but the more delicate C, which requires an acid preservative against time or drying, will be more likely to disappear in the fodders mentioned.

The daily diet of the average American family seems to provide a sufficiency

of vitamines, although as a nation we are backward in gustatory culture, and some of us are no less than feeble-minded in the selection and preparation of our food. Most of us use milk or eggs or leaf vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage, and the like, for our Fat Soluble A Vitamine. The same foods give us the Water Soluble B, and whole cereals add to the supply. At the same time the prevalence of acne and skin eruptions from malnutrition indicates that many persons seem to lack a sufficiency of the type B in their diet. In view of the sensitiveness of type C to heating, drying, and aging, except in an acid medium, many of us may be starving ourselves in respect to it. The defect is easily remedied by salads, citrous fruits, and the good old tomato, either raw or canned.

That vitamines are not produced within the human body is concluded, so far as the Water Soluble B is concerned, from an experiment made by Doctors Gibson and Concepcion in the Philippines. They found a colony of Filipinos which had lived on a rice diet whose members were suffering from beriberi, including a number of nursing mothers and their infants. The doctors induced a number of the mothers who had lost their children to nurse puppies for a short time, and these young dogs soon became affected with the disease at first, but as soon as the mothers recovered after a change in diet their milk ceased to be defective.

In conclusion, while admitting that there is still a vast amount to learn, we appear to have established a number of important facts. These are that there are at least three necessary accessories of foods called Vitamines A, B, and C. All these are necessary for growth in children, and to ward off diseases from malnutrition, both in children and adults. All these types are specific cures for the diseases of malnutrition which follow a diet from which the vitamines are absent. All three types are contained in milk and green vegetables, so that whoever drinks a couple of large glasses of milk and eats a good salad every day need not worry about his diet, so far as vitamines are concerned. The Fat Soluble A is predominant in butter fat, in cod-liver oil, the yolk of eggs, and green leaves. Children must have it for growth, and to avoid rickets and xerophthalmia. The second, Water Soluble B, is found also in milk, skim milk, in the outer hulls of grains, the germs of grains, beans, green leaves of plants, and in fruits. It is especially rich in yeast. Its absence in diet is sometimes shown by acne, boils, and, in cases of extreme starvation from it, in beriberi. It is also believed to be a general and necessary stimulant to the action of many of the glands. The third, or Water Soluble C, is an antiscorbutic, is easily destroyed by heat and drying except in an acid medium. It is found in milk, green vegetables, fruits, and more particularly oranges, cabbage, spinach, and tomatoes. Owing to the acid nature of tomatoes the canned product is also rich in it, and this makes canned tomatoes one of the most useful food accessories known to man. It maintains the health of sailors on long voyages, of armies in the field, and of children that are fed on pasteurized milk. Neutral vegetables, such as peas, beans, corn, etc., lose most of the efficiency of the Vitamine C after the canning process, but tomatoes are supreme. They are the great and convenient enemy of scurvy.

Last of all we would add that it is better to buy our vitamines of the greengrocer than of the apothecary.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TO MUCH

IV.—THE BOTTOMLESS WELL

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

IN an oasis, or green island, in the red and yellow seas of sand that stretch beyond Europe toward the sunrise, there can be found a rather fantastic contrast, which is none the less typical of such a place, since international treaties have made it an outpost of the British occupation. The site is famous among archæologists for something that is hardly a monument, but merely a hole in the ground. But it is a round shaft, like that of a well, and probably a part of some great irrigation works of remote and disputed date, perhaps more ancient than anything in that ancient land. There is a green fringe of palm and prickly pear round the black mouth of the well; but nothing of the upper masonry remains except two bulky and battered stones standing like the pillars of a gateway of nowhere, in which some of the more transcendental archæologists, in certain moods at moonrise or sunset, think they can trace the faint lines of figures or features of more than Babylonian monstrosity; while the more rationalistic archæologists, in the more rational hours of daylight, see nothing but two shapeless rocks. It may have been noticed, however, that all Englishmen are not archæologists. Many of those assembled in such a place for official and military purposes have hobbies other than archæology. And it is a solemn fact that the English in this Eastern exile have contrived to make a small golf links out of the green scrub and sand; with a comfortable club house at one end of it and this primeval monument at the other. They did not actually use this archaic abyss as a bunker, because it was by tradition unfathomable, and even for practical purposes unfathomed. Any sporting projectile sent into it might be counted most literally as a lost ball. But they often sauntered round it in their interludes of talking and smoking cigarettes, and one of them had just come down from the club house to find another gazing somewhat moodily into the well.

Both the Englishmen wore light clothes and white pith helmets and puggrees, but there, for the most part, their resemblance ended. And they both almost simultaneously said the same word, but they said it on two totally different notes of the voice.

"Have you heard the news?" asked the man from the club. "Splendid."

"Splendid," replied the man by the well. But the first man pronounced the word as a young man might say it about a woman, and the second as an old man might say it about the weather, not without sincerity, but certainly without fervor.

And in this the tone of the two men was sufficiently typical of them. The first, who was a certain Captain Boyle, was of a bold and boyish type, dark, and with a sort of native heat in his face that did not belong to the atmosphere of the East, but rather to the ardors and ambitions of the West. The other was an older man and certainly an older resident, a civilian official named Horne Fisher; and his drooping eyelids and drooping light mustache expressed all the paradox of the Englishman in the East. He was much too hot to be anything but cool.

Neither of them thought it necessary to mention what it was that was splen-

did. That would indeed have been superfluous conversation about something that everybody knew. The striking victory over a menacing combination of Turks and Arabs in the north, won by troops under the command of Lord Hastings, the veteran of so many striking victories, was already spread by the newspapers all over the Empire, let alone to this small garrison so near to the battlefield.

"Now, no other nation in the world could have done a thing like that," cried Captain Boyle, emphatically.

Horne Fisher was still looking silently into the well; a moment later he answered: "We certainly have the art of unmaking mistakes. That's where the poor old Prussians went wrong. They could only make mistakes and stick to them. There is really a certain talent in unmaking a mistake."

"What do you mean," asked Boyle, "What mistakes?"

"Well, everybody knows it looked like biting off more than we could chew," replied Horne Fisher. It was a peculiarity of Mr. Fisher that he always said that everybody knew things which about one person in two million was ever allowed to hear of. "And it was certainly jolly lucky that Travers turned up so well in the nick of time. Odd how often the right thing's been done for us by the second in command, even when a great man was first in command. Like Colborne at Waterloo."

"It ought to add a whole province to the Empire," observed the other.

"Well, I suppose the Zimmernes would have insisted on it as far as the canal," observed Fisher, thoughtfully, "though everybody knows adding provinces doesn't always pay much nowadays."

Captain Boyle frowned in a slightly puzzled fashion. Being cloudily conscious of never having heard of the Zimmernes in his life, he could only remark, stolidly:

"Well, one can't be a Little Englander."

Horne Fisher smiled, and he had a pleasant smile.

"Every man out here is a Little Englander," he said. "He wishes he were back in Little England."

"I don't know what you're talking about, I'm afraid," said the younger man, rather suspiciously. "One would think you didn't really admire Hastings or—or—anything."

"I admire him no end," replied Fisher. "He's by far the best man for this post; he understands the Moslems and can do anything with them. That's why I'm all against pushing Travers against him, merely because of this last affair."

"I really don't understand what you're driving at," said the other, frankly.

"Perhaps it isn't worth understanding," answered Fisher, lightly, "and, anyhow, we needn't talk politics. Do you know the Arab legend about that well?"

"I'm afraid I don't know much about Arab legends," said Boyle, rather stiffly.

"That's rather a mistake," replied Fisher, "especially from your point of view. Lord Hastings himself is an Arab legend. That is perhaps the very greatest thing he really is. If his reputation went it would weaken us all over Asia and Africa. Well, the story about that hole in the ground, that goes down nobody knows where, has always fascinated me, rather. It's Mohammedan in form now, but I shouldn't wonder if the tale is a long way older than Mohammed. It's all about somebody they call the Sultan Aladdin, not our friend of the lamp, of course, but rather like him in having to do with genii or giants or something of that sort. They say he commanded the giants to build him a sort of pagoda, rising higher and higher above all the stars. The Utmost for the Highest, as the people said when they built the Tower of Babel. But the builders of the Tower of Babel were quite modest and domestic people, like mice, compared with old Aladdin. They only

wanted a tower that would reach heaven —a mere trifle. He wanted a tower that would pass heaven and rise above it, and go on rising for ever and ever. And Allah cast him down to earth with a thunderbolt, which sank into the earth, boring a hole deeper and deeper, till it made a well that was without a bottom as the tower was to have been without a top. And down that inverted tower of darkness the soul of the proud Sultan is falling for ever and ever."

"What a queer chap you are," said Boyle. "You talk as if a fellow could believe those fables."

"Perhaps I believe the moral and not the fable," answered Fisher. "But here comes Lady Hastings. You know her, I think."

The club house on the golf links was used, of course, for many other purposes besides that of golf. It was the only social center of the garrison beside the strictly military headquarters; it had a billiard room and a bar, and even an excellent reference library for those officers who were so perverse as to take their profession seriously. Among these was the great general himself, whose head of silver and face of bronze, like that of a brazen eagle, were often to be found bent over the charts and folios of the library. The great Lord Hastings believed in science and study, as in other severe ideals of life, and had given much paternal advice on the point to young Boyle, whose appearances in that place of research were rather more intermittent. It was from one of these snatches of study that the young man had just come out through the glass doors of the library onto the golf links. But, above all, the club was so appointed as to serve the social conveniences of ladies at least as much as gentlemen, and Lady Hastings was able to play the queen in such a society almost as much as in her own ballroom. She was eminently calculated and, as some said, eminently inclined to play such a part. She was much younger than her husband, an attractive and sometimes dangerously attractive lady; and Mr. Horne Fisher looked after her a little sardonically as she swept away with the young soldier. Then his rather dreary eye strayed to the green and prickly growths round the well, growths of that curious cactus formation in which one thick leaf grows directly out of the other without stalk or twig. It gave his fanciful mind a sinister feeling of a blind growth without shape or purpose. A flower or shrub in the West grows to the blossom which is its crown, and is content. But this was as if hands could grow out of hands or legs grow out of legs in a nightmare. "Always adding a province to the empire," he said, with a smile, and then added, more sadly, "but I doubt if I was right, after all!"

A strong but genial voice broke in on his meditations and he looked up and smiled, seeing the face of an old friend. The voice was, indeed, rather more genial than the face, which was at the first glance decidedly grim. It was a typically legal face, with angular jaws and heavy, grizzled eyebrows; and it belonged to an eminently legal character, though he was now attached in a semimilitary capacity to the police of that wild district. Cuthbert Grayne was perhaps more of a criminologist than either a lawyer or a policeman, but in his more barbarous surroundings he had proved successful in turning himself into a practical combination of all three. The discovery of a whole series of strange Oriental crimes stood to his credit. But as few people were acquainted with, or attracted to, such a hobby or branch of knowledge, his intellectual life was somewhat solitary. Among the few exceptions was Horne Fisher, who had a curious capacity for talking to almost anybody about almost anything.

"Studying botany, or is it archæology?" inquired Grayne. "I shall never come to the end of your interests, Fisher. I should say that what you don't know isn't worth knowing."

"You are wrong," replied Fisher, with a very unusual abruptness and even



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"I SHALL WANT YOUR HELP. THERE'S SOMETHING PRETTY BAD OUT ON THE LINKS"

bitterness. "It's what I do know that isn't worth knowing. All the seamy side of things, all the secret reasons and rotten motives and bribery and blackmail they call politics. I needn't be so proud of having been down all these sewers that I should brag about it to the little boys in the street."

"What do you mean? What's the matter with you?" asked his friend. "I never knew you taken like this before."

"I'm ashamed of myself," replied Fisher. "I've just been throwing cold water on the enthusiasms of a boy."

"Even that explanation is hardly exhaustive," observed the criminal expert.

"Damned newspaper nonsense the enthusiasms were, of course," continued Fisher, "but I ought to know that at that age illusions can be ideals. And they're better than the reality, anyhow. But there is one very ugly responsibility about jolting a young man out of the rut of the most rotten ideal."

"And what may that be?" inquired his friend.

"It's very apt to set him off with the same energy in a much worse direction," answered Fisher; "a pretty endless sort of direction, a bottomless pit as deep as the bottomless well."

Fisher did not see his friend until a fortnight later, when he found himself in the garden at the back of the club house on the opposite side from the links, a garden heavily colored and scented with sweet semitropical plants in the glow of a desert sunset. Two other men were with him, the third being the now celebrated second in command, familiar to everybody as Tom Travers, a lean, dark man, who looked older than his years, with a furrow in his brow and something morose about the very shape of his black mustache. They had just been served with black coffee by the Arab now officiating as the temporary servant of the club, though he was a figure already familiar, and even famous, as the old servant of the general. He went by the name of Said, and was notable among other Semites for that unnatural length of his yellow face and height of his narrow forehead which is sometimes seen among them, and gave an irrational impression of something sinister, in spite of his agreeable smile.

"I never feel as if I could quite trust that fellow," said Grayne, when the man had gone away. "It's very unjust, I take it, for he was certainly devoted to Hastings, and saved his life, they say. But Arabs are often like that, loyal to one man. I can't help feeling he might cut anybody else's throat, and even do it treacherously."

"Well," said Travers, with a rather sour smile, "so long as he leaves Hastings alone the world won't mind much."

There was a rather embarrassing silence, full of memories of the great battle, and then Horne Fisher said, quietly:

"The newspapers aren't the world, Tom. Don't you worry about them. Everybody in your world knows the truth well enough."

"I think we'd better not talk about the general just now," remarked Grayne, "for he's just coming out of the club."

"He's not coming here," said Fisher. "He's only seeing his wife to the car."

As he spoke, indeed, the lady came out on the steps of the club, followed by her husband, who then went swiftly in front of her to open the garden gate. As he did so she turned back and spoke for a moment to a solitary man still sitting in a cane chair in the shadow of the doorway, the only man left in the deserted club save for the three that lingered in the garden. Fisher peered for a moment into the shadow, and saw that it was Captain Boyle.

The next moment, rather to their surprise, the general reappeared and, remounting the steps, spoke a word or two to Boyle in his turn. Then he signaled to Said, who hurried up with two cups of coffee, and the two men re-entered the club, each carrying his cup in his hand. The next moment a gleam of white light

in the growing darkness showed that the electric lamps had been turned on in the library beyond.

"Coffee and scientific researches," said Travers, grimly. "All the luxuries of learning and theoretical research. Well, I must be going, for I have my work to do as well." And he got up rather stiffly, saluted his companions, and strode away into the dusk.

"I only hope Boyle *is* sticking to scientific researches," said Horne Fisher. "I'm not very comfortable about him myself. But let's talk about something else."

They talked about something else longer than they probably imagined, until the tropical night had come and a splendid moon painted the whole scene with silver; but before it was bright enough to see by Fisher had already noted that the lights in the library had been abruptly extinguished. He waited for the two men to come out by the garden entrance, but nobody came.

"They must have gone for a stroll on the links," he said.

"Very possibly," replied Grayne. "It's going to be a beautiful night."

A moment or two after he had spoken they heard a voice hailing them out of the shadow of the club house, and were astonished to perceive Travers hurrying toward them, calling out as he came:

"I shall want your help, you fellows," he cried. "There's something pretty bad out on the links."

They found themselves plunging through the club smoking room and the library beyond, in complete darkness, mental as well as material. But Horne Fisher, in spite of his affectation of indifference, was a person of a curious and almost transcendental sensibility to atmospheres, and he already felt the presence of something more than an accident. He collided with a piece of furniture in the library, and almost shuddered with the shock, for the thing moved as he could never have fancied a piece of furniture moving. It seemed to move like a living thing, yielding and yet striking back. The next moment Grayne had turned on the lights, and he saw he had only stumbled against one of the revolving bookstands that had swung round and struck him; but his involuntary recoil had revealed to him his own subconscious sense of something mysterious and monstrous. There were several of these revolving bookcases standing here and there about the library; on one of them stood the two cups of coffee, and on another a large open book. It was Budge's book on Egyptian hieroglyphics, with colored plates of strange birds and gods, and even as he rushed past, he was conscious of something odd about the fact that this, and not any work of military science, should be open in that place at that moment. He was even conscious of the gap in the well-lined bookshelf from which it had been taken, and it seemed almost to gape at him in an ugly fashion, like a gap in the teeth of some sinister face.

A run brought them in a few minutes to the other side of the ground in front of the bottomless well, and a few yards from it, in a moonlight almost as broad as daylight, they saw what they had come to see.

The great Lord Hastings lay prone on his face, in a posture in which there was a touch of something strange and stiff, with one elbow erect above his body, the arm being doubled, and his big, bony hand, clutching the rank and ragged grass. A few feet away was Boyle, almost as motionless, but supported on his hands and knees, and staring at the body. It might have been no more than shock and accident; but there was something ungainly and unnatural about the quadrupedal posture and the gaping face. It was as if his reason had fled from him. Behind, there was nothing but the clear blue southern sky, and the beginning of the desert, except for the two great broken stones in front of the well. And it was in such a light and atmosphere that men could

fancy they traced in them enormous and evil faces, looking down.

Horne Fisher stooped and touched the strong hand that was still clutching the grass, and it was as cold as a stone. He knelt by the body and was busy for a moment applying other tests; then he rose again, and said, with a sort of confident despair:

"Lord Hastings is dead."

There was a stony silence, and then Travers remarked, gruffly: "This is your department, Grayne; I will leave you to question Captain Boyle. I can make no sense of what he says."

Boyle had pulled himself together and risen to his feet, but his face still wore an awful expression, making it like a new mask or the face of another man.

"I was looking at the well," he said, "and when I turned he had fallen down."

Grayne's face was very dark. "As you say, this is my affair," he said. "I must first ask you to help me carry him to the library and let me examine things thoroughly."

When they had deposited the body in the library Grayne turned to Fisher and said, in a voice that had recovered its fullness and confidence, "I am going to lock myself in and make a thorough examination first. I look to you to keep in touch with the others and make a preliminary examination of Boyle. I will talk to him later. And just telephone to headquarters for a policeman, and let him come here at once and stand by till I want him."

Without more words the great criminal investigator went into the lighted library, shutting the door behind him, and Fisher, without replying, turned and began to talk quietly to Travers. "It is curious," he said, "that the thing should happen just in front of that place."

"It would certainly be very curious," replied Travers, "if the place played any part in it."

"I think," replied Fisher, "that the part it didn't play is more curious still."

And with these apparently meaningless words he turned to the shaken Boyle and, taking his arm, began to walk him up and down in the moonlight, talking in low tones.

Dawn had begun to break abrupt and white when Cuthbert Grayne turned out the lights in the library and came out on to the links. Fisher was lounging about alone, in his listless fashion; but the police messenger for whom he had sent was standing at attention in the background.

"I sent Boyle off with Travers," observed Fisher, carelessly; "he'll look after him, and he'd better have some sleep, anyhow."

"Did you get anything out of him?" asked Grayne. "Did he tell you what he and Hastings were doing?"

"Yes," answered Fisher, "he gave me a pretty clear account, after all. He said that after Lady Hastings went off in the car the general asked him to take coffee with him in the library and look up a point about local antiquities. He himself was beginning to look for Budge's book in one of the revolving bookstands when the general found it in one of the bookshelves on the wall. After looking at some of the plates they went out, it would seem, rather abruptly, on to the links, and walked toward the old well; and while Boyle was looking into it he heard a thud behind him, and turned round to find the general lying as we found him. He himself dropped on his knees to examine the body, and then was paralyzed with a sort of terror and could not come nearer to it or touch it. But I think very little of that; people caught in a real shock of surprise are sometimes found in the queerest postures."

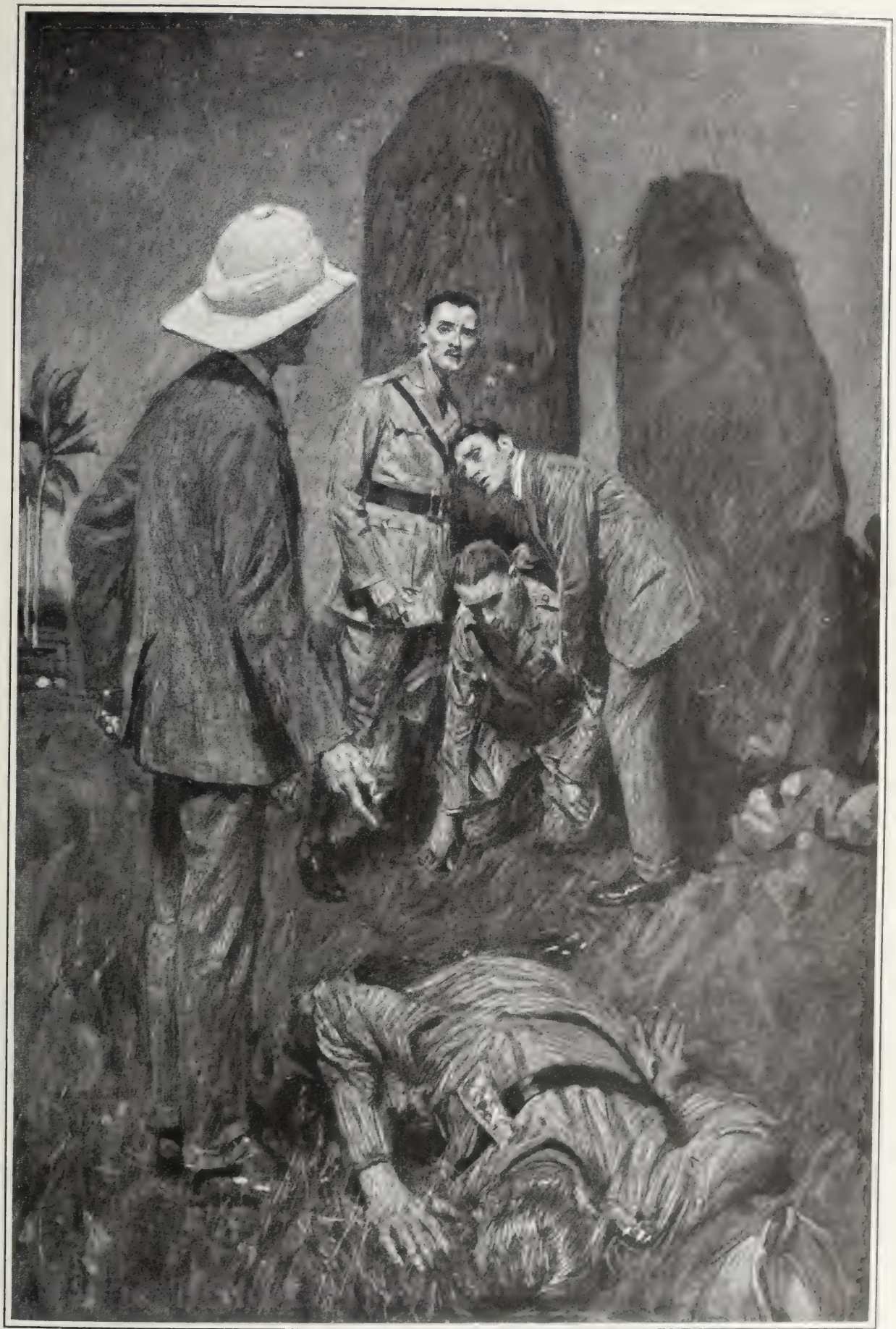
Grayne wore a grim smile of attention, and said, after a short silence:

"Well, he hasn't told you many lies. It's really a creditably clear and consistent account of what happened, with everything of importance left out."

"Have you discovered anything in there?" asked Fisher.

"I have discovered everything," answered Grayne.

Fisher maintained a somewhat gloomy



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"LORD HASTINGS IS DEAD"

silence, as the other resumed his explanation in quiet and assured tones.

"You were quite right, Fisher, when you said that young fellow was in danger of going down dark ways toward the pit. Whether or no, as you fancied, the jolt you gave to his view of the general had anything to do with it, he has not been treating the general well for some time. It's an unpleasant business, and I don't want to dwell on it; but it's pretty plain that his wife was not treating him well, either. I don't know how far it went, but it went as far as concealment, anyhow; for when Lady Hastings spoke to Boyle it was to tell him she had hidden a note in the Budge book in the library. The general overheard, or came somehow to know, and he went straight to the book and found it. He confronted Boyle with it, and they had a scene, of course. And Boyle was confronted with something else; he was confronted with an awful alternative, in which the life of one old man meant ruin and his death meant triumph and even happiness."

"Well," observed Fisher, at last, "I don't blame him for not telling you the woman's part of the story. But how do you know about the letter?"

"I found it on the general's body," answered Grayne, "but I found worse things than that. The body had stiffened in the way rather peculiar to poisons of a certain Asiatic sort. Then I examined the coffee cups, and I knew enough chemistry to find poison in the dregs of one of them. Now, the General went straight to the bookcase, leaving his cup of coffee on the bookstand in the middle of the room. While his back was turned, and Boyle was pretending to examine the bookstand, he was left alone with the coffee cup. The poison takes about ten minutes to act, and ten minutes' walk would bring them to the bottomless well."

"Yes," remarked Fisher, "and what about the bottomless well?"

"What has the bottomless well got to do with it?" asked his friend.

"It has nothing to do with it," replied Fisher. "That is what I find utterly confounding and incredible."

"And why should that particular hole in the ground have anything to do with it?"

"It is a particular hole in your case," said Fisher. "But I won't insist on that just now. By the way, there is another thing I ought to tell you. I said I sent Boyle away in charge of Travers. It would be just as true to say I sent Travers in charge of Boyle."

"You don't mean to say you suspect Tom Travers?" cried the other.

"He was a deal bitterer against the general than Boyle ever was," observed Horne Fisher, with a curious indifference.

"Man, you're not saying what you mean," cried Grayne. "I tell you I found the poison in one of the coffee cups."

"There was always Said, of course," added Fisher, "either for hatred or hire. We agreed he was capable of almost anything."

"And we agreed he was incapable of hurting his master," retorted Grayne.

"Well, well," said Fisher, amiably, "I dare say you are right; but I should just like to have a look at the library and the coffee cups."

He passed inside, while Grayne turned to the policeman in attendance and handed him a scribbled note, to be telegraphed from headquarters. The man saluted and hurried off; and Grayne, following his friend into the library, found him beside the bookstand in the middle of the room, on which were the empty cups.

"This is where Boyle looked for Budge, or pretended to look for him, according to your account," he said.

As Fisher spoke he bent down in a half-crouching attitude, to look at the volumes in the low, revolving shelf, for the whole bookstand was not much higher than an ordinary table. The next moment he sprang up as if he had been stung.

"Oh, my God!" he cried.

Very few people, if any, had ever seen Mr. Horne Fisher behave as he behaved just then. He flashed a glance at the door, saw that the open window was nearer, went out of it with a flying leap, as if over a hurdle, and went racing across the turf, in the track of the disappearing policeman. Grayne, who stood staring after him, soon saw his tall, loose figure, returning, restored to all its normal limpness and air of leisure. He was fanning himself slowly with a piece of paper, the telegram he had so violently intercepted.

"Lucky I stopped that," he observed. "We must keep this affair as quiet as death. Hastings must die of apoplexy or heart disease."

"What on earth is the trouble?" demanded the other investigator.

"The trouble is," said Fisher, "that in a few days we should have had a very agreeable alternative—of hanging an innocent man or knocking the British Empire to hell."

"Do you mean to say," asked Grayne, "that this infernal crime is not to be punished?"

Fisher looked at him steadily.

"It is already punished," he said.

After a moment's pause he went on. "You reconstructed the crime with admirable skill, old chap, and nearly all you said was true. Two men with two coffee cups did go into the library and did put their cups on the bookstand and did go together to the well, and one of them was a murderer and had put poison in the other's cup. But it was not done while Boyle was looking at the revolving bookcase. He did look at it, though, searching for the Budge book with the note in it, but I fancy that Hastings had already moved it to the shelves on the wall. It was part of that grim game that he should find it first.

"Now, how does a man search a revolving bookcase? He does not generally hop all round it in a squatting attitude, like a frog. He simply gives it a touch and makes it revolve."

He was frowning at the floor as he spoke, and there was a light under his heavy lids that was not often seen there. The mysticism that was buried deep under all the cynicism of his experience was awake and moving in the depths. His voice took unexpected turns and inflections, almost as if two men were speaking.

"That was what Boyle did; he barely touched the thing, and it went round as easily as the world goes round. Yes, very much as a world goes round, for the hand that turned it was not his. God, who turns the wheel of all the stars, touched that wheel and brought it full circle, that His dreadful justice might return."

"I am beginning," said Grayne, slowly, "to have some hazy and horrible idea of what you mean."

"It is very simple," said Fisher, "when Boyle straightened himself from his stooping posture, something had happened which he had not noticed, which his enemy had not noticed, which nobody had noticed. The two coffee cups had exactly changed places."

The rocky face of Grayne seemed to have sustained a shock in silence; not a line of it altered, but his voice when it came was unexpectedly weakened.

"I see what you mean," he said, "and, as you say, the less said about it the better. It was not the lover who tried to get rid of the husband, but—the other thing. And a tale like that about a man like that would ruin us here. Had you any guess of this at the start?"

"The bottomless well, as I told you," answered Fisher, quietly; "that was what stumped me from the start. Not because it had anything to do with it, because it had nothing to do with it."

He paused a moment, as if choosing an approach, and then went on: "When a man knows his enemy will be dead in ten minutes, and takes him to the edge of an unfathomable pit, he means to throw his body into it. What else should he do? A born fool would have the sense to do it, and Boyle is not a born fool.

Well, why did not Boyle do it? The more I thought of it the more I suspected there was some mistake in the murder, so to speak. Somebody had taken somebody there to throw him in, and yet he was not thrown in. I had already an ugly, unformed idea of some substitution or reversal of parts; then I stooped to turn the bookstand myself, by accident, and I instantly knew everything, for I saw the two cups revolve once more, like moons in the sky."

After a pause, Cuthbert Grayne said, "And what are we to say to the newspapers?"

"My friend, Harold March, is coming along from Cairo to-day," said Fisher. "He is a very brilliant and successful journalist. But for all that he's a thoroughly honorable man, so you must not tell him the truth."

Half an hour later Fisher was again walking to and fro in front of the club house, with Captain Boyle, the latter by this time with a very buffeted and bewildered air; perhaps a sadder and a wiser man.

"What about me, then?" he was saying. "Am I cleared? Aren't I going to be cleared?"

"I believe and hope," answered Fisher, "that you are not going to be suspected. But you are certainly not going to be cleared. There must be no suspicion against him, and therefore no suspicion against you. Any suspicion against him, let alone such a story against him, would knock us endways from Malta to Mandalay. He was a hero as well as a holy terror among the Moslems. Indeed, you might almost call him a Moslem hero in the English service. Of course he got on with them partly because of his own little dose of Eastern blood; he got it from his mother, the dancer from Damascus; everybody knows that."

"Oh," repeated Boyle, mechanically, staring at him with round eyes, "everybody knows that."

"I dare say there was a touch of it in his jealousy and ferocious vengeance," went on Fisher. "But, for all that, the crime would ruin us among the Arabs, all the more because it was something like a crime against hospitality. It's been hateful for you and it's pretty horrid for me. But there are some things that damned well can't be done, and while I'm alive that's one of them."

"What do you mean?" asked Boyle, glancing at him curiously. "Why should you, of all people, be so passionate about it?"

Horne Fisher looked at the young man with a baffling expression.

"I suppose," he said, "it's because I'm a Little Englander."

"I can never make out what you mean by that sort of thing," answered Boyle, doubtfully.

"Do you think England is so little as all that?" said Fisher, with a warmth in his cold voice, "that it can't hold a man across a few thousand miles. You lectured me with a lot of ideal patriotism, my young friend; but it's practical patriotism now for you and me, and with no lies to help it. You talked as if everything always went right with us all over the world, in a triumphant crescendo culminating in Hastings. I tell you everything has gone wrong with us here, except Hastings. He was the one name we had left to conjure with, and that mustn't go as well, no, by God! It's bad enough that a gang of infernal Jews should plant us here, where there's no earthly English interest to serve, and all hell beating up against us, simply because Nosey Zimmern has lent money to half the Cabinet. It's bad enough that an old pawnbroker from Bagdad should make us fight his battles; we can't fight with our right hand cut off. Our one score was Hastings and his victory, which was really somebody else's victory. Tom Travers has to suffer, and so have you."

Then, after a moment's silence, he pointed toward the bottomless well and said, in a quieter tone:

"I told you that I didn't believe in the philosophy of the Tower of

Aladdin. I don't believe in the Empire growing until it reaches the sky; I don't believe in the Union Jack going up and up eternally like the Tower. But if you think I am going to let the Union Jack go down and down eternally, like the bottomless well, down into the blackness of the bottomless pit, down in defeat and derision, amid the jeers of the very Jews who have sucked us dry—no I won't, and that's flat; not if the Chancellor were blackmailed by twenty millionaires with their gutter rags, not if the Prime Minister married twenty Yankee jewesses, not if Woodville and Carstairs had shares in twenty swindling mines. If the thing is really tottering, God help it, it mustn't be we who tip it over."

Boyle was regarding him with a bewilderment that was almost fear, and had even a touch of distaste.

"Somehow," he said, "there seems to be something rather horrid about the things you know."

"There is," replied Horne Fisher. "I am not at all pleased with my small stock of knowledge and reflection. But as it is partly responsible for your not being hanged, I don't know that you need complain of it."

And, as if a little ashamed of his first boast, he turned and strolled away toward the bottomless well.

THE ANCIENT SECRET

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

WHAT intimate secrets do they know—these trees,
That were a loom for April's tapestries—
The plum that early flowers, and the pear,
That soon must lose the bridal robes they wear,
Nor offer further largess to the bees!
And this sere grass! What waiting heart forgets,
How once it harbored violets,
Beneath the sheltering silence of the trees.

What lonely mystery is theirs—these tombs
That, kissed by winter's snow, or shattered blooms
The Maytime zephyrs scatter, equally,
Preserve their silence to eternity.
What footstep echoes through Death's vaulted rooms,
And teaches such majestic quietude
To hearts that once knew every mood
Of youth and love—now silent in these tombs!

Ye will not tell, O daffodils, that hold
Your court above them, proffering cups of gold
To lips that are long silent. Did they wake
One infinite, yearning moment for your sake,
Though they were dead these many years—and cold?
Is there one message only, Earth, that lures
Them to your bosom? *Spring endures!*
Though violets die, and death the lovers hold,
Each year your ancient secret is retold.

SOME MARTINIQUE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

THE sea story "Chita" by Lafcadio Hearn was accepted for *Harper's Magazine* in 1886. Its quality so impressed the editor, Mr. Alden, that he gave the author a commission to prepare a series of articles descriptive of tropic America. Hearn had for years been hoping for an opportunity to penetrate that world of color and light of which he had dreamed; of which Louisiana and the Gulf of Mexico, the background of "Chita," had given him a foretaste and suggestion.

Armed with this commission, he sailed from New York in the summer of 1887, touching at many of the West Indian islands, and ranging as far afield as British Guiana. Of all the ports visited, St. Pierre, Martinique, most charmed him. Completing, on his return, a series of papers under the title of "A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies," he courageously set sail again for the French island, with no more definite monetary prospect than his hopes, believing that here he had discovered a vein of material completely sympathetic to his hand, and out of which might be evolved the jewel-tinted tales he aspired to create. Despite his disappointments, he remained always, to the end of his life, convinced that this world of sun and color was his true *milieu*.

"Ah! the tropics—" he lamented, long years after, "they still pull at my heartstrings . . . my real field was there."

However, the want of adequate means hampered his plans then, as always. These letters to Mr. Alden give constant suggestion of the difficulties amid which he worked. His first attempt at a story, "Lys," was refused—wisely so, he later admitted, and as months of time and most of his meager means were wasted in this unsuccessful labor, the rest of his stay was a period of cruel poverty and desperate effort merely to live or to find even the means to return to New York. Throughout, one catches tragic hints of these limitations hampering his hopes and ambitions.

"I find I have earned one hundred dollars in ten months," he confesses; and later he complains of "being inactive for mere want of means to travel five miles."

Nevertheless, despite poverty, disappointment, a serious attack of tropic fever, and the unanticipated difficulties of composition in an equatorial climate, he managed to complete the volume entitled *Two Years in the French West Indies*, which contains such admirable examples of his power and art as "Les Porteuses," "La Guiablesse," "Les Blanchisseuses," and the revised form of the rejected story "Lys."

More important still—of which, perhaps, he was hardly conscious—he finally, amid hardships and humiliations, succeeded in clearing and perfecting his style.

In a letter written in March, he says: "I have been much discouraged by the character of my work. There is something wrong with it—something that bewilders me. I have lost some faculty, *or am acquiring some new one*" . . . a vague realization that he was losing the passion of youth and of the beginner to set down copiously everything he perceives as ardently as he feels it; that he was acquiring the reserve and solidity of the artist who has learned through enormous labor and patience how to eliminate, how to select, how to work within

the self-imposed boundaries of a chosen frame.

The surest proof of this painfully acquired art is that in the book which was the fruit of these two difficult and laborious years no hint of his difficulties is suggested. All there is sumptuous fulness of life, richly colored, powerful. Without the private comment of these intimate letters one would not guess at the travail in which it was created.

MORNE ROUGE,
MARTINIQUE,
8th December, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND,—I send you "Lys"; it gave me a good deal of work. It is not a novelette, not a story; you will find it simply a study of the impressions and sensations of a journey ending in change from the tropics to the North. I intend later on to attempt a pendant—the fascination and influence of the tropics on a Northern nature; that is, if you like "Lys," which goes by S.S. *Bermuda.*

Now, I have at least six months' work before me in Martinique, and unless you should wish me later on to go elsewhere I will remain here till I have finished a series of briefer sketches. Then I will begin studies of Coolie life further South; hope also to give you an article on the Orinoco, and, later on, a good sketch of Cayenne.

Cayenne attracts me. I am very anxious to study it. It is unhealthy, but I shall be all right there. I will have plenty of letters to help me.

I am writing you from the little village of Morne Rouge. There are marvelous mountain views here—wild surges of purple and green mountains, all fissured, and jagged, and stormy-looking, a volcanic sea of peaks and craters. It is very cold, too—cold as New York in October, almost—for we are between two thousand and three thousand feet up. But we are in clouds, close to Pelée; and it rains almost every day, which spoils outing. In the city the heat is stifling; but Fort-de-France is far worse than St. Pierre. I spent a week there, and could not work for heat, until I got up into the hills behind the capital. There it was like a Northern midsummer; that is to say, endurable. But here it is like a Northern spring or fall, absolutely delightful. The few mosquitoes only work by day; they cannot move at night—the coolness numbs them.

Sea bathing was interrupted by a wonderful windless surge, enormous waves miles and miles long coming in at intervals of about a minute. You cannot enjoy them, because the beach is full of loose rocks—old lava blocks—and the surf throws them in, and draws them out like chaff—they would break a man to pieces. Looking at these waves, it seemed to me that an earthquake swell would certainly wash far into St. Pierre. We had one little shock the other day, but it was too feeble to create a sensation, and I was disappointed. I want to feel and see a great earthquake. I am only afraid of hurricanes. A West Indian hurricane means something like a cyclone for fury, blowing steadily in one direction for days, literally blowing off the tops of the mountains.

I anticipate something from the Carnival, which soon begins; and I am going to make a few sketches of another sort—attempts to give the color and sound of life here. Then I want to spend a few months in Guadeloupe. I want to do so many things that I fear can never be done. But I am convinced there are years of work for me here, if the workman is worthy of the job. And the *variety* of material—which must give corresponding variety of tone—seems to have no end in these Indies of the West.

Please give love and Merry Christmas to all at home, and don't think me lazy because I took so long over "Lys." There were some difficulties in the way of work.

Affectionately,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

By the way, the more I work, the more conviction grows upon me that no study of life can be written in less than the

actual time required *to live* the scenes described.

MORNE ROUGE,
MARTINIQUE,
January 5, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND ALDEN,—At 6 A.M. this morning, by the rising sun, a barefooted *colporteur*, who had walked up the mountains all the way from the city, before daylight, brought me your letter and the *Magazine* for January—waking me by tapping at my window.

You cannot well imagine what a pleasure it was to hear from you. It is very lonely here, in the great peace of the hills; there are few whites about during the day; I hear English only when my friend Testart, a New Orleans Creole, finds time to drive up. I have to learn this Creole to get along, and am managing very well with it. But occasionally one feels as if in exile, and you get tired of the eternal palms against the light, tired of the colors, tired of the shrieking tongue spoken around you, tired of hearing by night the mandibles of the great tropical insects furiously devouring the few English books upon the table. . . . Then, to get a letter is an ecstasy, a delight such as I fancy you can never have had.

It was also an evidence to me that you were not ill. Such an interval had elapsed that I was a little afraid.

You will be glad to hear that I have learned to use my instrument better. I sent some specimens of views taken here, or near here, the other day. An article on the brother-bearers, the *colporteurs*, will be accompanied by photos of groups taken "on the fly."

In quarantine still, and now a very serious quarantine. A horrible epidemic of smallpox at Fort-de-France and all along the Caribbean side of the island. I fear I cannot get away before midsummer. It is just as well, for I have so much to do that I don't know when I will be able to finish.

January 8th.

I think you were mistaken about a photograph of the crater of Pelée, and I believe I will be the first to take one. The photographers are lazy here. We are about seven miles from the mountain, and I am going to take views and make a sketch—but not until next month. Pelée is veiled in this season, most of the time; we wait for the season called the Period of Dryness. From the summit (north) Dominica, Marie Galante, and even Guadeloupe are visible; southwardly you see as far as Sainte Lucie and some say Barbadoes, but this I doubt.

I am working too slowly, perhaps, but cannot help it. Find I can never *force* the thing without spoiling, and having to write it all over again.

A sketch accompanying next letter; another will follow in about a month, I hope; and so on for about seven, to form a set.

Though oranges and bananas grow at my window, I find it cold here. We are two thousand feet up; the palms are dwarfed, and thicken their trunks instead of growing tall. On the summit of Pelée they become grotesquely small—five or six feet high, vegetable monstrosities. I hope to make the Pelée trip next month, and record the impressions under some such title as, "From the Crater of a West Indian Volcano."

My collection of Creole stories (written from dictation), songs, enigmas, proverbs, etc., grows apace. I find in them an element of picturesqueness strongly illustrating peculiar phases of Martinique life, and this I may ultimately find some means of utilizing. This oral literature takes the place of fairy tales and picture books in this funny little world.

Obtaining photographic plates is not facile. If the sketches I will shortly forward, and the accompanying photos, all of which are my own instantaneous work, please you, could you have the Scoville Manufacturing Company send me twelve dozen plates in time for Carnival work? We are going to try to make views by magnesium light.

Love to all; many happy New Years to you, LAFCADIO HEARN.

Your prediction that I could finish a volume of W. I. stories in six months, is not yet realized; I fear it will not be. There are days when the imagination absolutely refuses to work. But the volume will be finished by summer There will be, later on, a story which might be called a pendant to "Lys," describing total fascination and enervation of a Northern nature by the tropics. I am going to keep it for the last, because I don't think you would put it in the *Magazine*. It will be called " Nini."

March, 1888.

Dear Friend Alden,—Your kind letter just received. I do not think you quite understand me, because you speak of my thinking of your advice as possibly "uncalled for." If you knew how one is hungry for such little evidences of friendship; how much they mean that is delightful; how thankful they make one feel!

About coming back. It has not depended upon me altogether, this prolongation of my stay, as you know, and I see no present way of getting to New York. One has to wait for chances even to get to Southern Ports. The outlook, supposing I could get away now, is not bright; bitter cold, after intense heat, and no winter clothing, no means of working at one's ease. The two hundred and fifty francs would not carry me North, because I have some obligations here to discharge with a part of that amount, and because I would have probably to take the train from a Southern port, such as Wilmington, to reach New York or Philadelphia, where I have friends.

I shall, therefore, stay, and try to earn my way out of here later on, with a good story. Perhaps I will be able to write several short ones. Since I sent on last MSS. (mailed 29th Sept.) I have not been idle, but considerably discouraged. First of all, I have had to abandon my first idea of a book of exclusively Martinique sketches. I do not think all my sketches and work are worthless; but they will not take the shape of a well-proportioned and evenly colored cluster: I trust to reshape some of them, and unite them with others of a totally different kind, to be made elsewhere, as soon as I can earn enough to travel with.

In the second place, however, I have been much more discouraged by the character of my published work. There is something wrong about it,—something that bewilders me. I have either lost some faculty, or am acquiring some new one;—and I trust it will be the latter possibility which is to materialize.

I hope you will not be anxious about my health here;—I should, at this time of the year, run far more risk in New York or Philadelphia; besides, the healthy season is approaching.

Love to you, and all; and expect some MS.-story soon,—that is, before 1889.

Lafcadio Hearn.

I am better pleased to stay and rough it out. If I were in a Spanish or English colony I would get to work at something else, and stay until I could succeed with a good novel. As it is I fear I must stick to short stories; but I trust these will be good enough to keep me from being ashamed to meet you, which would be the case could I go to New York now. I would feel myself a failure; and however kind you might be, I could not console myself for what I would feel to be a fact.

St. Pierre,
May 26th/88.

Dear Friend Alden,—To-day (26 May) I send via Barbadoes a little MS. —"Les Blanchisseuses" which I think will please you. I am unable for the moment to furnish illustrative material; but you have among the photographs sent you already about six views of the Roxelane or River of the Washerwomen.

I have in preparation an article on Mount Pelée: it is half finished; but foul weather has interrupted the work.— I cannot get to the summit even with a guide, although the sky is blue everywhere else; the clouds are too heavy over the crater.

In a week or two I may have better luck; and you will be pleased, I am sure, with the ultimate result.

I am in splendid health now and hope you are also and all at Metuchen. The epidemic has ceased in St. Pierre; but it is raging on the opposite coast of the Island. Quarantine will probably be lifted in September.

With affectionate regards to all,—

Believe me faithfully

LAFCADIO HEARN.

June, 1888.

DEAR FRIEND ALDEN,—I had at one time written you to put "Lys" in the fire; but—did not send the letter,—remembering your observation that there was some material in it not devoid of value. Since then I have often been wondering what to do with it; and now it seems to me that I might make something out of it,—suppressing the character altogether. It is really only a record of impressions of travel; I think I can boil it down into something odd,—working at it bit by bit as time permits. If not too much trouble, send it back to me; and I will try to make a brief original sketch out of it.

Always, etc.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Among the letters you kindly forwarded by last mail were several ones from strangers, evoked by the publication of Last Island sketch. These gave me pleasure, coming from persons of apparent literary ability. I also got a letter from the writer on evolution of the color sense, which was unique,—recognizing what persons outside of literary circles very seldom think of, the cost of nervous energy involved by certain classes of imaginative work.

Recognizing fully now the extravagance of that "Lys" sketch, I believe it due chiefly to emotional feeling excited by the experience of the tropics,—a feeling which robs one for the time being of anything resembling judgment. Still, very austere men of a practical character have been considerably affected by the tropics:—the author of *A Naturalist on the River Amazon* is an example; the final pages are very touching, simply as they are written. I do not think the feelings thus excited are without value; but I perceive now that much greater delicacy and self-restraint in handling them is necessary than I had imagined.

L. H.

ST. PIERRE,
MARTINIQUE,
July 17, 1888.

DEAR MR. ALDEN,—The last line received from you bears date of February 13th: this is July 17th. I do not know whether you received all my MS.; and I find I have been able to earn by writing only $100.00 in ten months.

I have never been able to make up for loss of time and money involved by my first failure;—since then I have had to struggle with sickness, humiliations of all sorts, absolute dearth of reading matter (there are no libraries, no books accessible), and the necessity of being inactive for mere want of the means to travel five miles. I am sure you are not pleased with the result; neither am I. I acknowledge myself mentally bankrupt,—totally unable to do anything worth looking at. And there is absolutely no employment for a stranger here.

I am not yet discouraged into the belief that my mind has no value whatever. I think, under certain conditions I can find power to please,—just as a certain wind instrument will play of its own accord if placed in a fitting current of air. . . . But I am convinced I have no *creative* talent, no constructive ability for the manufacture of fiction. I cannot write a story. Even *Chita* was not a story: it was a mere crystallization of sensations into symmetrical shape. . . . I think you once told me that what was needed was the expression of real life,—human life. That I now find I shall never be able to give. Real life is something I spend my whole existence in trying to get away from as far as possible. This is perhaps

morbid,—a sign of defective organization; but it is part of my nature, and cannot change, or modify; it becomes more marked and positive each year. I even suspect that my liking for the tropics is largely due to this feeling: there is no effort here,—no vigorous activity. . . . I only make this remark as reasoning out *why* I can never write stories or sketches that will please. The sort of work which I have had literary success in, is the sort that does not pay. *Chinese Ghosts* was a literary success. The publishers could not sell eight hundred copies.

I would travel a good deal, if independent, in search of these motives inspired by Nature, which I believe always have value and truth, whether direct or disguised; but without means this is not possible. And it seems to me that the only work I am capable of doing well, is that which only a rich man ought to attempt. I might be a sort of book-bee and extract some curious literary honey; but the book-bee must have immense fields to forage,—fields which cost more than any real estate land. Or I might travel to outlandish places,—to seek the beautiful and the novel, and receive, perhaps, some very delightful inspiration; but how is one to live in extraordinary places?

Whatever I imagine, the invariable question arises, how am I to live?—and the invariable inference is that I am not of the "fittest," and have small claim to live at all,—even as an humble part of some industrial machine.

. . . The recollection of my abominable "Lys" revives another memory. I had *Chita* written and was tempted to send it on, when interrupted by a newspaper controversy that kept me busy about six weeks. When I glanced at the MS. again, I was disgusted with it; and could not do anything further with it for months. For this reason I believe I may be able to utilize "Lys" and remodel some of it. But if it takes me ten or twelve months to write a story worth perhaps at the very highest price imaginable $500,—I must have some other means of keeping myself alive in the meanwhile.

You can only be interested in these statements as an expression of the new convictions of one who interested you otherwise, and hopes to please you again in the far future; the facts are old as the hills, of course. I believe myself a little wiser and a great deal cleverer than I am; and I suppose I must get back to journalism or something practical till I can make another start in search of what I have this time totally failed to find.

I expected to be able to get along with a series of short stories and sketches, but thus far I have not been able to utilize a single motive for a short story; and the range of my sketches is limited to the street for want of means to move five miles.

In short I am in a very unpleasant fix; it has not been altogether due to my fault or my literary weakness, but to circumstances beyond my control,—for I did not expect to be in Martinique after January. I do not know whether you can do anything toward helping me to earn my way out of it; but I hope it will not seem indiscreet to suggest the possibility of giving me something to do, for the *Magazine* or for another publication, which I am capable of succeeding in. Do you ever send a writer upon a mission? I might translate something for you. . . . At all events I would do my best. . . . While under continual and very painful mental strain on account of my obligations to others, imaginative work is impossible;—I can feel only the perpetual gnawing of the one thought: "What am I to do?"

With best regards to all, believe me sincerely

LAFCADIO HEARN.

ST. PIERRE,
MARTINIQUE,
August 8/88.

DEAR FRIEND ALDEN,—The effect of hearing from you made me dizzy for a

short while,—because I was too glad; and good news sometimes has an effect as strong as a shock of bad news.

I do not think you will ever receive another extravagant paper from me. I am very thoroughly cured of certain tendencies,—feel quite a change within me,—am conscious of being able to look at things in a new way. . . . In coming here I did not know the immediate effect of climate, which it seems West Indian physicians knew and wrote about generations ago,—nervous excitement. The consequent unnatural stimulus of the imagination you can understand; and a natural disposition to extravagance necessarily becomes something unutterable. I am tempted to believe that climatic influence may have had something to do with the absurdity of that sketch of mine, "Lys."

I want to rewrite "Un Revenant,"—because I can now triple its literary value, having obtained fresh material from an unexpected source. You will be glad to hear also that I have been able to get music, some folklore of value, many legendary or historical notes,—a rich crop of literary matter. Something will grow out of it, besides a volume of sketches; but I cannot guess exactly what. I shall make it work itself out.

For one reason I will be sorry if you cannot use the Pelée article, to be soon sent on, which cost much trouble, (and will be the first of its kind,—excepting a French official paper touching on the eruption of 1851): I mean for the sake of the illustrations. I expect something strikingly effective, as well as totally new; and unless published in the *Magazine* the paper would remain unillustrated. I would be quite willing to have it substituted for another paper, if you like it better.—Regarding photographic work, I will do the best I can, under very adverse circumstances. I was able to beg a few plates for the Grande Anse trip—only ten, or you would have had more views; but now I can coax none from anybody.

To hear of you busy with creative work, in addition to the awful mass of magazine and book duty you always assume, astonishes me more now than even it could have done last year. For all mental work must cease in this climate at 2.30 P.M., or thereabout. Night work is dangerous, and never gives a solid result. It is only possible to write well in the forenoon, while the stomach is empty (nobody eats before midday)—once you have eaten there is an end of thinking.

The nervous expenditure involved by work in the north,—mental work,—would be impossible here. A young friend,—a French professor,—persisting in attempting to finish a paper on Cayenne for a Paris review, against advice, died here during my stay.

My idea has been for some time that I will be able to make a tropical novel. I have scenic matter all ready; but I lack a moral motive. I have everything about climatic effect, and customs, and beliefs, but no large idea. Nothing could be more material than this tropic life; there is no effort, no ambition;—therefore the spiritual forces which beget self-sacrifices, heroisms, nobilities of life, are totally absent. Neither is there an idyllic element. The romance of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre never could have taken place in Martinique: I doubt if it ever did in Mauritius. There are Virginias, but no Pauls. Paul has a mistress at fifteen or sixteen, who destroys all idealism for him. I have thought about utilizing an American or European element, and bringing it into contact with the artless nature of these mixed races; but I am in doubt about the *ethics* of the undertaking.

"*L'hivernage!*"—Rain, rain, rain,—two or three times a day; alternations of stifling vapor and blinding sun. It will not be over till October; but there will be occasional *embellies*, clear spells, which may allow of work on Pelée within a few days more, perhaps.

Many thanks for kind letter sent me, which I return. I received several private letters about *Chita*,—one very mean

one,—so mean it made me walk the floor all night for several nights and swear, instead of going to sleep: you can't *imagine* how mean it was! And the man who wrote it was no ignorant or uncultivated person,—a man who wrote with the precision and restrained sarcasm of a Jesuit in a controversy.

I do not know whether you read James' puissant, ingenious amazing paper on Loti. Supposing it possible you might have missed it, I send it on. The conclusion of Loti's moral analysis is startling enough. Still, James, no more than Maudsley, cannot lay down the line where the *spiritual* side (granting the term as correct) ends or begins. The article seems to me to argue simply that the sensations ordinarily classed as sensuous (though *all* sensations may be so termed by physiologists), and responding most closely to the appetite connected with physical necessities, being all primitive and older than moral feelings, have been developed into delicacy before the others. This is according to the evolutional order of things. Not until the nervous system has been developed to a far more exquisite delicacy than it now possesses, can the moral development correspondingly reveal anything strikingly progressive. The lower functions must be perfected before the higher,—being their pedestals and foundations.

I thank you more for having made me see my faults and be ashamed of them, than I can say. It is the kindness which is above all others, because the result is greater and more enduring. I hope to show some of its consequences soon. . . . But I pray you not to leave me again for six whole months without a word;—a line in three months will do a wonderful lot of good, when the distances are so great!

My love to all at home:—whatever one could feel toward a father I feel toward you. I still trust before seeing you again to justify your best hopes of me.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

SAINT PIERRE,
Sept. 5/88.

DEAR FRIEND ALDEN,—Last night descending from my trip to the northeast coast with Léon Sully the photographer, I was agreeably surprised to have the carriage stopped by Arnoux, who, although of the aristocrats in this little world, was kind enough to walk a full mile up the mountain-road to hand me your letters,—which made me quite as happy as you could have wished.

Our trip to Grande Anse was tolerably successful. Nature was kind, very kind to us. She uncovered her mountain peaks, —a rare event in this season; even Pelée was perfectly naked. We took two superb views of the grand mass from a point overlooking Grande Anse: everything sharp as a knife edge. The sea had fallen; because there was a storm on the west coast, the wind having changed. This was disappointing for the swimming scene, which I was obliged to have simulated,—the barrels being filled with seawater instead of tafia; for there were no regular shipments, and might not be for six weeks to come. The effect is not what I would have liked; but perhaps it will please you. I could not secure some things desired. The *carouge*-breeding season is now over; and as the nest is stitched to the under side of a banana leaf (sometimes breadfruit) it falls with the falling of this little awning to which it hangs. I could not find one. I was also disappointed about the girls. They refuse to pose unless allowed to go home and dress;—then they are no longer types of *porteuses* or *travailleuses* and much less attractive. Such types can only be taken instantaneously with an instrument like mine; and I may spoil or miss a great number of chances before succeeding with one,—but I will not leave Martinique until I have caught some good types.

We took altogether twenty-one views. In this climate plates commence to spoil when kept over a certain time; and it seems one package was thus affected. Happily none of the small

views taken were essential to the success of the trip: they were instantaneities of bathing scenes and children playing. We took good plates of Pelée from the northeast, ravines on the road, with curtains of arborescent ferns, woman carrying bamboo-grass, etc.—(half the load had to be taken off to prevent her face from being hidden by it. We spent in the journey and the work, three days; and the result seems very small. But in a country which, although but forty-nine miles long and less than twenty broad, contains over four hundred mountains, the difficulties of outdoor photography in the rainy and heated season, are extraordinary.

No one is going to repeat the labor of photographing from the summit with any chance of success; the weather must be watched constantly, and that by a native who understands it: for the barometer is useless in Martinique.

I wanted to get a view of Dominica as seen from Grande Anse,—a beautiful violet ghost, rarely visible. It came, and refused to be taken,—remaining as blue as the sea and sky,—and vanishing when the sun rose. Nothing is so strange and impressive in West Indian scenery as the silhouettes of distant islands—rising up all peaked like a cathedral, and just the rich blue of amethyst or sapphire when first clearly defined. There must, however, be exceptional conditions of light to photograph these shapes.

I feel worried about not having been able to read proofs. Proof reading to me means more than a rewriting: it is the finish, the polish, the correction of all faults that cannot be judged in MS. —MS. is colorless and vague. Print is positive and critical by itself. I never took more pains with *Chinese Ghosts* than with various papers sent you; but I had a chance to polish the work in proof. The "Midsummer Trip" would have been totally different could I have read it;—I could even have given it, I believe, a certain quality of literary value; but as it is now, I fear it is worse than nothing from this point of view, and *full* of serious errors. It is proof-correction in which the writer is best able to assert his individuality;—it does not seem to me an article not read by me has been written by me in healthy conditions; it is not me. Absolutely practical work reappears uninjured without the writer's revision; but any attempt at colored or romantic work is destroyed by want of it,—destroyed at least for the writer. I am an ex-professional proof reader; and by polishing a proof, I do not mean giving the printer the trouble of resetting even a single page. It is a particular touching and retouching of text, which totally changes the effect,—just as one touch to the outlines of a drawn profile changes all the expression and character of the face. Each one has his own way of doing it; no one can do it for him,—and without it being done the work is an outline only, or an unfinished sketch. Not being able to read one's proofs is the discouragement supreme,—so much depends on it for one who has been used to it for fifteen years, and who *never* omitted to read a proof without regretting it. I would be glad,—under possible circumstances,—to pay the price of composition of each proof in order to read it. There is more difference in the appearance of an article printed without being seen by me, and one retouched, than between a first and fourth writing of the MS. text.

Not to be able to read the *Porteuses* in proof—I shall be afraid to look at it. I would not have missed reading it for ten times its value if I could have helped it. There are little touches,—words,—sensations,—over which you dream all the interval between writing and publication,—to be thrown in with a pencil at the last moment; and you do not get the chance.

All the year the idea of what you have written remains ripening in the mind, strengthening, perfecting; and nevertheless it must appear unfinished! Nothing makes one suffer more than not being

able to read proofs. You would like my work better, I really believe, if I could thus finish it;—I cannot finish it in MS. even by rewriting every page six times. Something is wanting,—proportion, restraint, color,—the visible maintenance of a purpose in the choice of words. I do not believe an article of 36,000 words *can* be perfected in MS. There is so much to do with 36,000 words! There are three times the number of things to do.—I know the perfecting by aid of proof is artificial in a certain sense,—and that one might presume too much upon it. But with long experience in writing, one *feels* that maturity-point of MS.-life, at which the proof reading will suddenly hatch out all the beauties and make visible the faults. Were I offered for the MS. of a book I had written $5,000 without seeing proofs, and the mere privilege of being published in case I should read proofs, unless pressed by extreme necessity I would not hesitate a second to let the $5,000 go. The book would not be me, if I could not correct it.

I am tolerably sure I will be able to please you with the Honduras article. I will never attempt anything again like the "Midsummer Trip"—indeed, I do not like to read it now; my ideas about work have changed. I think you will recognize this if you have time to read my paper on Pelée; and I hope you can do so; for Pelée is Martinique; its head, its ruler meteorologically, and the source of nearly half of its seventy-five principal rivers.

I do not think I will ever cause you any trouble again;—this time circumstances were against me, and but for my sickness I would have been able to get along without letting you know what had happened to me. On the other hand the sympathy and goodness of your reply almost prevents me from feeling sorry I did let you know. With love to you always, and all yours at home,— LAFCADIO HEARN.

Sept. 13.

DEAR FRIEND ALDEN,—I reopen envelope to insert a line. Yesterday I made the ascent of Pelée to the extreme tip,—also had a swim in the crater. To-day I feel as if I had been "broken on the wheel"—cannot move. It was beyond any question the most terrible journey I ever made;—we had to climb up through seven or eight miles of tropical forest, and descend the same path, —always over roots of trees covered with a green slimy moss, slippery as ice. I think I must have fallen more than 200 times. The native guides, barefooted, never tripped or fell, although heavily loaded with provisions and Mr. Sully's photographic instrument. For them the journey was nothing: I never saw such men! After all the result was disappointing. We had momentary vistas,—not long enough for a summit view with the camera. We took a photo of the crater lake, with a view of the Morne la Croix overtopping it: the first ever made; but the clouds kept coming and annoyed us unutterably. Sully says he will try again; but there are 100 chances to one he cannot succeed. The weather must be exceptional. All was clear at 8 o'clock; we had left the city at four A.M.—could not make the crater before eleven, or 11.30 and the Morne over it till 1 P.M. Meantime the clouds formed and much thunder. We did not get to town till 9 P.M. If Sully succeeds before he leaves Martinique, I shall have some superb panoramic views from him; but it is not likely. I have done the best I could; will complete article in a few days and send you. But I would not undertake the journey again;—it is atrocious!

Faithfully
LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE LION'S MOUTH

A GAMBLE IN FUTURES

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I ENVY people who have one fixed ambition in life and who never have had to worry about what they were going to do when they grew up. There must be a certain satisfaction in making up your mind at the age of eight to be a locomotive engineer, and graduating from school right into the caboose, and staying there. Think how much bother that would save. With me things seem to be different. When I was a little boy I had a terrible time deciding what to do when I grew up, and as time goes on I don't seem to make the proper sort of headway with the problem. Of course it has got to be settled sooner or later. It would look odd not to have made any definite decision at the age, say, of seventy-five. But there are so many attractive things.

I had some excellent ideas on the subject at a fairly early period in my life. I didn't fall for the sort of career to which all orthodox small boys are supposed to aspire. I didn't yearn to be a fireman, for example. That is to say, not a professional one, with a rubber coat and helmet. I preferred the role of resourceful amateur. What I longed for was that some night I should wake up and discover an enormous fire enveloping a neighboring house, whereupon I should sprint for the fire-alarm box, turn in the alarm, tear back into the burning house, and rescue a whole crowd of suffocating people, retaining just enough strength to come down the front steps of the house and collapse into the arms of a fireman on the sidewalk, amid terrific applause. There you have it—the resourceful amateur.

Nor did I really want to be a professional motorman. But I used to stand on the front platforms of street cars and watch the way the motorman handled the controller, the idea being that some day he would fall dead or something in a particularly ticklish place—perhaps leaving the car going full tilt for an open drawbridge—and the passengers, with blanched faces, would cry, "Isn't there anybody here who can save us?" and I would step modestly forward, saying, "I think I know how," and would stop the car on the brink of catastrophe. It was pointed out to me that this would be rather hard on the motorman, so sometimes I worked it out that he didn't really drop dead, but fainted, having eaten something that disagreed with him, and presently was found to be just as good as ever. This was felt to be the perfect solution of the problem; it brought me heroically into action without involving unnecessary bloodshed.

The principal trouble with this amateur motorman business was that it didn't give me an opportunity to fall senseless into anybody's arms. Falling senseless was to me the necessary climax of each episode in a career of heroism. Later on, when my ambitions became principally athletic, I found a way to achieve this telling effect. I imagined myself as a future track athlete participating in the mile run, in which I sprinted the last hundred yards, winning from my opponent by six inches, and inevitably falling exhausted into the arms of those present. Time, 4 minutes $28\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. The time might vary in different versions of the performance; it might be as slow as $4.31\frac{2}{5}$, or as fast as $4.24\frac{4}{5}$, but always the margin of victory was six inches. Usually I was carried

from the field in a triumphal procession by my friends, very weak, but very happy.

A good many years have gone by since then, and meanwhile my ideas about my career have altered a bit. To be sure, I still have sneaking hopes of being the hero of a fire. There was a time last winter when we smelled smoke in the apartment and I thought my great day had come, only to discover, on dashing bravely to the basement, that the janitor had been boiling some winter underwear and had fallen asleep during the performance of this meritorious act, allowing the water to boil away and the underwear to burn and smoke hideously. All that fate allowed me to do on this occasion was to run out and inform the onrushing fire department—which some hysterical person had summoned—that we had the underwear under control and that all danger was past. Another time perhaps the janitor will let me rescue him and the thing will be done as it should. However, I have learned that this fire-hero business is something you can't count on. You have to have a regular occupation between fires.

One of my best ambitions, which recurs regularly after every visit to the theater, is that of being a dramatist. A great life, the dramatist's. Between you and me, I have even decided on certain things to be included in the play which is to make my success. It is going to begin with an empty, dark stage; you hear a telephone ringing, and after it has been ringing a long time the door clicks and a butler comes in, turns on the light, goes to the telephone and answers it. What happens then I'm not positive, but, at any rate, the play begins well. There's another place in it where the heroine turns out the light and goes to the French window and looks out at the moonlit backdrop, and hums a tune to herself. The effect is—well, it must be clear by this time that practically all I have to do, now that I've decided on those two scenes, is to toss in a plot and a little dialogue, and the play will go with a rush. I think I'll finish it next summer—between fires.

Still, there are other things that I want to do. Take politics, for example. I decided the other night that presently I'd go into politics, and stand up before a great auditorium packed with excited people and tell them very plainly that the right must triumph. "Ladies and gentlemen," I would say, "the issues are clear. Are we to allow the contemptible policy advocated by my opponent to be translated shamelessly into humiliating action?" (Cries of "No! No!") "Are we to go backward or forward?" (Cries of, "Forward!")

Now that, I submit, would be pretty exhilarating. My wife points out that when I asked the audience whether they wanted to go backward or forward, they might all shout, "Backward!" But she hardly does my eloquence justice. The real problem is, how to combine politics on a large scale with play writing.

Occasionally I think I see how I could carry both these careers simultaneously, and then the problem is complicated by my desire to be a great executive. Just now I'm convinced that there's nothing like being a great executive. I must have an enormous office, with windows looking out over the great city. I shall sit at a massive desk in the middle of the room—a mahogany desk with a sheet of plate-glass on it. There will be a row of mother-of-pearl buttons set along the edge of the desk. I shall press one, and a beautiful young girl will come into the room. I shall say, "Get me the Secretary of State on the telephone, Miss Biggs," or, "Take this letter to Mr. Rockefeller, Miss Biggs—'Dear Rockefeller, You have one day more to meet me at my own terms. Yours sincerely.'"

And Miss Biggs will report, "There's a deputation from the Ohio Industrial Association to meet you, sir."

"Show them in," I shall reply; and when they come in I shall glance up from my papers, set my jaw, and say, quietly but firmly: "Gentlemen, you wish my

answer? It is, 'No,'" and they will creep out like a lot of whipped dogs. Then I shall open the drawer of my desk, take out a cigar, slowly light it, and smile thoughtfully to myself.

Now wouldn't that be perfectly great? Frankly, wouldn't you like to be able to do that sort of thing? No details—Heavens! no; your subordinates handle the details. Just decisions, swift, relentless. Just pressing buttons, dictating telegrams, with a glass-topped desk in front of you and the roar of the city coming in faintly through the open window. That's the life for me.

Probably I'll have to give up one or the other of these ideas. It occurred to me yesterday that politics and being an executive might be combined if one were President, and I almost made up my mind to run against Mr. Harding, or, instead of him, in 1924. To do this would simplify matters to a certain extent. Yet there are disadvantages in going about it this way.

For example, another thing I want to do is to have a first-class butterfly collection. I haven't any collection at all yet, but I studied butterflies a good deal last summer and I mean to begin collecting them next year. Now, suppose I did this. Probably my collection wouldn't be complete by 1924. I should want to go on. How would it look to read in the paper: "The President expects to sign the revenue bill to-morrow. To-day he went out with his butterfly net in Rock Creek Park, and caught an almost perfect specimen of *Papilio glaucus* after a spirited chase"?

No, it wouldn't do. Not even if the President, after successfully chloroforming the almost perfect specimen of *Papilio glaucus*, fell senseless into the arms of the Secret Service men. And there is also to be taken into consideration the probability that if I were President I wouldn't be able to play the traps in a jazz orchestra.

You didn't know I'd ever wanted to play the traps? Well, that only shows how little of our real selves we show to our friends. Some day I'm going to buy a lot of drums and triangles and tambourines, and the first thing you know I'll be at the point where I can throw the drumstick into the air and catch it again without breaking the rhythm. I've thought of practicing on the traps at the White House, and I'm not so sure it couldn't be arranged. In the East Room, for instance. You see, the White House has grounds all round it, whereas the apartment we live in now has other people right on the floor below who don't even like "Onward, Christian Soldiers" on the piano. And then imagine the sensation of playing the traps at your own inaugural ball.

But what's the use? It wouldn't do. It must be one or the other, that's sure. Why can't I definitely make up my mind, and put an end to this uncertainty? But first I think I'd better send this piece off to Harper's. If accepted, it would be a happy augury of the future—as an author. I could promptly follow it up with a novel that would run into several editions — and then another novel, more brilliant than the first. . . .

MY NEIGHBOR AND MYSELF

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

NO doubt it was an oversight on my part to buy the house at all without consulting the neighbors. My only excuse is that at the time I thought of them only as *the* neighbors, and not yet *my* neighbors. I took what I conceived to be the ordinary precautions; I went over the house with a builder whom I trusted, and I paid for an elaborate bit of research known as abstract of title. It never occurred to me to make a house-to-house canvas of the neighbors to learn what they were holding out on me.

The first to unmask was Mr. Odgers, next door to the south, who paused to watch me uncrate the dining table at the precise moment when I discovered the nail driven through the crate into the edge of my priceless ancestral mahogany.

He did his best, but the scar remains to this day unhealed by any words of his. He hinted in unmeasured terms that you never could trust anybody to crate your furniture, and that anybody might have known that the only safe way was to do it all yourself. Then he asked me what I was going to do about the cellar.

I said I had hardly known it long enough to feel justified in outlining a policy, and was about to ask him whether he would recommend the Montessori Method or the Swedish System when he went on to say that there was a perennial spring of water in that cellar, and that no plan had ever been devised to drain it thereof. It "stood to reason," he said, that it should be so, and demonstrated it by his own private mixture of misinformation, one part distorted from a professor of geology (deceased) to two parts exuded by a witch-hazel practitioner who was said to have detected and traced the underground stream. When I succeeded in interpolating the plea that the cellar was at the moment as dry as the attic, Mr. Odgers imperturbably called my attention to the fact that it was an extra-dry season; that springs were drying this year that had never dried before. Anyway, the water from the sidewalk would always flow into the cold-air box of the furnace. You see, the wind always comes through between the Town Hall and the Baptist church, and drifts the snow here on the sidewalk deeper than any place else in the village; then when it melts it flows straight into that cold-air box. Stands to reason it can't go any place else.

He then devoted a further hour of his precious time to the exposition—I couldn't invite him to dinner, for the dining table still waited on the porch. It was graphic; I could picture the rush of water into the furnace, its spouting up the registers! He had, he said, lived there (man and boy) for forty years; tenants had come and tenants had gone in the house I had bought, but not one had been able to divert that flow from its undeviating course into the cold-air box. And the year of the big blizzard it not only flowed in, but it froze there. (Before my mind's eye the geysers from the registers petrified into crystal columns.) And "they said" we were to have another blizzard next winter. Ever notice how them things come round every so often? Well, then, we're about due for another one, ain't we? Now his cellar was always dry as a bone; funny thing, too, right next door to mine.

That evening Mrs. Pardoe came in to find out whether we had had anything done to the kitchen chimney. My wife asked, anxiously, what was the matter with it. Mrs. Pardoe said that somehow it never did work just right. Mrs. Tiptod, who used to live here five years ago, tried everything, but she never could get her oven to heat. They even had it tore out right under the roof there, and built in different, but it wa'n't no use. The last folks that lived here, they didn't bother much about it; they always cooked with the gas, but that way your kitchen was always cold in the winter. Mr. Pardoe he always said he s'posed they didn't dare build a real good fire in that stove now, considerin' the kind of a job they did rebuildin' the chimney; it was that loose-jointed up there under the roof it was liable to set the house afire any minute. But, anyway, it never had, and maybe he didn't know so much about it as he thought he did; but he ought to, due to him spendin' so much time up there with the bricklayers, one of 'em bein' a kind of second cousin of his, as he happened to find out after he come there on the job. After Mrs. Pardoe had gone it took me a long time to convince my wife that the builder and I had made a thorough examination of the kitchen chimney just underneath the roof.

I was out when Mrs. Lovegrove called, and I think the circumstance saved her life, and me from a murderer's fate. She wandered all over the house and found fault with all our arrangements. Mrs. Tiptod always had the piano there. Mrs. Tiptod had a *round* dining table,

and had the sideboard in the bay window. Mrs. Tiptod kept the coffee grinder on the shelf behind the stove. You can't sleep with the bed that way; you have to have the head to the north; Mrs. Tiptod had it here, and she never opened the window. What *have* you done to this room? Mrs. Tiptod had a blue-flowered paper here, and it was always the *best* room. Why do you have so many books? Mrs. Tiptod had one little bookcase with glass in the front; it stood right here, and she never had books all round like this. Why don't you have one of them Madonna pictures over the mantel? Mrs. Tiptod always did, and she had the loveliest fruit piece in the dining room. I don't suppose I shall ever get a shot at Mrs. Tiptod (she has gone out into the *Ewigkeit*, or to Fort Dodge, or words to that effect), but Mrs. Lovegrove lives just across the street; there are many kilos of her; I doubt if I could miss her.

It was Mr. McHeff who tried to wish a neighborhood feud on us. He asked me whether I intended to use the path between his house and the Eelses'. I said I hadn't used it much; I usually went out by the street. Why? Well, he didn't s'pose old man Eels would mind *much* if *I* used it. The trouble was when Ruel Alefounder bought the place and then refused to buy the right of way in from Eels's lane and called Alf Eels a robber for the price he was askin' for it. There was a time then when it was as much as your life was worth for anyone who lived in this house to go through there. Mrs. Tiptod didn't make things much better, neither. She told Alf Eels to his face he was a dirty old skinflint, an' she had words with Mis' Eels whenever she went by, till you'd 'a' thought there was a cat fight every day in the week an' twice on Sunday. Still, he didn't think that if I was careful not to rub ol' man Eels the wrong way I sh'd have *much* trouble. But you never could tell; he's such a pernickety old cuss.

My duty to an unkempt quarter-section that lay between my sidewalk and the road was expounded to me by Uncle Ed Leddy, he of the squirrel tooth. I was to plow it and seed it, and then "lawnmower" it, I and my heirs and assigns forever. In vain I pointed out to him that if I kept the acre of ground within my own legally defined boundaries reasonably massaged and barbered, it was all I could undertake, and, I feared, a bit more. In vain I urged that my share of the town taxes would more than cover the improvement if the town wished it undertaken. In vain I argued that no one else in the village had any such burden laid at his door. Uncle Ed was inexorable. The town expected it of me and I should incur his (Uncle Ed's) severe displeasure if I neglected this civic opportunity.

I have lived in the house now long enough to have seen the revolving year more than once round its dial. There has never been more water in my cellar than the water company allows me. Except for a casual squirrel now and then, I have nothing in my cold-air box but cold air. My kitchen chimney stands as a monument to the bricklayers of the former age. The neighbors will have their little initiation stunts, but don't risk any money on what they say. Not but what a fellow ought to know what he's getting into. There's that chap that is buying the Pardoe place, for instance. I really think somebody ought to tell him how rotten the sills are on account of old Pardoe banking up the underpinning in the winter and leaving it year in and year out—maybe I ought to tell him myself.

OUR OTHER SELVES

BY MAYONE LEWIS

"POLLY ESTHER," I said to my old-maid friend, "did it ever occur to you to wonder what kind of woman you would have been if you had married, let us say, Dicky Reed?"

"Never," she answered, promptly. "I'm too busy."

"Think it over," I retorted; "it's a very amusing exercise when you are dusting this tiresome old mahogany."

Later, as we threaded our needles and contentedly sorted the big heap of stockings—for darning is a recreation to us in that it gives us a rare hour of leisurely chat—I repeated the question:

"What kind of person would you be now if you had married Dick Reed?"

"Married Dick! Ten years of boredom and more of it still to come! I refuse to consider the thought."

"This is hypothesis, my dear, not persuasion," I said, dryly. "Don't be alarmed. As we children used to say, 'Let's s'pose.'"

"I can spare myself the effort, because I see that you have it all thought out and are eager to tell me."

"If you were Mrs. Reed you wouldn't have made that reply," I said. "You'd have been too dull. That's the worst of dullness; it's infectious."

"Contrariwise, I suppose I owe my present brilliancy to your companionship?"

"No," I answered, seriously (I always make a point of becoming straightforward when Polly essays sarcasm. "No. You owe your present delightful responsiveness, my dear, to the free currents of air that play around the old maid's brain, around the brain, in fact, of any one whose personality is free to expand and enlarge itself at will. But nice, dull Dicky would have been cramping. He is one of those placid, stubborn men who rotate contentedly between the office and the front porch, and who make one feel like a torturer if one suggests a change. You would now be feeding and clothing about six tow-headed, placid children, and you would take your mother-in-law on trips with you because she had never been separated from her darling boy. Need I say more?"

"You have said quite enough already. Are you trying to make me content with my lot? To be sure there are those tow-heads—"

"Forget them, my dear girl; you might not have had any. Lots of people don't, often the very nicest people. It is one of my chief quarrels with Nature that she invariably propagates from her weakest and lets some of her finest wither without issue. That is another instance of her glorious prodigality, her terrible indifference. She mows down the strong man and woman while she suffers the weak and the worthless to reproduce. She would have us believe she can grow human lilies out of slime, but I never saw one. Did you? Her ways are inscrutable. To her the individual is nothing; quantity is her sole interest—life and life and yet more life. She is endlessly procreant and tirelessly patient. In the eons that are hers she can afford to work through chance and indirection. How hard and how foolish her ways appear to minds that abhor waste, that seek straight lines as the shortest distance to the goal desired!"

"Yes, we disapprove of the ways of Nature, yet so powerful is Nature in us that we never think of going counter to her currents, or, if we do, we suffer promptly. You and I, for example, think it rational that the pure and the enlightened should continue the race. We are fairly good and well-informed, yet we don't marry because our natures have not prompted us to do so."

"And when I see our old suitors I am reconciled to Nature's ways," said I. "There's Harold Plumtree, for instance, with whom you rode and swam and ate ice-cream sodas from the age of eight to twenty. He is grossly fat. Think of it! that splendid, arrowy boy!—and he has caused poor Meg many a red-eyed night and many an indignant, heart-breaking morning. I'm glad, dear Polly, that Nature pointed you to a different path from Hal's, back there in your springtime, when the trails of life looked almost identical, and only a subtle instinct warned you which to take."

"Why, honey, you're getting quite solemn over these reminiscences! As if I ever thought of marrying Hal! But he *was* a fine boy. I remember the day we—"

"What absurd notions we conceived when we were in our teens!" I interrupted, "and how different we should have been if we had carried them out! Do you remember the time when you wanted to be a doctor, and your father refused to allow it?"

"You were just as silly!" Polly countered. "You wrote me a long letter one summer, saying you were going to be a missionary to India. It was the first I had heard of it, but your tone was so earnest that I was horribly alarmed. That crisis passed, and within a year or two you wanted to be a suffrage organizer."

"What blessed egoists and idealists we were!" I laughed. "I suppose that was our equivalent for falling in love."

"But you *did* fall in love, too," said matter-of-fact Polly, "and so did I, I've forgotten how many times."

"Yes, and wasn't there a delightful exhilaration in the possibility of becoming Mrs. A. or Mrs. B., two quite different people, living along quite different lines? The chief charm of youth," I continued, after a pause, "as I look back on it, is its assurance of the measureless possibilities of life. Youth doesn't appreciate its own beauty, its evanescent charm; it takes maturity and the backward glance to do that. Youth does not enjoy its romances; they are too poignant and too much mixed with self-consciousness for real enjoyment. But the wealth of youth consists in its sense of security, in its faith in its freedom of choice and in the variety of things it may choose. That faith accompanied me till a year ago—" Polly looked up quizzically and I hastily corrected myself. "No, I haven't really lost it yet, but, on the shady side of thirty, it grows visibly weaker. Faith in one's many-sidedness, faith in one's power to choose and to succeed is a plant that flowers in the strong sun of youth. I remember how impatient I used to be with you, Polly Esther, when you were doubtful of a new venture, or lukewarm about some mad proposition of mine. Your few additional years were sufficient to bring distrust of these will-o'-the-wisps. How youth loves the day-dreams in which it sees itself in infinitely varying attitudes, all of them noble, or, at the least, successful! To the young the world is so full of a number of things that the only difficulty is the initial one of choice of one's path. To be a doctor and effect marvelous cures, and never charge a penny to the poor, and yet grow rich and famous; to be a missionary and teach the bored and enslaved women of heathendom what freedom of thought and action, what self-respect and respect for their sex mean; to write stories at once popular and true to life (fancy such a combination!); to marry and bring up children who would be both natural and well-bred, intelligent and modest, self-reliant and obedient—how is youth to choose among careers so varied and so enticing? At twenty-two all seem equally possible and almost equally alluring. Then chance, fate, nature, what you will, steps in, sets one's feet in a narrow way which soon becomes dusty and thorny enough to tame the most exuberant fancy. Thirty comes and presently forty, and, in most cases, fifty and sixty find us following the windings of that same little path which we entered upon so unsuspectingly, so jauntily, in our fateful twenties. The paths we might have followed have branched off from ours long ago, some of them unseen by us as we kept our eyes on the pitfalls in our way; they are now hopelessly divergent. At each of those cross-roads, seen or unseen, we have, consciously or unconsciously, buried a self that we might have been. Poorer in imagination, but richer in experience, we go on our predestined way, building up and evolving the self that we actually are, free, as John Burroughs says, only within the limits of our own nature, free so far as our consciousness goes, but actually as much rooted in our chosen environment and as much predetermined to it as yonder pine tree on the mountain-side."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

EASY chairs are not yet so easy as one could wish. There are people who are rested from the cares and efforts of the war, and there are others who are not and probably never will be. There are still many, many people in this world who would like to sit down for a long rest and take no thought of the morrow. A tired American, who went to Europe in 1913 and was still tired when he came to England, wrote down in his notebook, "When you go to a country which has a going civilization, why not sit down and ride in it." So many people would like to do just that, but countries having a going civilization capable of carrying travelers or weary people comfortably are fairly scarce. There is no civilization that one can sit down in and take no thought for himself. There is no civilization like that in England before the war in smooth working order at present.

One of the questions that press is whether things are growing better or growing worse. In some countries—Belgium, for one—they are improving decidedly; in others they are wavering; and in others still they are going downhill; but unless the wavering countries can be steadied and unless the decline in the declining countries can be checked, even those that are going ahead can hardly hold their progress.

Here at home we have this question as much as any other country. Are things getting better or are they getting worse? We have had a big shrinkage in prices; the gas has been let out of many balloons, and values have been cruelly jolted; but at this writing (in January) we are not sure yet where the bottom is or whether we have touched it. In March certain old things will pass away—to wit, the Wilson administration—and a new thing will come in the persons of Mr. Harding and his advisers. Active and aspiring people with rampant energies want to show Mr. Harding's administration what to do, but a great many other people hope that it is going to be an easy chair that they can sit down in and rest. Their hopes are only too likely to be disappointed, but at least one great thing will be accomplished—the deadlock between the executive and legislative branches of the government will be ended, and an administration will be in charge that has power to act.

One sign that easy chairs are going to be more popular is that readers are getting back to books. About that there is no mistake, and it means a good deal. When the Great War came bang into the world in August, 1914, readers dropped their books and took to newspapers. Many of them hardly looked at a book again for four years, or, if they did, it was some book about the war, or that explained the war, or was somehow related to it, or that took them quite out of the existing world and rested them for a moment. And they did quite right. The newspapers of those years were wonderful reading. Nothing between covers could touch them. They were full of news of events, and such events! Dispassionate thoughts had to wait. That went on, as we all remember, for four years, and the great news lasted for almost a year longer than that, but nowadays newspapers have really got back to something like their pre-war condition. Ordinarily one can skip them for a day or two and not miss anything vital. The information they

diffuse still includes much that is highly important, but much of the space that once went to matters that were changing the world is now spent on holdup men, profiteers, motor-car thieves, sports, political gossip, tattle, and governmental projects that are dry reading. Politics, since election, is prosaic and has got along to the point where the important things seem to be economy and retrenchment. Thinkers are thinking things over, and out of that the best books come, and also the inclination to read them. Whereas four years ago he who read a book was in danger of losing time and getting behind in what he ought to know, now it has come to be that the loser is he who neglects important books. The sign of the change came gradually to people who found that the book-review departments of the week-end papers had come to interest them again. It had been a long time since that had happened, and it was really a sign of settling down.

And then their bookshelves, that held companions of all their past years, and that had come in war days to seem to them like mere cabinets of stale medicine unfit to cure the new diseases, began to look friendly again. To be sure, the old life and the old world had gone, and the books on the shelves belonged to a past that all respected authorities agreed had vanished; but still their old-time readers also belonged considerably to that same past, and would as long as they lasted, and to have the companionship of those other relics was consoling to loneliness.

And, furthermore, though this was a new era, humanity had not changed its nature, and there had been new eras before, and each one had always had to start with the population that earth was stocked with when it began, and was colored and affected, especially in its early efforts, by the whims and prejudices and habits that that population had brought along with it from the era preceding, so that, after all, some remembrance of what had been was almost necessary to understanding and foresight of what might happen, and the poor dear books on the shelves at least remembered and recalled what was.

When we start again to live, even after the most monstrous war and the worst jolt ever, we have to start from where we left off. There is no other way. One can imagine the passengers on the Ark feeling the grating of her keel on Ararat, and can guess what their feelings must have been on getting back to earth. Well, this return to books by the readers is something like that.

Of course the new books are of all sorts, like their patrons. There are the novels of the day about the life of this present moment in various places as reported by various persons who think they see it; and, if one may judge from what the reviewers say of them, they reflect pretty faithfully the strange effects of the war on the minds and morals of its participants and observers. One quality—one defect—all the new books, good or bad, light or weighty, share in common, much to the regret of publishers; they cost more than they used to. White paper is still very dear; composition, press work, and binding are all very much more expensive than they used to be, and the cost of manufacture of books, as also of magazines and all periodicals and newspapers, has magnified to a degree that might be ominous to the distribution of literature if one could suppose it would be permanent. Doubtless it won't, though the wasteful use of forests to supply an immensely voracious appetite for wood pulp, may keep books fairly dear after bread and boots and raiment and motor cars have adjusted themselves to the capacity of buyers.

The great reading, as always, is about human life, current, immediate, and prospective, with due proportion of books that look back a little into the world that was and tell about that. Mrs. Asquith's confessions cover a good part of the generation before the war, and bring British existence, sporting and political,

as operated by herself and many interesting, and some highly distinguished, companions, right down to the footlights across which present audiences are looking. Such books as hers belong to the class that help to explain why what happened happened to the world. The immediate books aim to tell what is now going on, and the third class try to puzzle out what will happen next and what mankind will do about it. The great reading now is about that, and the pith of it concerns the adjustment of human relations.

The most important book of the hour —at least the most popular substantial book—is Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*, in which that diligent and dauntless author undertakes to trace the evolution and historical development of the human animal, and to show him how far he has got, what mistakes he has made, what dangers threaten him, and where and by what means he may hope to come out. All that is what thinking people want to know and they will seek it anywhere where the chance of finding it looks good.

There are at least two books that leave their readers regretful that the subjects of them are not back in this world where we could get the benefit of their thoughtful opinions on things that have happened since they died. There is a life of Joseph Choate, who had thought long upon the subject of peace in this world and had worked hard to promote it, and of whom it may fairly be said that he gave his life finally for that cause. The degree of political detachment to which he attained, his acuteness of perception and sagacity in application, his passion for peace between nations, and his practical experience as ambassador to England and as a delegate to the Hague conference in working for that peace, all make one wish that we had his reaction on the League of Nations, his exposition of whatever side he took about it, and his persuasive influence in securing the adoption of whatever course he approved.

And to help us to decisions in another line of problems we wish we had back William James, whose letters, amounting really to a biography, are one of the very notable books of the season. All his life Doctor James pursued spiritual truth, looking for it wherever he could find it, with slight regard to academic approval. He was himself a sophisticated and instructed person. He knew something of natural science. He had studied art and had graduated as a Doctor of Medicine. He inherited a lively interest in religion and had grown up in a family where that subject was considered and discussed with entire freedom of thought and language. When it came to finding his life work, what Doctor James found was teaching. He became a searcher and a teacher. He taught psychology and he searched for truth. As one reads his letters, it grows upon the mind that he was one of the very important men of his day.

Since Doctor James's death in 1910 civilization has been stood on its head, but the particular thing that we would have been so glad to have him examine and consider are the happenings in his own department of study. The great harvest of spiritist phenomena that came with the war still continues to interest great numbers of people and is producing a whole literature of its own. The spiritist books are still read (two of the best of them, *The Seven Purposes* and *Our Unseen Guest*, are published by the house that publishes this Magazine) and new ones keep coming out which thoughtful people search, not so much any more for reiterated assurances that the dead live, or advance notice of what is going to happen, as for religion—for the spirit that has power to save the bedeviled world, and for the means of connecting it with that operation.

The Pope said the other day (at Christmas time) that the world was affected by five great plagues—negation of authority, hatred among brothers, thirst for pleasure, disgust for work, and forgetfulness of the supernatural objects of life. The religion that one may get out

of the spiritist books touches on all those matters and especially is timely medicine for the last one. This religion comes out of the same blue that all great religions seem to have issued from, and commends itself the more to pious people of our time and land as they discover that it is precisely the same religion that they have always had, but detached a little from the familiar frame in which it has so long been admired, and exhibited as a moving picture, very much alive. People who knew something about Doctor James inclined to believe him, even when he said something they did not know before, and they tolerated his opinion when he thought better of something than they did. So in all of this spiritist activity he would have had a better hearing if we had him because he had been a long-time student of the general subject, and had knowledge of that and of many other things without having a sealed-up mind, or being committed in advance to any theory.

The opinion is very generally held by so-called practical people that the affairs of this world are and must be conducted by folks who are still alive. That opinion was held more positively, perhaps, prior to 1914 than it has been since, but still it is a respected opinion and in the main sound. The machinery of civilization must be operated by living people. They must fight its battles, make its poison gas, build and sink its ships, raise and distribute its food, put up its buildings, connect its communities, check its diseases, and do all the other odd jobs that civilization implies. But when it comes to getting them to do them, or, as now, to cease promoting the destructive jobs and concentrate on those that support life, this exclusive reliance on the living and visible people falls down a little. Sometimes they are hard to handle, and it becomes an urgent problem now to induce them to stop destruction and concentrate on production for a while. Then there is apt to grow up a sentiment that there is need of outside and invisible help, and presently comes a call for it. People say: This is very serious. We are up against it, and it seems more than we can handle. We had better pray.

The world at this writing seems to be progressing rapidly to this pious frame. It needs some outside help. The newspapers printed a New Year Appeal by laymen for prayer which had forty-one signers, headed by Roger Babson and including well-known bankers, merchants, manufacturers, editors, publishers, educators, a lawyer, and a renowned surgeon, who agreed that "only spiritual remedies can cure the present ills of mankind." The newspapers also reported Mr. Harding, the President-elect, as declaring, in a letter received on January 7th by a clergyman in Bridgeport, that "Prayer is a dominant factor for a successful life." It sounded a little as though Mr. Harding, anticipating trouble in making both political ends meet in his prospective occupation, did not intend to limit himself to visible and carnal assistance.

So hard it is to lose the invisible world! So hard for even the most practical people to avoid the impulse to implicate it in the problems of visible life. Our knowledge of it is limited; in all dealings with it there is a risk of being misled and of self-deception—yet, in sore straits, inevitably we reach out to it, as though it was an indispensable factor in the successful conduct of visible life, as apparently it is.

Everybody knows that the world can be pulled out of this bad hole that it is in if only the living and visible men who must be the immediate agents in the job can be induced to pull together. But it is extremely hard to get them to do it. The living and visible leaders of mankind do not give much evidence of being equal to the task. The laymen of the New Year Appeal are right in thinking that only spiritual remedies can cure the present ills of mankind, and it should encourage all well-wishers of the President-elect to notice that he seems to share that opinion.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE BENEFACTOR OF UPPER HADDOCK

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

THE trouble with our town is that it has no press correspondent, telegraphing in hot haste all the happenings to the city newspapers. It isn't so over at Humphreyville, in the next county. There they have one of these things you so often hear about and so seldom see—a live wire. If a rabbit runs across the mayor's lawn, the live wire sends the news to the metropolitan papers. The followers of Karl Marx say that 90 per cent (or some such proportion) of the value of a manufactured article is the product of labor. That's the way it is with the live wire's report of that rabbit's peregrinations when it appears in the city paper; you find that the bunny bit the mayor's gardener and chased the official himself up a tree. Raw material: One cottontail rabbit and some grass. Finished product: Gardener in the hospital and mayor helped down by the fire company.



"ELIPHALET BEING A GOOD MAN, A REAL PILLAR"

But nothing of the sort from our town. Even our local newspaper, *The Weekly Intelligencer*, never really prints any news, being devoted to Politics, Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts. It may go so far as to say that rabbits are eating up the garden truck, but *The Intelligencer's* bunnies never snap the leg off a village official.

All of this accounts for the fact that nothing has ever been printed about the Upper Haddock town clock. That's the name of our town, Upper Haddock.

After all, I'm sailing under false colors; I've lived in Upper Haddock only one summer. Abner Tinker was born there, and has stayed there. Gangway for Abner Tinker!

"Yes," Abner will say, "yes," as if he had been talking for an hour, though the nearest he has come to speech has been to light his pipe—"yes, them two brothers, Eliphalet and Josh, was so different that you'd 'a' said they wa'n't no relation at all, non-relations, one from New Zealand and t'other from Greenland, one named White and t'other named Black, in a way of speaking; but it wa'n't so; they was own brothers, and 'most twins, as you might say, Eliphalet being only a year and a half older 'n Josh, and both named Partridge, sons of old Hi Partridge and Abigail, his wife, as seen by the tombstun at the tannery Meeting House, nobody remembering the old man, and mebby the tombstun lies, the same frequent being the case; but, anyhow, he's gone, and Abigail, his wife. There you have it 'bout them brothers, if you took notice of what I said—Eliphalet and Josh. Nobody ever calling the one Liph or the other Joshua, Eliphalet being a good man and troo, a real Pillar, and Josh an outcast or Pariar, as the parson said—that is, a low cuss, burdening hisself on the community, hunting in the woods with a gun for his living, and drinking rum when thirsty, which was frequent, life to him being dry as a covered bridge, as the saying is. Where's this here heredity I hearn you speaking of? Or mebby Josh took after his father exclusive, him being perhaps one of these gay birds,

though nobody knowing now, from being deceased such a lengthy time, and Eliphalet favoring Abigail, his wife—the old bird's pardner, I mean to say—no doubt patient and enduring, as is necessary for a woman suffering wedded bliss with the noble critter, man, lord of the universe, as I may say, though often backslid considerable.

"Well, anyhow, Eliphalet is the bird I'm telling you 'bout, him being the fust citizen of Upper Haddock for thirty-five years, and Josh a hissing and a byword for fifteen years longer, for, though the wicked stand in slippery places, they seem to have calks on their shoes like a truck hoss; and, howbeit strong drink is raging, it seems to agree with some, though mebby bad for the color of the nose, Josh having a beak that would have guided the hardy mariner to his haven if we had lived along the coast where the mariner needs it mostly. But no more about Josh, though I'm bound to say a kind man to his fambly, and inclined to hug the constable and cry on his shoulder when took up. I'm talking about the Honorable Eliphalet Partridge, the successful business man, beloved by all except the ongrateful birds that worked in his clock factory, who used to holler like all-git-out for more wages.



"JOSH, AN OUTCAST OR PARIAR"

"The Honorable Eliphalet was the founder of Partridgeville, down here, built up around his great clock works. Biggest cuckoo-clock factory in the world. Him mebby cottoning to cuckoo clocks on account of his own name being same's a bird's, though partridges being no hands to holler, 'Cuckoo,' but more on the instrumental order, as you might say, what with their drumming. Eliphalet was hot on birds, anyhow, being for twenty years treasurer of the Connecticut Ornitheological Society, that meaning it was devoted to birds, not birds like you and me and folks, as the saying is, but real birds, such as roost in trees, singing, 'Tweek, tweek, chippio!' and waiting for your cherries to get ripe. Though I disremember any of them singing, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo!' like a clock, but they may in furrin parts—Switcherland, mebby, where things are queer, anyhow, dogs as big's a yearling calf, and all carrying little casks of brandy on their collars to succor the traveler caught in the awful avalanche, from not hollering 'Excelsior!' and beating it for home before sundown, all I got to say being that if Josh had lived in Switcherland he'd 'a' laid down regular and waited for the awful avalanche, hollering for the dogs when he seen it coming. But no more about Josh, scum of the earth.

"Well, Eliphalet's cuckoo clocks was the best in the world, and never got out of order and said 'Oocuck, oocuck,' like the man's who tried to fix his own; and he built up the biggest business of the kind in the world, employing three thousand hands, all ongrateful and hollering outrageous for more. But Eliphalet was a good man, and he never let their ongrateful noise keep him from living an upright life, nor take away his interest in birds and the Ornitheological Society, remaining treasurer to the end, and his accounts found correct after his decease: Received from dues for the current year, seven dollars and forty-four cents; paid out for postage and printing and sundries, six dollars and ninety-three cents; balance, fifty-one cents—and you may shoot me if that fifty-one cents wasn't right there in the treasury in cash money. Imagine if that Josh had been treasurer! A deficit smelling of gin, if I know anything about it.

"Well, Eliphalet died and there was general mourning, except among the hands, who the day of the funeral stood around on the street corners and sniffed and sneered because they said the day would be took out of their wages, the factory and everything else being closed to show respect. And right we were to show respect, too, because Eliphalet had always said he would do something for Upper Haddock in his will, and sure enough, he had when the same was read. He had left twenty thousand dollars for a town clock in a tower, to be erected on the corner of the new court house. A cuckoo

clock, naturally, the bird coming out on each of the four sides of the tower, four birds, each six feet long, and opening his bill in proportion, and whacking his tail up and down and saying, 'Cuckoo—cuckoo!' tremenjous, from one to twelve times, as the case might be, not forgetting the quarter and half hours. Didn't it wake up all the babies? I'll say it did, and for four miles in each direction.

"I suppose nobody anywhere else in the world, not even in Switcherland, ever seen anything like that cuckoo town clock, with four birds coming out regular and barking out the time in what they call unison, and everybody, especially the babies, hearing it for four miles—or mebby five, if the wind was right—and all the mothers raising hob on account of the babies being woke. It was worse along at eleven or twelve o'clock than later, but there was the quarters and halves coming pretty close together, as they will on a cuckoo clock, even a small one, but nearer, of course, on a town cuckoo, especially if you've got a baby, and you are a woman, mother of the baby, women having no idea of Civic Betterment, which had been Eliphalet's aim.

"But when you got a town clock of the cuckoo persuasion on your hands, all endowed for winding and repairs for a hundred years, what you going to do? The women might holler, but there wa'n't no way to stop that clock, the town having accepted the same, and Eliphalet's executors not being willing to budge. So it just run along for a couple of years, the cuckoos getting in finer voice all the time, more resonous and far-reaching, the babies unreconciled and the women on the rampage. Fact is, the contraption sort o' got on the nerves of all of us, and being a respectable community, going to bed at nine o'clock, so getting the benefit of ten, eleven, and twelve, *and* the quarters and halves. A strike on a bell which weighed two tons preceding each outburst from the birds, which drowned the strike, after all, there being four of them in pleasing unison, all saying it. The only man that didn't complain was Josh, who never went to bed till after midnight, anyhow, and probably, considering everything, could 'a' gone up in the tower and slept right there with the birds, and snored, and dreamt he was at a Quaker meeting.

"Well, the women and the disturbed citi-



"DIDN'T IT WAKE UP ALL THE BABIES? I'LL SAY IT DID"



"FOLKS, ESPECIALLY THEM WITH BABIES, BEGUN TO MOVE AWAY"

zens tried every legal way, such as injunctions and writs of convalescence, and the grand jury sot on it; but that clock kept right on cuckooing, day and night, hours and fractions. Everybody irritated. And another thing: when Eliphalet's great gift to his native town had been announced, and before we sensed it and thought about the babies, we had chipped in and raised money and put up a monument to him in Partridge Park, inscribed on the base: 'In Honor of Eliphalet Partridge, Benefactor of Upper Haddock. By his Grateful Townspeople.'

"Little remains to be told, gents. Real estate went down, and folks, especially them with babies, begun to move away. Mass meetings was held, the voices of the speakers denouncing the clock drowned out by them four birds cuckooing that it was nine o'clock, followed immejitly by a quarter after, and then the half, three quarters, and ten follering us to our humble homes.

"It run on till the third summer. It was a warm night in June. Winders were open. Upper Haddock slept fitfully, knowing that midnight would strike in five minutes, having just had eleven forty-five cuckooed at us in tones that shook the top bricks off the chimblys. The four doors in the tower dropped open and the four birds bust out, their bills open. Then we heard a most tremenjous bang; then another and another, and one more. Gents, the noise of them bangs rattled the pictures on the walls, but that accursed cuckoo was not heard.

"Investigation showed that that low, disreputable Josh Partridge had just come in from the woods, having probably stopped to take a nap under a bridge or somewheres, and had blazed away, double fire, both barrels to onct, buckshot and extra powder, and plugged right through the crop of each of them birds. The scoundrel was in a maudlin condition. 'Gents,' says he, 'them birdsh frauds. 'Ain't laid a egg since we had 'em. Don't pay to keep 'em. Shot 'em to save expensh!' Then he put his arms around the neck of his only friend, the town constable, and bust into tears.

"The next afternoon it was discovered that somebody had changed the inscription on the monument in the park to read:

IN HONOR OF
JOSH PARTRIDGE
BENEFACTOR OF UPPER HADDOCK
BY HIS GRATEFUL TOWNSPEOPLE

"We let it stand."

A Good Time Coming

THERE was company at dinner, and the son and heir listened to the conversation. During the meal an animated discussion arose regarding the feeling which, some one maintained, still existed between the North and the South. The minister remarked:

"The time is coming, not far off, when there will be no North, South, East, or West, and—"

"Won't that be splendid!" interrupted little Willie.

"Why does that interest you?" asked the boy's astonished parent.

"Because it will be so much easier to learn geography."

Solar Chemistry

A DISTINGUISHED astronomer delivered a lecture on "Sun Spots and Solar Chemistry." A young lady who met him later expressed her regret at having missed the opportunity of hearing him.

"Well, I don't know that you'd have been particularly interested," he said. "It was all about sun spots."

"Yes, indeed," she asserted, "it would have interested me exceedingly. I have been a martyr to freckles all my life."

The Dramatic Instinct

THERE was a picture of Daniel in the lion's den in the parlor, and little Betty had heard the story. She knew the lions had been told not to hurt Daniel because he was a good man, but one day, in an excited aside to the lions, she whispered:

"Bite him a little bit, anyway. Betty wants to see."

The General's Testimonial

A CERTAIN general had planted a vegetable garden to the rear of his quarters. He had tried several gardeners, with more or less success, when a former soldier, the owner of a profitable truck garden near the post, offered his services. The general engaged him, and in due course the garden looked flourishing, but few vegetables found their way to the general's table. As the end of the season approached, the general began a quiet investigation and was immediately confronted with a resignation and request for a letter of recommendation. He was a kindly but very conscientious man, and the recommendation was as follows:

"This man succeeded in getting more out of my garden than any other gardener I have ever employed."



"What a stiff wind! I hope my umbrella will stand it!"

Liberal Measure

THE young man was very much in love and promised to send the lady of his affections a bouquet of roses on her birthday —one rose for each year. So that night he wrote a note to his florist ordering the immediate delivery of twenty roses to the young woman. The florist read the order and thought he would please the young man by improving on it, so he said to a clerk:

"Here's an order from young Jones for twenty roses. He is one of my best customers. Throw in five more for good measure."

A Mysterious Subject

A LANK, disconsolate-looking farmer, stood on the steps of the town hall during the progress of a political meeting.

"Do you know who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger, briskly, pausing for a moment beside the farmer. "Or are you just going in?"

"No, sir; I've just come out," said the farmer, decidedly. "Congressman Smiffkins is talking in there."

"What about?" asked the stranger.

"Well," continued the countryman, passing a knotted hand across his forehead, "he didn't say."

A Biblical Example

IN the chancel of the Anglican cathedral in one of Canada's chief cities a splendid window was recently erected to commemorate the name and virtues of a prominent citizen. It represented the apostle Peter attempting in vain to walk upon the Sea of Galilee, while the other apostles watched anxiously from their fishing boat.

Leaning on the chancel rail one day, viewing the picture with appreciation, stood a lady who was embarrassed to discover beside her the widow of the prominent citizen. The former managed to murmur some commonplace on the beauty of the window.

"Yes, yes," moaned the bereaved wife, "it is beautiful. We chose it because it seemed so appropriate. You know, my husband was a steamboat man."

Bold Invaders

LITTLE Janet, from the city, had been in the country only one day, but the rights of property owners and property renters were already firmly fixed in her mind.

"Mother!" she called, excitedly, the morning after their arrival. "Mother! Just come here and look! There are somebody's hens wiping their feet on our nice clean grass!"

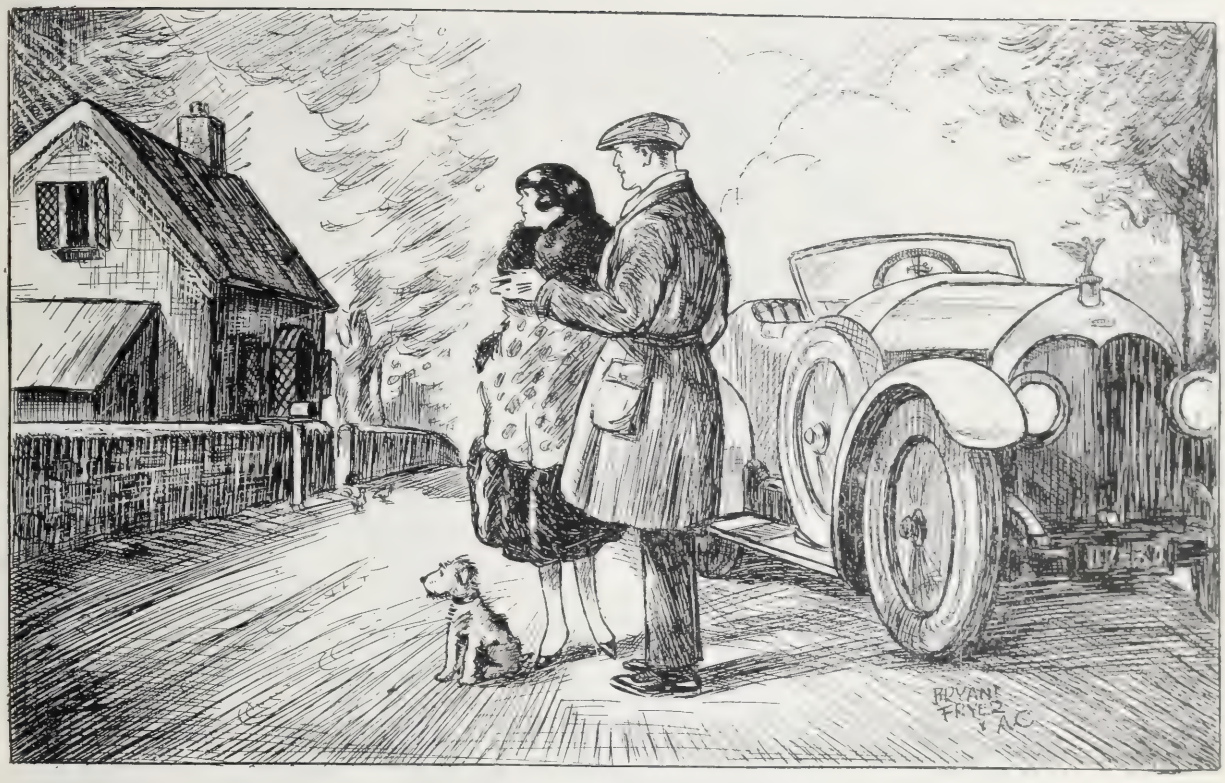


It's Worth Trying

Smythe who is quite corpulent always secures an end seat—

But he is greatly annoyed and inconvenienced by late arrivals—

So he devises this sign which works beautifully.



HE: "*By Jove! I'd like to own that cottage!*"
SHE: "*Wouldn't it be lovely? All we'd need would be a nice apartment in the city for about eleven months out of the year.*"

Too Conjugal

LITTLE Ethel, who was shopping with her aunt, listened while the gruff but intelligent clerk remonstrated:

"Madam, I am sure you will not need so much material. You will find five yards quite ample."

As soon as they had left the shop Ethel exclaimed, indignantly:

"Auntie, I didn't like that man, not one bit! Why, he talked to you just like he was your husband!"

Standing Honors

"HOW did you get on with spelling?" Harry's mother asked him, after his first day at school. "You look so pleased that I'm sure you did well."

"No'm, I couldn't spell much of anything," admitted Harry; "and I couldn't remember the arithmetic very well, nor the geography."

The mother showed her disappointment, but Harry had consolation in reserve.

"But that's no matter, mother," he said; "the boys all like me, and I've got the biggest feet in the class!"

A National Habit

VIVIAN, three years old, was rushing wildly from room to room.

"Come here, Vivian, and stop your noise," her exasperated mother called to her.

"Please don't bother me, mother," she answered, breathlessly. "I'm running for President."

Apostolic Fame

THE Sunday-school teacher was explaining the lesson to some children in the infant class.

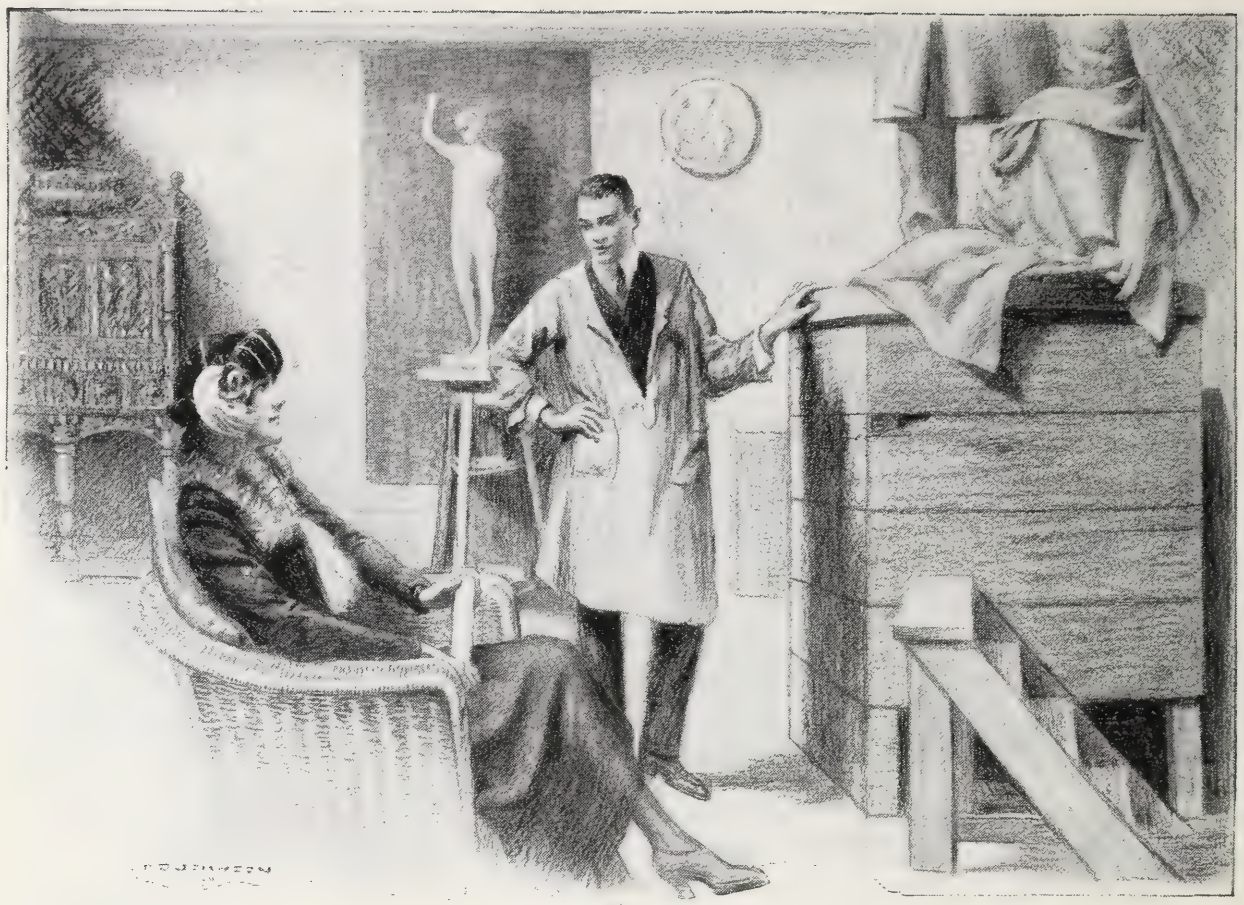
"That is Peter," she said, pointing to a figure on the chart, "and this is John."

"Oh," exclaimed a little girl, in great surprise, "I thought Peter was a rabbit!"

Two of a Kind

"WHY don't you get rid of that mule?" asked one Virginia darky of another.

"Well, yo' see, Jim," replied the other, "I hates to give in. Ef I was to trade dat mule off he'd regyard it as a pussunal victory. He's been tryin' fo' de last six weeks to get rid of me."



SCULPTOR: "*I'm stuck for an idea. I don't know what to use as a symbol for the law.*"
VISITOR (*whose divorce case is pending*): "*Why not use a snail?*"

Extenuating Circumstances

THE new maid, under the direction of her new mistress, was washing a valuable cut-glass pitcher. Once it slipped out of her hands, but, fortunately, did not smash. The second time it was shattered into bits.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the owner, "and that's twice you dropped it in five minutes!"

"I know it, mum," said the maid, "but it didn't break the first time."

A Marine Spectacle

A CAPTAIN of an Atlantic liner was bothered by a woman passenger who was always inquiring about the possibility of seeing a whale. A dozen times a day she besought him to have her called if one hove in sight.

"But, madam," the captain asked her, rather impatiently, after long suffering in silence, "why are you so eager to see a whale?"

"Captain," she answered, "my desire in life is to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to watch such an enormous creature cry."

Omniscient Central

LITTLE Margery wished to talk over the telephone with her mother, who was visiting a friend, so her elder sister gave her the 'phone number and let her call Central.

A few days after this conversation, when the mother was paying another visit to the same friend, the older sister overheard Margery at the telephone. Central evidently had been asking for the number, and Margery was explaining, vehemently:

"Central, I want the number I had Thursday. Don't you understand? The same number."

No Open Season

CHAMP CLARK tells the story of an old Southern colonel who, returning home after a considerable absence, asked a friend, "What's the news?"

"Well, the Legislature has passed a law makin' it a crime to shoot a nigger," the friend answered.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the colonel, in some amazement. "In what month?"

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Sir Philip Gibbs, perhaps the most distinguished of British war correspondents, and author of *Now It Can Be Told*, needs no introduction to HARPER readers. The series of articles which he is now contributing to the Magazine is the result of an extended personal survey which he has recently made of the European countries. **Sinclair Lewis**, whose recent novel has given a new connotation to the words "Main Street," sends to HARPER'S his latest short story ("A Matter of Business") with the following comment:

> The story inclosed is an effort to do something slightly new with fiction of "business." The business world is to-day more important than any world of ships, cannon, footlights, studios, or any of the other environments which ordinarily furnish fiction. Yet for the most part this business world has appeared only in stories about super-Hoovers, geniuses of advertising, bright young men who make a million the moment they become diligent, and like contemporary myths.
>
> I have tried here to portray a perfectly normal business man, cursed by indecision, longing to do something beautiful and fine—and never quite sure just what is fine; a man not heroically making Big Deals but rather like such feeble creatures as authors and—dare I say—editors?

Thomas W. Lamont is a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. He was in attendance at Paris throughout the Peace Conference as representative of the United States Treasury, acting also as financial and economic adviser to the President. He visited the Far East last spring as the representative of the great investment interests of the United States, Great Britain, and France, and at Tokyo he concluded with the Japanese negotiations which led up to the organization of the International Consortium for the Assistance of China. **A. S. M. Hutchinson**, a British novelist, will be recalled as the author of that delightful novel, *The Happy Warrior*. **W. L. George** has returned to England after an extended tour of America. Further chapters of his observations of our country and ourselves are to appear in the Magazine. **Fleta Campbell Springer**, born and reared in the West, now makes New York her home. Her stories, which have appeared almost exclusively in HARPER'S, rank among the most finished and distinguished work of our younger American writers.

James Norman Hall and **Charles Nordhoff** went to the South Seas nearly a year ago to write for HARPER'S the series of articles which is now in course of publication. The charm of those far-off isles has been so potent that they are prolonging their sojourn indefinitely. They declare that they do not wish ever to come back. An excerpt from one of their letters to the editor is printed on the following page. **Ellwood Hendrick**, who resides in New York, couples with a sound knowledge of chemistry an ingratiating style in imparting his knowledge to others, as attested by his books, essays, and numerous platform appearances. **G. K. Chesterton**, the most brilliant of English essayists, is now lecturing in America. His versatility is exemplified in the present series of detective stories ("The Man Who Knew Too Much") which he has been persuaded to write because of the signal success of his "Father Brown" stories.

On the death of Henry Mills Alden, editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for over fifty years, there was found among his papers a group of letters written from Martinique by **Lafcadio Hearn**. The most interesting of them have been selected for publication, with an editorial note by his biographer, **Elizabeth Bisland**. **Frederic L. Allen** writes from Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he is secretary of the Corporation of Harvard University. **Robert Palfrey Utter**, formerly Professor of English at Amherst College, is now on the faculty of the University of California, and sends from Berkeley this (perhaps apocryphal) account of getting settled in a new neighborhood. **Mayone Lewis**, who has contributed essays to the Magazine in the past, notably a retort to one of W. L. George's feminist articles, is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, who now lives on a

farm in Connecticut, which she owns and conducts herself. **Hayden Carruth**, a contributor to this Magazine who has been too long silent, is associated with the editorial staff of the "Woman's Home Companion."

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Readers who like to think of an editor as an aloof and hallowed presence, to be approached only with profound obeisance, may find the following letter somewhat upsetting. Coming from one of our true and tried authors, whose stories and articles appear frequently in the Magazine, it would seem to make the point that editors, too, have their human failings and need to have them occasionally pointed out.

After your having me bust a home and spend God knows how much supporting myself while in New York those ten days, besides losing my health and all that was left of my already reduced figure, you expect me to take with equanimity the fact that you are not going to get in my article this month. I don't. I am very mad. It takes all the desire to write fiction from me because if you hadn't insisted on the 29th I would have gone home and written a much better article at my leisure. Now, says you, you have time to write a better article. Not a bit, says I. I am stale on it, though I will do my darnedest. I think one thing about editors. I realize they have their faults. I realize they have to walk forward with their faces turned toward the rear, which cramps their style, but I don't think they should be flighty. I don't think they should act like a prima donna. In other words, I don't think they should prod and hurry their devoted contributors and keep them expensively in town wasting their substance of all kinds, to finish articles that are not to be printed. They should not take advantage of the well-known sweet temper and patience, not to say affection, of their contributors

In spite of all,

Most cordially,

——— ———

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The Magazine is shortly to publish a delightful and most unusual study of an old Southern town, of which we shall have more to say later in these columns. In the meantime the letter which accompanied the manuscript has given the editors so much real pleasure that they are venturing to share it with HARPER readers:

I hope you will find in it local color that will interest you. To my mind HARPER'S is the best travel magazine printed, because it not only publishes intensely interesting articles of unusual places the world over, but most illuminating stories and articles of America. It is perhaps the greatest agency in this country for getting people of different parts of the United States pleasantly and intimately acquainted. And this United States is so vast and so different that such an achievement is well worth while. It often astonishes me how little people of one section understand the habits, ideals, and prejudices of those in some other section. Even our common language has a different meaning; for instance, in the Northwest, where I have been recently living, to a majority of the people at least, the word aristocrat is a term of sneering reproach—it seems to mean a sort of vicious snob—here in the Southeast it has quite a different interpretation. If you should happen to find the inclosed article acceptable I should be proud indeed to feel that I and my section had contributed something to HARPER'S good work, which so helps to further a better understanding.

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Many readers who have been following the South Sea adventures recounted by James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff have made inquiry regarding the unusual form of collaboration employed. The plan was not predetermined, but evolved quite naturally in the course of the two adventurers' diverse experiences. A letter written from Tahiti by Hall explains the purpose and method of their joint work:

We want to avoid following along the trail of the writers of other travel stories, and I think the idea we have hit upon now will enable us to do this. I will carry on the thread of the story in the intimate kind of narrative of the first article, and Nordhoff will write me of his own adventures in a series of letters, prefaced, when necessary, by explanatory paragraphs written by me. These letters will be of varying length and are to be threaded through my own story, which is to be a continuous one, although each installment will be complete in itself and will not depend for its interest upon what has gone before.

I have never seen a travel story of this kind, but I believe that we can make ours of much greater value by telling it in an intimate way. And, best of all, we shall avoid leaving the reader with a sort of Cook's-tourist feeling at the close of the voyage. Another great gain will be in the diversity of interest which arises, in part, from a diversity of experiences. We have been visiting different islands, seeing different kinds of life, and it is likely that we shall continue to do so a good deal of the time. Therefore, by writing the story together we shall be able to cover a much wider field than I could hope to cover alone. Then, too, Nordhoff's point of view is wholly different from mine.

The unquestionable success of the articles thus far can leave no doubt as to the wisdom and success of this plan.

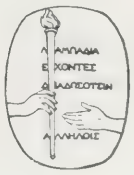


Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "Fouled Anchor"

"SINCE YESTERDAY I'VE BEEN REMEMBERING—A MILLION THINGS"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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GLORY

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

UNDER the drifting gold and scarlet of the autumn afternoon we all started toward the Square. There was a certain expectancy that touched every face turned toward the center of the town, an expectancy which differed subtly from the mere curiosity of other community occasions. For on this afternoon we were to witness the unveiling of a bronze tablet let into a great granite bowlder in the Square, and on this tablet we were to read the names of those of our boys who had gone to the war. There were to be, we had been told, gold stars after the names of those who had never come back. And so, mingled with our expectancy there was something of elation, of solemnity, a touch of exaltation.

None of us cared to be late for that fine moment. Some of our most impeccable housewives had even left their dinner dishes unwashed and standing in the sink covered decently with a dish towel, and there was much calling from sidewalk to verandas as one and another of us warned our friends that the band had begun to play and the procession of school children and G. A. R. veterans was forming in front of the schoolhouse. Grandma Colt had long since been trundled past in her wheel chair, sitting upright, doing all the pushing, as her devoted, but sometimes tried, Samuel often said. Men from the logging camp had gone past, teetering on spiked heels. Small cars in clouds of dust had bounced past—a car from nearly every farm, for we are a prosperous valley. In our way of saying, people came from 'way up the creeks, from the Haines District, from Mercer Township, and from across the river. There was scarcely a fold of the hills that had not sent forth a human being or two that afternoon.

There is a band stand in the center of our Square, its jig-saw architecture somewhat ameliorated with vines and hanging baskets. Some merciful lack of initiative or of funds has kept us from spoiling our Square with paths or benches, shrubbery or fountains. And so it is very simple—a neat, sweet, green-velvet handkerchief of a Square with maples on four sides of it hiding the shops somewhat, and the hills looking down on it benignantly, fold on fold.

And now, near the center of it, is the fine rugged old bowlder brought down by two teams from Bear Mountain, and on the bowlder we were to see a bronze plate, thickly inscribed with little names that are so big in our hearts. The trampled grass sent up its incense of fra-

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grance most poignant, the maples flung out their shimmering banners, the band could be heard coming around the corner of Main and Willow streets.

"Doctor Willie will never make it if he don't hurry," worried Mis' Anderson, at my elbow. "He's just druv past toward home, an' they say the parade's started from the church."

We crane our necks after the swiftly retreating back of Doctor Willie's car. We see it come to a skillful stop in front of his father's house. Doctor Willie steps out unhurriedly, takes his medicine case into the house, probably jots down a few orderly notes, comes out again at exactly the right moment to step into his place in the procession. We all draw a breath of relief. It would not be right or seemly to have the unveiling without Doctor Willie, we all feel. He is our one major. Besides, he was one of the first of our boys to volunteer, and the last to come back.

"There's Doctor Willie's mother. How do, Mis' Merle?" I heard Mis' Anderson again, and she added, "It's a proud day for Mis' Doc Merle."

I felt my other elbow pinched by Letha Doane. Letha, our best-educated spinster, is Puck turned a bit sardonic. "I see Doctor Willie's mother, all right," she murmured. "But where is his father?"

"Old Doc's in the drug store, settin' as usual," supplied the all-seeing Mis' Anderson. "I saw him when I come by. He hadn't changed his coat or anything."

She leaned across me with a pecking motion of her small head to address the inscrutably smiling Letha. "It's a mercy we ain't all dependent on Old Doc any longer. I never drew a comfortable breath while Doctor Willie was away, for fear something would break out on us. Of course, Old Doc was all right when he was younger, but Doctor Willie has had such a grand education."

"Paid for by Old Doc," Letha murmured.

I left them unobtrusively, for I wished to look across the Square over the heads of the throng from the higher level of the sidewalk. The only bit of open space in the Square was the circle about the flag-draped bowlder. On the temporary platform the speakers sat, their feet disposed gingerly among the potted geraniums. The procession was turning into the Square, through a lane kept open by diligent Boy Scouts, the school children, with arms full of glowing autumn flowers, our half dozen old veterans in the place of honor, and last our young veterans of the A. E. F. One or two of them were in fairly complete uniform; some of them wore their service hats and civilian clothes. Doctor Willie marched as he had stepped from his car, in the spotless, well cut, carefully pressed business suit we were accustomed to see at our bedsides accompanied by a fine black-leather medicine case.

Indeed, although Doctor Willie's straight back showed his military training, it was difficult to believe that he was not on his way to a case. His good-looking face wore the same earnest, tight-lipped expression we were accustomed to seeing there as he drove past our windows on his way to a double-pneumonia case, or a crushed arm in the logging camp. He did not even wear the medal he had received for his feats of surgery under fire in France. One half-expected him to break away from the column as soon as he had decently seen it to the speakers' stand, in order to go back to his consulting room.

I was glad for his mother's sake that he did nothing of the sort, for, as the procession formed its circle about the bowlder and the speakers' stand, and the voice of the first speaker began to swing into the good old oratorical phrases, I had a glimpse of her face, usually an empty assembly of small, neat features, but now glorified as she gazed at her son. With that glimpse something clutched at my heart, as if the face of Doctor Willie's mother had told me a little of the unutterable pride and thanksgiving there were in the



GRANDMA COLT HAD BEEN TRUNDLED PAST IN HER WHEEL CHAIR

souls of all the mothers who craned their necks to gaze at one particular face in that circle; and the aching stillness in the hearts of those who had only a gold-starred name on a bronze tablet to look at.

I found that even the tall, broad-shouldered figure of Doctor Willie standing at attention was beginning to blur a bit, and so I eased my heart by letting my gaze wander under the maples and across the street. It was then that I saw that Old Doc had come out of the drug store, and was standing on the top step, gazing from under his shaggy, grizzled brows across the Square. He, too, was looking at Doctor Willie, his only son.

With one hand in the pocket of his sagging old coat and the thumb and forefinger of the other in the pocket of his vest, with his shoulders sagging forward, there was nothing unusual in Old Doc's attitude. It was the expression of his face that was different. I knew that none of us had ever really seen Old Doc's face before. It had been hidden from us by his twinkle, by a scraggly growth of whisker, by the friendliness of his smile, sometimes by casual splashes of mud kicked up by the heels of his gray mare. But now these external facts seemed for the instant to have dropped away. In Old Doc's face there was but one thing—a loneliness so keen, so stark, that I turned my eyes away for fear he might know I had seen it.

Doctor Merle's Willie had barely entered high school when he announced

that he was going to be a doctor—and a crackerjack doctor, too. His father heard the pronouncement of this ambition with curiously mixed emotions. He was tremendously pleased and queerly dismayed. His own father had been a country practitioner and a surgeon of some repute. It was satisfying in a fine sort of way to have Willie voluntarily choose the profession of his father and his grandfather. But—



"THINK THEY NEED YOU, SON?"

Willie was the only child of Doctor Merle's middle age. Perhaps for that reason there was something more of adoration, of tenderness, of deep concern in his father's heart for him than is usual. He never quite got over the miracle of Willie's being his. Naturally he wanted nothing but the very best for Willie. He had never had much ambition for himself, but for Willie he longed for some vague splendor to which his boy could attain without paying the price of self-sacrifice, disillusion, and pain. In his own work he had never found any splendor, although there had been often enough self-sacrifice, disillusion, and pain.

It wasn't that Dr. William Merle did not revere the profession of his father. He had imagination and he saw all its glories. In the theory of medicine he felt the profoundest interest, but when he came to its practice some quality in him of humanness, perhaps of softness, winced and hung back in dread. He never became used to pain. The very quickness of his imagination added to the weight of the responsibilities every doctor carries with him night and day. Perhaps his sense of humor was a handicap. A bedside manner was completely beyond him; his informality often affronted patients who liked their money's worth of mystery and authority. To collect a bill for having brought the child of a friend through the quinsy made him almost as uncomfortable as the child's suffering had done. The fee-fo-fum of the profession was impossible for anyone with so much humorous geniality as was inborn in William Merle.

And so there came to be a general tendency unconsciously to underrate Doctor William. This never prevented anyone dangerously ill from sending hotfoot for him, for, although the fact was never commented on and probably was never appreciated, Doctor William lost almost no cases that had a possibility of being saved. Somewhere hidden in his rather slow-moving brain was a sort of shrewd gift of diagnosis, probably inherited, and in his muscular, slender-tipped fingers a skill that might have made of him a great surgeon if he had been born in different circumstances, a bit harder, with the yeast of ambition in him, less compassionate, more self-centered.

But because he liked to sit down by the kitchen stove and talk with us about chrysanthemums and horses and the latest droll saying of old lady Waters,



HE DROVE WITH A WILD, IF SOMEWHAT SHAKING HAND

and because his coats sagged eternally at the pockets from a weight of seed corn, or dahlia roots, or apples, or a shoe he was taking to be half-soled, or a thumbed volume of Walt Whitman, and because he never used long words or looked at us through strange instruments of investigation, we seldom saw the wonders he occasionally accomplished, and we should no more have remembered to laud him than we should have hung a wreath about the neck of old dog Tray when he brought the cows home at night.

Ah no! We saved our words of wondering praise for young Doctor Willie when he blossomed forth among us at last, for in due course he became, just as he said that he would, a crackerjack doctor and surgeon. His father had never voiced that moment of hesitation, of sadness, he had when Willie announced his choice of work. He had looked out of the window of the small room called, in the old-fashioned way, the surgery, at the corner of the Square, as if he were considering, probably for the first time and the last, exactly what laurels the town had thus far bestowed upon him. Then, with a smile that was the least bit bleak, he said:

"Well, Willie, if you feel called upon to be a doctor, don't be one like me."

And fourteen-year-old Willie had replied, candidly: "Oh no! I'm going to be one of the best doctors in the world, and I shall have a new medicine case and no mud on my coat. And I shall charge 'em more than you do and never let 'em talk back to me."

"My boy, you're made!" Doctor William grinned.

From that day on a certain element of grimness entered into the life of Doctor William, for there had to be put by the money for Willie's education, and money was none too easy to come upon in that small town of frugal habits and small incomes. Doctor William had to accept cases from far outside our valley, and he had to become good at collecting what was due him, which he hated.

There was a younger doctor, but he was never a serious rival, for we preferred not to lean too hard upon his mildness. He was a homœopath, and we considered tasteless medicine too whimsical to be taken seriously, so that for twelve or fourteen years Doctor William really carried the burden of our physical destinies upon his shoulders. At any hour of the day or night his gray mare could be seen plowing through dust or mud or snow from Bound Brook to the farthermost folds of the wild valleys beyond Bear Mountain. He brought into the world four-fifths of our children, and this in spite of the fact that something in him rebelled and shuddered away from each case of this sort.

"You stay right here," he was reputed to have said to one husband on an occasion of this sort. "If your wife and I are going to take a little jaunt through hell you can stick along, I guess."

If the thought ever crossed his mind through the crowded years while he was earning the money to send Willie to college and medical school that, if it weren't for this necessity, he could take life a bit easier, cultivate his strawberries and chrysanthemums, and have time for a pipe and Walt Whitman on the back porch, he was scarcely conscious of it, for, after all, these were rich years and it was a good fight he was fighting.

It was, as Mis' Anderson averred, a grand education that Willie received, with a year of post-graduate work and another year in a famous hospital. It took a deal of money, but Doctor William managed it somehow. And the day that Willie came home with his degrees and his diplomas, his up-to-the minute library, his new, gilt-edged knowledge, his new surgical instruments, his level-eyed, tight-lipped confidence in himself —that day repaid Old Doc for fourteen years of overwork.

In speaking of that day I unconsciously wrote "Old Doc," for such he became, almost from the moment Willie alighted from the train. This title meant no especial disrespect on our part. It was necessary to distinguish him in



OLD DOC BENT OVER THE BED

conversation from young Doctor. But popular titles have a way sometimes of going beneath the surface, and perhaps Doctor William did indeed begin to grow old from the day Willie became his partner.

Not that it was Willie's fault, exactly. Perhaps it was the contrast between them that made us all begin to see quite soon a number of Old Doc's shortcomings. Old Doc never bought a new suit until his wife had fairly to herd him into the tailor shop, and when he bought it he put it on and forgot it. Very soon it became molded to his large, shambling figure, and its pockets stretched themselves to accommodate the objects he crammed into them. His black string tie was generally waving in the breeze. In summer he wore an ancient "duster" of linen, and in winter a woolly overcoat of great age. His soft, black-felt hats were dispirited things, being used sometimes to flick dust off the top of his medicine case and again to stop a draught under the surgery window. When he was telling one of his funny stories he was likely to use the hat to whack the listener on the back when the laugh arrived.

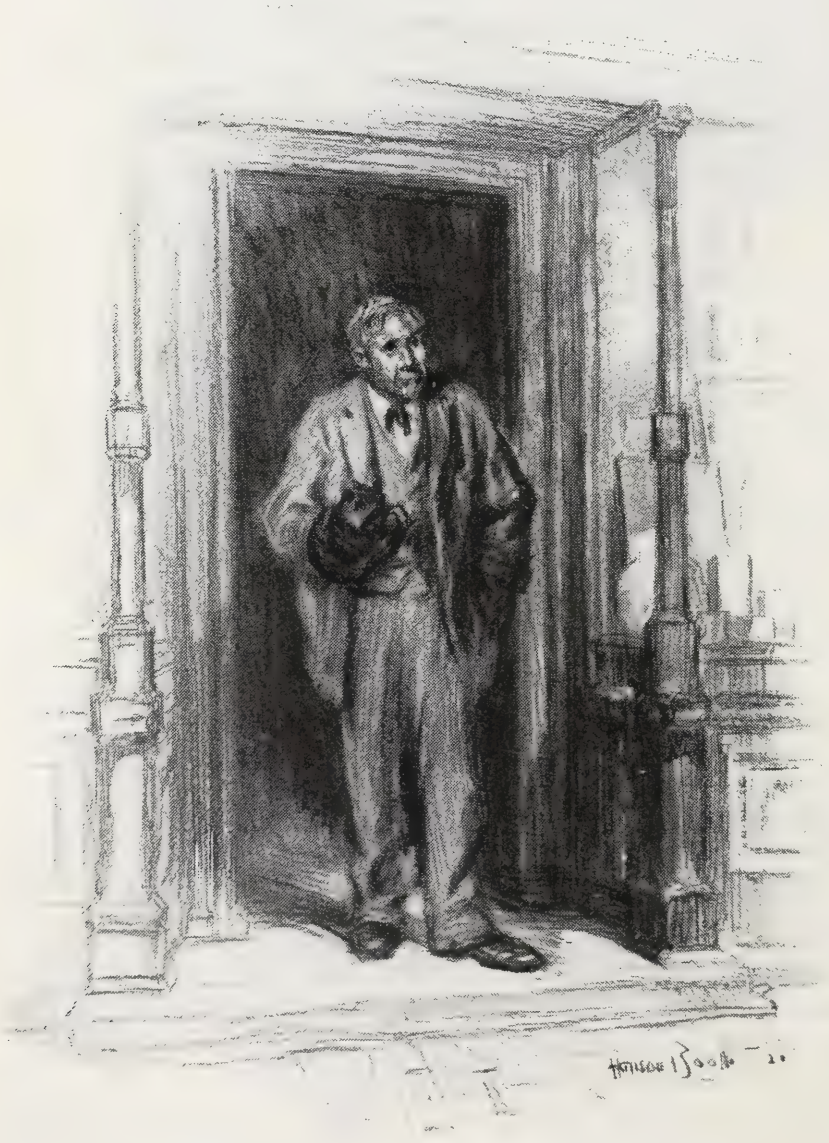
But Willie's appearance was impeccable. He had many suits of good cloth, and there was always one of them under the pressing irons. When he bent over a sick bed his linen gave out a newly laundered fragrance. His finger nails sent some of our girls straight to the drug store for new orange-wood sticks and pink paste.

But, over and above clothes, there were other differences. Doctor Willie had the most perfect bedside manner any of us had ever relaxed under. He was probably born with it—a combination of godlike self-confidence, sternness, serene mystery, and a tincture of cool sympa-

thy. You could not imagine Willie sitting down by the kitchen stove, peeling and eating slices of apple with a jackknife, while he discussed your lumbago. You could not imagine him coming at ten in the evening when he had promised to be there at six. You could not imaging him feeling as much interest in your small daily affairs as in your blood pressure.

Ah no! Willie was every inch a doctor, while Old Doc—well, he was something more. Probably it was rather early in their partnership that he felt the difference between himself and his son. There was one case they had together—a distressing, perilous operation on a woman whose cookie crock Willie had often helped to empty when he was a child, whose children Willie's father had assisted into the world. There came a moment in the dreadful, hurried midst of it when Old Doc looked across the room at Doctor Willie with a queer expression in his eyes. He did not stop what he was doing; his hands moved steadily and skillfully, but in his eyes there was a mist of sad wonder. Why had his old friend to suffer like this? What would the children and Henry do without her? He'd heard there was a mortgage—this illness would make things hard for all of them—

And at this point he looked at Willie, as if for understanding. But there was a sort of exultation in Willie's face. This was an operation a man might not have the privilege of performing more than once or twice in a lifetime. His eyes glittered with an intense interest. No sentimental sadness in Willie's eyes! His lips were tight and cool. He watched his father critically and sharply, and he nodded once. The old man certainly had something of a knack—he'd admit that. Diagnosis rather remarkable, too. But why should he sweat like that? And his face was gray, too. Getting old, probably. It was a good thing he was there to help. . . .



HE SWEPT OFF THE WRECK OF AN OLD BLACK-FELT HAT

And in Old Doc's mind, as he later watched Willie making a clean, exact suture, there was a sort of painful admiration. "Cool as steel," he thought. He felt very humble before Willie in that moment.

In less than two years Willie had two-thirds of their cases. Our trust in him was amazing, considering that he had

grown up under our noses. But there was about him a sort of aura of infallibility. And the bedside manner helped a lot. Besides, Willie undoubtedly had great ability. He worked tremendously, with satisfaction and gusto. He loved being a doctor. He was never troubled by any sort of doubt whatsoever. Human beings were to him either actual or prospective patients on whom to practice the newest discoveries of the science of medicine and surgery. Pain was merely a symptom, nothing to wince before, to be alleviated if so indicated, if not, to be ignored.

Old Doc and he argued about this sometimes at first, as well as about other things. Old Doc loved these arguments. He was so proud of the quick, sure movements of Willie's mind. Sometimes he pretended an ignorance of something he had long since learned through experience or intuition, merely for the happiness of having Willie talk to him. But after a while they seldom argued or discussed their cases. There were several reasons for this. Willie was constantly busy, and after a while he came unconsciously to absorb something of our attitude toward his father—he was all right, of course, but he was getting old. He was a bit behind the times. Well enough for him to take the lighter cases, of course, but he was hardly up to the complicated and difficult ones.

It was very gradual, of course, Old Doc's dropping out of the firing line, so to speak. At first Willie took the light ailments and most of the far-off ones—the old man had had enough of driving half the night in all sorts of weather, Willie said, truthfully. For the first two years or so he and his father took the difficult cases jointly, and for the most part in complete harmony. This was probably the happiest time of Old Doc's life. Then, gradually, more and more of us acquired the habit of asking for Willie to attend us, not because we really believed he could do better by us than Old Doc, but because he was young, he exhaled modernity, and his bedside manner gratified us so subtly.

In a way, Old Doc was rather glad to give up. He was tired. It sometimes seemed to him, though, that his soul was more tired than his body. Physically he was a rugged, hale old man. But his soul had been strained and battered by the years of long-drawn-out work, by the sufferings that had made him suffer, by the secrets he held safe in his heart, by being alone. Now, more and more each year there was time to sit on the back porch, to read, to dig in his beautiful garden, to gossip with his neighbors. Sometimes they would call out to him as they passed where he sat with his pipe in the sun:

"Pretty soft, Doc, I'll say!"

And he would reply, with his friendly smile, "Yes, siree—pretty soft!"

He had what was marked on the door as office hours—an hour or two during which he sat in his cluttered old "surgery," Willie having had a wing built on for his own reception room with the latest magazines and fumed-oak chairs, and a glittering consultation room that was aseptic to an inhuman degree, but fewer and fewer patients made their way around the side of the house to the surgery door.

So Old Doc had plenty of time at last to indulge in those genial human contacts he had always delighted in. He fell easily into the habit of spending the afternoons, and sometimes the evenings, sitting in the drug store with two or three of his old friends who, like himself, had been in one way or another superseded. In summer the drug store was cool and smelled of sponges and wet floor behind the soda counter, and in winter it was cozy and warm. Through its windows could be seen and commented upon the somewhat monotonous passing show of our town. There were prodigious arguments, encyclopædic in their range, stories—sometimes Rabelaisian—and long, dull, comfortable silences. One never felt quite out of things in the drug store. The habit grew

on Old Doc until it possessed his body if not his soul.

What happened to him then is what happens to a stanch ship tied to a dock and neglected. Barnacles and decay. The strong frame of Old Doc stiffened and sagged, his muscles grew flabby, there were days when his eyes were misty or dull. He was scarcely conscious of any particular change in himself, for his mind went on actively assorting, appraising, and sifting the knowledge and wisdom he had gathered in his years of hard work. It would have astonished his fellow cronies, it would have astonished Willie most of all, if you had pointed out to them that the soul and mind of Old Doc were like embers glowing under ashes. At the core of him he was so alive that sometimes a pang of incredulous dismay chilled him when the realization came to him of his idle hands. He would go on feeling these instants of dismay at longer and longer intervals until the barnacles and decay of his body extinguished the glowing ember of his mind.

Then came the war. Almost from the first Willie panted to be in it. His ambition was inflamed by the thought of what that colossal opportunity would do for him. He thought of the experience, the great surgeons he might work under. And then, when we were finally in it, he had the crowning incentive of his country. He told Old Doc the next day that he was going to bend every effort to get to France.

They were standing on the steps outside the surgery door. The announcement was not unexpected, but there flashed up into the father's eyes for a second an expression of anguish—the human cry. Then it passed and he looked keenly into Willie's eyes.

"Think they need you, son?"

"I suppose they'll need all the good surgeons they can get," admitted Willie, "and it's an experience I can't afford to miss. There are a lot of things I want to try out that I'll never get a chance at here. I feel as if I've *got* to go!"

"Yes, I suppose you do feel that way." Old Doc turned toward the door. "I heard to-day that Nash"—he was our homœopath—"is trying to get into the Y. If he goes, it will leave us sort of shorthanded around here, won't it?"

Willie made an impatient gesture of one shoulder. "Folks will have to look out for themselves and sacrifice something for their country, won't they?"

Old Doc went into the surgery and closed the door. He looked about him. He seemed to see for the first time the dust and disorder of disuse, as if it symbolized the rust in his own mind and body. A swift dread and rebellion swept over him, a terror of that which was being put back upon his shoulders. He was old, he was tired, he had let go. He had a vision of what he was facing. In the town, in the country for miles around, he would probably be the only doctor. The younger ones would want to go as much as Willie did. Once more it would be up to him. He would have to work, to drive himself as he had done for years before Willie took hold. But then there had been the zest, the consolation of working for Willie's sake as well as for those who depended solely on him. Now there would be nothing but hard duty. And there would be with him night and day the fear of what might be happening to Willie in France.

Old Doc had then one dreadful moment of panic. He wanted to rush out to Willie, put it all before him, beg him to give up and stay home. He wanted, dreadfully, to put his head down on Willie's shoulder, to tell him that he was old and tired, to tell him that he was not the sort of doctor Willie was, and never had been; that he had the weakness of pity; that there were things about the practice of medicine he hated; that he wasn't strong, like Willie; that all these years he had been kept going by something—something in him he didn't understand, only it wasn't what Willie had—genius, love of his profession. He had always felt too much, seen too much beyond his profession, while Willie had

the strength of hardness, of the single eye. Willie was wonderful, like a polished tool, while he was nothing but a compassionate blunderer.

He wanted, dreadfully, to pour all this out to Willie. But he stood still in the middle of the quiet room. And time passed, only a moment or two. Then he dropped heavily into the swivel chair that had a piece of Brussels carpet with large, faded red roses tacked across the worn-out cane of the seat. The chair creaked in a familiar voice. Old Doc opened a drawer absently. A disorderly army of little bottles clinked together and the smell of stale drugs and dust came out. He twirled the chair once or twice, flapped the dust from the top of his medicine case with his black-felt hat.

"Got to get into the harness again," he sighed.

That winter was a bad one. From the very beginning of it we were icebound. It snowed until our homes became igloos. Fuel ran low, the cold seeped into our frame houses. Grippe and pneumonia cases multiplied until we were all badly frightened. We looked now at Old Doc with a terrified conviction that he was all that stood between us and an untimely taking off. For Doctor Willie had gone; Doctor Nash followed on his heels two months later; old Doctor Carey up in the Haines District got badly frostbitten one night and his masterly wife took him to Florida, where he went in for orange growing; two doctors in our nearest neighboring town received commissions and went proudly to the war.

And there was left only Old Doc for a town of two thousand souls and some forty or fifty square miles of farms, and two logging camps. In the autumn, when it was finally sure that Willie was going, Old Doc, with a good deal of humor at his own expense, had learned to drive Willie's little car. He much preferred a horse, but he foresaw that he would never be able to cover the territory without a car, and he could not afford a driver. It became a source of much exhilarating speculation in the drug store whether Old Doc would not sooner or later succeed in teaching the car to climb a tree, for he drove with a wild, if somewhat shaking, hand, explaining that if he had to put up with the smell of the thing he might as well get some action out of it.

After a while we grew used to seeing Old Doc careening around corners in Doctor Willie's car, his string tie flapping against one ear, his broad shoulders bent over the steering wheel with a sort of whimsical desperation. We took him for granted again. Two hundred or more of us had been down to the train to see Willie off, but I don't think that one of us ever thought of presenting Old Doc with a wrist watch and nineteen pairs of home-knitted socks.

In the spring, just as we were emerging from our snowdrifts, there was an epidemic of typhoid in one of the lumber camps. The mud of the wood roads was so deep that Old Doc wore out two horses that spring. He got an hour or two of sleep now and then in a malodorous bunk house, and he had a good meal at home perhaps every other day. But the medical inspector sent up by the state authorities said that the epidemic was being handled efficiently; it would be better if there were more nurses, but nurses were scarce; he would send one if he could. Then he went away and forgot us.

The next winter was worse, for the influenza ravaged us. If trained nurses were scarce the winter before, they were well-nigh nonexistent now. Although Old Doc had warned us of what was coming, Letha Doane was the only one who went beyond the entertaining first-aid course of six lessons and learned something practical about nursing. Besides her there was one trained nurse and there were two middle-aged women who would "go out nursing," but who liked to sleep in their own beds at night. We had no hospital, although we had six churches. Old Doc learned a way of swearing into his grizzled beard that was

blood-curdling. It was quite early in the course of our troubles that he went into the home of Mrs. Grantley, whose husband was president of the bank, and used this accomplishment. The Grantley child was ill with the measles, and Mrs. Grantley had cornered the one trained nurse. Old Doc came out of the house in four minutes, accompanied by the nurse. That night he went to a meeting of our Red Cross chapter, where he made his one and only public speech.

"Ladies, I want help. I want volunteer nurses, I want cooked food and hot soup for sick families, I want automobiles to take it around, I want bed linen. What are you going to do about it?"

Before he left that meeting he had organized us for mutual help as we had never been organized before. We told one another that Old Doc surprised us; we had never dreamed he had executive ability of that sort.

He turned Doctor Willie's new wing of the house into a small hospital, put in charge of it the one trained nurse, and under her we "spelled" one another at cooking, scrubbing, and nursing; he organized the Boy Scouts to carry hot soup and clean linen to families completely submerged by the epidemic; he seized upon the less supine of us and taught us things about nursing we should have taught ourselves before.

In between these activities he traveled incessantly over roads that were first deep in mud, then frozen hummocks of iron, which in turn gave way to drifted snow or sheets of treacherous ice. The car was no use now, and he went back to a horse. In front of his house there was always a row of battered cars or blanketed horses waiting their masters, who sat in Old Doc's surgery waiting for him to come in so that they could bear him off with them to their stricken households. Some of these were miles away up some snow-choked valley, and often the call came when Old Doc had just fallen into bed after a fifteen-hour day. But he never refused to go.

Sometimes, at first, when he was starting out on his night rounds, he would glance in at the drug-store window as he drove past. Between the red and the green lights he could see the rosy cheeks of the stove, and Jason Wright and Elmer Candee with their chairs tipped back and the light of some risible bit of gossip in their faces. For an instant he would feel the strong tug of an impulse to go in, to slump down in an armchair, to get warm, to put off for a few minutes the intolerable burden he carried.

But he was scarcely aware of this impulse as he slapped the reins smartly down on his horse's back and went on, for, though his body was tired, now his spirit was in fighting fettle. Sometimes, driving along through the icy night alone, no other live thing in sight, no light except a tiny lamp in some far-off farmhouse window, he would have a famous talk with Willie. He would brag a bit to Willie. And above the deadly weariness of his body his spirit would rise up gayly, warm and exultant. He was shoulder to shoulder with Willie, three thousand miles away.

These were the fine moments of that time. But they came less and less frequently as the clutch of winter and the epidemic fastened tighter upon him. His brain grew foggy with fatigue and sleepless nights. He wondered sometimes if he could hold out until spring. Perhaps by that time Willie would be home—if only he could hold out.

Then one sleety night in March it seemed as if the peak of his endurance was reached. When he drove into his barn door at ten o'clock that night he knew that he was nearly finished. He had been called at six that morning to a settlement ten miles up Cedar Valley. Twenty-two new cases of influenza in six families. Not a nurse. Raw, new frame houses around a sawmill, with the damp, bitter wind blowing in at the cracks. Old Doc worked all day, then drove on to the next town, abducted a nurse, packed the back of his buggy with supplies and drugs and an extra stove

for a family with seven children and one heater, installed these articles, put the settlement under the iron rule of the nurse, and long after dark started homeward.

Sitting humped over the reins, he swayed sometimes from side to side with fatigue, or dropped asleep until the lurch of the wheels slewing into a rut aroused him. The horse plodded on with his head lowered before the occasional sleety blasts. The raw cold came up through the floor boards of the buggy, and Old Doc's legs turned to ice. His thoughts became confused and blurred, and again they turned as clear as crystal. In the second lumber camp a man had died the day before from the measles, and Old Doc knew what that meant. Grown-up men with the measles, and men in a camp, at that, he thought, were ornery things to handle. They'd die on his hands if he didn't nip the thing in the bud. For a few minutes his mind worked clearly as he planned his campaign. Then it grew foggy again. He was conscious only of his benumbing, aching weariness. If he could just get one good night's sleep, if he could once get warm again—

The horse turned of its own volition into the drive to the stable. Old Doc was just able to lower himself out of the buggy and stagger to the kitchen door.

"Mother, telephone over to Andy to come over and put up the horse," he said to his wife. "I'm—all—in."

He fell onto the Turkey-red covered couch near the kitchen stove and was instantly asleep. His wife had got his wet boots off and was ladling warm soup between his lips with a spoon when the surgery bell rang. She answered it. A tall young man in a soaked mackinaw stood on the threshold.

"Is the doctor here?" he asked, with a nervous tremor in his voice.

"Yes, but he can't go out again. He's pretty near sick himself."

"But we've *got* to have him! It's my wife. I dunno but she's dying — we didn't expect the baby so soon. She's in turrible pain—"

His eyes were shining with terror. The doctor's wife twisted her apron in indecision, and at that instant the doctor himself walked in in his stocking feet. The man in the mackinaw caught hold of his arm and poured out his story frantically.

It seemed to Old Doc that every atom of his body and mind quivered and rebelled. From the details he knew this was going to be a bad case. Even in favorable circumstances he had never liked confinement cases. And this one was going to be, in all probability, complicated. If only he had had a night's rest! A qualm of sick distaste swept over him. Then he sat down and began pulling on the dry boots that were always kept behind the surgery stove.

"Make me a bottle of coffee, Mother," he said. "And make her strong."

An hour's drive through the sleet, with the man in the mackinaw sitting forward pushing on the reins, and Old Doc sleeping with his head rolling on his chest. A little new frame house set in the midst of a raw, new farm hacked out of a hillside of second-growth timber. In the kitchen Old Doc shook himself out of his wet great-coat while an anxious woman—a neighbor from the nearest house two miles away—explained what she had done.

He went through the living room into a small bedroom, passing a bed in the corner where were two children asleep.

"Hers?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the neighbor woman.

Old Doc bent over the bed while the neighbor woman held the kerosene lamp. The woman on the bed tried to smother her groans and looked up at him out of young blue eyes.

After a time the doctor came out of the bedroom. The husband had come in and was hanging over the stove, shaking with cold and fear.

"Why in God's name didn't you bring her to me before?" Old Doc inquired.

"She was goin' down to see you to-

morrow. We—we—the other children come all right. We thought—we didn't know—"

Old Doc cut him short with an angry gesture and turned toward the door into the kitchen. The husband started dumbly to follow him.

"Stay there!" commanded Old Doc, curtly, and shut himself alone into the kitchen.

He had to think. He had to decide what to do. There wasn't much time, for whatever was done must be done before the woman reached exhaustion. He told himself he had to decide, and yet deep in his brain he knew there was no choice. He had known before his examination was completed that there was only one course indicated—the oldest operation in the world, in some ways the simplest, and to him the most terrible—the Cæsarian section.

He had seen it performed once in a great operating room with tier on tier looking on, and at that time a horror which he could not rid himself of had seized him. He had told himself that if ever he had to bring life into the world that way, he would turn his patient over to another surgeon. It was a dread without reason or justification, he knew. He had once spoken about it to Willie, and Willie had smiled. Willie would have gone to it eagerly, regarding it as a valuable experience.

Old Doc walked up and down the kitchen. He saw so many things that he didn't want to see—two pairs of small shoes drying behind the stove, a needle stuck into the hem of a baby's garment, a woman's checked-gingham apron thrown over a chair, the remains of a meager supper on the table. They were poor; they were having a struggle. They were both of them young.

"No business bringing another child into their poverty," he thought, angrily thrusting aside a chair as he walked. "Ignorant, not even clean. . . . Impossible to be sure of asepsis. . . . Ought to have expert help. . . . Not even light enough. . . . My God! I can't do it!"

He went to stand by the window, looking out into the blackness of the country night. His mind worked clearly and cleanly. He went through the operation, step by step. In good conditions, with trained assistance at his elbow, with the time properly chosen, it was not a particularly difficult or dangerous operation. Perfect asepsis, perfect after-care. That was all.

All! Old Doc saw with his mind's eye again the small bedroom, the smoky oil lamp, the primitive conditions, the frightened face of the neighbor woman. And another thing he saw—if he did this operation and a double fatality ensued, his name would be a hissing and a by-word. He would be condemned without a hearing. He would be perfectly justified in not attempting it, under the existing conditions. No one could expect him to perform this operation alone, in bad conditions, at the possible risk of his professional name.

Well, then, what was there to do? Something seemed to stand at his elbow, very close. A voice was in his ear. He could proceed as in a normal delivery. These ignorant persons would never know that there was another course possible. After all, it was their fault. They had neglected to come to him in time. And then—what? The woman would die. He knew to the last detail how dreadfully she would die.

A shudder, a wave of nausea, swept over him. Blindly he opened the door and stepped out into the darkness.

The sleety rain had ceased. The night was rapidly turning colder. Near the kitchen door there was a tall hemlock, its trunk gleaming and dark with frozen rain. Old Doc stumbled toward it and leaned against it as if it were a friend. For a second he was conscious only of the fact that he was an old man, tired out, finished. He wished that he could lie down there at the foot of the tree, in the wet and snowy dark, close his eyes, and slip into his long rest.

Leaning against the tree, he did, in fact, close his eyes. But with them closed

he saw much more than he had seen with them open. He saw the two pairs of small shoes behind the kitchen stove, and he saw the young blue eyes of the mother, full of agony. He took off his old felt hat and beat it against the tree, in a sort of agony of his own.

The whacking sound of the hat against the tree seemed to pull him up sharply from his dazed and weary rebellion. He stood still, looking straight ahead of him. He was talking to Willie. It seemed to him that the two of them were waiting for the summons to advance. It was on the eve of a great attack, and he and Willie were going up together. They were not Old Doc and young Doctor Willie, but they were equals, in age, in strength, in audacity. He saw Willie's face quite plainly, eager, tight-lipped, and he lifted his own face with a smile.

Only a second or two of time, but years in effect. As an old garment, weariness and self-distrust dropped from him. He felt light and strong. Down to his finger tips the strange current coursed; out of the darkness it seeped into him; on the breath of the wet night air blowing down from the mountain it entered his body. He was as young as Willie, and he was stronger than Willie would ever be. The signal had been given and he was going over the top.

Old Doc turned himself about and leaped toward the house.

"Build up this fire!" he issued crisp orders. "Let me have plenty of hot water. Bring all the lamps in the house. Clean those dirty chimneys. Man alive, brace up! There's one big chance and we're going to take it. Now, then, first of all, to clear the decks. . . ."

Sometime in the middle of the next day—or perhaps, so far as Old Doc knew, it was the day after—he climbed heavily, stumblingly into the buggy and was driven toward home. Almost as soon as he struck the seat he was asleep, his head rolling on his chest, his face gray. In the house he had just left there was a new soul, and one other emerging slowly, steadily from the shadows of the borderland.

The speaker of the day had reached his peroration. Through the golden quiet of the afternoon his words fell on all the upturned faces and rang from one side of the Square to the other. His words were flowery and flamboyant, but sincere and touching to us with our eyes upon that line of young faces all held at attention. He recited again their deeds, their sacrifices, their glory.

Then, as he rounded his last paragraph, made his last soaring gesture, the band burst into a triumphant martial strain, the rope was pulled that drew away the folds of the flag, and the bronze tablet in the face of the bowlder was revealed. They were all there, the little names that were so big in our hearts, imperishably graven, given over forever to the glory they deserved.

The packed throng, cheering, pressed forward to read. The band shattered the air with triumph. With tears and shining faces the hands of our boys were seized and wrung. The rest of the program was lost in the greatness of the moment.

Old Doc leaned forward from the drug-store steps. He was not looking at the bronze tablet, but at the squared shoulders, the firm profile of his son. Then for a moment he lost them, for Doctor Willie became temporarily the center of a large swirl of friends who wished to shake his hand. The band blared, cheer after cheer went up.

And over the face of Doctor Willie's father there came a change of expression. The loneliness in it gave place to a fine, serene light. There was a bit of humor in it, the least bit of a rueful lift to one ragged eyebrow. But, as if unconsciously, his shoulders squared themselves proudly. He swept off the wreck of an old black-felt hat as the flag was run up above the bronze tablet. Then he went back smiling to his armchair in the drug store.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH LIFE

BY PHILIP GIBBS

IN many ways the social spirit of England has been more changed in the last six years of history than in the six centuries preceding them. Such a statement may seem fantastic in exaggeration for the sake of an easy and arresting phrase, yet it is exactly true of certain characteristics of English life and habit, for the war was a convulsion which shook England to the core and broke up many of its old instincts and traditions of social faith.

In spite of modern developments of democracy and industry, the progress of education, and the growth of cities, England remained, until the World War, amazingly feudal in its structure and insular in its habits of thought. The old landed aristocracy maintained in the countryside the power and allegiance which they had possessed for hundreds of years, and the small farmers and tenantry, fast rooted to their soil, had no sense of change and no desire for change. In counties like Somerset and Devon, Warwick and Gloucester, Norfolk and Suffolk, the peasant laborer was, in his ways of speech and thought, but little different from his forefathers of Tudor and Plantagenet times, spoke almost the language of Chaucer, so that to the London man, modernized, quick-witted, the "yokel" of the south, west, and north was incomprehensible in his dialect, and primitive in his outlook and understanding. The landed gentry, in old country mansions, changed the cut of their clothes, danced the foxtrot, adopted the latest social fashion, but instinctively, in the very fiber of their bodies, in allegiance to a tradition of life and to a certain plot of land which was theirs, were intensely insular. I remember a year or two before the war a startling instance of the conservatism of English life beyond the cities. It was when the craze for "pageants" had caught hold of English imagination, so that in many old towns the people dressed themselves in the costumes of the past, re-read the history of their forefathers, and acted the drama of the centuries from Saxon times to their own present. In Norfolk there was such a pageant, and one scene of it was to represent a chapter of history when, five hundred years ago, the gentlemen of Norfolk, with their squires, came to pay homage to Mary Tudor, their princess. Five centuries had passed, but every actor in the scene bore the same name, lived on the same soil, held the same place, as those ancestors of his who had knelt before the Tudor princess.

In a thousand ways like this England held to the past. The people were insular, and the sea which divided them from the Continent was a great water of defense against the spirit of change, except in outward, superficial things.

Then the war came and changed everything in the spirit of the English people. . . . At first it seemed as though it would be like other wars of England—a foreign expedition of a little professional army, and of young lads eager to see "foreign parts" by taking the king's shilling. They would fight gallantly, many would be killed, there would be exciting reading in the newsprints, and then the bells would ring for victory, the lads would come marching back, and English life would go on again, hardly touched or altered. Even at Waterloo there had been only twenty-five thousand English soldiers. To the mass of

English folk the Napoleonic Wars had been a remote and distant thing, not affecting their own lives much. When the great World War broke out the British troops who were sent, according to the pledge with France, were called the "Expeditionary Force," as in the old days. But presently the Regular Army was spent, and presently all the youth of the nation was sent out, the younger brothers following the elder brothers, the married following the single men, fathers of families conscripted like the boys at school. England was all in—all her men, all her women, and no escape for any of them in the service of death. No living body in England was exempt from the menace of destruction. Death came out of the skies, and chose old men and women, nursing mothers, babies, anyone. The enemy attacked them in little homes in back streets, in big factory centers, in the heart of London. . . . So England was no longer safe in her island. An island people, uninvaded for a thousand years, with utter reliance on her fleet as an invincible shield, were suddenly shocked into the knowledge that the sea about them was no longer an impassable gulf between them and all foreign foes. It was a shock which broke up the old psychology and the instincts of a thousand years.

English youths went out to the death fields, hundred thousand after hundred thousand, until four million men had gone that way. From first to last on all fronts the men of the English counties—not Irish, nor Scots, nor Welsh, nor Canadian, nor Australian—made up 64 per cent of the British fighting forces. They were English soldiers who fought most, and endured most, and died most, because there were most of them, though the world heard least of them, because the English people don't talk most about themselves. Out of every four men who went out to the World War one did not come back again, and of those who came back many are maimed and blind and some are mad. England and the spirit and mind of England were altered by so great an ordeal which had come to every home and heart.

In many ways the alteration was plainly visible during the war, especially to fighting men who came home from the dirty ditches on three days' leave, or seven. The home-staying people—the old and middle-aged, the women, the workers in the factories providing the material and munitions of war, the government officials, clerks, and employers of labor, even the young girls—seemed to be possessed by a new energy, a more vital spirit, a restless and energetic excitement. They were all "out to win." They were all, in big ways or little, dynamic in their activities. Caste was for a time abolished. University professors were acting as field laborers. Patrician women were making munitions with factory girls. A great, strong, spiritual wind seemed to have swept through all classes of English life. It had cleansed even the slums of great English cities which had seemed past cleansing. Before the war an immense population in England crowded into the cities, had lived below the poverty line or on the thin edge of it—miserably, precariously, dirtily. There was a mass of floating, casual labor often out of work, huddled in the hovels of back streets, in filthy conditions. Their children were ragged, barefooted, underfed. Now those conditions had been altered by the war. The demand for labor was so great that every able-bodied man could get a good wage. The government and the employers paid great wages for skilled work. Mechanics who had found trouble in getting forty or fifty shillings a week now gained two hundred or three hundred shillings a week. Any girl with her hair hanging down her back or tied into a pigtail could get a wage that her father would have envied before the war. Munitions girls were getting three and four pounds a week, some of them far more than that. Small families, all working, paid by government money, raked in an incredible weekly revenue. For the first time they had a broad

margin of money for the fun of life as well as for its sharp necessities.

I remember being home on leave once during the war and walking in the park of a poor district of London on a bank holiday—that day when the poor people used to come out of their slums in their rags to enjoy a little liberty. This time there were no rags, but well-dressed children, girls overdressed in the imitation of fashionable ladies, a strange new look of prosperity and well-being. At that time the workers in factory towns had more money than they knew how to use, and bought absurd little luxuries, and grabbed at the amusements of life without thought of the morrow. There were pianos in the homes of coal-heavers, and the wives of laborers wore fur coats—in summer as well as in winter. The fighting man, back from the trenches, where he risked death every day and every minute of every day for one shilling and twopence, was startled by the money made by the luckier men who worked for war at home. He saw injustice there, inequality of service and reward, and sometimes was bitter and blasphemous on the subject. But, on the whole, the soldier did not begrudge the money earned by the home workers. They were his folk. He was glad of their luck, though he did not share it. He believed that when he came home—*if* he came home!—he, too, would get high wages for any job he might get. His wrath, and the wrath of the home workers (in spite of their own prosperity) were reserved for the manufacturers and financiers who were making enormous profits out of government contracts—vast profits out of the massacre.

"The profiteers," as they were called, sometimes fairly and sometimes unfairly, became the worst hated class in England by the masses of working people, and by the old gentry who gave their youth to war, according to old traditions and the law of their caste, without any reward but that of pride and honor. They saw themselves doomed by the uprising of the New Rich. The small landowner, the country squire, the nobleman of the old order, aloof from trade and manufactures, gave their wealth to the service of the state as they gave their sons, and upon them fell, year by year, a heavier burden of taxation. Before the end of the war, and after the end of it, many of them sold their estates, which had been in their families for hundreds of years, sold also their family treasures. The New Rich took possession of many old mansions, bought the family heirlooms of the old regime, renovated and vulgarized old historic places. I know one family of the ancient order whose history in the war is typical of others. There were four sons, and all of them were in the army or navy, and two of them were killed. The daughters became nurses and devoted themselves to the wounded during all the years of war. The mother died by the strain of war. Increasing taxation bore down heavily upon an already impoverished estate. The father, a peer whose name belongs to the great memories of England, sold the pictures of his ancestors to an American millionaire, then the treasures and relics of his house. It is now an empty shell, and the eldest son, back from the war, farms a little plot of land, with one of the New Rich in possession of the great estate, which belonged to the family since the first Charles was king.

A social revolution has been accomplished in England by this turn in the wheel of fortune. The New Poor—once the old gentry—are scraping along on the remnants of former wealth; the New Rich possess their places, and so far have not learned those traditions of kindness, of generosity, and of noble manners which made the older gentry pleasant people, whatever faults they had. In a way previously unknown to a great extent in England, small traders, little manufacturers, business adventurers without capital or power, seized the chance of war, the needs of a government reckless of all cost, provided the supplies of war came in, and made rapid progress to great prosperity. Their

profits mounted higher and higher, and, though the government imposed upon them an excess-profits duty, most of them dodged it, in one way or another.

It was the middle-class man or woman that was hardest hit by taxation before the ending of the war, and by the prices of life's necessities rising higher and higher every month. The laboring classes kept mostly beyond the pace of these rising prices by rising wages. Well organized and fully aware of their new importance as the workers for victory, they saw to it that their wages should always be on the upgrade and beyond the tide of living costs. If that did not happen they went on strike, and the government yielded—every time. The government paid every kind of wage for work, though secretly it knew that there would be a fearful reckoning when victory was assured, if it might be assured, which was not always certain. But there were many people between the devil and the deep sea—between the profiteers and organized labor. They were unorganized. They were living on the interest of small capital. They were dependent on fixed salaries, or professional fees which could not be increased. Their rents were raised. The income-tax assessor had no mercy on them. The cost of living frightened them. They were reduced to a state of stinting and scraping, underfeeding, clinging to shabby clothes. They, more than any, belonged to the New Poor. . . . Then at last the war ended and masses of men came back from the battlefields, leaving an Army of Ghosts behind them—their dead comrades. Then all things changed under the surface of English life.

Those men who came back were not the same men as those who had gone away. They had been utterly changed. They had gone out from villages in England where their life had been very narrow, very limited in ideas and speech. Many of the boys in those villages were as simple and unthinking as the peasants of the Middle Ages. From the city slums they had gone out in the big battalions, and the undersized, underfed, ill-aired lads of that city life had been broadened and strengthened, well fed, well aired in an outdoor life that was healthy and fine when it was not deadly and dreadful. They had taken frightful risks as a daily habit, until the thought of death was not much to them. They had mixed and talked with men of many minds. They had thought strange thoughts in the silence of night watches with the instant menace of death about them. Some of them were broken in nerve. Some of them were brutalized and demoralized by this life of war. Many of them were bitter and resentful of the things they had had to do and suffer and see. All of them hated war. Most of them had come to think that not only the Germans were guilty of that war, though most guilty, but that something was wrong with civilization itself, with the governments of nations, with the Old Men who had sent the young men to the trenches, because this massacre had been arranged or allowed.

They were eager to get back home, and thousands were kept rotting in mind and body in many far places—as far as Mesopotamia — months after peace. When they came home they were not eager at first to get to work. They had earned, they thought, a holiday, a long rest. They had served England. England could keep them for a bit. So for many months they idled, played around, restlessly, never quite satisfied, not fitting easily again into civil life and home life—and the government still kept them on unemployed doles, piling up the national debt, printing more paper money, which was nothing but a promissory note on future industry. Prices did not fall; they rose higher. The profiteers, big and small, capitalist and shopkeeper, still demanded the same margin of profit on goods made and sold. The ex-soldier was exasperated by these prices. His government dole was not large enough to give him much of a margin for the fun of life. Presently he began to demand work. The mass of

skilled hands found it easily enough, on the whole, and at war wages. But there was a great mass of unskilled labor which could not get work. It was very skilled labor in the art and craft of war. It was made up of expert machine gunners, experienced airmen, riflemen, bombers, trench-mortar experts, fellows who could use a bayonet dexterously. But it was utterly unskilled in the arts and crafts of peace. These men had been boys when they were recruits. They had gone out to war straight from school. They had skipped apprenticeship to any trade. They had not even learned typewriting or clerical work. When they asked for jobs the trade-unions said:

"Where is your apprenticeship ticket?"

"I was in the army!" said the unemployed man. "I was fighting for England and the whole damn crowd of stay-at-homes."

"Sorry," said the trade-union foreman. "You were little heroes, no doubt, and we're much obliged to you, but we don't dilute skilled labor with unskilled trash. It's against the trade-union rules."

It was also, it seemed, against the principles of many employers of labor in the great cities, the managers of city offices. Young gentlemen who had been officers in the infantry or the aircraft, in the tanks or machine-gun corps, called upon them in search of clerkships. These were the loyal gentlemen who, while the young men were fighting and dying, said, "We will fight to the last man—to the bitter end." But now that the end had come, with victory, some of them looked doubtfully at the ex-officer boys who had had the luck to come back, and uttered disconcerting words.

"You are hardly fitted for work in this office. You have been wasting your time in the army. Probably you have acquired habits which would not make you useful in this business. On the whole, we prefer boys just out of school or just down from the university."

So young ex-officers after various experiences of this kind went away using language they had learned in Flanders strong, unprintable language — with great bitterness in their hearts.

On Christmas Day last in London, while the streets were filled with people doing their shopping, some of these ex-officers—heroes of the war—stood on the sidewalks, turning the handles of piano organs, appealing to the charity of passers-by. Probably they were the worst and not the best of the unemployed officers, the scalywags, but it was not good to see them. The sight of them there sickened some of us who had been with them in the war. I know a lieutenant-colonel who was reduced to hawking about a book from house to house. By an irony of fate it was a History of the Great War in which he had played an honorable part. On the sales of the book he was to get a small commission, but at the end of his first week's work, when he had agonized with shyness and shame, afraid to ask for the "lady of the house" lest she should be one with whom he had taken tea in better days, he was fourpence down on his expenses. There are many men like that—some are friends of mine—who have never been able to get a decent job since the armistice. Civil life has no place for them, in spite of Lord Haig's constant noble appeals to the nation on their behalf. The men had a better chance than their officers, and until recent days the majority did get assimilated into the ranks of labor, although a minority remained unemployed, and in some cases, owing to nervous debility after the shock of war, unemployable.

The government was not unmindful of these men. Every unemployed soldier received, and still receives, a weekly allowance, now reduced to one pound, and this helps a single man to scrape along without starvation, but no more than that, and without any sense of good reward. The man who doesn't like work makes it do. The man who wants to work and can't receives this dole without gratitude—with a curse in his heart at a nation's ingratitude.

Among his rivals, keeping him out of work, were the girls of England. During the years when manhood was away in masses the girls came out of their homes, took the places of the men in many kinds of work—rough work as well as soft work—and did wonderfully well. They were happy in that work, earning good wages which enabled them to buy pretty frocks, to amuse themselves in holiday hours, to be magnificently independent of the stuffy little homes in which they had been like caged birds. English girlhood found its wings in the war, and flew away from the old traditions of inclosure to a large liberty.

That has been an immense social change. It has changed the manners and spirit of English life, and these clear-eyed girls of war-time England, now grown to womanhood, have nothing in common with the prim and timid ways of their mammas and grandmammas, but face life without shyness or fear—confident, frank, adventurous, out for fun at any price—which is sometimes too high and horrible.

Since the war a new generation of youth—boys as well as girls—has grown up. The younger brothers are filling the places of the elder brothers who were in the fighting fields and did not come back. It is a new kind of youth in England, belonging to a new life strange to us older men. It is not touched by the shadow of war. It has got clear away from that. It refuses to be gloomy with present conditions; it is impatient of the tragedy that hangs over older minds. It is very daring in its desire to cut clean away from old traditions of thought and manner. It is joyous, reckless, amazingly thoughtless of trouble ahead. It joins the dance of life, eager to crowd a lot into the passing hour. The lessons and the memories of war do not seem to sober it or touch it with any gravity. So it seems to superficial observers, even sometimes to men like myself, whose job it is to observe below the surface, that the English people have forgotten, too quickly, the things that happened—the men who died, the men who live in blindness, in madness, in hospitals for cripples and shell-shock cases. Many times I have been saddened by this thought of quick forgetfulness and have been startled by the apparent callousness of my own country after the blood sacrifice of its youth.

England is not callous. A great proof of pity and remembrance and pride was given on the last anniversary of armistice, when the body of an unknown soldier was brought down Whitehall, past the Cenotaph, on the way to a grave in the Abbey. The King and his generals waited there to salute this body of a man whom no one knew except as one of those who had fallen in defense of England, whom no one knew, yet was known in the hearts of all of us. In the night women came out into the streets of London to wait for the dawn, to be ready for the man who was *their* man—husband or lover or brother or son. Not thousands of women, but hundreds of thousands. Men, too, mostly ex-soldiers, came to welcome back a pal who had died out there in the great comradeship of death. To each woman the unknown soldier was her man; to each soldier his pal. There were few tears in the crowd when the coffin came, with an old tin hat and gas mask on the flag which draped it. No tears, but a wonderful silence and the spirit of remembrance. And when the coffin passed, led by the King and his generals, there was an endless line of folk passing by the Cenotaph to lay little bunches of flowers on the pedestal of that empty shrine. All through the days and nights for a week of days and nights, never stopping, never speaking, a living tide flowed by, paying the homage of their souls to the dead, and for more than a week of days and nights they passed into the Abbey, to walk by the grave of the unknown soldier who was theirs. England is not callous. The soul of England remembers.

But her people hide their wounds, and foreigners who go to England are startled to find so little trace of war's

scars. They see the streets thronged by cheerful people, well dressed, well fed, prosperous-looking. "England has recovered marvelously," they say. "She has returned to normal. She is the same old England."

That is untrue. There will never be the same old England again. It is a new and different England Not yet has the country recovered from the drains of war, nor paid the price of victory.

For a long time England was the great, rich, strong country of the Allies. In the early years of war English gold, all the savings of centuries, was the Fortunatus's purse of other fighting nations. We supplied France, Italy, Russia, Greece with money and materials of war. They borrowed and borrowed from us. Then our wealth was exhausted, and it was our turn to borrow, from a nation richer than we had been. At the present time we owe 1,000 millions of pounds sterling to the American people, and we are paying the interest as it falls due, and in course of time we shall pay back the capital if America asks for it, though we are not getting interest or capital from those who owe to us, nor ever shall. Meanwhile the wealth of England is no more than the promise of the future as it may be fulfilled by the industry of the people. All the money—the paper, anyway—issued by the government is a promissory note on the future. Deeper and deeper the government is pledging the future in order to make present payments. The cost of carrying on the country is ten times more than it was before the war, owing to the increased cost of everything that is essential to the life and safety of the nation or to the ambitions and purposes of English leaders. After "the war to end war" the army and navy cost 270 millions of pounds a year, which is much more than twice as much as the prewar annual budget for all the purposes of national life and progress. On our military and administrative adventure—in Mesopotamia — the government is spending 40 millions of pounds a year, which is a third of the annual budget before 1914.

The interest on our national debt is each year 345 millions of pounds, nearly three times as much as the prewar annual budget. To obtain this revenue the English folk are taxed beyond their patience and endurance. There is no mercy in this taxation. Capital is squeezed of all its profits now, and the profiteer is outraged by this capture of his wealth. But all employers and manufacturers are hit hard—bludgeoned—by the tax collectors. One man I know, a big coal owner and employer of labor, has to pay twelve shillings and sixpence in taxation out of every twenty shillings of his revenue. The middle-class man of small fortune pays 25 per cent of his income in taxation. Money is so "tight" in England now that the banks are refusing further loans to commercial and industrial companies, and many manufacturers find it impossible to "carry on" in the present conditions of trade. They are in a tragic dilemma. The markets of central Europe, Russia, and Asia have collapsed. Those are unable to buy either manufactured goods or raw material on any scale sufficient to sustain the old prosperity of English factories. At the same time labor in England is, so far, refusing to lower its scale of wages to anything like the prewar level, or, indeed, at all, the consequence being that the cost of production remains too high for competition in any foreign markets that remain, and the retail prices in England are not falling, and cannot fall, to their old level. Capital itself is nervous of "cutting its losses" by wholesale reductions in prices, and is now challenging the whole position of labor by declaring a lockout, closing down factories, and biding its time until the rising tide of unemployment—a tidal wave at this moment—brings the workingmen to their senses. Unless they reduce their wage claims England will soon be threatened with bankruptcy.

What is the character and temper of

English labor? Upon that answer depends not only the future of England, and of the British Empire, but to a great extent the future of white civilization in Europe. For England is still the rock upon which the European nations largely cling for safety—a moral as well as a material rock. If England were to go the way of revolution, or fall into chaos and anarchy, it is my firm conviction that there would be no hope at all for Europe, which would fall rapidly itself into decay and despair. France cannot save herself without English help; Italy cannot; there would be no indemnities from Germany. Russian Bolshevism would find open gates; the Mohammedan powers would sweep down upon defenseless minorities; the moral structure of Europe would collapse. All that is certain, beyond all argument or dispute. What, then, is the character and temper of English labor?

It is truculent, aggressive, and, in minorities here and there, revolutionary. The actual labor leaders, men like Thomas, G. N. Barnes, Clynes, Lansbury, and others, are more moderate than the rank and file behind them. Thomas especially is a man of statesmanlike views, much education and experience, who has no desire to become a revolutionary figure or to wreck the machine of labor organization by violent and shattering conflict. Behind the moderate leaders, however, there is a strong pressure of younger and more reckless men who are eager to use the power of the trade-union for political as well as economic purposes—which is a new claim as far as English labor is concerned. Several times they have tried their strength in this way, with doubtful results, because it is contrary to the instincts of the great body of middle-class folk who still represent the deciding factor in English life. The attempt of the coal miners to dictate the policy of the government beyond the arbitrament of wages, to regulate prices to the consumer, failed quickly and resulted in surrender. But there was recently another action on the part of organized labor which proved the political power of their organization when supported by the general conviction of the country. It was when there was a rumor, not unsupported by evidence, that the government proposed to raise a military expedition for the attempted overthrow of the Soviet regime in Russia, in defense of Poland. This was more than mere popular rumor. It was sufficiently grave to cause a leading article in the London *Times* announcing that England was as near to a new great war, calling upon all the strength and sacrifice of the people, as in 1914. The trade-unions set up overnight a central committee which they called a Council of Action, and sent word to the government that the whole power of organized labor in England would be used to prevent any such war. The government replied that they had no intention of preparing a new military expedition. . . . It did not take place.

At the present time English labor is again taking action in the political sphere by threatening a general strike if the government maintains its repressive policy in Ireland by means of "reprisals" and other acts of terrorism.

All this is undoubtedly revolutionary in its spirit. It is a new phase of the labor movement in England, which up to recent years was entirely limited to the economic conditions of industrial life. It is stoked up and inflamed by the outpost leaders of Bolshevism who have established themselves strongly in Glasgow, Liverpool, and Wales. They are out for destruction. They want to smash all the structure of English government, all order, all law. They are in direct touch with Russian and other foreign Communists, and they do not shrink from the thought of the same methods and the same results as those in the Russian upheaval. Lately, however, the Communist theory has been discredited and largely abandoned by the mass of English workers, many of whom, for a time, were inclined to believe that this was the new and true gospel of demo-

cratic progress. The visits of English labor leaders to Russia, and their unanimous condemnation of the Bolshevik autocracy and the slave state of the Russian workers, undeceived the majority even of the younger hotheads. But, although the philosophy of Communism has been dropped like a sharp-edged weapon cutting the hand that held it, there is still a vague, loose, and dangerous current of revolutionary impulse in English labor ranks, not less menacing because undecided in its purpose.

The present wave of unemployment, which many of the workers believe to be deliberately engineered by employers in order to keep down prices, is intensifying the spirit of revolt, and of challenge to the present order of things. It is patronized, rather flattered, by a number of the younger intellectuals, who play about with the idea of revolution as children with fire, not knowing that they will be burned up if the red embers jump out of the grate.

It is certain that the actions of the coalition government since the war have created a sense of exasperation and distrust in the minds of the people, and at the present time there is a wide, unbridgeable gulf between that government and the spirit and ideals of the nation as a whole. The capitalist, as well as the workingman, is aghast at the reckless expenditure of the government on imperial adventures, on the army and navy, and on purposes that seem to them wasteful and sinister. Disappointment with the effects of peace, the increasing troubles of industry, the spread of social decay in central Europe, the burden of armaments still pressing heavily, and the fear of new wars have reacted against all confidence in the men who still control the destiny of England. They have settled nothing. They have failed in the larger vision. They are acting in Ireland with passion and no wisdom. They have tried to buy off trouble in England by promises which cannot be redeemed. This failure—almost inevitable without great leadership, which is lacking—has produced a seething discontent which will lead to unpleasant events, serious disturbances, in the order of English life. And the state of Europe, its general malady, is beginning to touch England very closely.

Yet, though I see the gravity of all this and its darkness, I believe that England will pull through and carry on. There is in English character still an intuitive, inarticulate wisdom. In spite of all the modifications caused by war, there is a solid common sense, a sense of compromise and the middle way, which belongs to centuries of English tradition and is not yet deadened. The passion of the extremists leaves the main body of English men and women cold as ice. Discontent, distress, exasperation lead to violent speech, but rarely to violent action, within the heart of England untouched by the fire of the Celtic fringe. In the past centuries there have been worse times than now, but the people have suffered them with patience, with hard resolution, with high and noble valor. They have always taken the middle way. I think they will now. Out of present trouble England will emerge with her old spirit of stolidity, resource, and energy. If not, then other peoples will be hurt, grievously. If England goes down in decay, so will all Europe, and even America will not be scatheless. If the British Empire, dependent still on England as the axle wheel of its progress, breaks up or falls apart, there will be a flaming anarchy in its ancient possessions—in India, Egypt, Africa—before which the horrors of the last war will be but playful things. If the English people take the road to revolution no country will be safe for democracy or in any way secure of life, and white civilization, as we now know it, and like it, will be doomed. Other races, not white, will press forward over our ruin and decadence. But that, by the grace of God and the spirit of a great race, shall not happen yet, unless madness overtakes all sanity, which must not happen.

THE LION

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

MISS SHORE, entering the dressing room, found some of the women already there. These, seductive of outline, seemed to her eyes almost like electric signs, accentuated as they were by jewels. As the maid removed carriage shoes, she listened to the talk, a foppish mooting of questions of political character. One or two of the women looked at Miss Shore, more particularly at her gown, in which, after they had absently regarded it, they seemed to find the answer to some question always in the back of their minds.

Miss Shore waited for them to leave before she put on her gloves. She went to the mirror, looking at herself wistfully, as if she had hoped that during the trip to the house some angel might have touched her into beauty. The angel had done nothing. So Miss Shore, after glancing out of the window to bare trees stretching up to winter stars, went downstairs.

In the drawing-rooms the voices hit against one another like clappers. The groups consisted of more or less "important" people. The men's black coats were oddly recitative against the women's lyric color. Miss Shore, drifting by a cluster of pink roses, gained her hostess. She was received with perfume of technical violet and conventional, joyless greeting, but there was an additional look that recognized effort in her as she was made a name for others to accept or reject.

"And Doctor Barron, Miss Shore." The hostess waved the two together with the "manner" of the very small woman.

Miss Shore uttered the necessary formulæ, and Doctor Barron bowed. At his full height she saw him formidable, conceding her own insignificance with the kind candor of masculine eyes. Miss Shore was used to that candor, had even humor for it, but when she saw the man's notice go to her frock, she was not so philosophical.

"He thinks me shabby. I suppose I might have—" She was suddenly confused, hot, to the something critical directed against her colorlessness. Moreover, she was amazed at her own ludicrous sense of fright; if there had not been much trepidation in Miss Shore's heart and body she would humorously have tackled herself and this overpowering person, but as it was she made an inexperienced pause. Her hostess saw, and came, mermaidlike of body and gown.

"Frances"—with the archness that in the American woman seems somehow better interpreted by clothes than by face and voice — "Frances, dearest, you're not to be too proud because I'm letting my biggest lion take you in to dinner. You see, I've already told Doctor Barron that you were once a nurse in those dreadful settlements. He's terribly interested. Such harrowing experiences, Doctor! She might have become famous if she'd only given interviews. And then this queer girl dropped it all and devoted herself to her family. Wasn't that perfectly darling and naughty of her?" Mrs. Ferrett's society hand was on Barron's pulse.

She left the two to perfunctory beginnings and greeted a woman who had just entered, whose advance, made technically with stagy sweep, needed more than perfumed buoyancy to attract, but who, robed in the purple of an assured



ENTERING THE DRESSING ROOM SHE FOUND SOME OF THE WOMEN ALREADY THERE

individuality, began a series of studied suavities. This late comer, hanging herself like an orchid on the atmosphere of general admiration, took names in her hands like unset jewels or old prints, holding them loosely, searching for values to which she might adjust her recognizance, while her eyes, business-like, appraised the one worth-while guest —namely, Doctor Barron. Mrs. Ferrett drifted about, setting in motion small, infantile publicities.

"That was Ferronier Transome who just came in; she's awfully exclusive and choosey. Her gown . . . yes, wonderful. The 'Blue Grotto,' the designer called it. The shoulder drapery represents the boats sailing in. . . . You say the boats that go into the Blue Grotto don't have sails? Well, maybe it's oars, then. I'm always so stupid about art and things!"

To another feminine guest Mrs. Ferrett was eager. "Isn't Ferronier Transome superb? Hasn't she developed? She plays herself exactly like a Debussy scale. Some one said the other day that she refused only last week to marry an appellate court judge because he sentenced a woman shoplifter. . . . Yes, dear lamb, she's an absolute feminist. No, darling; it's not pose. Ferronier has always thought the men *frightfully* inadequate."

Back to Miss Shore flickered Mrs. Ferrett's diamond butterfly. "Honey, after dinner you must help me keep Spooky MacGee from little Gamble Brown. . . .Yes, the girl in pink. Her name is *Gambol*, I believe, but she likes to spell it the other way; she says it's so full of ginger."

At Frances Shore's interrogation, made in an undertone, Mrs. Ferrett smoothed her lips into the modern expression of holy things. "Why, dearest, *I* feel *sorry* for the child! You see, she's a this-year bud, and her mother wants her to seem— But I don't think the girls *can* be buds any more—do you?—with their sense of responsibility for everything and their modern convic-

tions. You should hear Gambol talk. Her mind is a perfect morgue. She shocks even me. Well, anyway, I've promised to keep her out of Spooky's way."

From another corner of the drawing-room Mrs. Ferrett sent up a small rocket of explanation as to why she had paired world-famous Doctor Barron with colorless Miss Shore. "When a man just won't talk. But if anyone can get blood from a stone it's Frances Shore. The men are nice to her from pity, I think. Dryden Shore was her father, you know, and of course *that*—" explained little Mrs. Ferrett.

At dinner Miss Shore gathered herself together. "You have just returned from Rome, Doctor Barron. It must be spring there now," musingly. "How could you bear to come away from the almond blossoms?"

The sociologist might not have heard. He was frowning absently. Becoming aware of a little parterre of *hors-d'œuvre* set out between them, he turned, saying, gravely, "You must eat my share of these allegories."

"Allegories?" catching at the whimsicality.

There was the flicker of an answering smile from Doctor Barron. "Isn't this little fish garden 'the setting forth of a subject in the guise of some other subject'?" he appealed. "I had some bread and milk before I came. It would be interesting to demand some more now. Would Mrs. Ferrett consider that bad form, or the eccentricity of genius?"

Miss Shore laughed, almost relievedly. It was not going to be hard to talk to the "lion." As if flowers and candles had done for her what the angel of the dressing room had neglected to do, she brightened. Barron bent upon her eyes without particular interest, yet behind the weariness of his gaze was something searching. Soon, glancing at her untouched plate:

"You are not eating? I shall leave you, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, alone with your oysters."

There was something very kind in his smile as he turned to speak to the girl in pink who sat on his right. At her side of the round table Mrs. Ferrett, witnessing this indication of a "lion's" good behavior, looked relieved.

In a low voice the hostess scattered confetti of comment, letting it stick



MRS. FERRETT DRIFTED ABOUT, SETTING IN MOTION SMALL PUBLICITIES

where it would. There was probably no other worker among the poor who had accomplished so much as Doctor Barron. He was as famous the other side of the water as on this. There had been a time when he was the only practical humanitarian among poor people, but now, of course, he was only one among thousands. Wasn't this a wonderful century, with everybody trying to do good? The hostess's attitude was that of one who would say, "Well, I do hope Providence (or whatever it was we used to be afraid of) is satisfied *now*." Doctor Barron's name led every list of advanced thinkers and workers. Most of the courts of Europe entertained and loved him— etc., etc. He had been, as it were, heroic in seven countries. He was—er—strong-looking, wasn't he? It appeared to be the diamond butterfly that asked this. Mrs. Ferrett herself passed on to other considerations.

As a butler took Miss Shore's plate, she found herself still groping in a daunted mind for something to say. She was aware of her dinner partner, with inscrutable expression, listening to the conversation of the woman in the Blue Grotto gown, watching the dynamic hunchings of her abnormally white shoulders, the steely bend at one corner of her mouth.

"Isn't she beautiful?" asked Miss Shore.

"Perhaps." The "lion," surveying on the plate before him a freakish arrangement of paté and truffle, suddenly looked closer at the plate, continuing, thoughtfully: "But not beautiful enough to make conversation out of. Now this," indicating the plate, "is genuine Capodamonte. Do you fancy it?"

Puzzled, she acknowledged that she did not. In order to defend Capodamonte, Barron branched off into much that was interesting about the pottery of Italian peasants. Apparently he had fallen upon a subject for which he had enthusiasm, and he gave himself up to it, yet as he talked he looked so steadily and searchingly at the woman listening that Miss Shore felt constrained to meet his eyes with a certain proud bravery she too often needed in social encounters.

"You were for a time a trained nurse, I believe," he remarked, with curious abruptness. "That life must have been a tremendous satisfaction for a nature like yours."

A strong instinct for certain kinds of concealment made Frances Shore feel disinclination for this subject; seeing back of the eyes fixed upon hers an authority not accustomed to being set aside, she took feminine refuge in what they had been discussing.

"You make it all so very vivid," alluding to his description of village life on the hill of Perugia. "One can see the crinkled tiles, the gray walls of the piazza, and the women and children carrying that lovely, crude-colored pottery."

But already the man's gaze, defeated of satisfaction, had strayed off to the diamond butterfly shaking on his hostess's inconsequent shoulder. Barron seemed moodily to compare that sparkle with another glitter, even more meretricious — namely, the effect of *blasé* voices raised in the superficial discussion of reform methods. The sociologist, grim, immovable, met certain looks turned now and again to his own without sympathy. He glanced listlessly around the table, replying:

"Do you think I should be talking Perugian pottery at all? Don't you recognize the earmarks of an American *great moment?* Wouldn't Mrs. Ferrett like it better if at this juncture I should take the skeleton of a starved baby out of my pocket and hand it around for general inspection while I harangued about the bitter injustice of some—not all—people being rich? Isn't there something I ought to do or say to add to the general emotional debauch?"

Frances Shore could not help being amused. Still, he troubled her. The powerful face dwelling upon hers with sad keenness could be, she felt, Mephistophelian in acute analysis. Miss Shore

experienced a curious laggard championship for those about to be dissected.

"What do you think of it yourself?" was the "lion's" quizzical demand.

"What," evasively—"what do I think of *what?*"

"Of the pose"—quickly—"or do you try not to see? I know some women look at life through the *brume* of their own souls, as the Parisians see their landscapes through continuous purple mist." He turned to study her. "Perhaps you are that *oppy* kind of optimist determined to believe that the body politic is helped by vagabond society men posing as philanthropists, cat women playing the game of 'ethics' as they play bridge, with jeweled hands and lemon drops under their tongues."

He surprised her into a laugh. Glancing round his boyish severity to the twinkle behind it, she admitted: "It is like a new game. I'm afraid it makes us who have really worked impatient, a little caustic."

He ignored the rebuke. "The hopeless part is that there are no rules for this new game; each assumes the pose that he likes best; each uses the statistics and arguments and proofs that sound best, regardless of what, in the fatal day of the god in the majority, their pampered opinions may finally bring to pass."

For the first time Miss Shore frowned. "But they really care," urging the thing upon him. "Isn't that something? People of the idle class they represent used not to care. These really do. They *care*, they work."

"They care," Barron muttered, "they work for just one thing—the sensation!"

His eyes, grown implacable, went to the scarlet mouth of a slender woman in white satin, who sat, elbows on table, sipping thoughtfully from a golden wineglass, her large eyes looking full into those of her male hearer, her snowy bosom panting as she laid down the law as to women's political rights.

"They find sensuous capital in the questions of the age. Civics at present is society's midnight cocktail. Women of to-day make current topics their Dance of the Seven Veils. The war was a kind of intellectual absinthe; they fairly sipped at it."

"Oh!" breathed Miss Shore, in quick dislike.

He turned upon her, lowering in a dark cynicism. "Really, dear lady, you believe in it all?" he teased. "The little dramatic excitement about the 'very poor'—does it make us pay the butcher sooner? The nebulous dream of 'democracy'—does it help the fashionable woman to be kinder to the brother who marries beneath him? Frank 'facing of facts'—does it make society more tolerant of the man who marries his mistress?"

Years ago she might have been young enough to call these challenges "pessimism," but life had taught Miss Shore the difference between people who accept sham and call it "breadth of view," and those who fight to the last ditch for consistent creed and life. She patiently let him take up the idea where she would preferably have dropped it, marveling, however, at the rasp in his voice as he suggested:

"The lady opposite, in the Blue Suicide-Husband, quotes incorrect statistics with a positively lyric tongue.

"The 'Blue Suicide-Husband'?"

"Is that too bald?" His eyes sparkled wickedly. "Shouldn't clothes, nowadays, since they are to have nomenclature, be labeled, 'Price of Blood,' 'Before the Crash,' 'Squeezed from the Deluge'?" The reformer talked, looking straight before him, continuing, as Frances Shore felt, more to himself than to her:

"The poorest shop girl dresses like an empress. The men who have given their lives to 'big business,' to making such things possible, have wound up their producing machinery until, like the boy with the magic mill, they have forgotten the words that make that machinery stop producing. These men are slowly being pushed out of the scheme

by their machinery, their wars, and their women. That is interesting, you think? Can you tell me that you see hopeful things in subserviences to the female, the truckling of men to these goddesses they have raised to regent power?"

This blunt, uncompromising kind of speech was appalling. Frances Shore recognized in it the truth that must always seem distorted, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. She sat looking pitifully at him, so pitifully, indeed, that the reformer laughed shamefacedly, appealing:

"Well, then, it's your turn, my friend. You have been a trained nurse in the settlements; you have seen humanity at its great work of suffering, and relieving suffering. You know what kind of characters they have who really help. Does one need to speak to you of the fallacy of society's pose, its pompous indignations? Of the rottenness of 'great movements,' as long as individual greed and ego and vanity can so glibly justify themselves?"

It was part of the dinner gayety that at this moment Spooky MacGee, with the peculiar *éclat* belonging to his type, should set going a tiny jeweled canary, a European musical toy concealed in the flower immediately before him. The genius it took to do this, being rapturously applauded, Spooky, complacent, resumed his seat; his small eyes glistened, his small lips were moist under his twisted mustache. For a moment the conversation ceased; then, as the glittering toy finished its expensive warble:

"That, at least, you can find no fault with," Barron's companion gently mocked. "You don't object to the century's cleverness?"

"I should like to place that cleverness on the shoulder opposite the diamond butterfly, and get some Dürer to work his will on their symbolism," he grumbled. "But, since I can see you are



FRANCES SHORE PUT DOWN THE UNLIGHTED CIGARETTE



"SPOOKY, DEAR, I'M SO TIRED AND THIRSTY"

hardened to my brutality, I shall only suggest that Mrs. Transome take it to her T Square lecture this evening. The little glutton-souled girls she speaks to would then come away with another idea besides the one that to wear clothes like hers is a thing worth pulling over an entire social structure to attain."

Frances Shore, merciful at what she labeled his "young" views, murmured something about the inevitable forcing of civilization away from domesticity and simplicity; the growth of commerce and travel, and the share these things have in fastening upon a people their curse of luxury, but the man beside her heard with apathy.

"I knew the apple was on the tree, but I never heard that the serpent *forced* Eve to eat it. Only, you see, Eve wanted—things. Do not eliminate women's desires when you trace out world issues."

This lion of hers had spoken all through with such authority as Miss Shore could not mistake. Slightly breathless with his negations, she at last turned a serious, pale face and regarded him. Here was no theorist, she told herself, no specialist, nor keen-witted protagonist. This was simply a man who alone, courageously, without personal ambition, had fought a marvelous great fight for human betterment until somehow his suit of mail had been pierced! Why, he was bleeding inwardly, under his shining armor, and no one knew! One thing Frances Shore told herself—Barron was not only different from the other "important" persons at the dinner table, but he was alone in the whole world of modern thought. Just so might Martin Luther, might Bruno or Savonarola, have sat at a dinner of the period and have been bitter and agonized. Just so might St. Francis, surrounded by the brilliancy of his father's home, impressed by the horrors of the world, have been preyed upon by some fierce struggle going on within. Once Miss Shore had seen a swimmer carried out from his depth by a sea puss. The fighting look

in the eyes being irresistibly borne away yet remained with her. In the eyes turned unswervingly upon her own she thought she saw almost the same look.

Meanwhile the dinner made its vapid progress. Flirtations drew enervated breath; froth of political chatter sank to sediment of personal scandal. Miss Shore began to realize the women predominant through it all; she was aware of their fetishlike belief in themselves, white hand persuasive, soft dynamics of unproved, pampered eyes; she heard the threadbare passwords, "graft," "indifference," "absolutely unjust," and tried with charitable faith to look deeper for some personal fidelity, some vital truth. Barron, equally watchful, sensed her concealed discouragement. Leaning back in his chair, he gravely smiled.

"Tell me how you have spent your day," he begged.

To the request, something like that of a homesick college boy, she was good-humoredly cryptic. "My day? Oh, that's easily told. I spent most of it at home, doing little things. I—er—went out at five"—she paused a moment, adding, briskly—"and then dressed to come here."

He was interested. "You live a gay life," with blunt directness, "plenty of theater and automobiling, the clubs, bridge?"

"*Assez.*"

She used the note of the chipper "poised" woman, and the "lion's" mouth twitched. Barron already knew from good authority certain painful details of this woman's daily existence, her bitter bread of poverty and vicarious shame. As if a sudden thought struck him, he turned, steadily regarding her.

"I think," said Barron, slowly and deliberately, "that you have a very honest, sacred, human look of having *lived*. I have been looking for such a character, man or woman, to be, for a question



SHE WAS ONLY A PLAIN, TIRED WOMAN NOW

that needs reducing, a—a—sort of crucible." He smiled; then, with humorous wistfulness, "I wonder—would you be willing to be a crucible?"

Miss Shore met his eyes alertly, trying for the look of the "poised" feminist, but she succeeded only in looking like what she was. The slow color mounted, her lips parted; she did not answer.

Still watching, the sociologist suddenly threw back his head, as one who makes a decision. The motion was not unnoticed by others at the dinner table. One or two smiled approvingly at the dynamic movement. Mrs. Transome, having subjugated the men on either side of her, now transferred an imperial glance.

"Who did you say it was, next to Doctor Barron?"

The hostess, white fingers settling the orchid in her corsage, murmured: "Frances Shore, an old family friend. Asked her to fill in. Phillis Rodney couldn't come."

"Why are family friends always such negative-looking people?" Mrs. Transome wanted to know, asking, suddenly. "Not—not *the* Shore?"

"Oh, well, yes, Ferronier." Mrs. Ferrett, dissatisfied with the orchid, twiddled it with coaxing fingers, head down, mumbling, "I never quite believed that story."

"Other people do, I imagine." Then, significantly, "I never see her—anywhere else!"

The blue-satined hostess stiffened. "I don't suppose she does go out much. I imagine it takes courage. They are desperately poor."

"Was it forging or embezzling?" Mrs. Transome's cool tones pursued.

"Careful; she might hear! Forging. Everything awful. They got him out of the country only just in time. She took her own money to do it. No one knows where he is now."

"Really? But I always understood *she* was the one who—"

"I never believed it." The diamond butterfly grew the least bit vehement. "I shouldn't think you, who are so vitally interested in the Cause of Women, would want to believe it." Little Mrs. Ferrett had unwittingly struck a chord she herself hardly understood. She jabbed an emerald pin through the orchid and waited for an answer.

But Mrs. Transome made no answer. Her glance, sliding between mellow candle shades, was trying to fix that of the great Barron. When at last it succeeded she gave the "lion" a slow smile whose value she had tested. Mrs. Transome, disdainful of the thing in other women, was still, for absolutely lofty purposes, dealing in certain feminine lures long ago disavowed by her principles. The man opposite returned the bow carefully. He recognized the smile with the air of having heard that it was valuable. Then his gaze drifted by her and he turned again to Miss Shore.

"So you don't care to describe your daily life to a stranger?" The voice, pitched low, was challenging, but there was also privilege and authority in it. Barron seemed to have special reasons for his probing. "You would think it 'bad form' to speak to me of things that had hitherto been borne alone?" Then, hastily, with some purpose she could not fathom: "These people here are all bridge players; one or two go on to the opera. Mrs. Blue Suicide-Husband is going to make a speech from a cart in T Square to-night. Besides that significant gown"—Barron's voice was again teasing—"she will wear an imported evening wrap, and carry an orchid muff costing over three hundred dollars." The man studied the face beside him as he added: "I heard about the muff this afternoon between lectures on tuberculosis segregation and Bolshevism. Making the speech will give our Blue Grotto friend a novel sensation. The girls who hear it will not listen to what she says. Most of them are cleverer than she—sharpened by life to deathless wisdom—but they will give attention to what she *is*. They will begin next day to ape her false modulations and nuances, to try

for clothes like hers, to copy her affectation of authority, her look of conscious petty power." Barron did not miss the look of deep irritation on the face he watched so calmly. "I beg your pardon," he broke off. "I am really offending?"

She showed free indignation. "Isn't it only decent to suppose that she really means it all, that she *thinks* she is helping, that she is somehow nearer to helping?"

The reformer thoughtfully turned a wineglass, watching the light fall across its gold-and-grape-colored vase.

"I am glad you can say it all so gallantly. Perhaps you are right. As to charity, I am going to test yours. I also was going to make a speech from a cart at T Square, but since I have no orchid muff"—he smiled—"could we two find some sort of talk nook after dinner? I propose to abandon my speech in T Square and to remain here to talk to an audience of one."

It was Miss Shore's turn to smile. She sat there, her bright expression of pleasure quite evident. Mrs. Ferrett, amiably surprised, shook a playful head at the "family friend." Her plausible little teeth gleamed interestedly across the flowers. The diamond butterfly sparkled at Mrs. Transome's sapphire tiara as the hostess said:

"Yes, I'm sure I just heard him say so. He's going on to that T Square meeting himself. Now you nab him, squeeze him into your box at 'Aïda,' fasten him down beside some young girl, make him late, and go on and do your own speech first. He would take all the wind out of your sails. He only rants about home and mother and upsets all the practical modern ideas." Mrs. Ferrett nodded. "I'll bring him to you after coffee."

But, when coffee was brought to the smoking room Barron planted his tall form before the evasive sparkle of his hostess. "I've enjoyed your dinner so much." He murmured it with the perfunctory emphasis of a man disciplined to social inanities. Then, eyes steadily probing her: "I've not quite finished my conference with Miss Shore. As you hinted, she has 'practical ideas' of—of a very unusual kind. I'm wondering if, while bridge is going on, you could hide us away where we could talk and not be joy killers?"

The diamond butterfly was shifty. "Oh, but dear Doctor Barron, I've so much more delightful a thing in store for you. Mrs. Transome, that wonderful creature in blue, is anxious to know you better. She wanted me to get you to promise to join her at 'Aïda.' Did you know that she also was to lecture at T Square to-night, on the 'Holy Meaning of Discontent'? Those shop girls down there just adore her. To them she is like a great flaming torch of hope."

In the smoking room there was a little clock dreamily talking to itself. Frances Shore, with cigarette unlighted in her hand, drew nearer that she might calculate the hour of deliverance from the Ferrett atmosphere, and stealthily put down the cigarette. Suddenly, however, she heard Mrs. Transome's cool voice in the hall; with a curious throb she saw the exotic woman, draped like the queen in a child's book of fairy tales, holding, like a graceful net of wired butterflies, the orchid muff.

"Then good night, Doctor Barron!" came the chiseled tones. "You've changed your mind? You're not going to speak to-night? I'm so sorry."

A footman opened the wide, carved door; a dash of winter air, like an eager child, was strangled by the heavy coils of the woman's perfumes. Like a jewel in a case, she was inclosed in her automobile.

Mrs. Ferrett sparkled up to Frances Shore; a tendril of her hair seemed to exult. "Ferronier Transome didn't trap her lion this time," the hostess whispered. "I set the scenes and played soft music, but nothing happened. You've hypnotized him, Frances; but, now that Ferronier has gone, I don't care. I get tired of her poise. She fairly weighs herself out in so many ounces."

As Frances smiled: "Honey, stay the night with me. Yes, you must! That man has got you on his mind, and will talk late, and I want to pump you afterward, you see. Anyway"—Mrs. Ferrett clutched her nervously—"every servant in the house will be tipsy—they always get so after my dinners—and I want a real friend to unhook me."

With silver pencil she began concocting auction fours, dabbing at the guests about the room. Seeing Barron come toward them, she paused to connect him with Frances with a look appropriately sympathetic.

"Dearest, our lion cares terribly about those Merovingian bibelots and pottery things in the library. Don't you want to play Mr. Cook to him?"

Seeing the two depart, the diamond butterfly cast itself upon the useful Spooky MacGee, and Mrs. Ferrett, darting a look that was not all protecting chaperon upon the girl in pink, at last proved her prerogatives.

"Spooky dear," was her babyish outcry, "I'm so tired and thirsty. Go and make some nice punch—the Spooky brand—and please put in plenty of jumping-jack!"

In the library Barron seemed to find pleasure in rolling back rugs, pushing up two chairs before the fire, bringing logs from the carved Flemish wood chest in the corner. With a gesture curiously reminiscent of boyhood things, he flung the firewood on. Sparks flew up, and the woman sitting soberly by had some vague sense as of old-time primitive values, the sense of life simple and strong, before pose and sophistry had touched it.

"I don't need to lead up to my subject," the reformer began, abruptly. "People like ourselves feel distrust for preamble. Let me begin by telling you what you already know. I have been for years what is vaguely termed a 'social worker.' I began before the thing was a fad; before the theory of it laid hold on popular imagination. I merely did what I could for those who came to me for help, and they, thousands of them, by their own needs and demands, built up what people are pleased to call my 'work.' *They* created their model tenements and nurseries and playgrounds and hospitals. I helped them, directed them, disciplined them, simply because the more I helped the more it was given me to help."

The fire wrinkled and snapped. After some moments of watching it, Barron added, simply, "I have come back to America to give it all up."

Miss Shore, hand shading eyes, had been listening with the air of one who expects to hear some new scheme propounded. Now she leaned forward, smiling at the reformer. "Give it up?"—with incredulous voice ridiculing the bare idea. "Oh yes, of course; that is what you would naturally do—after twenty years!" Then, having indulged him in the absurdity, "What was it you were really going to say?"

Barron, sitting passively in the black-leather chair, turned his face slowly toward her. Once more in the uncertain firelight she thought she saw the fighting eyes of the man struggling in the clutch of the sea puss.

He leaned back, looking at the shadows dancing on the ceiling, and she felt suddenly shut away from him, felt that he was both disappointed in her and indifferent as to what further she could say. It was not until her bald feminine protests died down and she had left only the helpless, dumb gaze, that Barron quietly resumed:

"I have a wife. She bore me two children who both died. She is now incurably insane, and she hates me. . . ." Barron paused. His eyes read the flames as calmly as if they might be some great red book of destiny just opened to him. "But I find that I can in no way buy for her love, patience, the kind of things which under the old law, when the survival of the fittest was not a creed, human beings gave to one another. I believe that it is only I who can in any measure cast out her devil." The re-

former waited, as if the woman sitting near him had made an effort to speak, then he said, under his breath, "I decided to-day to drop the rest, to remain home, live with her, for her—"

Miss Shore gazed at him in dismay. "Drop the rest?" her awed voice repeating his blasphemy. "Why, it is like desertion of God, treachery to a Cause!" the woman complained.

He smiled with a sort of gloomy patience. "I did not think you would say just that obvious thing," with the whimsicality she vibrated to, "but"—Barron's voice was cool—"there are worse treacheries to dearer causes. Have you thought of that?" He turned his dark face to the red firelight. She could see that his eyes stormed, that his reserved voice and gestures were a mask long worn and wavering.

"If it is desertion to give it up," the man said, thoughtfully, "mark this one thing. My 'desertion' will be real, a sacrifice, no play to the gallery. The thing is not what I would wish to do. You get that?" looking sharply at her. "It is what I shall have no help nor understanding in—no modern intoxication of comradeship in a great idea—very probably only vinegarish criticism, shabby conjecture, from those who are disappointed in me. But take just this one aspect"—the "lion" sat up, turning his lad's gaze upon her—"it will be genuine, real, sincere." He flung the last words grimly at her.

Frances Shore wondered. "What can you mean? Your work was genuine, sincere enough!"

There was a wordless click in the "lion's" throat. His jaw locked on some inner contempt she could not fathom as he answered, drily:

"*C'est fini—ça.*" Seeing her expression incredulous, the reformer went on, more gently: "I was becoming—er—*famous* in many countries. Famous, not in the dignified European sense, but in the dangerous American way. I have been burdened with rather a large amount of power and prestige for one individual—getting a little watchful, a little jealous of my prerogatives. You know that kind of poison?"

Miss Shore was silent.

Leaning forward, Barron prodded the logs with the tongs. "Place and prestige," he said, vindictively, "a gilded figurehead, automatically directing other men's work, superimposing my own will, suffering nothing, giving nothing, yet being hailed everywhere as a benefactor, almost a redeemer. That sort of thing may grow rather stifling. A man may choke without knowing it. Some men and women do choke."

His listener nodded. Yes, she had seen people she knew, people that she even loved, slowly "choking." It was like any other manifestation of modern life. The perfected machinery of existence, licking its chops over its own capacity, while the sad human heart, longing for service, lay by, gasping, with nothing to beat for.

"It is not"—Barron seemed to be meditating aloud—"it is not as if the work couldn't go on. For a long time the outer resemblance of it will remain. For a while that sort of thing will meet with human support. Soon, we moderns like to believe, there will be no poor, no sick, no wars, no death, starvation. People are already grasping, like children, at a toy, at a scheme of regulation and distribution which is both practical and artistic, which appeals to a certain Greek sense modernly developed, of symmetry and economy in civilization."

"But that of itself should save that poor beating heart under life's machinery," she urged.

Barron put up the fire tongs and turned somberly upon her. "Except that men are reckoning even now without a thing called the spirit. Life has become an ideal of the perfection of balances, but its wings are daily being clipped. Yes, we are to have a beautiful Greek body politic, but that body will some day be only a strange corpse of civilization, a corpse covered with terrible sores."

Now Miss Shore sat up, rebelling outright. "Then why shouldn't you, and men like you, remain at your posts to care for that Greek body? Why shouldn't you, with your special gifts of spirit, heal those terrible sores?" She asked it sternly.

Not meeting her eyes, he lurched restlessly in his chair. "Because men like me shall have lost spiritual power for a pompous lie called an 'ethic,'" the man snapped. He continued, morosely: "It is easy enough not to realize it all. I also was 'socializing' God, until all of a sudden I found that my very soul was being socialized. I found myself becoming impressive, didactic, opinionated, and the light went out of my work. I must light my little candle," he muttered, under his breath, "at fires that really burn."

With a strong sense of being baffled, Frances Shore faithfully tried to follow him. She understood the outside of it, she told herself; she understood too well that there was nothing to answer, yet, as she saw this man's broad shoulders blotting out the group of delicate lights back of his chair, she knew she could have smitten his tense masculine body for that it seemed to hold so mercurial a soul. A great reformer, a great savior of men, had no right to "moods," least of all femininely to attempt to justify a discouraged mood.

The curtains of the library parted and a soft-stepping butler entered, bearing a small tray on which were glasses. The "lion" did not turn his head. His apathy irritated his companion. Frances Shore found herself wishing he would rise, stir the fire, drain a glass of cordial—do anything that would for the moment remove his dominant face and figure and give her time to ponder on what she should say to him.

As may often happen to a woman who is not a mere social adventuress, there had come to her some luminous sense as of crisis, as of her own fulfillment for a man's need. Her mind went back to the coquettish politicians at the dinner table, and she knew herself to be far from their ways of argument or appeal. She saw herself suddenly, almost reverently, an old maid—an old-fashioned woman; felt by the sign of her own small foot resting against the fender some delicate fealty to bygone truths, clean solutions of life, yet, so it seemed to her, to be given.

"I suppose by your Greek idea"—still musing on his words—"you mean that we of to-day are wrong in supposing we can *legislate* character, goodness."

He nodded moodily. "Exactly; but out there," waving his hand to Mrs. Ferrett's reception rooms—"out there they don't think so. They mean to legislate the very babies out of the world; to legislate God, the soul's demand, out of it."

Down the broad hall from the card room came the sound of inane laughter. Some one had started a talking machine, some one at the piano was trying to follow this cylinder music in another key. Miss Shore, smiling into the fire, guessed that this artist might be the girl in pink. When she caught Mrs. Ferrett's tinny little laugh, she knew that it must be in ineffectual protest at some antic of the resourceful Spooky. She speculated as to how the diamond butterfly was behaving now; if it were not tipsy with its own scintillations.

At last Frances Shore took her courage in her hands. She looked at Barron thoughtfully. "Why was it you chose to speak to me of this?" she wondered.

There were plenty of glib things the "lion" might have said. But with her he seemed able to maintain a boyish directness very human in its helplessness. His answer was gentle, but through it the woman sitting there guessed that Barron knew her story; believed that because of that story she could have no reserves or subtleties from him.

The straightforward simplicity of the response stung her. She felt the strong pulse of him, his almost cruel capacity for unswerving directness. She contrasted his nature with what she knew of

the world's "important" men and women. A soul like this to come to abandonment of its chosen work!

"You see," Barron finished, simply, "*I knew.*"

There was a long pause; the fire snapped and flared.

"And yet," said Frances Shore, slowly —"and yet, in spite of that suffering and sorrow you speak of, I am not at all tender, all sympathy. It may be given to me shortly to say something—rather hard—to you."

The reformer's look was challenging. There was a slight pause before he met her anxious eyes. "And," stiffly, "that something is?"

"It is only," hesitating, "that somehow I do not quite believe, quite credit, *all* you have told me."

Another man, less quick, might have floundered, been at a loss. Barron merely flashed a look at her. His laugh was grim.

"In the honesty of my motives, you mean?" The man's amusement flickered through his annoyance. "Say it right out," he humorously encouraged her.

"Not that," slowly; "you would be *honest* always, if you knew yourself—if you were on guard against your own impatience, your own prejudice."

The woman sitting there looked so apologetically, wistfully at him as she murmured these things, that it suddenly struck Barron that this was what was once called "an old maid." Comparing the rare type with the rampant, emancipated woman of the period, he was aware as of a quaintly carved soul, a veritable Ark of the Covenant for the best human aspirations, the best of human ideals and dreams.

"You would be—more honest—if you altogether knew yourself." Miss Shore's small face was now quite fearless. "But don't you see"—with a gesture she tried to remind the reformer—"you have said so much to-night that was sore, out of conceit, merely"—she paused as if, like a mother to a wayward son, she searched for a word that might not too deeply wound, yet penetrate—"merely," concluded Miss Shore, quietly, "*as if you were not quite a good sport.*"

The silence following was broken by a shower of sparks on the rug. Barron rose to extinguish them. He remained there, standing before her, impatient, quivering, like a horse that dreads being made to pass some object in the road. The man drove his hands deep into his pockets, looking down at her.

"Perhaps," he said, colorlessly.

"Perhaps," agreed Miss Shore.

Her tone was so assured that, walking simply up and down the room, Barron flung an uneasy glance at her. For the few moments he had bared, to a stranger, his soul. Now, almost superciliously, he attempted to shut it from her eyes. Yet he listened to the quaint sermonizing.

"I suppose," with a little sigh, "that the more sincere we are nowadays, the clearer eyed, the firmer gripped we have got to be." Frances Shore studied him, speaking thoughts long back in her mind. "Wouldn't this desertion of yours be something a little — er — 'young,' 'grouchy'"—smiling at her own words —"like a disillusioned collegian having confused complexes; like a woman being 'hurt'?"

Barron came to a halt. He stood close by her, searching her so keenly that, in spite of the woman's detached interest in what they discussed, some feminine pulse in her throat contracted; her hands tightened.

"My decision was to have come to-night," the reformer told her, shortly. "When I leave you it will be for the final interview with the man who wants my work, whom I should have selected, of all men, to carry it on. So"—his voice took on didacticism, a slightly disagreeable authority—"you will, of course, think carefully before you give counsel."

But Miss Shore, it seemed, had "thought carefully" all her life. She did not need to be told to do so now. Through her colorlessness, still stanch against the blasts of human adversity,

there flowed, as in the white breasts of a young mother, nourishment for spiritual want. In her negative face, foiled of its woman's fulfillment, there was, nevertheless, the "good" woman's curious look of maternal purpose. Now, as she turned in her chair, her grave regard resting on the man stung by her words into pacing restlessness, she was a mystery to herself, but not the less intent. She knew she must face him with something stronger than platitudes.

"You know me," Barron's companion said at last, and said it very quietly. "I am Frances Shore." The woman seemed almost to quote her own name, repeating it as in a dream. "I think you know what is said of me—*that it was I who helped my father—forge—* That he took the shame and ignominy of crime committed at my instigation. It has never seemed worth while to me to prove—otherwise. But—" Her face shook like a veil of sorrow. She could not speak further.

He came to a stop before her, his face full of concern. "I told you," he insisted, "that *I knew.*"

"There are other things you could not—know about," went on Miss Shore, laboriously; "things of poverty, shame, dishonor. Yet I sometimes like to believe that because of them all I have certain gifts, and to-night, when we talked at dinner"—her voice wavered for a moment, then took on a vibrating firmness—"I felt once or twice that they had made me—well"—she hesitated for a word—"wiser than you!"

The reformer, staring at her, nodded. Barron himself had felt the thing she stated as he had met her in Mrs. Ferrett's drawing-room. He had read with an unerring eye this face's history of crucifixion and struggle; himself had had the passing thought that it wore a supreme expression as of one who carried secret charms against things of hell. He had contrasted it with the faces that hoped for Utopia through legislation.

"You can trust me, then," asserted Miss Shore, bravely. He noted with admiration her quick change to consoling lightness, as she added, with a smile: "You see—I wear no Blue Grotto gown. I carry no orchid muff."

Relievedly he caught at the mood. "At least you have quoted me no incorrect statistics! If only because of that I might trust you."

The "lion" said it clumsily, boyishly, yet, as deeply as a man may, he meant it. He did not smile now, looking down at the slight figure sitting in its chair; rather, he seemed desperately to grasp at some balance of being in this woman, some even swing of spirit, by which his own unbalance must find equipoise.

The laughter in the card room had grown more and more ragged. Some one had started a gramophone dog fight; the wild yelps and barks of excited animals were mixed with silly human yelps of glee. These things penetrated to the quiet in the library, until at last the reformer roused himself, saying, decisively:

"And now you have been the crucible. My sincerity has been reduced by your chemicals. May I have the result, the product—your decision?"

If he had stood there looking less strong, she might have turned on him, told him to make his own decision, to act the man. But, imprisoned with him in ruddy light, holding down as if by main force the undiscipline leaping within him, she could only ponder. Through the tall body before her she saw the conflicting energies, shooting like fire. Frances Shore saw what had made Barron famous. She marveled, understanding what could be the throes of a nature like this, breasting the fallacies of the world's recognitions.

"I put myself in your hands," repeated Barron.

His mentor thought a moment. To the woman's self it might have been that she prayed, but not to any deity—rather a yearning appeal to that poor, insane woman, once wife and mother, whom she doomed, from whom she would protect this man.

"Why, then," said Miss Shore, with very careful lightness—"why, then, if you take my advice, you will leave this house as you came to it, a—a"—she paused for the right word and finished, laughingly—"a *lion.*"

He frowned. He meant her to feel that she might have been too superb, too ready in her own decision, but she did not wince from his look.

"That poor wife," her voice faltering slightly, "what more is there in this world for her? Her light is forever quenched, but there remains to her one terrible power, the power to drag you down. I can see you snatching moments from her, knowing yourself empty of purpose. I can see future bitterness in you, because," looking intently at him, "you would some day know *why* you had given up your work. Ah, and you would have to face the fact—*that it had been—altogether because of her*—altogether—because of—"

The reformer turned fiercely on her. "Oh, be frank!" bitterly. "Don't spare me. Don't hold back."

Another man might have laughed to see Miss Shore's gesture, so drolly that of a queen, so awkward, proving that she was only a plain, sober queen of humdrum human things.

"Be sure I sha'n't spare you," she returned, smiling at him. "But, if I have hurt too much, *isn't it our chief business in this life not to be disillusioned?* And you were just *that*, weren't you? It would be funny, wouldn't it," added brave little Miss Shore, "if the man at the plow turned back because there were weeds and rocks; if the cro'-nest man came down from the cro' nest because he saw icebergs ahead?"

His answering laugh was almost spontaneous. He stood there regarding the woman in puzzled admiration, but Frances Shore, it seemed, had not done with him yet. She rose, coming toward him, standing before him with a simplicity devoid of personal appeal, lam bent with purpose.

"Suppose I say this because I know," the woman appealed almost hoarsely. "I once made a choice like yours. Because of just such disillusion I gave up myself to what I called 'natural claims.' Whether I was right or wrong, God knows." Her throat was suddenly stifled; her hands sprang out to him in a desperate, wild gesture. "But I have lost my hold!" she said. She caught a short breath like a sob. "I have fallen out of step!"

He fiercely protested. With the voice of the comforter of men he spoke, devouring the humility on her face, longing to replace it with the assurance a man such as he had authority to give. The reformer's face and body were sudden passion of understanding, of pity. But the woman standing there had, it seemed, little recognition of that. Her one purpose was fulfilled. She was only a plain, tired woman now; through her two hands, caught in his own, she skillfully conveyed that fact. When the reformer released his clasp, not he, she only, being woman, knew how it was that with no hesitation he could step to the table, to the glasses of cordial.

Barron poured out a few drops. Turning to her, glass in hand, he drained them. "I drink to a new faith," the man said, lightly. With eyes that met hers he tried for thanks.

He put down the glass, threw back his head, and, turning, left the room.

Miss Shore heard his steps down the hall, the door shutting after him. From the card room came a shout of laughter. She rose, went to the table, and, raising the empty glass, put it to her lips.

THE BAY OF BUTTERFLIES

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

BUTTERFLIES doing strange things in very beautiful ways were in my mind when I sat down, but by the time my pen was uncapped my thoughts had shifted to rocks. The ink was refractory and a vigorous flick sent a shower of green drops over the sand on which I was sitting, and as I watched the ink settle into the absorbent quartz—the inversions of our grandmothers' blotters—I thought of what jolly things the lost ink might have been made to say about butterflies and rocks, if it could have flowed out slowly in curves and angles and dots over paper—for the things we might have done are always so much more worthy than those which we actually accomplish. When at last I began to write a song came to my ears and my mind again looped backward. At least, there came from the very deeps of the water beyond the mangroves a low, metallic murmur; and my Stormonth says that in Icelandic *sangra* means to murmur. So what is a murmur in Iceland may very well be a song in Guiana. At any rate, my pen would have to do only with words of singing catfish; yet from butterflies to rock, to fish, all was logical looping—mental giant-swings which came as relaxation after hours of observation of unrelated sheer facts.

The singing cats, so my pen consented to write, had serenaded me while I crossed the Cuyuni in a canoe. There arose deep, liquid, vibrating sounds, such as those I now heard, deep and penetrating, as if from some submarine gong—a gong which could not be thought of as wet, for it had never been dry. As I stopped paddling the sound became absolute vibration, the canoe itself seemed to tremble, the paddle tingled in my hands. It was wholly detached; it came from whatever direction the ear sought it. Then, without dying out, it was reinforced by another sound, rhythmical, abrupt, twanging, filling the water and air with a slow measure on four notes. The water swirled beside the canoe, and a face appeared—a monstrous, complacent face, such as Böcklin would love—a face inhuman in possessing the quality of supreme contentment. Framed in the brown waters, the head of the great, grinning catfish rose, and slowly sank, leaving outlines discernible in ripples and bubbles with almost Cheshire persistency. One of my Indians, passing in his dugout, smiled at my peering down after the fish, and murmured, "Boom-boom."

Then came a day when one of these huge, amiable, living smiles blundered into our net, a smile a foot wide and six feet long, and even as he lay quietly awaiting what fate brought to great catfish, he sang, both theme and accompaniment. His whole being throbbed with the continuous deep drumming as the thin, silky walls of his swim-bladder vibrated in the depths of his body. The oxygen in the air was slowly killing him, and yet his swan song was possible because of an inner atmosphere so rich in this gas that it would be unbreathable by a creature of the land. Nerve and muscle, special expanse of circling bones, swim-bladder and its tenuous gas—all these combined to produce the aquatic harmony. But as if to load this contented being with largesse of apparently useless abilities, the two widespreading fin spines—the fins which correspond to our arms—were swiveled in rough-

ridged cups at what might have been shoulders, and when moved back and forth the stridulation troubled all the water, and the air, too, with the muffled, twanging, *rip, rip, rip, rip.* The two spines were tuned separately, the right being a full tone lower, and the backward drawing of the bow gave a higher note than its forward reach. So, alternately, at a full second tempo, the four tones rose and fell, carrying out some strange Silurian theme: a muffled cadence of undertones, which, thrilled with the mystery of their author and cause, yet merged smoothly with the cosmic orchestra of wind and ripples and distant rain.

So the great, smooth, arching lift of granite rocks at our bungalow's shore, where the giant catfish sang, was ever afterward Boom-boom Point. And now I sat close by on the sand and strove to think anew of my butterflies, for they were the reason of my being there that brilliant October afternoon. But still my pen refused, hovering about the thing of ultimate interest as one leaves the most desired book to the last. For again the ear claimed dominance, and I listened to a new little refrain over my shoulder. I pictured a tiny sawhorse, and a midget who labored with might and main to cut through a never-ending stint of twigs. I chose to keep my image to the last, and did not move or look around, until there came the slightest of tugs at my knee, and into view clambered one of those beings who are so beautiful and bizarre that one almost thinks they should not be. My second singer was a beetle—an awkward, enormous, serious, brilliant beetle, with six-inch antennæ and great wing covers, which combined the hues of the royal robes of Queen Thi, tempered by thousands of years of silent darkness in the underground tombs at Sakhara, with the grace of curve and angle of equally ancient characters on the hill tombs of Fokien. On a background of olive ochre there blazed great splashes and characters of the red of jasper framed in black. Toward the front Nature had tried heavy black stippling, but it clouded the pattern and she had given it up in order that I might think of Egypt and Cathay.

But the thing which took the beetle quite out of a world of reasonable things was his forelegs. They were outrageous, and he seemed to think so, too, for they got in his way, and caught in wrong things and pulled him to one side. They were three times the length of his other limbs, spreading sideways a full thirteen inches, long, slender, beautifully sculptured, and forever reaching out in front for whatever long-armed beetles most desire. And his song, as he climbed over me, was squeaky and sawlike, and as he walked he doddered, head trembling as an old man's shakes in final acquiescence in the futility of life.

For days past I had idly watched scattered flurries of lemon-yellow and of orange butterflies drift past Kartabo. Down the two great Guiana rivers they came, steadily progressing, yet never hurrying; with zigzag flickering flight they barely cleared the trees and shrubs, and then skimmed the surface, vanishing when ripples caught the light, redoubled by reflection when the water lay quiet and polished. For month after month they passed, sometimes absent for days or weeks, but soon to be counted at earliest sunup, always arousing renewed curiosity, always bringing to mind the first flurry of winter and its memories.

We watch the autumn passing of birds with regret, but when the bluebirds warble their way southward we are cheered with the hope and the knowledge that some, at least, will return. Here, vast stretches of country, perhaps all Guiana, and how much of Brazil and Venezuela no one knows, poured forth a steady stream of yellow and orange butterflies. They were very beautiful and they danced and flickered in the sunlight, but this was no temporary shifting to a pleasanter clime or a land of more abundant flowers, but a migration in the grim old sense which Cicero loved, *non dubitat . . . migrare de vita.*

No butterfly ever turned back, or circled again to the glade, with its yellow cassia blooms where he had spent his caterpillarhood. Nor did he fly toward the north star or the sunset, but between the two. Twelve years before, as I passed up the Essequibo and the Cuyuni, I noticed hundreds of yellow butterflies each true to his little compass variation of NNW. To-day the last of the migration stragglers of the year—perhaps the fiftieth great-grandsons of those others—held true to the Catopsilian loadstone.

My masculine pronouns are intentional, for of all the thousands and tens of thousands of migrants, all, as far as I know, were males. Catch a dozen yellows in a jungle glade and the sexes may be equal. But the irresistible maelstrom impels only the males. Whence they come or why they go is as utterly unknown to us as why the females are immune.

Once, from the deck of a steamer, far off the Guiana coast, I saw hosts of these same great saffron-wings flying well above the water, headed for the open sea. Behind them were sheltering fronds, nectar, soft winds, mates; before was corroding salt, rising waves, lowering clouds, a storm imminent. Their course was NNW, they sailed under sealed orders, their port was Death.

Looking out over the great expanse of the Mazaruni, the fluttering insects were usually rather evenly distributed, each with a few yards of clear space about it, but very rarely—I have seen it only twice—a new force became operative. Not only were the little volant beings siphoned up in untold numbers from their normal life of sleeping, feeding, dancing about their mates, but they were blindly poured into an invisible artery, down which they flowed in close association, *véritables corpuscules de papillons*, almost touching, forming a bending ribbon, winding its way seaward, with here and there a temporary fraying out of eddying wings. It seemed like a wayward cloud still stained with last night's sunset yellow, which had set out on its own path over rivers and jungles to join the sea mists beyond the uttermost trees.

Such a swarm seemed imbued with an ecstasy of travel which surpassed discomfort. Deep cloud shadows might settle down, but only dimmed the painted wings; under raindrops the ribbon sagged, the insects flying closer to the water. On the other hand, the scattered hosts of the more ordinary migrations, while they turned neither to the north nor to the west, yet fled at the advent of clouds and rain, seeking shelter under the nearest foliage. So much loitering was permitted, but with the coming of the sun again they must desert the pleasant feel of velvet leaves, the rain-washed odors of streaming blossoms, and set their antennæ unquestioningly upon the strange last turn of their wheel of life.

What crime of ancestors are they expiating? In some forgotten caterpillardom was an act committed, so terrible that it can never be known, except through the working out of the karma upon millions of butterflies? Or does there linger in the innumerable little ganglion minds a memory of long-lost Atlantis, so compelling to masculine Catopsilias that the supreme effort of their lives is an attempt to envisage it? "Absurd fancies, all," says our conscious entomological sense, and we agree and sweep them aside. And then quite as readily, more reasonable, scientific theories fall asunder, and we are left at last alone with the butterflies, a vast ignorance, and a great unfulfilled desire to know what it all means.

On this October day the migration of the year had ceased. To my coarse senses the sunlight was of equal intensity, the breeze unchanged, the whole aspect the same—and yet something as intangible as thought, as impelling as gravitation, had ceased to operate. The tension once slackened, the butterflies took up their more usual lives. But what could I know of the meaning of "normal" in the life of a butterfly—I who

boasted a miserable single pair of eyes and no greater number of legs, whose shoulders supported only shoulder blades, and whose youth was barren of caterpillarian memories!

As I have said, migration was at an end, yet here I had stumbled upon a Bay of Butterflies. No matter whether one's interest in life lay chiefly with ornithology, teetotalism, arrowheads, politics, botany, or finance, in this bay one's thoughts would be sure to be concentrated on butterflies. And no less interesting than the butterflies were their immediate surroundings. The day before, I had sat close by on a low bowlder at the head of the tiny bay, with not a butterfly in sight. It occurred to me that my ancestor, Eryops, would have been perfectly at home, for in front of me were clumps of strange, carboniferous rushes, lacking leaves and grace, and sedges such as might be fashioned in an attempt to make plants out of green straw. Here and there an ancient jointed stem was in blossom, a pinnacle of white filaments, and hour after hour there came little brown trigonid visitors, stingless bees, whose nests were veritable museums of flower extracts—tubs of honey, hampers of pollen, barrels of ambrosia, hoarded in castles of wax. Scirpus-sedge or orchid, all was the same to them.

All odor evaded me until I had recourse to my usual olfactory crutch, placing the flower in a vial in the sunlight. Delicate indeed was the fragrance which did not yield itself to a few minutes of this distillation. As I removed the cork there gently arose the scent of thyme, and of rose petals long pressed between the leaves of old, old books—a scent memorable of days ancient to us, which in past lives of sedges would count but a moment. In an instant it passed, drowned in the following smell of the bruised stem. But I had surprised the odor of this age-old growth, as evanescent as the faint sound of the breeze sifting through the cluster of leafless stems. I felt certain that Eryops, although living among horse-rushes and ancient sedges, never smelled or listened to them, and a glow of satisfaction came over me at the thought that perhaps I represented an advance on this funny old forbear of mine; but then I thought of the little bees, drawn from afar by the scent, and I returned to my usual sense of human futility, which is always dominant in the presence of insect activities.

I leaned back, crowding into a crevice of rock, and strove to realize more deeply the kinship of these fine earth neighbors. Bone of my bone indeed they were, but their quiet dignity, their calmness in storm and sun, their poise, their disregard of all small, petty things, whether of mechanics, whether chemical or emotional—these were attributes to which I could only aspire, being the prerogatives of superiors.

These rocks, in particular, seemed of the very essence of earth. Three elements fought over them. The sand and soil from which they lifted their splendid heads sifted down, or was washed up, in vain effort to cover them. More subtly dead tree trunks fell upon them, returned to earth, and strove to encloak them. For six hours at a time the water claimed them, enveloping them slowly in a mantle of quicksilver, or surging over with rough waves. Algal spores took hold, desmids and diatoms swam in and settled down, little fish wandered in and out of the crevices, while large ones nosed at the entrances.

Then Mother Earth turned slowly onward; the moon, reaching down, beckoned with invisible fingers, and the air again entered this no man's land. Breezes whispered where a few moments before ripples had lapped; with the sun as ally, the last remaining pool vanished and there began the hours of aërial dominion. The most envied character of our lesser brethren is their faith. No matter how many hundreds of thousands of tides had ebbed and flowed, yet to-day every pinch of life which was blown or walked or fell or flew to the

rocks during their brief respite from the waves, accepted the good dry surface without question.

Seeds and berries fell, and rolled into hollows rich in mulcted earth; parachutes, buoyed on thistle silk, sailed from distant jungle plants; every swirl of breeze brought spores of lichens and moss, and even the retreating water unwittingly aided, having transported hither and dropped a cargo of living things, from tiniest plant to seeds of mightiest mora. Though in the few allotted hours these might not sprout, but only quicken in their heart, yet blue-winged wasps made their faith more manifest, and worked with feverish haste to gather pellets of clay and fashion cells. I once saw even the beginning of storage —a green spider, which an hour later was swallowed by a passing fish instead of nourishing an infant wasp.

Spiders raised their meshes where shrimps had skipped, and flies hummed and were caught by singing jungle vireos, where armored catfish had passed an hour or two before.

So the elements struggled and the creatures of each strove to fulfill their destiny, and for a little time the rocks and I wondered at it together.

In this little arena, floored with sand, dotted with rushes and balconied with bowlders, many hundreds of butterflies were gathered. There were five species, all of the genius Catopsilia, but only three were easily distinguishable in life, the smaller, lemon-yellow statira, and the larger, orange argente and philea. There was also eubele, the migrant, keeping rather to itself.

I took some pictures, then crept closer; more pictures and a nearer approach. Then suddenly all rose, and I felt as if I had shattered a wonderful painting. But the sand was a lodestone and drew them down. I slipped within a yard, squatted, and mentally became one of them. Silently, by dozens and scores, they flew around me, and soon they eclipsed the sand. They were so closely packed that their outstretched legs touched. There were two large patches, and a smaller area outlined by no boundary that I could detect. Yet when these were occupied the last comers alighted on top of the wings of their comrades, who resented neither the disturbance nor the weight. Two layers of butterflies crammed into small areas of sand in the midst of more sand, bounded by walls of empty air—this was a strange thing.

A little later, when I enthusiastically reported it to a professional lepidopterist he brushed it aside. "A common occurrence the world over, Rhopalocera gathered in damp places to drink." I, too, had observed apparently similar phenomena along icy streams in Sikhim, and around muddy buffalo-wallows in steaming Malay jungles. And I can recall many years ago, leaning far out of a New England buggy to watch clouds of little sulphurs flutter up from puddles beneath the creaking wheels.

The very fact that butterflies chose to drink in company is of intense interest, and to be envied as well by us humans who are temporarily denied that privilege. But in the Bay of Butterflies they were not drinking, nor during the several days when I watched them. One of the chosen patches of sand was close to the tide when I first saw them, and damp enough to appease the thirst of any butterfly. The other two were upon sand, parched by hours of direct tropical sun, and here the two layers were massed.

The insects alighted, facing in any direction, but veered at once, heading upbreeze. Along the riverside of markets of tropical cities I have seen fleets of fishing boats crowded close together, their gay sails drying, while great ebony Neptunes brought ashore baskets of angel fish. This came to mind as I watched my flotillas of butterflies.

I leaned forward until my face was hardly a foot from the outliers, and three I learned to know as individuals. One sulphur had lost a bit of hind wing, and three times he flew away and returned

to the same spot. Like most cripples, he was unamiable, and resented a close approach, pushing at the trespasser with a foreleg in a most unbutterfly-like way. Although I watched closely, I did not see a single tongue uncoiled for drinking. Only when a dense group became uneasy and pushed one another about were the tongue springs slightly loosened. Even the nervous antennæ were quiet after the insects had settled. They seemed to have achieved a Rhopaloceran Nirvana, content to rest motionless until caught up in the temporary whirlwinds of restlessness which now and then possessed them.

They came from all directions, swirling over the rocks, twisting through near-by brambles, and settling without a moment's hesitation. It was as though they had all been here many times before, a rendezvous which brooked not an instant's delay. From time to time some mass spirit troubled them, and, as one butterfly, the whole company took to wing. Close as they were when resting, they fairly buffeted one another in midair. Their wings, striking one another and my camera and face, made a strange little rustling, crisp and crackling whispers of sounds. As if a pile of Northern autumn leaves, fallen to earth, suddenly remembered days of greenness and humming bees, and strove to raise themselves again to the bare branches overhead.

Down came the butterflies again, brushing against my clothes and eyes and hands. All that I captured later were males, and most were fresh and newly emerged, with a scattering of dimmed wings, frayed at edges, who flew more slowly, with less vigor. Finally the lower patch was washed out by the rising tide, but not until the water actually reached them did the insects leave. I could trace with accuracy the exact reach of the last ripple to roll over the flat sand by the contour of the remaining outermost rank of insects.

On and on came the water, and soon I was forced to move, and the hundred of butterflies in front of me. When the last one had left I went away, returning two hours later. It was then that I witnessed the most significant happening in the Bay of Butterflies—one which shook to the bottom the theory of my lepidopterist friend, together with my thoughtless use of the word normal. Over two feet of restless brown water covered the sand patches and rocked the scouring rushes. A few feet farther up the little bay the remaining sand was still exposed. Here were damp sand, sand dotted with rushes, and sand dry and white in the sun. About a hundred butterflies were in sight, some continually leaving, and others arriving. Individuals still dashed into sight and swooped downward. But not one attempted to alight on the exposed sand. There was fine, dry sand, warm to a butterfly's feet, or wet sand soaked with draughts of good Mazaruni water. But they passed this unheeding, and circled and fluttered in two swarms, as low as they dared, close to the surface of the water, exactly over the two patches of sand which had so drawn and held them or their brethren two hours before. Whatever the ultimate satisfaction may have been, the attraction was something transcending humidity, aridity, or immediate possibility of attainment. It was a definite cosmic point, a geographical focus, which, to my eyes and understanding, was unreasonable, unsuitable, and inexplicable.

As I watched the restless water and the butterflies striving to find a way down through it to the only desired patches of sand in the world, there arose a fine, thin humming, seeping up through the very waves, and I knew the singing catfish were following the tide shoreward. And as I considered my vast ignorance of what it all meant, of how little I could ever convey of the significance of the happenings in the Bay of Butterflies, I felt that it would have been far better for all of my green ink to have trickled down through the grains of sand.

FOULED ANCHOR

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE tedium of the anchorage, already a week old, grew intolerable. For the hundredth time the boy wondered wearily why his uncle, the master of the bark, couldn't have taken him along "up to London" too. For the hundredth time his gaze, going out from the vessel's quarter rail through the omnipresent, watery dusk, rested upon the town that climbed the promontory to the right—the rickety landing stages and the rear exposures of dirty public houses along the opaque margin of the tide—the streets of rock running up between dykes of slates and bastions of chimney pots—the solitary creeping lamplighter—and the silhouette of the sky line at last: ridgepoles, chimneys, and gables jumbled against the hard, wet English sky. . . . At the top of the darkling mass, the town's last peak, lifted a stone house like a tower, square, strong, lofty, dingy, and somehow, to the boy's imagination, mysterious.
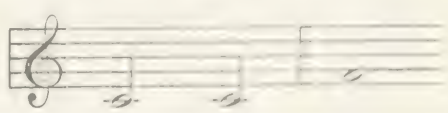
I have called him a boy. That at twenty-one Roger Brown should have been a boy in the sense he was is at once the glory and the failure of America.

He liked to please people. He had red hair, blue eyes, and freckles. He was homely. The girls at home had always loved him. Roger had always loved the girls—"all the girls"—with the boisterous tomfoolery and reverence of his kind. Of course he knew there were women who—and all that sort of thing. He had been to college. But he could no more have thought a bad thing about any one of "the girls" than he could have "flown."

"The girls! The girls!" What a precious fine thing to start out with, knocking around the wicked world! Precious and preposterous, indeed, and, of course, foredoomed. . . . "The girls! The girls!"

Leaning on the taffrail under the alien night, Roger fell into a dream. He remembered a girl he had glimpsed that afternoon in the High Street up there, just for an instant across a huddle of lead-colored people about a tram. It was absurd enough, here, across the sea; but in his dreaming now it seemed again that that girl must be Dolly Blaine. She was so very like. . . . He went deeper in reverie. It was summer; that summer when, of all the girls, it was Dolly Blaine. He was home from Dartmouth, she from Stanford. From the ends of the continent! . . . He heard the whir of the sprinkler on the lawn. The shadow of woodbine leaves, cast by the arc of Third and Chestnut, fell across her face in the porch hammock. She wore his fraternity pin. And when, at ten or so, they strolled down to the drug store at the corner of Fifth, he held Dolly's arm so as to hold Dolly's hand. Oh. Dolly Blaine!

And they had had a "call" that summer, he and Dolly. It came back in memory, and under his breath he whistled it in the river night:
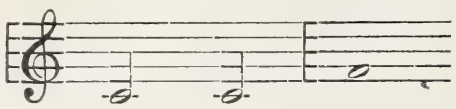


He rubbed his eyes. He took a deep, startled breath.

"By jingo! I—I'm seeing things!"

He rubbed his eyes again and stared at the obscure mass of the town. For it had seemed, for an instant, as if to his whistle some high, hidden window there

had given back a visual answer—like the gleam of a pocket flash—a furtive, winking spark—a slow dot, and another slow dot, and then a sustained, white, tiny dash:



He laughed uneasily and stirred on his feet.

"Say, but that *was* a coincidence, wasn't it?"

He sat down on the wheel box and stuck his hands in his pockets. He had to grin. Things like that didn't happen very often.

Payson came aft. He had been in the forward works, overseeing something about the anchor cable. He had to watch out for everything, being first officer of the bark, and the captain away.

"Well, the tide's turned," he said. "Nothing to do till to-morrow."

He stopped by the companionway to light his pipe, the flame between puffs lighting up his handsome, bony, alert face.

"Coming ashore, Brownie, my lad?"

It was more than half patronage. The man could not very well help knowing that the landlubberly youth stood deeply in awe of him, as of a man of the sea and of the world. Sometimes, cooped up in the dismal river mouth, it was almost too much for Payson.

Roger did not immediately answer the question. Sitting chin in hand, he said:

"Do you know what? To-day when I was ashore I saw a girl—"

But Payson broke in: "Girl, eh? Brownie, my son, if you want to come ashore with me I can show you girls enough. Girls? Say!'

Standing together on a corner of a cobbled street before the open door of a public house full of men and women and yellow gaslight, Payson struck out at last, almost savagely, at what he had once called the other's "confounded, gawk-eyed innocence."

"The trouble with you college lads from Iowa is that you want to be bad boys—bad, gay boys—and, God help you! you couldn't be blacker in sin than a white tablecloth. The trouble with you is that you—you—"

Payson seemed to want a word. He made an impatient gesture toward the bar door, the barmaids shining, white-jacketed, within, and one or two bright-colored blouses making spots in the hot light.

"The trouble with you is that you—you *segregate* your—your delicious imaginings. Now those, for instance—barmaids, ladies in 'pubs,' and so on—they're legitimate to think about. But all those others—"

Payson pushed his cap back from his forehead, which perspired. He will be recognized, of course, as Lucifer in earthly disguise. . . . But, no, Payson was really in earnest, almost bitterly in earnest, for once in his life. Actually, for the moment, he hated this red-haired, blue-eyed youth for having something he himself had had and lost. And he made a sweep with his hand toward the higher streets where all the town's good people lived behind their scrubbed steps, brass knockers, and painted window boxes. He made the gesture as if to gather them all in and drag them down in a lump under Roger's nose, so he would have to look at them.

"But those up there, why, they're 'different.' Taboo! They're— Why, see here, you say they're fellows' sisters—they're the kind of girls that get engaged. That's because you're snobs. Nothing like a democrat for a snob. Your real aristocrat—your duke or your princeling, now—he knows that all of them, *all*, these in the 'pub' or the park, those up there behind the chintz curtains and the family prayers—all of 'em cut from the same damned bolt of goods, my lad. Your duke knows. He has tried it out. He's a Christian, your duke is, because he believes in the dogma of original sin. He knows that any woman in this town is every woman in this town

—no matter what street you find her in. . . ."

Payson was actually panting a little. His eyes, widened by the effort of conviction, rested on the cogitating face of the other. But Roger was not really cogitating. He believed what he was told. He was certain Payson must know; the man's vehemence was convincing. And there was something even dimly pleasurable in the belief. (About this town, you know.)

"I suppose so." He nodded a sober head.

When he got back to the vessel he leaned his elbows on the rail and brooded out over the water at the many-windowed hill standing up in the dark. And he thought of the crimson thread of original sin running through it all, hovel and villa and mansion chamber alike.

"Yes, I suppose he's right."

He felt older and more important. The town seemed more foreign than ever, more intriguing and bizarre. There —anywhere, indeed, up there—a man might not be surprised by—well, by *anything*.

As a matter of fact, Payson hadn't touched him at all. His thoughts, escaping by and by, went back to "the girls" —in another world. For of course nothing could ever touch "the girls," any more than anything could ever touch his mother or his—well, say, his college. . . .

And, still half dreaming, he thought of the face he had glimpsed in the crowd to-day—so like the girl of that half-forgotten summer—Dolly Blaine. . . .

The following afternoon he met the same girl, and it *was* Dolly Blaine.

"Mrs. Keene FitzHugh," she corrected him, soberly, after the first laughing, stammering give and take of recognition.

"I saw you yesterday in the street, Roger, and I knew it was you."

"And I saw you, Dolly."

"Yes, but you weren't half sure of me, Rog."

"But how in the world— Say, Dolly, when—how—did you ever come to be here—in England?"

They were on the ocean side of the town, directly over the promontory from the river. There, walking on the beach among the deserted bathing-machines of summer, they had met, specks coming toward each other out of the distance.

"Then you didn't know I was married?"

"Why—why, yes, I did." Roger squirmed. "Of course I did, Dolly."

He flung himself down on the sand, and she, after a brief glance up and down the shore, sat beside him. For a while, silent under the tumbled immensity of the sky and the drone of little breakers, they watched the surf, the wheeling gulls, the play of sunlight and cloud over the silver cylinder of the Abbott Light, far out beyond the froth of God's Mercy's rocks. But once or twice she glanced down at him with a dreaming smile, calling back her girlhood. Once her hand lay lightly and frankly on his hunched shoulder, as if it said, "Dear lad!"

He didn't look up, but he saw her vividly now, her face and her gray eyes across a square glass table in Davis's Drug Store at Fifth Street on an evening in the full tide of summer. The scene came back, set in a hard, white light, a glinting of mirrors and bottles, scraping of soles on the mosaic floor, laughter, sputter of soda fountain, and the racket of the Knights of Pythias band going by in a chartered car. And through it and all around it the pervading breath of drugs—iodoform, lavender, oil of peppermint, and cloves. . . . Why did he remember that? Oh yes. It was because he and Dolly had been different that night. There was a new solemnity between them. He hadn't held her hand that night, coming down. And over their "sundæs" they had talked in a kind of stifled way of such things as life and faith. Rather, Dolly had talked. And no matter whatever happened to Roger, she would keep her faith in his integrity and his real, true, hidden self.

(The deep, unshakable faith of the sophomore girl!) And no matter whatever should happen to her—no matter where fate might carry her out of Roger's sight and ken—Roger was to have that granite faith in Dolly, was he not? For how was a woman to rise to the heights of—of—oh, of everything—without the faith of the—of some one who cared—a little?

Both of them, caught up in the glitter, the solemnity, and the smell of drugs, had known, somehow, that they were, somehow, that night, to become "engaged." . . . Nothing in the world had prevented it but a sudden call on the drug-store phone, telling Roger that an aunt had died and that he was to "come right home and be with his mother." . . .

But never till he died himself could he forget Dolly's sweetness and straightness about that faith they were to have—the one in the other—forever! Nor the light in her gray eyes. Nor the smell of iodoform and oil of peppermint and cloves. . . . Since then, even just passing a hospital window, even without thinking why, he would think of faith. . . . "Doll," he wondered, out loud now, "do you remember that evening—" And then, himself remembering that she was married now, he plucked at the sand and kept still.

It was she who broke the silence at last. "You don't ask me about *him*," she said.

The boy's face went crimson. Heavens! As if he could ask a girl he'd known so long about her *husband!*

"Well," she went on, simply, "I love him to death, Roger. He's a big man; much bigger than any of us will ever be, probably. You knew he was older than I, didn't you? . . . I love him to death. And I hardly know him. . . . He's a doctor, you know; really the biggest doctor in the west counties. If only he'd go up to the city he could live his own life. Even here— But, no, he won't let anyone take anything off his shoulders. Half the time he's away all day, all over the west counties, and half the night—sometimes all night long. Honestly, I hardly know him. . . . But you've got to meet him, Roger. Though you won't make a thing out of him. He's terribly surgical and terribly British. And I—I love him to death, Roger, this husband of mine. . . ."

Roger writhed. It seemed to him he had never been so embarrassed. Girls don't talk to other fellows about their love for their husbands. That's too intimate. There are doors to keep shut. . . . He felt his cheeks flaming. He was glad when she got up to go. He walked with her.

Self-consciousness pursued him. Meeting Payson in one of the lower streets of the town, and hesitating, so that she had to prompt him over the "Mrs. FitzHugh" in the introduction, it was moments before he could grasp the astounding fact that Payson was accepting the pair of them with a wink and a grin of understanding.

"Mrs. FitzHugh is an old, old friend," he tried to explain. Payson fell in step with the half-facetious apologetic air of one hesitating to intrude upon another's "game." Roger began to stammer.

"I knew her in—at—at home, Payson."

He felt appalled and helpless. He couldn't meet Payson's eyes. The man's calm assumption that he had picked Dolly up; the glances of frank appraisal which he cast at the slim, erect, self-contained woman between them, as if she might have been anyone—any girl a man might find alone in the park—it almost frightened him. He wanted to bellow at Payson.

They had come to a halt at the corner of the High Street where he had seen Dolly the day before. And Dolly was saying:

"It's too late for tea now, but tomorrow, Roger, won't you drop in for a cup? And wouldn't Mr. Payson like to come, too? . . . That's nice. . . . Yes. Good-by, Mr. Payson. Good-by, Rog!"

Her easy "Rog" had a little shaken Payson's assumption.

"What's the game, Brownie?" He glanced over his shoulder as they walked away toward the water. "I thought, of course, you were— Say, was that straight about the 'old friends'? Well son, I give you this—she's certainly a pippin! 'Missus,' eh? Husband in town?"

"Yes," Roger told him, sullenly. "She married an English doctor."

"I see. I see."

Even now, however, the boy could not seem to shake off a deep, uneasy sense of abomination—as if, somehow, something had touched "the girls."

They had tea next afternoon in the walled garden behind that tall, square, stone house on the crest of the town. It was all very cozy and very English, and the tea things and the late flowers and Dolly's frock made a bright pattern against the lichened and somehow ruinous austerity of the pile.

The master of the house was seen briefly; a big-boned, silent, brown-bearded man who acknowledged their acquaintance with an absent-minded kindliness in his eyes, refused tea gruffly, and went off among the dwarf chrysanthemums, with his shadow, Jock, the big old wolfhound, slavering at his heels.

Payson, when the doctor had gone, returned with doubled ardor to his frank campaign of conquest. It seemed incredible to Roger that any man could look into Dolly's eyes and say so many vapid and obvious things—things he must know would make him appear ridiculous to any married woman. He acted as if he thought that Dolly were just a strange girl whom he would never see again.

Roger was hurt. He was ashamed to let it go on. But then he thought it would be worse to give it importance by making a scene. And Dolly, he saw, with a light in her eyes and a dangerous color on her cheek, was quite taking care of herself.

Then he began to comprehend something that made him strangely content. He read it in Dolly's eyes when they escaped Payson's now and then and came, as if for refuge, to his.

"Oh, Roger," they seemed to say, "he doesn't understand, does he? He's making such a fool of himself," they said, "because he doesn't know our kind —the world and the life of the like of you and me, Roger."

After that, in place of rage, there was only a kind of disgusted pity for the amorous mountebank who couldn't see. . . . Dolly put it in words when, as they were taking their leave, she fell behind with Roger on the flagged walk to the gate.

"Who is this Mr. Payson?" she asked. The light of the disgraceful tussle was not altogether gone from her eyes nor the pinkness from her cheeks. She didn't quite look at Roger. "Is he a very good friend of yours? . . . Anyhow, Roger, he's—he's just a bit—ordinary. . . . And, Roger, I don't think, if I were you, I'd leave me alone with Mr. Payson—too much."

The growl rasped in the boy's throat. "You'll not see him again, Doll. I promise you *that!*"

She laughed under her breath and squeezed one of his hanging hands. And, though Payson had turned and was obviously and quizzically waiting, she seemed to ignore the fact.

"Roger, I've hardly had a word with you to-day. Since yesterday I've been remembering—oh, a million things! And weren't we dear, funny children that summer, you and I? I've been remembering us. We even had a 'call.' Remember?"

Roger nodded. And then he had breathed the three notes in a whisper.

"Yes, yes! Weren't we momentous, Roger? If ever in the world—anywhere in the world—either of us wanted the other to come— Oh dear me, dear me! . . . But I'll tell you. The other day, when I saw you weren't sure of me in that crowd on High Street, it was on my lips to whistle that old 'call' of ours. Wouldn't *that* have given you a turn,

though! . . . But look, Mr. Payson's waiting. Come along. . . ."

Going down the hill, Payson said to Roger, in a musing way:

"Your little friend is lovely—and lonely."

"I guess so, sometimes. Her husband's away so much. And I guess at night, in that old ruin of a house, you know—"

"Yes—at night—*especially* at night—poor girl—*quite* lonely."

And it was not till four hours had gone by that, suddenly, standing still on deck in the darkness of night, Roger felt his face turn hot.

"What on earth—what in the bottom of hell did Payson mean by *that?*"

With a muscular reaction, subconscious and absurd, he found himself turning around and around on his heels, like a blind man beset by thieves.

Oh, "the girls"! The precious, laughing "girls"!

But, no! No! Payson couldn't have meant—

But yes! "Your little friend is lovely —*and lonely!*"

He seemed to think he could run away from it. He stumbled about the deck. He barked his shin on a capstan bar. He struck his shoulder against a corner of the after-house in the darkest darkness he had ever known.

But Payson had said, "Yes—*especially* at night—*quite* lonely. . . ."

He breathed heavily, so that Payson, who had just come up the companion ladder, peered at him and asked what was "up." . . . Roger rocked there, his fists clenched, his lip between his teeth.

"Damn you!" he tried to cry. "You filthy beast!" he tried to cry. And for bewilderment and for shame of youth, not a word would come out of his mouth.

He ran away from the man. He came to the vessel's waist, and there he let his weight sink against the rail. He stared at the water, and the weedy stench of the coming tide rose and enveloped him. He stared at the town lifted up against him, toppling over him, and the town gave back his stare with a hundred eyes, disdainful and unpitying.

But why? When Payson was simply all wrong.

But how did he *know* Payson was all wrong? How did he know it wasn't *he* who had been all wrong about everything, always, since he was born. *How?*

The tide, streaming along the hollow wood, droned the appalling question, and it wailed in the sea wind through the spars in the dark overhead.

How? How did he know? How *could* he know?

Then he pounded his fists on the rail. Of a sudden he laughed at himself for a coward! for a credulous fool! Dolly Blaine? God in heaven! What could Payson know of Dolly Blaine? In his ears he seemed to catch the memory of three notes whistling softly out of a summer past. To his nostrils came a ghostly fragrance of druggist's wares—iodoform and oil of peppermint and cloves. And in his heart there was peace. Peace!

Tears dimmed the eyes that gazed outward and upward toward the town's head, where the square house loomed against the murk of heaven. . . . And in what must have been one of the upper chamber windows there came and went a tiny flash of light—and another, like another half note—and another, prolonged, like a whole note held on the breath. . . .

". . . If ever, anywhere, either of us wanted the other to come . . ."

And another voice, another echo in the chamber of his brain:

". . . Yes—*quite* lonely. . . ."

He was clinging to the rail like a man shipwrecked in the night. He discovered this. He pushed himself away and stood on his feet.

"What in the devil's hell?" He rubbed his eyes savagely and stared again at the hill.

Payson's voice, as on another planet, sounded in the bow works:

"Tide's about made. Now, Joda, keep an eye to see that cable come clear when she swings. It is right?"

And still Roger stared.

There was a gentle commotion about the boat boom, where the bark's dinghy tailed in the gloom at the vessel's side; a little rattle of oars, squeak of oarlocks, and a waning wash of blades as the boat moved shoreward and was lost.

And still the boy stood there staring into the gulf of the harassed and irrational night, wondering if he had really and truly seen. . . .

When he got up in the morning he laughed at it all. He took big breaths of the cool, white air. He was himself again.

Then the day began to run downhill.

It seemed hot at noon. Something oppressed him. At table, Payson, who had risen late, asked him what was "ailing." The boy ate little.

He had planned to go ashore when Payson went that afternoon, but his restlessness had the paradoxical effect of holding him close on board. He tried to read and the print stood blank before his eyes. He knew that he was waiting for the night.

He couldn't understand. He tried to pull night toward him, and the minutes were hours. He tried, as if it were the onrush of death itself, to hold night off, and the hours were minutes in their flight. His feet carried him around the decks, but his mind was stupid. Only in the subconscious, the blind cellar under the brain, were things in motion; all the little pictures and the fragments of phrases that made up Roger Brown, fighting among themselves to save or to damn his soul.

Dusk came down over the river. Night fell. It grew as late as it had been the night before. The time passed. There was almost another hour. And out of the upper darkness the call came winking down, importunate, nerve-wrung—again, and, careless of shame, again and again. And then the awful thing happened. Something like an ancient barricade gave way in Roger's brain and a phrase came out to damn him:

"Your little friend is lovely—"

Last night it had been, "—and lonely." But never had that shaken him like this.

Dolly was *lovely*. Dolly Blaine! Dolly Blaine FitzHugh! Yes, yes. Why should a man's "delicious imaginings" be bound by that? Why, because her father had been his father's friend—because he and she had gone to high school together and touched hands in the silly summer nights of innocence—why because of these things should he be blind to the vision of her in the dark, as fair-formed, as desirous and to be desired as a stranger would be. The scales from the eyes of boys and fools must sometime fall away. . . . How long ago had they fallen away from *hers?* . . . How long a time, behind that air of comradeship, had she been laughing at *him?*

And a deeper blackness fell. Had they all, then—all "the girls" of memory—been laughing secretly at him for sheltering them away in a boy's sanctuary of chaffing, hand-holding, "rough-housing" reverence? Had he, then, walked through boyhood alone in his star-eyed, dull innocence? Had even his closest friends—even in the high-school days—

It's fine to know nothing about life. But it's too perilous. For every stone in that house is a keystone, and when one goes down it's the end.

Standing there that night on the blind deck, born again and bruised and shaken, staring out at the town and the crimson thread of longing running so plainly from street to street, house to house, chamber to chamber, even to the black, unsleeping tower on the hill—Oh, he didn't care! Boys care. He was a man.

"Lovely!"

And he loved the woman up there suddenly with a kind of love that struck down through his being in that alien night like the white kiss of lightning, leaving him naked, shivering, and numb.

"And especially at night—quite lonely—"

Oh, where in the dark along the rail was that boat boom? He found it and peered at the water. . . . "Where's the dinghy?" he demanded, aloud.

A seaman sitting on the forecastle house told him. "Mr. Payson's gone ashore in 'er, sir."

"When?"

"Few minutes back, sir."

Yes, Roger had heard him go, but he hadn't thought. Just a little after the light in Dolly's room had shown. Precisely as—*precisely as on the night before!*

He put out a hand and took hold of the rail. He steadied his voice. "What time do you expect him back, Joda?"

"Can't say, sir. Last night he's gone half the night."

And, like a soundless echo, the memory of Dolly's confidence:

"Half the time he's gone . . . half the night. . . ."

Turning away from the rail, the vanishing boat boom, the half-obliterated seaman, Roger entered into hell.

He tramped, driven around and around the imprisoning rail, hour after hour of that night. Sometimes he shook with an exhaustion that came across him like a wind. His eyes stared into the dark.

Dolly was up there. And Payson was up there. Dolly and Payson!

The weakness was gone. Laughter rang through his brain. Derision! He had *pitied* Payson. Ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! He had pitied him, to see him making an ass of himself before that woman with his bold glances and his threadbare flatteries. He had pitied him, seeing the distaste in Dolly's eyes. . . . Ho-ho-ho! Blind! Blind! Distaste? Ha-ha! For Dolly *liked* it. They all liked it—all women—all "cut from the same damned bolt of goods"—they loved it—adored it—feared it and adored it—all woman—all, all, all!

"I don't think I'd leave me alone with Mr. Payson—too much. . . ."

"You'll not see him again, Dolly. I promise you *that.* . . ." *Ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho!*

A spoke of the wheel, thrusting out of the blackness on the afterdeck, caught his jacket and twisted him around roughly, like a tippler in a policeman's fist. He sat down in a heap.

"Yes, but still it was to *me* she called. The old call!"

Yes, but still it was Payson who had seen and understood, who had gone and taken, as a man like Payson would always go and take while a youth like Roger faltered and sniveled and could not quite believe.

A fine mucus lay on his lip. Beyond the river cliffs an almost imperceptible grayness smote the sky. Another day was begun.

What a weakling he was! But the weakest of the weak, with a revolver, can kill the strongest of the strong.

He thought he would kill Payson. . . .

The day went by, one hour after another, fifteen of them. Dusk drew down again. Night came on. An oppression lay over the river. Stars shone, flickering slightly in the sky, but an electric heaviness bore down on his nerves, and, late as the year was, a rumor of thunder ran around the horizon. At intervals distant lightning ran up the sky, and before Roger's staring eyes the yellow street lamps on shore were dimmed by a myriad blue-white flare of window-panes. And he saw the square house on the hill in vivid detail, black and white.

Night before last it had been eight o'clock when the signal came down from that chamber window; last night, almost nine. To-night nine had come and gone; the half hour had struck its three bells on the ship's clock aft, and still the boy, shivering a little through all his body, pinched the rail and stared into the dark.

But why should he expect it to-night? After all, it was only "half the time" that Dolly's husband was out of the way —"half the night." And Payson was reading below decks, calmly, under the yellow skylight aft.

But, no; as the hour grew Payson was

on deck. His footfalls went and came on the deck near the wheel. . . . And then, there it was, the two half-notes and the note of brightness, just once in the window on the hill. And Payson came walking forward. . . . Roger turned to face him.

"Going ashore to-night?"

"Why—why I shouldn't wonder." Payson halted. "Why?"

"I need exercise. I just thought I'd row you in."

In the darkness Payson's head thrust out a fraction of an inch. There was something half pugnacious, half embarrassed, in the attitude.

"Well, do as you've a mind to. I—I'll be ashore some time, though."

"Don't worry about me. I'll look out for myself, Payson."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking— Well—in just a minute, then. The tide has turned and I've got to put the ship to bed." And he was off, calling an order into the bows.

Roger walked with an amazing deliberation to the companion, descended, entered a stateroom, took from a pigeonhole in a desk the officer's revolver, made certain it was loaded, and returned above decks, where he waited beside the boat boom till Payson came.

He didn't know what he was going to do. . . .

At the weed-slimed landing under the shadow of a warehouse Payson bade him a hasty good-night and climbed out of sight through a gate. Roger, resting on his outboard oar, waited till the man's footfalls grew faint on the cobbles; then, looping the dinghy's painter over a pile, he sprang out and followed.

He was not used to "shadowing." In this water-front street nine tenths of the windows were dark and the gas lamps smoky and few. He paused to peer up the narrow corridor of stone, and a blue glare of lightning blinded him. He strained his ears for the footfalls, and thunder thudded down over the roofs. Payson had given him the slip so soon. And laughter hurt his throat. He knew where to find him again! Yes, yes; he knew where to go.

So he set his face up the defile, where the glare of the approaching storm went and came. A face to wonder at, if any saw. The streaks of light from public-house doorways fell out across his path; laughter eddied about him briefly without touching him. He had become single of mind, of sight, and of hearing; he was conscious of the battle of his boot soles with the round, steep stones, but not of any effort or fatigue.

Up! Up! Up!

"Onward and upward!"

That used to be the class motto in high school. And Dolly Blaine, with her hair in a huge plait around her head, at the second desk to the left. . . . It shook him till the teeth rattled in his head. . . .

He tried to run up the steep stones.

And then, just before him in the street, he saw Payson again. And under a street lamp in front of Payson he saw a woman with a shawl drawn, mantilla-wise, over her head, waiting.

But he hadn't counted on this. He wasn't prepared for her meeting him so, halfway, in public. His fumbling hand would hardly accept the butt of the weapon in his pocket.

He heard them talking. In the fitful hush between two bursts of thunder their voices came to his ears, thin and metallic, like wires.

"You're late to-night. Later than last night, even."

"But the tide's later, dearie."

"You don't love me, you don't love me."

"Oh yes, I do. But I have to wait for the tide—I've told you that. In this damned river of yours, with these tides, I've got to see the anchor doesn't foul when she swings, you know that—"

The woman's hands flew out to the man's. . . .

Roger found himself going toward them in the sickly illumination from the lamp. Lightning broke out all around, snowy, penetrating everywhere. He had

a glimpse of the woman's face. It was a woman he had never seen before, a stranger with heavy black eyes, pink spots of cheeks, and a red, red mouth.

Whether or not they noticed him he couldn't say. He didn't care. He went past. His momentum carried him for a distance up the cobbles and left him stranded in the thunder and the abrupt downfall of the rain. In a wink the water had struck through his clothing to his skin. It struck through to his soul and bathed it and made it well.

Oh, but more than well, more than well! He had never known the glory of the triumph of the lover elect. After days the dead heart in his breast was beating again, pounding wildly at his ribs, aching with this glory and this triumph.

And so he had been jealous of Payson —bold Payson—cheap Payson! Jealous! And so blind! . . . And all the while it had been for him, for him, for him, that the nerve-wrung call had come down out of the night of desire! Night after night, reckless of pride or repulse or any shame!

"Come! Come! I can't help it, and I don't care! Only—come!"

And she was lovelier than a woman in a dream. . . .

All this while he had been climbing. No, he had been striking the world downward under his feet into the welter of the night.

He was a man at last.

There was a wall in a blur of watery light cast by a lantern over a gate. He knew the gate. It swung open to a push of his hand. There was a door at the top of two steps with a dim fanlight glimmering above. The breath clogged in his throat; the pounding of his heart rocked him on his legs; his arm shook like a reed blown in the storm. He reeled with a wilder wine than he had ever known as he lifted his hand to rap on that door.

Then he said, "No! A boy raps and waits. A man opens and goes in."

The door was on the latch. The warmer, faintly lit air of the entrance hall enveloped him. Closing the door behind him, he was in a sudden hush, surrounded, as at a great distance, by the wail and wash of the squall. It came in like the beat of a dark surf through the chambered convolutions of a shell and died there in the silence waiting around the boy. What should he do—now?

Whistle. Of course! Whistle very softly the answer to the old call. He wet his lips with his tongue tip, for they had grown dry.

Again he said to himself, "No!" It is the boy that calls and waits and asks but one more sign, while the man goes.

He was in the upper hall. How he had got himself up the length of the stairs he couldn't have said, except that toward the last, on the upper five or six steps, he had grown vaguely conscious of having to push, push upward, physically, against this something that was nothing. It was nothing, nothing! But it was about his ankles and knees, clogging his steps. It sat astride his shoulders. It lay on his brain. But it was nothing.

He stood still in the darkness, behind him the dim glow struggling up from the hall beneath, and before him, five steps away, a light falling out from between the rose-colored hangings of a chamber door.

He had come so near at last that he could hear her breathing in there. Or was it the pulse of blood in his own ears? No, he could hear her breathing there, waiting there, no longer in the dark, but in the warm, dim light of rose. . . .

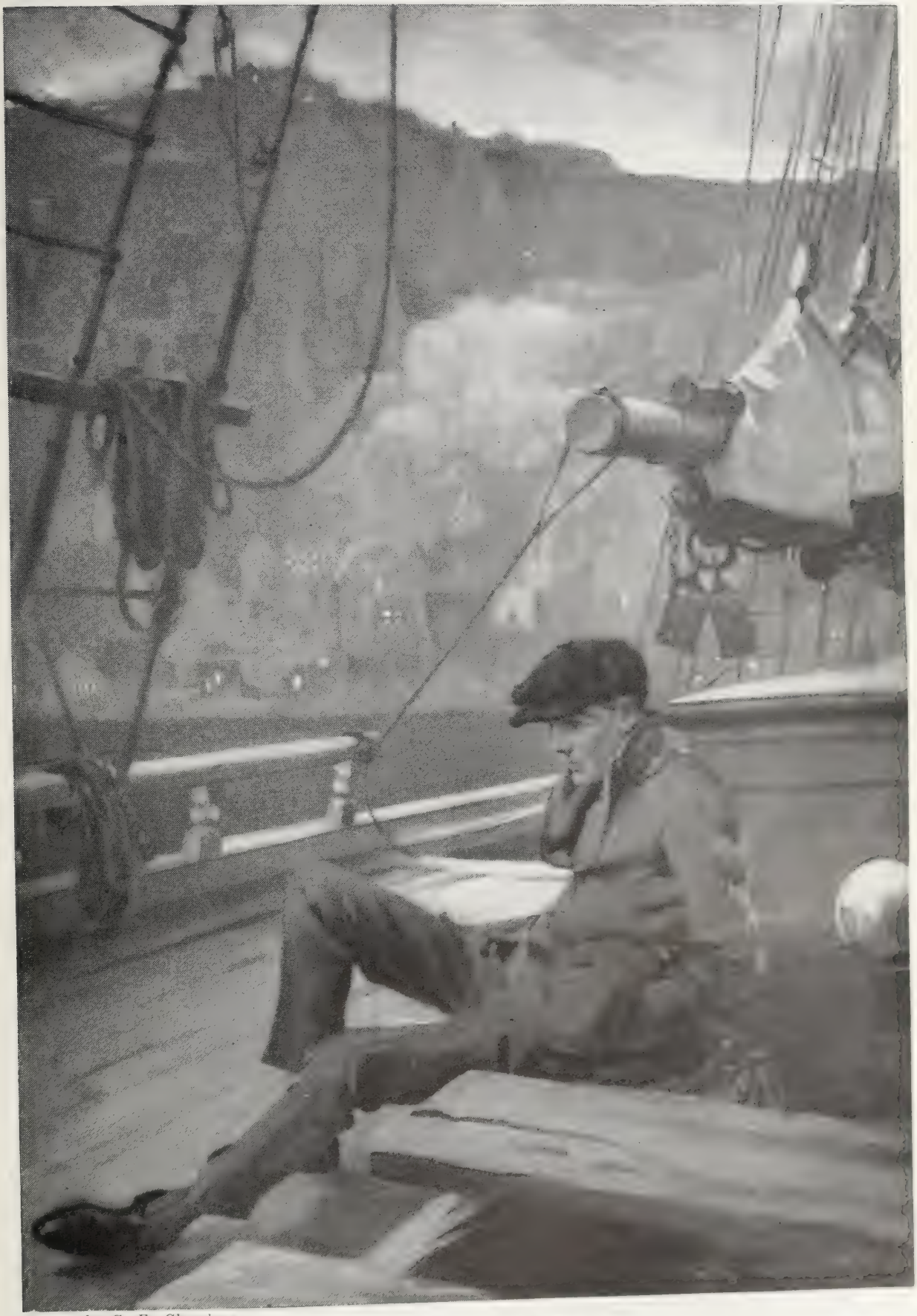
Four steps. Just four steps more.

Faith!

Why in the name of hell should that come around his knees and ankles?

Faith?

He passed a hand over his face and it came away wet with tears, tears for pity of the weakling thing he was. The devil, though! No! And he had another step. . . . If only he could keep it away. It was no more than the faint-



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

WHAT A WEAKLING HE WAS!

est taint, the merest thread of air in the air, but it got into his nostrils and down into his windpipe to smother his heart.

"But I *saw*. She called me and I *saw*, I tell you!"

"But what is faith?"

"But when I *see with my own eyes*—"

"*—and know with your heart that the thing you saw was not there—that's faith!*"

"No, but I saw—I saw—I saw—"

And in the distraught gloom of the hall Roger wheeled, and all the breath went out of him in a gasp, for there behind him another door had opened; white light poured out across the floor.

A shadow came up across the light, swift, almost silent, inchoate, terrible. The weight of it came against his breast and bore him down. And the big old wolfhound fought for toothhold on his throat.

It was hot there on the floor. The remote, continuous whisper of the driven rain ran like a wash of surf around the airless, hollow world. They wrestled on the floor, the beast and the boy, their limbs writhing slowly with not more than a sigh or a gasp of sound within the cross lights cast from the two doors.

There was a pressure stabbing with fire on Roger's throat. The long, wolf teeth bored in to nip his spine. His eyes pushed out. In his vision the lights from the two doors grew preternaturally brilliant and he saw himself groveling low between a husband and his wife. The wife stood, heavy-eyed with sleep and horror, in the rose doorway, one hand clinging to the hangings for support and the other pressed to her own airless throat. The husband loomed big, startled, and blinking with helplessness in the white doorway, like a ghost in the surgeon's apron covering him from neck to boots. In the room behind him there shone a shadowy glitter of bottles ranged on shelves. And from the room came out boldly now the thing that had just crept out a little to get in Roger's way—the mingled breath of druggists' wares—the smell of iodoform and of peppermint and cloves. . . .

Dolly was crying: "Frank! God! Poor fellow, whoever he is! Jock's killing him!"

The doctor was coming down out of the clouds. And now his boot had reached the dog's head. But the dog's teeth had reached the spine.

There was a great shattering light in the dead boy's brain:

"*Oh, thank God! The girls! The girls!*"

It was almost dawn. Payson came up over the bark's side, made the dinghy's painter fast to the boom, and walked aft.

"Mr. Brown aboard yet, Joda?"

"No, sir."

"Hmm! I waited awhile. I thought he must have come off with a boatman, maybe, when the weather cleaned up. . . . Hullo! Just in time, ain't I? Tide's just turned on the ebb. There she goes, winking on the hill."

The anchor watch, a squat shade in the gloom, removed his pipe. "The flash in the window up yonder, sir?"

"Yes. But it isn't in the window, though. It fooled me the first time I saw it, until I took a peep in *Coast Lights of England*. No, all there is in that room is some pretty lady's dressing mirror, and what we get is the Abbott Light, five miles to sea over on the ocean side—a one, a two, and a long three at seven-second intervals. But we catch it just right, swinging up or down on the change of the tide—just time to let a man get forward. . . . Shake a leg, Joda, and see that that cable comes all clear when she fetches up downstream, for in this river, with these devil's own tides, a man gets his anchor beginning to foul on him and there's the devil's own price to pay."

Once more the inattentive seaman took the pipe from his lips. "What's that you say, sir?"

"I say—a man gets his anchor beginning to foul on him and there's the devil's own price to pay here."

"Quite right, quite right. And, for the matter of that, sir, 'most anywhere."



Photograph by Sidney Hopkins

THE MAGIC THRESHOLD OF A FAERY ISLE

FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

PART VI.—A DEBTOR OF MOY LING

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL AND CHARLES NORDHOFF

PUAREI'S house stood halfway down the village street at Rutiaro, facing a broad indentation from the lagoon. The Catholic church adjoined it on one side, the Protestant church on the other. Neither of them was an imposing structure, but they towered above the small frame dwelling of the chief with an air of protection, of jealous watchfulness. On sunny days they shaded his roof in turn; and, when it rained, poured over it streams of water, through lead pipes projecting from their own ampler roofs—a purely utilitarian function, since the drainage from the three buildings furnished the fresh-water supply of the settlement. If the showers were light the overflow from the largess of the rival churches, plashing on the sheets of corrugated iron, filled the house with a monotonous murmur, like the drowsy argument of two soft-voiced missionaries; but during a heavy downpour the senses were stunned by the incessant thunder, as though one were inclosed in an immense drum, beaten with nonsectarian vigor by all the Salvation Armies in the world.

It was during such a deluge, one day in early spring, that I lay on the guest bed in Puarei's one-room house, watching Poura, his wife, who had washed my linen with her own hands and was then ironing it. It was not, strictly speaking, linen. The articles were three—a sleeveless gauze singlet, a cotton handkerchief, and a faded khaki shirt. A pair of khaki trousers, a pair of canvas tennis

shoes, and a pandanus hat completed my wardrobe. Since I needed the whole of it when going abroad about the island, it was necessary to go to bed on washing day, and to wait there until the laundering was finished, and such repairs made as constant wear had caused and further wear demanded. How to replenish it and to meet other simple urgent needs gave me cause for some concern, and I was going over the problem as I lay on Puarei's guest bed. It was toward the end of my second week at Rutiaro, and already I was beginning to look decidedly shabby. My shoes were rotted out with sea water, and both shirt and trousers, which were far from new at the time of my arrival, gave evidence of early dissolution. Poura had patched, sewed on buttons, drawn seams together, but the garments were chronically ailing, as hopeless of effective repair as an old man far gone in senile decay. Poura was becoming discouraged about them, and I knew that she must be wondering why I didn't buy some fresh ones. I had a very good reason for not doing so—I had no money. I had been left at Rutiaro without so much as a twenty-five-centime piece, and the Banque de l'Indo-Chine was six hundred miles away.

It would not occur to either Puarei or his wife that I was in need of funds. Theirs was one of the more primitive atolls of the Low Archipelago where all white men are regarded as mysteriously affluent. If, instead of being marooned at Rutiaro through Tino's fit of temper, I had been discovered a mile outside the reef, making toward the land clad only in a pair of swimming trunks, upon reaching it my rescuers would have expected me, as a matter of course, to take a bulky parcel of thousand-franc notes from beneath that garment. I had, in fact, made a secret inventory of my wealth after the sudden departure of the *Caleb Winship*, hoping there might be a forgotten bank note in one of my trousers pockets. What I found was a cotton handkerchief, a picture post card of the Woolworth Building, and a small musical instrument called an *ocharina*, or, more commonly, a sweet-potato whistle. The handkerchief I needed; the post card seemed of no practical use as a means of barter; and, while I might have given



Photograph by Sidney Hopkins

ISLANDS FAR TO THE WESTWARD



SPLIT COCONUTS IN FRONT OF MOY LING'S COPRA SHED

up the *ocharina*, it had but a slight monetary value, and Moy Ling, the Chinese storekeeper of the village, was not interested in it. I didn't offer it to him outright. Instead, I played on it, in front of his shop, "The March of the Black Watch," which I could render with some skill. Thereafter every youngster on the island coveted the instrument, but Moy Ling made no offers and the prospect of a wardrobe was as far away as ever.

His supply of European clothing was limited, but ample to supply my wants. He found for me three undershirts, size forty-four, two gingham outer shirts of less ample proportions, a pair of dungaree overalls, and a pair of rope-sole shoes. I asked him to put these articles aside and went off to reflect upon ways and means of opening a credit account with the canny Chinaman. There was one possible method open to me; I might adopt the *pareu* as a costume. I could buy three of them for the price of one undershirt, and I believed that Moy Ling would trust me to that extent. Nearly all of the natives wore *pareus*. They had put aside their trousers and shirts and gingham dresses now that I was no longer a stranger to them, and were much more comfortable in their simple, knee-length garments, those of the men reaching from the waist, those of the women twisted tightly under the arms. Simple and convenient though it was, I felt that it would be absurd for me to assume that style of dress, since I was not accustomed to it. Furthermore, I remembered the ridiculous appearance of Americans and Europeans I had seen at Tahiti—queer people from all sorts of queer places, who come and go through the capital of French Oceania. They rushed into *pareus* the moment of their arrival at Papeete, and before a week had passed were more primitive in a sophisticated way than the Tahitians themselves. I had no desire to join the ranks of the amateur cannibals, even though there was some excuse for it at Rutiaro; and I knew that the Paumotuans would have more respect for me if I dressed after the manner of my own race.

But how obtain clothing without

money—without divulging to anyone that I had no money? The question dinned through my brain with annoying persistence, like the thunder of falling water on Puarei's iron roof. Would it, after all, be best to confide in the chief? I could tell him of my bank account at Papeete, and he knew, of course, that the *Caleb Winship* had left me without a word of warning, taking my sea chest with her. I was tempted to make a confession of my predicament, but pride or a kind of childish vanity prevented me.

"No, by Jove!" I said. "I'll be hanged if I do! Puarei, his wife—all the rest of them—expect me to live up to their traditional conceptions of white men. I am supposed to be mysteriously affluent, and I owe it to them to preserve that myth in all its romantic glamour."

I had no feeling of guilt in making this decision; rather, a sense of virtue, like that of an indulgent father upon assuring his children that there is a Santa Claus. I decided to be not only mysteriously, but incredibly, affluent. Therefore, when the rain had passed I put on my mended garments and went to Moy Ling's shop.

I found him splitting coconuts in front of his copra shed, and beckoned to him in a careless way. He came forward, smiling pleasantly as usual, but there was a shrewd glitter in his eyes which said, quite as plainly as words, "Honorable sir, I bow before you, but I expect an adequate monetary return for the service." I was not intimidated, however, and when he brought forth the articles I had selected earlier I waved them aside—all of them excepting the rope-sole shoes, the only male footgear of any kind on the island. I explained that I had not before seen the bolt of white drill—the most expensive cloth in his shop—and that I wanted enough of it to make four suits. I saw at once that I had risen in his estimation about 75 per cent, and, thus encouraged, I went on buying lavishly—white-cotton cloth for underwear and shirts; some pencils and his entire supply of notebooks for my voluminous observations on the life and character of the Paumotuans; a Night-King flash lamp; a dozen silk handkerchiefs of Chinese manufacture; a dozen pairs of earrings and four lockets and chains; ten kilos of flour and two of



SOME CHILDREN OF RUTIARO



A POLYNESIAN COOK-HOUSE

coffee; three bottles of perfume in fancy boxes; four large bolts of ribbon—enough to reach from one end of the village to the other; side and back combs for women, superbly ornamented with bits of colored glass; a bolt of mosquito netting; a monkey wrench; two Beacon lanterns; a pandanus mat; and one bow tie already made up, the kind sold at home in "gents' furnishings" shops.

At the beginning I had no thought of going in so recklessly. But as I went from article to article the conviction grew upon me that the deeper I plunged the greater the impression I should make upon Moy Ling, and it was essential that I should convince him that my mythical wealth was real. He became more and more deferential as my heap of purchases increased in size. I made no inquiry as to the price of anything, believing that to be in keeping with the mysteriously affluent tradition. At my back I heard a hum of excited conversation. The shop was filled with people. I felt the crush behind me, but took no notice of it and went on with my passionless orgy of spending: two bolts of women's dress goods; four pocket-knives; a can of green paint and another of white—but details are tiresome. It is enough to say that I bought lavishly, and selected odds and ends of things because Moy's shop contained nothing else. He had a large supply of food, but in other respects his stock was low, and when I had finished, some of his shelves were almost bare. On one there remained only a box of chewing gum. An inscription printed on the side of it read: "Chew on, MacDuff! You can't chew out the original mint-leaf flavor" of somebody's pepsin gum—words to that effect. That product of American epicureanism is to be found, strangely enough, at nearly every Chinaman's store in the Low Archipelago. I bought twenty packages of it, since there were no other confections to be had, and distributed them among the children. The youthful MacDuffs chewed on for some thirty seconds and then swallowed, believing, in their unenlightened way, that gum is a sort of food. I had read of monkeys dying in zoos because of the same practice; but, in so far as I know, there were no ill effects from it at Rutiaro, either then or later.

I succeeded very well in impressing Puarei. He was astonished at the number of my purchases; and Poura said, "Au-e!" shooed out the mint-breathed porters who carried them to the house, and sat down in the doorway, her enormous body completely blocking the entrance. On the veranda the conversation crackled and sparkled with conjecture. I could hear above the others the voice of Paki, wife of the constable, enumerating the things I had bought. It sounded odd in Paumotuan—a high-pitched recitative of strange words, most of them adapted from the English since all of the articles were unknown to the natives before the coming of the traders —*faraoa* (flour), *ripine* (ribbon), *peni* (pencil or pen), *taofe* (coffee), etc.

I myself was wondering what use I could make of some of my wealth. The flour I would give to Puarei, and his ten-ton cutter was badly in need of paint. Poura would be glad to have the dress goods for herself and her girls, for the Rutiaroans put aside their *pareus* on Sunday and dressed in European costume. I could also give her the mosquito netting as a drapery for tne guest bed. I had, in fact, bought it with that end in mind, for on windless nights, particularly after a rain, the mosquitoes were a fearful nuisance. Puarei's household was used to them, but I tossed and tumbled, and at last would have to paddle out on the lagoon and stay there till morning. The coffee, likewise, was for my own use, Puarei believing that the drinking of either tea or coffee was forbidden by his variety of the Christian religion. Tobacco, too, was a product of evil, and the use of it made broad the way to hell. It is impossible to believe that any missionary would wander so far to preach such theology. What had happened, very likely, was that one of the more austere churchmen who visit Rutiaro at rare intervals had condemned those white man's comforts as injurious to health. He must have been severe in his denunciation, for Puarei had got the idea that abstinence from the enjoyment of them was exacted in a sort of amendment to the Ten Commandments. I did my best to corrupt him, for breakfast at his house was to me a cheer-



THE GRANDDAUGHTERS OF AIRIMA

less meal. His faith was not to be shaken, however, although he admitted that coffee drinking might not damn me, since I had been taught to believe that it would not.

I was thinking with pleasure of his tolerance, and of the comforting beverage I should have the following morning, when I remembered that mine was green Tahiti coffee which must be taken to Moy Ling for roasting. His shop was deserted. I could see it at the end of the sunlit street, steaming with moisture after the rain. The open doorway was a square of black shadow. It lightened with a misty glimmer as I watched, and suddenly Moy flashed into view. He ran quickly down the steps, halted irresolutely, and stood for a moment, shading his eyes with his hand, looking in the direction of Puarei's house. Then he turned, mounted the steps again, and vanished slowly in the gloom. I was uneasy, knowing what he was thinking; but an island less than three miles long, with an average width of four hundred yards, offers a poor refuge for a faint-hearted debtor. And so, having stowed my other purchases under the guest bed, I took the bag of coffee and returned to Moy's store, hoping that I might quiet his fears by increasing my obligation to him.

When one is without them, clothing, coffee, tobacco, and other such necessities assume a place of exaggerated importance, which is the reason why the memories of the earlier part of my stay at Rutiaro are tinged with the thought of them. But I had not come to the Low Islands to spend all of my time and energy in the mere fight for a comfortable existence. I could have done that quite as well at home, with greater results in the development of a more or less Crusoe-like resourcefulness. At Rutiaro the life was strange and new to me, and I found the days too short for observing it and the nights for reflecting upon it. My first interest, of course, was Puarei's household—the chief, his wife, two sons, and three daughters all housed in that one-room frame building. The room was commodious, however, about twenty-five feet by fifteen, and on the lagoon side there was a broad veranda where Poura and her daughters did much of their work and passed their hours of leisure. Behind the house was a large cistern, built of blocks of cemented coral, and a small outkitchen made of the odds and ends of packing cases and roofed with thatch.

I wondered at Puarei's preference for a board box covered with corrugated iron, to the seemly houses of the other Rutiaroans. He thought it a palace, and, being a chief, the richest man of the atoll, it was in keeping with the later Paumotuan tradition that he should have a white man's kind of dwelling. Unsightly though it was without, the economy of furnishing gave the interior an air of pleasant spaciousness, like that of the island itself with its scarcity of plant life and of trees other than the coconut. There was no European furniture with the exception of a sewing machine and the guest bed, an old-fashioned, slatted affair which looked strange in that environment. On it was a mattress of *kapok* and two immense pillows filled with the same material. The linen was immaculate, and the outer coverlet decorated with hibiscus flowers worked in silk. I had no hesitation in accepting the bed, for it would not have held Puarei and his wife. The slats would have given away at once under their weight, and Poura assured me that the children preferred sleeping on their mats on the veranda. The rest of the furnishings were like those of the other houses—two or three chests for clothing; pandanus mats for the floor; paddles, fishing spears, and water glasses stacked in a corner or lying across the rafters. An open cabinet of native manufacture held the toilet articles of the women—a hand mirror, a few combs, and a bottle of unscented coconut oil, the one cosmetic of the Low Islands, which was used by all members of the family. There were also several articles of jewelry such

as the traders sell, some fishing hooks of pearl shell, and, on a lower shelf, a Tahitian Bible. The walls were hung with branches of curiously formed coral, hat wreaths and necklaces of shell wrought in beautiful and intricate designs. There were no pictures other than the open windows looking out on the lagoon in one direction; and in the other, across the level, shaded floor of the island toward the sea.

We spent but little time indoors. All of the cooking was done in the open, and we had our food there, sitting cross-legged around a cloth of green fronds. The trees around us furnished the dishes. I had not used my tin spoon and the two-pronged fork since the evening of my arrival, and learned to suck the *miti* sauce from my fingers with as loud a zest as any of them. Usually we had two meals a day at Rutiaro, but there was no regularity about the time of serving them. We ate when we were hungry and food was to be had, sometimes in the middle of the afternoon, and as late as ten in the evening. That is one reason why I remember so well the feasts prepared by Poura and her daughters, and served by them, for they never sat down to their own food until we had finished. Feasts of a simple kind, but, by Jove! how good everything tasted after a day of fishing and swimming in the lagoon or out at sea. I didn't tire of coconuts as quickly as I had feared I should; and the fish were prepared in a variety of ways—boiled, roasted over hot stones, grilled on the coals, or we ate them raw with a savor of *miti* sauce. Puarei's dog, one of the best fishers of the island, was the only member of the family discriminating in his requirements. He often came up while we were at dinner, with a live fish in his mouth, which he would lay at Poura's feet, looking at her appealingly until she cooked it for him. Sometimes, to tease him, she threw it away, but he would bring it back, and, no matter how hungry he might be, refuse to eat it raw.

The sea furnished occasional variety of diet in the way of turtles and devil-fish; and I contributed rice, tinned meat, and other preserved food which I bought of Moy Ling whenever I imagined his confidence in me was beginning to falter. That was a risky procedure, only to be undertaken on the days when I was so filled with animal spirits that I more than half believed in my wealth, in my power to draw money or anything else I wanted out of the clear, dry air of Rutiaro.

One thing I had wanted from the first, above all others—a house. The idea of imposing indefinitely upon Puarei's hospitality was distasteful, and no boats were expected within five or six months. I had not, in years, lived for so long a period at any one place. Here was an opportunity I had often dreamed of for having a home of my own. I should have to ask the chief for it, and at first thought the request seemed a large one. Then, too, how could I say to him with any show of logic: "Puarei, I am not willing to bother you longer by occupying the guest bed in your house. Therefore, will you please give me a house to myself?" He might think I had peculiar ideas of delicacy. But further reflection convinced me that, while I could not ask him for a pair of trousers—not even for so trifling a thing as a shirt button, since he would have to purchase it at Moy Ling's store—I might legitimately suggest the gift of a house. It would cost only the labor of making it, and that was not great. At Rutiaro houses were built in less time than was needed to sail across the lagoon and back. The inhabitants might reasonably have adopted the early Chinese method of roasting pig by putting the carcasses in their dwellings and setting fire to the thatch. It would have been a sensible proceedure, employed at times when the old thatch needed renewal. Nothing permanent would have been destroyed except the framework of poles, and that could be replaced as easily as firewood could be cut for a Maori oven.

The upshot of the matter was that I was given not only a house, but an island of my own to set it on—I who had lived much of my life up four or five flights of stairs, in furnished rooms looking out on chimney pots and brick courts filled with odors and family washings. The site was a small *motu* lying at the entrance to the lagoon, four miles from the village island. It had a name which meant, "The place where the souls were eaten." Once, a man, his wife, and two children went there to fish on the reef near the pass. All of them were taken ill of some mysterious disease, and died on the same day. As their souls left their bodies they were seized and eaten by some vindictive human spirits in the form of sea birds. The legend was evidently a very ancient one, and the events which it described had happened so long ago that fear of the place had largely vanished. Nevertheless, the chief tried to persuade me to choose another site; and Poura, when she learned that I wanted to live on the Soul-Eaters' Island, was deeply concerned. Neither of them could understand why I should want to live away from the village island. I wince, even now, when I think of the appalling tactlessness of that request; but the fact is that the Paumotuans themselves, by their example, had got me into the vicious habit of truth-telling in such matters. There is no word in their language for tact. They believe that a man has adequate, although sometimes hidden, reasons for doing what he wants to do, and they understand that it explains seemingly uncourtly behaviour.

I had accepted, almost unconsciously, their own point of view so that it didn't occur to me to invent any polite falsehoods. But my knowledge of Paumotuan was more limited than Puarei's knowledge of French, and how was I to explain my desire for so lonely a place as the Soul Eaters' Island? The Paumotuans, from their scarcity of numbers, the isolation of their fragments of land, the dangers of the sea around them, are drawn together naturally, inevitably. How make clear to them the unnatural gregariousness of life in great cities? Suddenly I thought of my picture post card of the Woolworth Building. I told them that in America many people, thousands of them, were cooped together in houses of that sort. I had been compelled to spend several years in one and had got such a horror of the life that I had come all the way to the Cloud of Islands, searching for a place where I might be occasionally alone.

While the post card was passing from hand to hand, Huirai, the constable, loyal friend in every emergency, gave color to my explanation by describing—for the thousand and first time, I suppose—his adventures in San Francisco. Dusk deepened, the last ghostly light faded from the clouds along the northern horizon, and still he talked on; and the idlers on the chief's veranda listened with as keen interest as though they had never heard the story before. Poura, who was at work on my new wardrobe, lit a lamp and placed it on the floor beside her, shading it from her eyes with a piece of matting. The light ran smoothly over her brown hands, and the mountain of shadow behind her blotted out the forms of the trees. Now and then she put down her work and gazed intently in Huirai's direction. His voice rose and fell, thrilled with excitement, died away to a deep whisper of awe as he told of the wonders he had seen, the street cars, the lofty buildings, the elevators which rose to an immense height as swiftly as a coconut would fall, the trains, the motors, the ships, the pictures which were alive. He imitated sounds with amazing fidelity, and his gestures, vaguely seen in the gloom, were vividly pictorial of the marvels he had met with in his travels.

The story ended abruptly, and Huirai sat down, conscious of the effect he had produced. No one spoke for a long while. Then the chief, who was sitting beside me, broke the silence with that strange Polynesian exclamation of won-

der too great for words, "Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!" uttered with distinct, rapid precision, like the staccato of machine-gun fire. He laid his hand on my knee affectionately, with an air of possessorship; and at the contact a feeling of pride rose in me, as though I were the planner of the cities, the magician whose brain had given birth to the marvels Huirai had described. But conceit of that kind may be measurably reduced by a moment of reflection, and I remembered that the extent of my contribution to my native land was that I had left it. Small cause for vanity there. However, I had no mind for another tussle with my conscience. I had been the indirect cause of eloquence in Huirai and of enjoyment in his auditors. That was enough for one evening on the credit side. On the other side, to Puarei, to Poura, to his children, and to all the kindly, hospitable people of Rutiaro I was under an obligation which I could never hope to cancel. But they didn't expect me to cancel it. I was not even under the necessity of showing appreciation. Just as there is no word in their language for "tact," there is none approaching our word "gratitude" in meaning. To a man in my position, owner of Soul Eaters' Island, and of a house to be built there the following day, that was something to be grateful for.

The Chinese language is richer, I believe, in terms implying obligation. I was reminded, less pleasantly, of another account on the debit side, by the flare of a match which lit up for a moment, the pensive, cadaverous face of Moy Ling.

While I was in the midst of these adventures my friend Nordhoff was awaiting me at Tahiti within easy walking distance of my credit account at the Banque de l'Indo-Chine. He remained there for some weeks, guest of Airima and her household, whose hospitality I too have ample cause to remember. Then he was off again on his wanderings among islands far to the westward. Long afterward he was able to give me an account of an evening he had spent with Airima, who told him stories of her family, stories of marvels contrasting strangely with the narrative of Huirai, constable and traveler of the atoll of Rutiaro. The Lizard people of Tahiti have disappeared, and there are but few now who believe in them or are mindful of them. But fifty generations hence, when the last of their comely descendants have been long in their graves, who will remember them? Who will believe that a race so well worth preserving could have perished utterly from the earth?

Nordhoff's story I give as he gave it me, or rather, as he sent it me; for our rendezvous, first planned a year ago, has yet to be kept:—

The evening was very warm and still. The sea rumbled faintly on the reef, half a mile offshore, and behind us—above the vague heights of Orofena and Aorai—a full moon was rising. The palms were asleep after their daily tussle with the trade—fronds drooping and motionless in silhouette against the sky. We had spread mats on the grass close to the beach; Tehinatu lay beside me, chin propped in her hands—she had been bathing, and her dark hair, still damp, hung in a cloud about her face. Her grandmother, Airima—the woman of Maupiti—sat facing us, cross-legged in the position of her people. Now and then a fish leaped in the lagoon; once, far down the beach, a ripe nut thudded to the earth.

"If you two like," said old Airima "I will tell you the story of my ancestor, the Lizard Woman."

The girl smiled and raised her head in the little gesture which corresponds to our nod. "That is a good tale," she declared, "and true, for I am named after that Lizard Woman who died so many years ago."

The woman of Maupiti lit a match to dry a leaf of black tobacco over the flame; when she had twisted it in a strip

of pandanus and inhaled deeply of the smoke, she spoke once more. Her voice was flexible and soft with a sweet huskiness—an instrument to render the music of the old island tongue—its cadences measured or rapid, falling or rising with the ebb and flow of the tale.

"In the old days," Airima began, "so long ago that his name is now forgotten, there was a king of Papenoo, a just man, successful in war and beloved by his people. His wife was a daughter of Bora Bora—the most beautiful woman of that island; she was the delight of his heart, and they had many children. When she fell ill and died, a great sadness came over the king; he could do nothing but brood over his loneliness. In his dreams he saw the face of his wife; life was hateful to him; even his children, shouting and playing about the house, grew hateful in his eyes. A day came at last when he could endure the sight of them no longer, and a plan to be rid of them took form in his mind.

"There had been a storm and he knew that the waves would be running high at a place where there was a break in the reef. 'Come,' he said to the women of his household, 'bring my children to swim—it will hearten me to see them sporting in the surf.' But when they came to that beach, and the women saw the great waves thundering in through the pass, they were afraid, for even a strong swimmer could not live in such a sea. Then the king, whose hope was that his children might drown, bade them forget their fears. One after another the young boys and girls went into the sea and were swept out by the undertow—fearless and shouting. The waves broke over them and at times they disappeared; the women began to cover their faces, for they thought, 'These pretty children, so dear to us, are as good as dead.'

"Then the watchers saw a strange thing—a true thing, told me by my grandfather, who had learned it from the lips of his ancestors. Beyond the breaking of the surf, the children began to sport in the water, diving and leaping higher and higher into the air. Their skins grew black and glistened in the sunlight; their arms turned to fins and their feet became like the tails of fish; the gods of those days had taken pity on their innocence and made of them the first dolphins—the playful children of the sea. And the king was glad, for he saw that his children would not die, and he knew that they could no longer come to his house to bring back bitter memories.

"As the years went on, the daughters of many chiefs were brought to the king, but no woman found favor in his eyes; his heart was always heavy and no man saw him laugh. Sometimes he walked alone in the mountains where men do not go even to-day, for he feared nothing—neither the ravening spirits of the dead, nor the Lizard People, who in those days lived in the interior of the island. Fifty generations of men have lived and died since our ancestors came to this island; they found the Lizard People already in possession of the land. Ta 'a ta Mōo, they called them—half human, half lizard; able to climb among the cliffs where no man could follow. The human warriors were more powerful in battle, and as time went on the Lizard Folk were driven into the fastnesses of the mountains. Now the last of them is dead, but if you doubt that they once lived, go into the hills and you will see the remains of their plantain gardens high above cliffs no human creature could scale. My own people are traveling the same path—soon the last of us will also be dead, and the white man will glance at the scattered stones of our *maraes* to make sure that once upon a time we lived.

"But I was telling you of the king. One day, as he wandered alone in the mountains, a Lizard Woman was lying in the fern beside the trail—a head woman of her people, skilled in magic and able to read the future. This king was a tall man, very strong and handsome; as he passed without looking

down, she seized his foot gently in her jaws. At that he looked down and his heart swelled with love of her. He dwelt with her in the mountains and when at last he came down to the sea his people had given him up for dead.

"In due time a son was born to that Lizard Woman—a strong and beautiful boy, the image of the king his father; she reared him alone in the mountains and grew to love him better than her life. But when she looked into the future her tears fell. When the child was twelve years old she led him to the mouth of her valley and talked long with him, telling him what he was to do, before she turned away and went back to her own place, weeping. Taking thought of her words, the boy went alone to the village of the king. His dress was the skin of lizards.

"When he came to that place he said to those about, 'Take me to the king, my father.' But when they repeated his words, the king said, 'It is false; I have no wife and no child.' Then the child sent back word asking the king if he had forgotten walking one day in the mountains many years before. With that the king remembered his love for the Lizard Woman, and bade his men bring the boy to him. And when he saw the strong, fearless child and heard his people exclaim at the beauty of the boy and the wondrous likeness to himself his heart softened and he said, 'This is indeed my son!'

"The years passed, and the heart of the Lizard Woman—sad and alone in the mountains—grew ever more hungry for her son, until at length her life became intolerable without sight of him. She stole down from the hills by night and went softly about the village, weeping and lamenting because her son was not to be seen; the people trembled at sight of her in the moonlight and at the sound of her weeping, and the king feared her, for he knew that she was powerful in magic, and thought that she had come to take her son away. In his fear he took canoe with the young man, and they went down the wind to Tetuaroa, the Low Island, where he thought to be safe from her. But the Lizard Woman, by her magic, knew where they had gone; she looked into the future and saw only sadness and death for herself. What must be cannot be avoided. She leaped into the sea and swam first to Raiatea where she had lands and where the bones of her ancestors lay in the *marae.* When she came to that shore she knew that her death was near and that she would die by the hand of her own son. Close by the beach she stopped to weep, and the place of her weeping is still called Tai Nuu Iti (the Little Falling of Tears). Farther on her path, she stopped again to weep still more bitterly, and to this day the name of that place is Tai Nuu Rahi (the Great Falling of Tears). When she had been to her *marae,* she plunged again into the ocean and swam to Tetuaroa—in all the islands there was no swimmer like her; because of his mother, her son was named Au Moana (Swimmer in the Sea).

"The king and the king's son saw Tehinatu coming far off—for Tehinatu was the name of that Lizard Woman—and they felt such fear that they climbed to the top of a tall palm. Then, knowing the manner of her death, she came out of the water—weeping all the while—and began to climb the palm tree. The two men trembled with fear of her; they threw down coconuts, hoping to strike her so that she would fall to the earth. But though she was bruised and her eyes blinded with tears, she climbed on until she was just beneath them, clinging to the trunk where the first fronds begin to branch. She stopped to rest for a moment, and as she clung to the palm, allowing her body to relax, her son hurled a heavy nut which struck her on the breast. She made no outcry, but her hands let go their hold and she fell far down to the earth. But the men still trembled and were afraid to come down out of the tree, for she struck in a swampy place and was long in dying; all afternoon she lay there, weeping and

lamenting until at sunset the spirit left her body. When she was dead, they took her to Raiatea and buried her in her *marae*. After that the two men returned to Papenoo, and when the king died the son of the Lizard Woman reigned long in his stead. These are true words, for the blood of Swimmer in the Sea, born of the Lizard Woman, flows in my veins."

Old Airima ceased to speak. From the coconut shell at her side she took a lump of black native tobacco and began to tear off a leaf for a fresh cigarette. Her granddaughter turned on one side —head resting on a folded forearm—and looked at me.

"Aye, those are true words," she said; "for is my name not the same as that of the Lizard Woman? During a thousand years, perhaps more—*mai tahito mai:* since the beginning—the women of our family have been called Tehinatu. You yourself, though we call you Tehari, have a real name among us—Au Moana, after her son. These names belong to us; no other family does well to use them."

The flare of a match illuminated for an instant the wrinkled and aquiline face of Airima. As she tossed the glowing stick aside, the moonlight smoothed away the lines; I was aware only of her black eyes, wonderfully alive and young.

"Tell him of Poia," she suggested, "and the dead ones in robes of flame."

"*Aué,*" said the girl; "that is a strange tale, and it came about because of a name." She sat up, shaking the hair back over her shoulders.

"The woman who saw these things," she went on, "was another of our ancestors. She was called Poia, a name her grandfather had given.

"One day, in midafternoon, Poia was sitting in the house beside her mother, busy with the weaving of a mat. All at once a darkness closed in before her eyes and she felt the spirit struggling to leap from her body. It was like the pangs of death, but at last her spirit was free and with its eyes she saw her body lying as if in sleep, and perceived that there were strangers in the house—two women and a man. The women were very lovely, with flowers in their hair and robes of scarlet which seemed to flicker like fire. They were Vahinetua and Vivitautua, ancestors dead many years before, who loved Poia dearly. The man was likewise dressed in flaming scarlet, and he wore a tall headdress of red feathers. He was Tanetua, another of Poia's ancestors. The three had come from the *marae* to seek Poia, and they spoke to her kindly, saying, 'Come with us, daughter.' And though she felt shame when she looked down at her dull dress and disordered hair, she followed where they led.

"They took her to the *marae* of Tai Nuu Rahi, and there Poia saw a huge woman waiting for them. The right side of that woman was white, and the left side black; when she saw them coming she fell on her knees and began to weep for joy. 'Is it you, Poia?' she cried. 'Then welcome!' As Poia stood there, marveling, the stone of the *marae* opened before her like the door of a great house, and Vahinetua and Vivitautua said to her, 'Go in.' The door gave on a chamber of stone—the floor was of stone, and the ceiling and the walls. They passed through another door into a second empty room of stone, and thence into a third, and there Poia chanced to look down at herself. She had become lovely as the others; her hair was dressed with flowers and her robe was scarlet, seeming to flicker like fire. While she was looking at herself, no longer ashamed, the two women said to her: 'You must stay here, for you belong to us. We are angry with your grandfather because he called you Poia. That is not all of your name—your true name is Tetuanui Poia Terai Mateatea. That name belongs to us, and you must have it, for you are our descendant and we love you.'

"She did not know that this was her name; she thought it was only Poia. In spite of their kindness she was frightened

ened and told them that she wished to go home. They took her to the door of her house and left her there; and she found herself lying with the half-woven mat in her fingers. Her mother, who was sitting beside her, only said, 'You have slept well.' But Poia, in fear and wonder at what she had seen, said nothing to her mother, not even when the two went to bathe.

"The next day, in midafternoon, Poia again felt the darkness close in before her eyes, the pangs of death as her spirit struggled and at last escaped from the body. But this time she found herself gloriously clothed and beautiful at once. All went as before until they came to the third chamber of the *marae;* there were leaves spread on the floor of that place as if for a feast, but the only food was purple flowers. The others sat down and began to eat, and Poia attempted to do likewise, but the taste of the flowers was bitter in her mouth. Again the two women said, 'You belong to us; you must not be called Poia, but Tetuanui Poia Terai Mateatea.' And they coaxed her to stay with them, but she wept and said that she could not bear to be separated from her husband, whom she loved. As before, they were kind to her and took her to her house, where she awoke as if from sleep, and said nothing.

"It was the same the next day, but this time, when they had come to the third chamber of the *marae,* Vehinetua and Vivitautua said: 'Now you must no longer think of returning; you are ours and we wish you to stay here with us.' Poia wept at their words, for she began to think of the man she loved. 'I must go,' she said; 'if I had no husband I would gladly remain with you here.' At last, when her tears had fallen for a long time, the three dwellers in the *marae* took her home; they bade her farewell reluctantly, saying that next day she must come to them for good.

"This time Poia awoke in great fear, and she told the story to her mother when they went to bathe together. Her mother went straight to the grandfather, to tell him what she had seen and ask him if her true name was Poia, as he had said years before. Then the old man said that he had done wrong, for the name was not only Poia, but Tetuanui Poia Terai Mateatea, a name which belonged to Vahinetua, and Tanetua and Vivitautua. And these three came no more to get Poia; they were content, for they loved her and wanted her to have their name."

As she finished her story, Tehinatu lay down once more, resting her head on her grandmother's knee. My thoughts were wandering far away—across a great ocean and a continent—to the quiet streets of New Bedford, set with old houses in which the descendants of the whalers live out their ordered lives. In all probability, the girl beside me, Polynesian to the core and glorying in a long line of ancestors whose outlandish names fell musically from her lips—had cousins who lived on those quiet streets; for she was the granddaughter of a New Bedford whaling captain, the husband of Airima—a puritan who ate once too often of the *fei,* and lingered in the islands to turn trader, and rear a family of half-caste children, and finally to die. The story is an old one, repeated over and over again in every group: the white cross; the half-white children at the parting of the ways; their turning aside from the stony path of the father's race to the pleasant ways of the mother. And so in the end the strain of white, further diluted with each succeeding generation, shows itself in nothing more than a name . . . seldom used and oftentimes forgotten. It is Nature at work, and she is not always cruel.

"Is it the same with names in your land?" Airima was asking. "Are certain names kept in a family throughout the years?"

"It is somewhat the same," I told her, "though we do not prize names so highly. My father and grandfather and his father were all named Charles, which you call Tehari."

"Among my people," she said, "the

possession of a name means much. As far back as our stories go, there has been a man named Maruae in each generation of my father's family. Some of these Maruaes were strange men. There was Maruae Taura Varua Ino, who fished with a bait of coconut for the spirits of men drowned in the sea; and another was Maruae Mata Tofa, who stole a famous shark—the adopted child of a man of Fariipiti. That was a good shark; it lived in the lagoon, harming no one, and every day the man and his wife called it to them with certain secret words. But Maruae coveted the shark, and he prepared an underwater cave in the coral before his house. Then, when the cave was ready, he hid in the bushes on the shore of the lagoon while the man was calling his shark, and in this way Maruae learned the secret words of summons. When the man and his wife had gone, Maruae called out the words; the shark appeared close inshore and followed him to the cave, where it stayed, well content. And that night he taught it new words. Next day the man and his wife called to their shark; and when it did not come they suspected that Maruae had enticed it away. After that they went to the house of Maruae and accused him of the theft; but he said: 'Give the call, if you think I have stolen your shark. I have a shark, but it is not yours.' They called, but the shark did not come. Then Maruae called and the shark came at once, so he said, 'See, it must be my shark, for it obeys me and not you.' As he turned away to return to Fariipiti, the other man said, 'I think it is my shark, but if it will obey you and no other, you may have it.'

"Some days later, a party of fishermen came to Maruae's cave, where the shark lived. They baited a great hook and threw it into the water, and as it sank into the cave they chanted a magic chant. Then the shark seized the bait, and as they hauled him out they laughed with joy and chanted, '*E matau maitai puru maumau e anave maitai maea i te rai.*' This chant is something about a good hook and a good line, but the other words are dead—what they mean no man knows today. That night there was feasting in the houses of the fishermen, but next morning, when Maruae went down to the sea and called his shark, nothing came, though he stayed by the lagoon, calling, from morning till the sun had set. After that he learned that his shark had been killed and eaten, and from that day none of Maruae's undertakings prospered; finally he pined away and died."

Tehinatu stirred and sat up, eyes shining in the moonlight. The subject of sharks has for these people a fascination we do not understand, a significance tinged with the supernatural.

"They did evil to kill that shark," she said, "for all sharks are not bad. I remember the tale my mother told me of Viritoa, the long-haired Paumotuan woman—wife of Maruae Ouma Ati. Her god was a shark. It was many years ago, when the vessels of the white men were few in these islands; Maruae shipped on a schooner going to New Zealand, taking his wife with him, as was permitted in those days. That woman was not like us; she understood ships and had no fear of the sea; as for swimming, there were few like her. When she came here the women marveled at her hair; it reached to her ankles, and she wore it coiled about her head in two great braids, thick as a man's arm.

"The captain of that schooner was always drinking; most of the time he lay stupefied in his bed. As they sailed to the south the sea grew worse and worse, but the captain was too drunk to take notice. The men of the crew were in great fear; they had no confidence in the mate, and the seas were like mountain ridges all about them. The morning came when Viritoa said to Maruae: 'Before nightfall this schooner will be at the bottom of the sea; let us make ready. Rub yourself well with coconut

oil, and I will braid my hair and fasten it tightly about my head.' Toward midday they were standing together by the shrouds when Viritoa said: 'Quick, let us leap into the rigging!' That woman knew the ways of the sea; next moment a great wave broke over the schooner. The decks gave way, and most of the people—who were below—died the death of rats at once, but Viritoa and her husband leaped into the sea before the vessel went down.

"A day and a night they were swimming; there were times when Maruae would have lost courage if Viritoa had not cheered him. 'Put your hands on my shoulders,' she said, 'and rest; remember that I am a woman of the Low Islands—we are as much at home in the sea as on land.' All the while she was praying to the shark who was her god. The storm had abated soon after the schooner went down; next day the sea was blue and very calm. Presently, when the sun was high, Viritoa said to her husband: 'I think my god will soon come to us; put your head beneath the water and tell me what you see.' With a hand on her shoulder, he did as she had told him, gazing long into the depths below. Finally he raised his head, dripping, and when he had taken breath he spoke. 'I see nothing,' he said; 'naught but the *miti hauriuri*—the blue salt water.' She prayed a little to her god and told him to look again, and the third time he raised his head, with fear and wonder on his face. 'Something is rising in the sea beneath us,' he said as his breath came fast—'a great shark large as a ship and bright red like the mountain plantain. My stomach is sick with fear.' 'Now I am content,' said the Paumotuan woman, 'for that great red shark is my god. Have no fear—either he will eat us and so end our misery, or he will carry us safe to shore. Next moment the shark rose beside them, like the hull of a ship floating bottom up; the fin on his back stood tall as a man. Then Viritoa and her husband swam to where he awaited them, and with the last of their strength they clambered up his rough side and seated themselves one on each side of the fin, to which they clung.

"For three days and three nights they sat on the back of the shark while he swam steadily to the northeast. They might have died of thirst, but when there were squalls of rain Viritoa unbound her hair and sucked the water from one long braid while Maruae drank from the other. At last, in the first gray of dawn, they saw land—Mangaia, I think you call it. The shark took them close to the reef; they sprang into the sea and the little waves carried them ashore without a scratch. As they lay resting on the reef the shark swam to and fro, close in, as though awaiting some word from them. When she saw this, Viritoa stood up and cried out in a loud voice: 'We are content—we owe our lives to thee. Now go, and we shall stay here!' At those words the shark-god turned away and sank into the sea; to the day of her death Viritoa never saw him again. After that she and her husband walked to the village, where the people of Manitia made them welcome; and after a few years they got passage on a schooner back to Maruae's own land."

The soft voice of the girl died away—I heard only the murmur of the reef. Masses of cloud were gathering about the peaks of the interior; above our heads, the moon was sailing a clear sky, radiant and serene. The world was all silver and gray and black—the quiet lagoon, the shadowy land, the palms like inky lace against the moonlight. Tehinatu stifled a little yawn and stretched out on the mat with the abrupt and careless manner of a child. Her grandmother tossed away a burnt-down cigarette.

"It is late," said the woman of Maupiti, "and we must rise at daybreak. Now let us sleep."

(To be continued)

TRAINING THE SOLDIER FOR PEACE

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

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SPURRED by the restlessness of youth, most red-blooded Americans of the present generation have at some period of their boyhood more or less seriously considered, I will wager, the project of running away from home to join the army. And if the parents of other boys were like mine they met the proposal, if they learned of it, with unqualified disapproval and vigorous opposition.

"What do you want to go into the army for?" our fathers would demand, with ill-concealed impatience. "There's no future in it for you. It doesn't fit you for anything except fighting. And the associations are not the kind that you have been accustomed to."

It must be admitted that the regular army of the 'eighties and 'nineties did not offer a particularly promising career to an intelligent and ambitious lad of good upbringing. In the old army the opportunities for education and self-improvement did not seek out the soldier; he had to seek them. There were post schools, it is true, but they were poorly equipped and indifferently conducted, attendance at them being voluntary, though sometimes disciplinary.

When his routine duties had been performed, the soldier was free to spend his ample leisure in "bunk fatigue," or to seek less wholesome forms of recreation, for in those unregenerate days the saloon, the gambling house, and the brothel were as recognized features of every community as the town hall, the opera house, and the fire station, nor was there any legal means of driving such establishments from the vicinity of military reservations. In spite of these temptations, the old army, with its ordered life and stern discipline, was an undeniable force in character building, though its most loyal supporters would scarcely venture to claim that it afforded the soldier very much in the way of education. Yet there were many who used the army, in spite of all its defects and weaknesses, as a ladder on which they climbed to success and fame, as witness those officers, some of whom now wear on their shoulders the twin stars of major-generals, who began their military careers as enlisted men. But their success was due in most cases, I think, to their inherent ability and determination rather than to the influence of their surroundings.

The old army was the closest of close corporations. Its personnel, commissioned and enlisted alike, were as clannish as the members of a college fraternity. They were as far removed from the life of the nation as a body of cloistered monks. The man in uniform, whether officer or private, looked with a certain supercilious tolerance on those who wore "cits," and this attitude the civilians returned with interest. It was no uncommon thing, indeed, for men in uniform to be informed that their room was preferable to their presence in certain places of entertainment.

Suddenly the Great War burst upon the world in a hurricane of fire and carnage, and the wearers of the uniform which had not been welcomed in the theaters and the dance halls were frenziedly acclaimed as "the thin brown line of heroes" to which the nation looked for its defense. There followed the declaration of war, and the draft; and the very men who had derided and condemned their sons for wanting to join the army

were themselves pleading with the recruiting officers to let them don the uniform and do their bit.

With the signing of the armistice began the rapid dismantling of the great war machine which had been so hastily improvised. Then followed the tedious discussions in Congress, which resulted in the authorization of an increase in the strength of our permanent military establishment to approximately 300,000 officers and men. But more recently Congress, by making appropriations for the maintenance of only 150,000 men, has in effect temporarily limited our military establishment to that strength.

Most persons are doubtless aware that during the war the Division of Psychology of the Army Medical Department kept a scrupulous record, by means of various ingenious tests, of the mental, moral, and physical calibers of the men brought into the army by the draft; but very few persons are aware, I imagine, that this record disclosed the startling fact that approximately one-quarter of the drafted men were to all intents and purposes illiterate, one out of every four being unable to read a newspaper or to write a letter in English.

The lessons that we learned on the Marne and the Meuse taught us that a body of men with uniforms on their backs and rifles on their shoulders, no matter how well disciplined and drilled, how physically fit, how courageous they may be, is very far from constituting an army in the modern interpretation of the term. Warfare, as it is waged to-day, is a highly specialized science, requiring, for its successful conduct, not only an exceptional degree of intelligence and initiative, but at least a sound rudimentary education and a very high degree of technical skill. During our Indian wars, as well as during the campaigns in the Philippines and Cuba, education was by no means considered an essential for a soldier. Many old-school officers openly decried too much "book learning" for the enlisted man as tending to make him dissatisfied with his position. Under modern conditions, however, the illiterate soldier is a menace to the safety of the vast, complex machine of which he is a part. How efficient would be the old-time soldier, whose education consisted at most of a working knowledge of "the three R's," in the operation of radio-intercept and goniometric direction-finding stations, in sound ranging and flash reading, in map making and map printing, in the various highly specialized branches of engineering, ordnance, aviation, and chemical warfare, all of which are essential to the proper functioning of the modern war machine? And did it never occur to you that the repair of the vast number of rifles, pistols, machine guns, field guns, tanks, trucks, motor cars, and aircraft used by an army in the field requires the services of thousands of men who possess technical skill at least equivalent to that of civilian mechanics whose services command a dollar an hour? In the soldier of to-day a trained mind is as important as a trained body; education and technical skill are as essential to victory as brute courage.

It is one thing to assert that we will maintain a military establishment of 300,000 men, or of even 175,000; it is quite another, under peace-time conditions, to find that number of physically qualified men who will consent to renounce, for a period of years, the high wages and personal liberty which go with a sack suit and a soft collar and accept the discipline and restrictions which necessarily accompany the khaki uniform. Now there are three ways of raising an army. The first is by conscription, which, though it has twice been accepted by our people in periods of national emergency, is, and probably always will be, stoutly opposed by them in times of peace. The second is for the government to go into the labor market and bid against private employers — a method which is obviously impracticable because of the prohibitive cost. The third method is to make the army so

attractive to young men of the desired class that they will be eager to enter it, even though it involves a temporary financial sacrifice, because of the opportunities it offers for mental, moral, physical, and social improvement. It is this last course which has been adopted by the War Department in recruiting to its authorized strength the new army.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the War Department was confronted by two distinct problems—the first, how to obtain, in competition with the inducements of civil life, enough physically fit recruits to bring the army up to its authorized strength; the second, how to give those recruits the educational and technical training demanded by modern warfare. They realized that the awakened national conscience would no longer approve a system of training which had as its only object military efficiency. They realized that the day had passed when thousands of young men, at the most formative stage of their lives, could be withdrawn from the industrial life of the nation for a period of years, trained as fighters, and then returned to civil life unfitted to take up the duties and problems of citizenship. Some plan must be devised whereby the youth who enlisted in the army would leave it not merely a first-class fighting man, but a first-class citizen, prepared to take up a remunerative trade or profession, understanding and sympathizing with American ideals, and eager to do his share in the great work of national reconstruction.

A plan so revolutionary in its character, so opposed to all the traditions of military training, was not put into practice without stubborn and sometimes bitter opposition. But the men with vision had their way, and in October, 1919, an order was issued establishing the Education and Recreation Branch of the War Plans Division of the General Staff of the Army. So rapidly have the plans of "E. & R.," as the new branch is popularly called, been put into execution, that to-day the army of the United States is one of the largest educational institutions in the world, with a faculty of more than 2,000 instructors, military and civilian, teaching upward of a hundred vocations, in addition to the usual academic subjects, to a student body of approximately 130,000 men.

The aims, ideals, and dimensions of this novel experiment can best be described, perhaps, in the words of former Secretary of War, Baker, who as father of the plan, was called "the president of the largest university in the world."

> We are building the army on a new plan and propose to make it not merely a military force, organized and kept in readiness for the defense of the nation, but a great educational institution into which the mothers and fathers of the country will be glad to have their sons go, because, first, of the patriotic spirit which service will engender; second, because of the educational opportunities it will offer; and third, because of the democratic fellowship which association in it will entail. This is admittedly a new form of army organization, but, happily, the thing has been done under our eyes and we have only to select and preserve the elements which have demonstrated their usefulness and value. Concededly these elements must be adequate military training, adequate industrial and other education, and adequate social and recreational opportunity.
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> I am very anxious to have two things happen: first, I want the people of the country to realize that the War Department is interested in the round and full development of the young men who come into the army; that our purpose is to turn them out trained soldiers, but, in addition to that, trained citizens; that we propose to give them military training enough to make them useful should emergency require it, but also education enough to make them self-supporting and self-respecting members of the civilian community when they return to it, and to add to these more formal gifts the social development and quality which are necessary to make balanced and stable characters. Second, I am anxious to have the men in the army themselves feel that the relation they entertain to their government is not only of drawing pay from the government for so many hours of drill, or other formal duties, while they look to outside agencies for profitable oppor-

tunities of relaxation and development, but rather that by enlisting in the army they secure both the opportunity of service and the opportunity of growth, development, and culture from the same source.

Because the requirements of modern warfare demand that the soldier shall possess at least a rudimentary education, intensive courses in English were established, and, when the war ended, schools were in operation in all the cantonments and astonishingly successful results were being obtained. It had been found that, by coupling military instruction with a thorough course in elementary English, illiterate recruits, whether alien or native-born, could be transformed in from three to six months into well-drilled and efficient soldiers who could speak English with surprising fluency and correctness, read newspapers and simple books, and write creditable letters. In order that this source of recruit supply should not automatically be cut off when peace was made with Germany, the War Department asked for and obtained the repeal of the statute forbidding the enlistment of illiterates in peace time. This barrier removed, the military authorities were able to meet the old problem of how to get enough recruits to fill the army by enlisting illiterate citizens as well as aliens who declared their intention of becoming citizens. By enlisting these men for three years the War Department could well afford to combine with orthodox military instruction a six months' course in English, for at the end of their half year of schooling the men would still serve two and a half years with their permanent organizations and would be, economically speaking, at least twice as valuable as literate recruits who enlisted for only one year. Moreover, the army had special inducements to offer these men, for they were not only assured of receiving a thorough course in English as soon as they enlisted, but for aliens there was the reward of full citizenship at the end of a three-year enlistment.

Profiting by the experience gained from the development battalions, as the organizations of illiterates were called, it was decided to segregate these men as soon as they enlisted. For the purpose of giving them intensive instruction under the most favorable circumstances, there were organized at the various camps units known as Recruit Educational Centers. The course of instruction lasts from four to six months, dependent upon the ability of the individual, classes being graduated every two weeks, so that when, upon graduation, the men join their permanent organizations, they do so as self-respecting, English-speaking American soldiers. When Boris Potapoff, lately arrived from the Ukraine, and Angelo Minghetti, who worked in his father's vineyard on the slopes above Sorrento until he was overtaken by the wanderlust and took passage for America, and Luis Martinez, one-time roustabout on the wharves of Cienfuegos, and Jed Bascom, who left his native village in the Kentucky mountains two jumps ahead of the revenue agents, reach a Recruit Educational Center, usually a little frightened and very forlorn, they are sent for ten days to a classification barracks, where they are issued their uniforms and equipment and are examined by the medical officer and the dental surgeon. They are then given an intelligence test, the results of which determine their places in the class, Jed having a slight lead on his fellow rookies in knowing English "as she is spoke" in the Kentucky mountains. On the eleventh day, already transformed in appearance—thanks to shaves, hair-cuts, and khaki—they join their companies, ready to go to work. On the morning of the twelfth day they start in school. The day is divided equally between schoolroom work and military instruction, three hours of each for five days a week. The normal course is four months, though bright men complete it in less time, while some of the dull ones may take as much as six months. The course

is based, however, on performance, and not on any specified period of time, so that the term "normal course" simply means that the average recruit completes the work in four months. The interest of the men is aroused on the opening day, when they are told—in many cases through an interpreter—that their first task will be to learn to write a letter in the English language. Here is a definite goal to strive for. Instead of the tedious A-B-C methods of our childhood the recruit student is lured along the path of education by seeing something which is of real value to him at the end of it. The methods followed at the Recruit Educational Centers in teaching English are as simple as they are effective. The teacher chalks on the blackboard the words "tall" and "short." Then he summons to the front of the classroom a lanky six-footer. "See, this man is *tall*. I write the word on the blackboard—like this." Then he beckons up a stocky youth who only got by on the height regulation because he looked like a fighter and wore his hair pompadour. "This man is *short*. I write that, too—s-h-o-r-t. Now write both words yourselves." Whereupon the class laboriously scrawls in its notebooks more or less accurate imitations of the two words written on the blackboard. And, what is more, it remembers them. Thenceforward t-a-l-l means six-foot Ole Olsen or anyone like him; s-h-o-r-t means anyone of the stature of Stubby Burke.

Each lesson in reading and writing is also a lesson in American history, civics, numbers, current events, or in some subject that concerns the duties of a soldier, though these lessons are so ingeniously camouflaged that the student absorbs them unconsciously. Nor does the learning of English cease when the soldier leaves the classroom. In barracks, at mess, and at drill the men are assigned irrespective of nationality, so that when a Lithuanian, say, finds himself sandwiched between a Mexican and a Norwegian, he will naturally do his best to acquire sufficient English to talk with his bunkies. This is simply taking advantage of the fact that all human beings are more or less talkative and are instinctively inclined toward sociability. In the evening teachers are always at hand in the library to assist the men in writing letters or to help them over puzzling passages in storybooks and magazines. Indeed, from reveille to taps the recruit lives in an atmosphere so thoroughly American that he quickly forgets his racial ideas and prejudices and becomes imbued with the ideas and ideals of the country whose uniform he is wearing.

For purposes of administration, the course at the Recruit Educational Centers is divided into six grades, with ten lessons to a grade. Although, as I have already said, a man of average intelligence—and it must be kept in mind that many of the recruits, though ignorant of English, have received thorough educations in their native countries—will complete the course in about four months, these grades are arbitrary and are not to be interpreted as corresponding to grades in a public school. They are merely six grades of *this* school. For each grade there is a paper-bound volume of twenty-four pages entitled, *Army Lessons in English*, the text being profusely illustrated with marginal sketches and cartoons. To give you a concrete example of the astonishing results which are being achieved by this method of instruction, a totally illiterate recruit, without even a speaking knowledge of English and unable to read or write his native tongue, should be able, at the end of four months, to write a letter similar to the following, which I have chosen at random from Book III:

DEAR MOTHER,—It is pretty cold some mornings when we must jump out at reveille, but we move so fast then that we do not mind the cold. A soldier does not feel the cold much, because he sleeps with his windows open. When I came to the army I was sure I would take cold if I slept with the windows open, but I soon learned that fresh air is the best cure for a cold. I never felt

so well in my life as I feel now. Almost every soldier says the same. The army is the place to be. I wish Peter would join the army. Then he would learn to clean his teeth, to stand erect, sit erect, walk erect, and to keep his hands out of his pockets.

If you see Nellie tell her I still like cake.

JAMES ROGERS.

The book used in the fourth grade is really a series of tabloid lessons in civics, consisting of a number of simply told stories illustrating the duties and benefits of such public agencies as municipal employment offices and night schools, the police, fire, and health departments, and the Coast Guard Service. Volume V contains brief biographical sketches of famous foreigners—Lafayette, Carl Schurz, Gustavus Adolphus, Kosciusko, Peter the Great, Simon Bolivar, Albert of Belgium—this book having been designed for the special purpose of appealing to the pride of the foreign-born recruit while at the same time pointing out to those of Anglo-Saxon descent that their foreign-born comrades represent nationalities which can boast heroes as great as those of America. This book is intended to develop tolerance and broad-mindedness in the student's attitude toward men of other races and to inculcate in him a respect for sacrifice and patriotism, irrespective of the country from which a man or his parents have come. The sketches of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, and Roosevelt, which comprise the book used in the sixth grade, were written with the obvious intention of awakening in the soldier a spirit of pride in the heroes, the institutions, and the ideals of our own land.

At certain hours of the day those men making the greatest progress in their classes are sent, by way of reward, to the reading room, which is in charge of an experienced teacher, the range of books purposely being limited in order to concentrate the minds of the students on the subjects they are studying. In the main hall of the school building is a large blackboard on which the news of the world, told in a few crisp sentences, is posted daily, so that the men may read it on their way to and from classes. In the upper grades these news bulletins are read and discussed in class, the spirited arguments which result from discussions of the troubles in Ireland, the exclusion of Orientals, Bolshevik rule in Russia, plebescites in Silesia, strikes in the United States, in which events many of the recruits have themselves been actors, arousing in the men an active interest in the topics of the day.

The system of Recruit Educational Centers which I have just described is merely a kindergarten, a sort of intellectual anteroom, as it were, to those halls of higher learning which have been organized within the military establishment and which have been called, for want of a better term, the University of the Army. As a matter of fact, the army educational system is not a university, nor is it designed to take the place of a university. It might best be compared to a great preparatory school, in that it takes soldiers who already possess the equivalent of a public-school education and fits them for college, or for the United States Military Academy, or for various technical callings, or simply for the duties of citizenship. It might be likened to an enormous factory where the raw material which the army receives in the form of recruits is transformed into high-grade citizens.

For the youngster who is just emerging from the awkward stage and who has not yet decided what profession or occupation he will take up—in other words, for the boy who has not yet "found himself"—a three-year enlistment in the army, provided he avails himself of the educational advantages it now affords, is virtually equivalent to the same period spent at a good military school. His associates in the army would not come from the same class of society as the students at a military school, it is true, but that does not mean that he would be thrown with undesirables and "rough necks," as so many fond parents erro-

neously suppose. As a matter of fact, the associations and the moral welfare of the young soldier are as carefully looked after as they would be at any preparatory school in the country. The youth who enters the army does not get a room to himself, with mission furniture, and college pennants on the walls, and fancy sofa pillows, but he gets a clean and comfortable bed, which he is taught to care for himself, in a clean, comfortable, and well-ventilated building, and food which in quality and cooking is not surpassed anywhere. The American soldier, as I can testify from experience, receives far better meals than those served in most college dining halls. Under the new order of things organized athletics and other recreations will play as great a part in the life of the soldier as in that of the collegian, the army now being supplied with stadiums, athletic fields, swimming pools, gymnasiums, coaches, trophies, and all the other concomitants of sport.

The training in the University of the Army—I use the term because no better one presents itself—is divided into two categories, educational and vocational. Educational training is further divided into basic and advanced courses. The former, which is intended for those students who have had few if any educational advantages, includes reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, physiology, American history and government, being equivalent to a course in a public school. The advanced course, which is not materially different from that at a good preparatory school, consists of higher work, suitable for those who already possess a sound basic education, ranging from the requirements of an average eighth-grade course through advanced high-school work to preparation for college-entrance examinations. The vocational training, designed for those who wish to master a remunerative trade, covers every occupation from agriculture to electricity, from shoemaking to sign painting. More than a hundred different courses are now open to army students and some three thousand classes are being conducted.

The University of the Army differs in one very important particular from all other educational institutions, for the students, instead of paying for their tuition, board, and clothing, are given all these without any charge whatsoever, and in addition receive full army pay, it being estimated that, in view of the present cost of living, a soldier, by the exercise of moderate economy, can have as much in his pocket at the end of the month as the civilian who receives five dollars a day and has to board, lodge, and clothe himself. Certainly it is no exaggeration to say that the soldier who wins the chevrons of a noncommissioned officer and who saves his pay should leave the service at the end of a three-year enlistment with a four-figure balance in his bank book. That is what the army means by its recruiting slogan, "Learn While You Earn."

At a number of camps, particularly in the Middle West and South, the most popular courses are those in agriculture and animal husbandry. In these courses every detail of the subject is taught through actual practice. At Camp Funston, for example, the students are taught how to judge, feed, and milk cattle and how to dispose of the dairy products to local dealers by being required to do these very things, as though the dairy were their own. The men taking the course in agriculture at Camp Lee begin where the American pioneers began when they built homes for themselves in the wilderness, being taught how to fell trees, to remove stumps and bowlders, to prepare the soil, to select seeds, to plant them, and to cultivate and harvest the crops. Nor does the training end there. A small farmhouse is built from salvaged lumber and the men are taught to exercise their ingenuity in fitting it up with the various comforts and conveniences which a farmer's wife demands; plumbing and electric-lighting systems are installed; a garden is laid out for flowers and an-

other for vegetables; stables, pigpens, chicken-runs, and fences are erected; an orchard is planted. Surely it requires no taxing of the imagination to realize how beneficial an effect on rural life in America men thus trained will have when they leave the army to settle down on farms of their own.

Though motor transportation has largely displaced animal-drawn vehicles for military purposes, it seems probable that the army will require a great number of horses and mules for many years to come. The war brought home to us, however, the alarming scarcity of horses suitable for military use, the farmers having largely abandoned horse breeding for more profitable occupations. The war likewise taught us how comparatively few men, taken from civil life, are qualified to select, break, train, and care for horses. Thus it will be seen the War Department has been justified on economic as well as educational grounds in establishing breeding stations where soldier students are given practical instruction in breeding, raising, and developing horses and mules suitable for the army, so that, when these men leave the service, they possess the knowledge and experience necessary for profitable horse breeding, at the same time assuring the country of an adequate supply of animals should it again be threatened with war. Many of the camps, particularly those with artillery ranges, such as Camp Lewis, Washington, include within their limits large tracts of farm lands. Instead of permitting these lands to remain idle, they are being worked by the students taking the agricultural courses as productive farms which yield sufficient quantities of hay and grain to feed the large numbers of horses and mules belonging to the camp.

Every student who satisfactorily completes a course in army educational or vocational training will be given a certificate to that effect by the school officer or the camp commander. The standard War Department certificate, which will correspond in certain respects to the certificates issued by the New York State Board of Regents, will not be adopted, however, until such time as it will represent for each subject a certain definite degree of proficiency, uniform throughout the entire service and fully meeting the requirements of civil as well as military life. The standard eventually to be adopted will, it is hoped, be so high that a discharged soldier, "character excellent," with a War Department certificate showing that he has completed, say, the course in electricity, will need, when seeking employment as an electrician, no further proof of character and proficiency.

Similar certificates, covering academic subjects, will, it is expected, be accepted by the colleges and universities as evidence of proficiency in the courses which they cover and in lieu of entrance examinations. I might mention, in this connection, that the schools and universities of the country have almost universally approved of the educational plans of the new army and in many cases have given practical expression to their approval by offering credits and scholarships to the graduates of army schools. They have been quick to realize that the army, instead of being a competitor, is in fact an ally, for its students are men who, for one reason or another, have not availed themselves of the advantages afforded by civil institutions of learning, and who, were it not for this eleventh-hour opportunity offered by the government, would have to engage in the battle of life inadequately equipped. A project is now being worked out by the Education and Recreation Branch which, it is hoped, will enable those soldiers who, upon the completion of their terms of enlistment, desire collegiate educations, but who are debarred from going to college by the expense, to avail themselves of the patriotic scholarships which it is planned to establish at various colleges for the benefit of graduates from army courses. More than thirty colleges and universities have already approved this plan and have tendered their co-opera-

tion. Nor does the interest of the army in the welfare of its students abruptly end upon their discharge, for it has already established an Army Employment Service whose business it is to find suitable positions for men who have completed their enlistment and wish to take up the pursuits of civil life.

I am taking no liberties with the truth when I assert that no nation in the world has ever offered to its young men so remarkable an opportunity for mental, moral, and physical improvement and for material advancement. This idea of an army is difficult to conceive, I admit, so diametrically opposed is it to the traditional conception of a military establishment, yet the fact remains that, instead of being merely a plan on paper, it is in actual and successful operation.

Recreation for the soldier is not minimized or allotted a place of secondary importance. Eight hours of sleep, eight hours of work, and eight hours of play is generally considered the ideal division of a day for a healthy man, and it is approximately this division which has been adopted by the army. Because of the close supervision which the army must necessarily exercise over all the activities of its soldiers, it cannot intrust their sports and amusements to outside suggestion and guidance, but must itself accept responsibility for providing adequate and suitable recreation. Civilian athletics in America have come to mean ten thousand fans shrieking themselves hoarse on the bleachers while small teams of picked athletes struggle for supremacy on the diamond, the gridiron, or the cinder path. Engaging in athletics by proxy may satisfy the civilian, but it won't do for the soldier. Those in charge of recreation in the army believe that it is far better to have every man in a command get out and do something, even if he does it indifferently. Early in 1920 a Central Physical Training School was opened at Camp Benning, Georgia, to which were detailed five officers from every department of the army. The purpose of this school is not to make athletes, but to train athletic instructors. Returning to his station upon the completion of his course, each officer devotes himself to the encouragement of athletic activities in his organization. He organizes athletic teams of all kinds, depending upon the season of the year. He promotes football, baseball, basketball, and hockey leagues. He puts on boxing and wrestling matches, and, because the army has no desire to create "star" athletes, he develops mass athletics in which every soldier takes part. The athletic program of the War Department aims to fit every soldier for the physical demands of military life, to encourage sane and healthy forms of recreation, and, above all else, to inculcate the ideals of clean sportsmanship in the men who wear the American uniform.

In pursuance of its plan to furnish suitable forms of entertainment for every member of the military establishment, irrespective of his place of station, E. & R. has arranged for a number of professional dramatic, musical, and vaudeville companies, soloists, lecturers, and similar attractions to tour the various camps, giving their performances in the commodious Liberty Theaters which were erected at all the principal cantonments during the war. In order to encourage the soldiers to provide their own entertainments, and, incidentally, to train them in self-confidence and diction, a number of professional actors have been engaged whose duty it is to organize amateur theatricals at the various posts. This experiment has already met with remarkable success and has revealed much unsuspected dramatic talent among the men in the ranks. The production of "Madame X," given not long ago by the soldier players of the First Division at Camp Dix, was so successful that the director, stirred to more ambitious efforts, started rehearsals for Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn."

Not many persons are aware, I imagine, that the largest motion-picture circuit in the world is operated by the army. Nor does the soldier have to con-

tent himself with out-of-date films, for only the newest and best pictures are booked for the army circuit. In fact, as the result of an arrangement with one of the largest motion-picture producers in America, the army has several times obtained pre-release showings of certain famous films, so that the men in the camps saw them before they were shown in the picture palaces on Broadway. No post in the United States or its insular possessions is so small or so remote that it does not have at least two motion-picture entertainments weekly. Even the small detachments on patrol duty along the lonely reaches of the Mexican border are not forgotten, the E. & R. Branch having established a camionette service, consisting of a number of light motor trucks, each carrying a complete motion-picture outfit and an operator, which maintains a regular schedule along the entire length of our southern boundary, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific.

The library service supplied to the army during the war is being continued and expanded by the War Department for the new army, the aim being to provide reading material and organized library service for all troops, wherever stationed, particular attention being paid to the organization of libraries for small, isolated detachments. The large camp libraries established during the war will continue in operation, branches will be opened wherever needed, specialized collections will be provided to meet the requirements of students in various courses, and the present stock of books will be constantly supplemented so as to have available the latest books on the greatest possible number of subjects.

Everyone who visited an American camp or cantonment during the war will recall the low-roofed, gray-shingled buildings known as "hostess houses," or "huts," which were built and operated by the various welfare organizations—the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and others—for the purpose of providing the soldiers with places in which to read and write, or to entertain their visitors, in pleasant and homelike surroundings. Thanks to the generosity of the welfare organizations, these buildings, together with their equipment, have been presented to the army and are being operated by the War Department as service clubs for enlisted men. These clubs are self-governing organizations, with boards of governors and house and entertainment committees and stewards, and are run on essentially the same lines as the better clubs in the smaller cities of the country. Indeed, most of them are rather better equipped than most small-town clubs, for they have billiard and pool tables, writing facilities, open fireplaces, the latest magazines, and all the other comforts and conveniences which a clubman loves. One service club in each camp or garrison is under the personal supervision of the camp hostess or her assistants, who act as official chaperons at all entertainments in the club house to which women are invited, and, furthermore, decide on the system which shall be followed in inviting women to the camp's social affairs. As a result of this system, an invitation to a camp dance or other entertainment is in itself a certificate of the character of the girl who receives it. No mother who has a son in the army need worry any longer about the class of girls with whom he is associating, for no girl on whose reputation there is the slightest shadow, or whose manners are subject to criticism, can obtain an invitation. Nor need the parents of the young girl who is invited to a camp dance fear that she will be subjected to the slightest discourtesy or lack of respect. She is as safe from harm in a service club, and usually much more strictly chaperoned, than she would be in the home of her dearest friend. The interest of the men themselves in the conduct and decorum observed at their entertainments insures this, for they are more jealous of the reputation of their clubs, and more insistent that their guests shall be treated with respect,

than anyone else could be. The friendships formed at these dances frequently result in the men being invited to the girls' homes, thus establishing cordial social relations between the men in camp and the citizens of the adjacent communities.

The duties of the camp hostess and her assistants do not end with chaperoning the girls visiting the camp; they must supervise the welfare of the girls working there as well. Where women employees of the various staff departments live on military reservations, the hostess makes the necessary recommendations for insuring them the best possible living conditions; she likewise provides lunching and resting places for those who arrive on early trains and leave in the afternoon. She is also expected to promote social recreations for the army nurses on duty at her camp and to interest herself in the social life of the families of the married men. It will be seen, therefore, that a successful camp hostess must be an executive, an adviser, and a diplomat combined.

In order to supply a corps of trained hostesses, the Bureau of Women's Relations of the E. & R. Branch has established four schools where young women of the desired type may, upon appointment, receive training for this work. All appointments to hostess work are made by the War Department as the requirements of the army demand, with the understanding, however, that appointments so made are probational and dependent upon a satisfactory completion of the training courses mentioned. Attached to the staffs of the various department commanders are a number of supervisors, chosen from women of wide experience and special qualifications, who are charged with assisting the department E. & R. officer in supervising and co-ordinating the work of the various hostesses throughout the department and in furthering the development of cordial relations between the military establishment and the civilian community. The pay of women welfare workers in the army ranges from $1,200 per annum for probationers to $3,000 for supervisors and women possessing special qualifications, to which may be added free living quarters in camps where such accommodation is available.

Now I am perfectly aware that there are many persons who will read this account of what is being done to the army with cynicism if not with open condemnation and derision. The army, these short-sighted ones will tell you, is a weapon and those who compose it should be trained for purposes of war and nothing more. Civics and cattle breeding, algebra and amateur dramatics, trade schools and official chaperones have no place, they will assure you, in a military establishment.

If that is the view which you take of the experiment which is being conducted by the army in training its recruits to be not merely first-class soldiers, but first-class citizens, then you have wasted your time in reading this article. But, putting your prejudices aside for a moment, suppose that you look at this experiment from another angle. A system of three-year enlistments and a standing army of, say, 300,000 men should result, if the plans of the Education and Recreation Branch are realized, in turning back into civil life approximately a million educated and technically trained men every decade. Consider the effect which this inevitably must have upon the social life of the nation. It will not entirely counteract the influence of the European illiterates and undesirables who are pouring through our gates in a steadily growing stream, but it will go far toward doing so. The anarchists and the agitators will find their numbers rapidly dwindling before the University of the Army and its collateral branches have been functioning many years. Education and remunerative employment, contentment and self-respect, will do more than rifles and machine guns to check the spread of the theories of Comrades Trotzky and Lenin.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

MEGAPOLIS

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of *Caliban*

I MAY offend a Londoner by giving this name of Megapolis to New York, for London, with its population of seven and a half millions, lays claim to the title of "The Great City." It is true that New York itself has a population of little over five and a half millions, and that even if we add the surrounding territory of Yonkers, Mount Vernon, Jersey City, Newark, etc., the total might be less than that of London; but New York is a city great not only in area; it is great in height, in spirit, in emotion. I find it infinitely sympathetic, endowed with much of the grace of Paris, but more magnificent. Magnificence is the first thing that strikes one in New York. Its great buildings, its spreading luxury, its lights, its air of sceptical pleasure, its moral anæsthesia, of cool ferocity, all that suggests republican Rome, with a touch of Babylon.

I love New York. I think I understand it. It is in America the only female city, a city of cynicism and of lace, a more intense Paris, a Vienna disguised in the garments of respectability. It is all the cities. Where Chicago offers energy, New York offers splendor. It is the only American city where people work and play; in the others they work. I feel that inevitably in the second generation, if not in the first, the oil and cotton of the South, the wheat of the Middle West, come to fuse themselves in the crucible of pleasure that lies on the Hudson.

Perhaps that is why most of the other cities call New York degenerate, because it is not so much an industrial city as a city of commerce, a city of financiers, and a place which people desert on Saturday mornings to play golf. That is not degeneracy. Indeed, to me, New York is the contrary—it is regenerate; it is the microcosm of the new civilization of America, of which the Middle West is the basis and the South the memory.

The colossal scale of New York naturally makes upon the stranger his first important impression. The American does not realize what a shock New York can be to a European who has never before seen a building higher than ten floors; the effect is bewildering. The monster hotel where the stranger makes his first acquaintance with America is itself a shock. I began in a hotel which seems to have two thousand bedrooms, and to carry a rent-roll of twenty thousand dollars a day. In other words, this is Brobdingnag, the land of the giants. Gigantic chaos, that is the first feeling I had in New York. Differences forced themselves upon me. I missed the public houses of England and the cafés of the Continent. (The soda cafés, where so few people sit down, did not seem to correspond.) Fifth Avenue, people so many, traffic so thick that one has to take one's turn at a crossing, that police control has become mechanical, beyond the power of man. Then one goes into a store; one wanders through endless departments, on endless floors; one goes through tunnels and never comes out by the same block as one went in. There is so much in the streets; everything hurries—motor cars, street cars, railway

cars. In the restaurants endless vistas of napery and crystal extend away. One goes up Broadway at night to see the crowded colored signs of the movie shows and the theaters twinkle and eddy, inviting, clamorous, Babylonian! You see, all the great cities of the present and the past come into my mind and make my judgment fantastic.

For New York is all the cities. It is the giant city grouped about its colossal forest of parallelepipeds of concrete and steel. One can't find one's way. The plan of the city is simple, but it is so large and hangs so heavily over you that you become dazed. You can't find the news stand in the marble lounge; the pages whom you sent on a message do not come back, but fade in the distance, grow old and die in a distant region, perchance to be buried under leaves. It is such a little thing, a page boy, in Brobdingnag! He is so much below scale. Such a scale! They brought me a telephone message the first day. It comprised twenty-two words and was written on a sheet of paper three feet four inches long. Here indeed is the toy of a giant. It is only little by little, as you grow used to this enormity, that you reach comfort in New York, that you look casually at the Equitable Building, and contemptuously at the little apartment houses of eight floors. Also, you discover with relief that in New York any fool can find his way, unless he goes south of Washington Square. Later on, new troubles come, for one street looks like the other, and you cannot remember numbers. It is only by degrees that streets acquire personality in your mind.

You come to know that on East Forty-second stands a railway station; that in Fourteenth Street you may buy "Louis-the-XIVth-Street furniture," as a New York nut has put it; that West Fortieth runs south of Bryant Square, while West Fifty-ninth marks the beginning of Central Park. Broadway worries you a lot. It is always turning up on the wrong side of the town; you resent its irregularity; you are becoming an American.

GOTHIC SPIRE

Standing by the building plot between Vanderbilt and Park Avenues, and looking westward, you see a strange thing — an enormous office building against the back of which outlines itself the spire of a church. A big office and a little church; what a change since the Middle Ages! And the little New York church is vigorously, resolutely gothic. They nearly all are, in New York, as they are elsewhere. Even in Fifth Avenue, vast erections of stone are fretted into trefoil and cinquefoil, garnished with finials and gargoyles, spired and flying buttressed, as if Chartres and Canterbury had crossed the ocean. It is tragic. Nothing is more beautiful than the American grain elevator, and nothing seems so absurd as the American Gothic church. I know the English are just the same. They, too, erect Gothic churches; I have even seen a chapel made of galvanized iron fitted with an ogival window, but that is Europe, traditional old Europe, not modern America.

One might have expected America to realize that Christianity existed before Gothic architecture, and that there is no association between the two. America might have escaped from the thrall. This mechanical, conventional, worn-out Gothic, how disgusting, how outrageous it is to see it go up to-day! What wooden feeling that reveals! What lack of freshness, lack of courage! And to think that this rag doll of the ages should inhabit Brobdingnag! that Gothic—this ecclesiastical, ready-to-wear—should be accepted in the country which is to-day the sole possessor of a new architecture!

In Europe architecture died in 1860, when the great Georgian style had given way to the porticos and columns of Victoria, and to the barracks of Baron Haussmann. Then creation ceased. Of late years the English history of archi-

tecture, particularly in domestic work, is a horrible orgy of mongrel Elizabethan and incoherent Renaissance; in Germany originality suffered delirium tremens in the suburbs of Munich, where one could see plump and peaceful German families taking their coffee in Chinese-pagoda villas. Then came America and ferro-concrete. America discovered the natural use of the new material, and she discovered height. Americans have often told me that I am wrong; they argue that the origin of the skyscraper is to be found in the small size of Manhattan and the cost of land. That is not true, for the skyscraper is not confined to Manhattan. You find it in Boston, Chicago, even in Oklahoma, where land was not worth a nickel a foot. The truth is that American architects, who went for their training to Paris, had the fit of exaltation which in other times produced the great styles. That is how they made the style of the present and it is magnificent. Some of the tall buildings are bad, some good. The architect has not everywhere equaled his dream, but in general he has all the time kept a firm hold on utility, the only safe companion for the man who builds. He has wasted no time and no money on the scrolls and garlands which disfigure English building; he has not broken up his noble columns with irrelevant stone cubes. He has used no columns at all except to support something So far as possible (that is after compromising with the demand for plate-glass ground floors) he has made honest use of his material. And so, by long lines, by avoiding fret, he has produced nobility. The Woolworth, the Wurlitzer, its neighbor the Bush Terminal—all these, though rather elaborate, are clean-lined and good. Lit up at night, the Bush Terminal is a fairy castle in the air. The Commodore Hotel is perhaps the most magnificent of all because it is less narrow, has more dignity, and because its use of two materials is light and gay.

You find them all over the town, these landmarks of the new builders. Sometimes, as in the case of the Flatiron, the failure is horrible. At other times the result is dull, but in the main they make New York into a city of columns which support the sky. They mean something in terms of aspiration. It is not business alone which piles brick upon brick so fast opposite my window that every week a complete floor is built. Business thinks that it hires the architect, just as it thinks that it tolerates the poet, but the architect and the poet know better. In matters of art they always come through. The business men are too busy to watch over their own version of beauty, so the artist comes in and imposes his own.

Height is the new destination of American architecture. Even in the distant suburbs of Manhattan—at High Bridge, for instance—the twelve-floor building is there, and the cottage is not. The center of old respectable Manhattan can still be seen in Murray Hill, in Madison Avenue, but here, too, height will ultimately prevail. You are very conscious of this tendency in the Mayfair of Manhattan, round about East Sixtieth Street. The private houses are opulent, but their style is fretful and inferior to that of the office buildings. You can see that here money has toyed at leisure instead of wearying of design, as it has in Wall Street, and giving over the work to the architect. Here are marble medallions, unnecessary pillars, slim, wrought-iron gates. You can imagine the rich woman who hunted the architect; you guess the husband away from home, indulging in frenzied finance. This feeling is continued in a less emphatic way in the district of Murray Hill, where the old predominates for a while.

In general, the private house is excessive in design. Here and there a white-stone face shines fine and pure, but few private buildings in New York are equal to the big apartment houses, such as those of Park Avenue and Madison Avenue, which are square and logical. The American builds best when he builds high, but he must go all the way.

His occasional failures appear in the houses of four or five floors. The effect is not narrow enough for him. Height and narrowness are essential to his new genius. It is curious to see the new products by the side of the old brick houses, colored with terra cotta, which, once upon a time, the rich people from downtown built near Thirty-fifth Street, to escape Manhattan. But Manhattan got them all the same.

I wonder what would have happened to Manhattan if the building law had not interfered; a time would have come when from the Battery to Forty-fifth Street the whole of the island would have been covered with thirty-story buildings. The lower floors would never have seen the sun, and great hurricanes would have blown from the East River to the Hudson through the devil's corridors. It would have been epic. Now the buildings are set back in their upper floors; it is still fine, because it is big, but it is losing the nobility of the sheer façade. The new laws have saved old New York, for better or for worse. Probably for worse, as old New York is an empty thing and the shade of Peter Stuyvesant a ghost out of place. But no doubt the old houses on West Twenty-third Street, near the ferry, the dignity of Murray Hill, and the disdain of Washington Square sniffing at Greenwich Village, will for a while be maintained. The little dancing places off Broadway, the few places where one may meet a few mild-looking "toughs," will also long stand out against the vast and respectable pleasure halls of the democracy.

I have wandered a great deal about New York. A city which had not its cosmopolitan population, and therefore its variety of impression, would be wearisome because the streets are so much alike, except a few of the main streets. You can always recognize Broadway, pursuing commerce and pleasure; Fifth Avenue, opulent and a little superior, just as you know where you are in St. Mark's Place, by the aristocratic old church; again in the pleasant, economical Bronx, in tumultuous Wall Street, you know where you are. But the difference between, shall we say, East Forty-sixth and East Forty-seventh is nothing. No unexpected angles, no London oddities of palace and hovel fix your eye. Differences of wealth alone make a difference of impression, and these grade down so slowly, particularly in the eastern side of town, that the change of feeling is infinitesimal.

To perceive a strong impression in New York you must go to Greenwich Village or to the East Side. I did not go very much into Greenwich Village. I felt that it would be too similar in spirit to our English Chelsea. I was afraid to meet painters and writers, because all over the world they exhibit much the same vices, virtues, and views. They are international before they are national. The stockbroker is more significant. Still, I have known the admirable cooking of "The Good Intent," come within the radius of the Provincetown Players, consumed coffee and ideas under the sinister glow of revolutionary candles in a room that had never been cleaned. Amusing. Amusing rather like the "Petit Trianon," where Marie Antoinette milked the cows and made butter. In Greenwich Village the decoration of art was too heavy for the art; I felt that what I saw there I did not really see, and that the real work was being done quietly elsewhere.

It is very different on the East Side. The thing that strikes the foreigner first is that the New York poor live in houses externally of the same type as those of the middle class, the same height, same balconies. Only the decoration of washing that hangs out to dry, the crowding children on the street and the fury of activity revealed by the shops located in cellars by degrees impose themselves; also the great number of fruit and vegetable stalls in the side streets. It sorts itself out by and by. One observes that among the twenty or thirty children on

the doorsteps appears a variety of national types; one notices the mothers shawled and seated on those steps, talking, sewing, or watching without excitement the rows of babies in their little carriages. One sees that here are no big stores, because there are no big purses, and one is tempted to say that these tall tenements are not so gloomy as the low black houses of the London East End. The children make an impression of prosperity because they are, on the whole, infinitely better kept, and some of them better fed, than the children of the English poor.

The East Side carries itself off by a touch of the picturesque. Its division into national streets encourages the stranger. He is surprised to find a Greek street, a Spanish street, a great block of Italian streets, but he is disappointed in Chinatown. Oh, what a comedown after the lyrical stories of the magazines! This little cluster about Doyer Street, Pell and Mott Streets, at the end of the Bowery; just a few signs in Chinese, a little pottery, some lychee, the Chinese Joss House, that is all. It is mercantile instead of being sinister. The opium den has moved uptown and naught remains of the East save here and there a Chinese child, comic and touching in mauve-flannel trousers.

One does not feel the poverty of the East Side, even when one enters the tenements. But here, indeed, New York is not outdistanced by London itself. They are horrible. Originally built for one family, the New York tenement now houses a dozen in a room; sexes herded together among the cooking, the laundry, and presumably ablutions; broken windows, leaky roofs, no plumbing, stairs thick with dirt and vermin. It would be tragic if I did not feel that in this great country, that has work enough for all, the East Side is merely the clearing station of the New World. This man, who lives with two families in a room, is earning only enough to keep alive, but he is refusing himself liquor, movies, tobacco; his wet clothes dry on his body because he will not buy another suit; he is saving. Soon he will get a better job, will save some more, find a partner, set up for himself. He will move to 150th Street or so. He may succeed, and, street by street, move downtown until he, or his son—it matters little—enters the charmed circle of Central Park. On the way many must fall, many must die, but very few stay. The East Side is a passage. The poor of America are not like those of Europe, locked into their poverty, whence they cannot escape except by incredible luck or amazing ability. In America, even the poor have a chance with the future. They come, speaking strange tongues, without linen, sometimes without friends, but there is nothing that prevents them, no national bar, no class bar, from retaining the faculty by which man lives, which is hope. In America every man may rise. It is not an idle dream for an East Side child to tell himself that he will become one of the masters of America. It may not be a lofty dream; it means greed and grab, but it is a dream, and dreams are the stuff that worlds are made of.

MASTERS OF AMERICA

You can see them everywhere, fleeting in their large automobiles, and stopping from time to time to spend some money at a hotel, a shop. In New York they oppress you less than they do in London, because in this country so many own automobiles. People mortgage their houses to buy automobiles. So it is not locomotion only indicates wealth, in a country where automobiles belong to a class which in Europe could not afford to ride in a taxi. Nor is it clothes. The man who has made his money in the West or the Southwest does not, when he appears in the lounge of a large hotel, make the effect, half smart, half vulgar, of the European *nouveau riche*. He buys his clothes in the town where he made his money; he breaks out now and then only through a diamond ring, bought in a fit of desire, and worn on a short, heavy finger. Also he dislikes dressing

for dinner. It worries him. He would like to take his coat off, but his wife won't let him; on the other hand, he wishes that she would not take *her* clothes off, but he can't stop her. A common sight in the very expensive places of New York is a youngish, rough-looking man in a day suit, dining with a wife dressed in the Rue de la Paix, in clothes to which, sometimes, she adds the trimmings of Tipkinville.

I remember such a couple. It was very late, at a show after the theater. I could see in the glow of his eyes, hear in the echo of his laugh, that he liked being up so late—so different from the night life of Tipkinville! As he could buy nothing to drink, he was having an enormous lot to eat. The *pâté de foie gras* had been detained on the table, to keep ultimate company with one of those interesting sweets made out of an ice wrapped up in a hot omelette, which latter is inclosed in another ice, the result, I believe, in another omelette, and so on. I think he had ordered a cigar, and kept the box. I was a little sorry for him; how happy he would have been if he had been a ruminant with four digestive mechanisms instead of one!

He lay back in his chair, extended thumbs in waistcoat holes; his intelligent brown eye inspected the room, as if he were valuing it. He was at ease. He was not afraid, as are the European *nouveaux riches*, of lacking good form. He was It. From time to time he glanced contentedly at his pleasant, healthy wife, who looked like an enormous rose trying to escape from a narrow green vase. She was not so comfortable. (Perhaps the green vase was tight.) She was peering through a gold lorgnette studded with diamonds. She was looking round for somebody she knew, and she did not know anybody—yet. But as I observed them, so self-assured, I understood that they would know everybody—soon. They would take a house somewhere near East Seventieth Street; buy the tapestry ex-kings have to sell, a rock-crystal bath, and one of the beds Queen Elizabeth slept in. She would ride in Central Park, or wherever the quality rides. He would learn golf from this year's champion. They would buy a larger car. They would join a country club, and there make themselves popular by taking down to the members cases of whisky. She would buy at sight in Fifth Avenue, having learned that she could not buy in Broadway.

He would be annoyed by not being admitted to an exclusive club, and henceforth respect only that one.

He would do his work uncomfortably in New York, and from time to time dash down to Tipkinville, ostensibly to look after things, in reality for refreshment. She would accompany him only for a few days, in the fall and the spring, after her new frocks arrived. She would not need refreshment, for she would be quaffing the wine of life—lunch parties, tea parties, private performances by Slovak violinists. Brazilian dancers and English lecturers would lead her to dress for lunch, dress for tea, dress for dinner, to pass from the midday band, inspired by Irving Berlin, and delightful, to the orchestra of the afternoon, inspired by Vincent d'Indy or Debussy, and praiseworthy, to the dinner band and more Irving Berlin, to the theater and fragments of "La Bohème," to supper and more Irving Berlin, to the midnight revel under the ægis of Mr. Ziegfeld, and, lest the dawn should catch her idle, to the dancing club, where, a little tired, but having his money's worth, the master of America (but not of his wife) would for a long time listen to Ruthenian-American music, and watch her, a little disquieted, revolve in the arms of a handsome young fellow with waxed hair. Then to bed, perhaps to sleep, perchance to dream of the day, hurrying, similar to the last, upon the heels of the dying day.

In other words, what Zola used to call "*La Curée*," of which there is no exact translation, except perhaps "pigs in clover." Only they are not pigs, but

rather, imitative sheep, full of desire, and lost in fields where grow strange grasses.

This is the tragic side of the magnificent American desire, of the splendid American life force which so swiftly has enslaved nature and raised a broad pasturage which no Attila can trample. And yet, in the middle of all this folly, America's energy and intelligence survive. The man is still keen, the woman is still austere; they do not decay, but are only spectators in a play where they fancy they have a part.

They do represent the triumph of the American mechanical civilization. You see that in their homes. One I have in mind is amazing. Imagine tall iron gates opened by flunkies uniformed in gold, whose business in life is to touch a button when the automobile of the master comes into sight. In response to that button, in the dim distance of the expensive house, a bath begins to run; whisky and soda is set out; in the park in the courtyard the uniformed officials collect their flock from the private swimming bath and the private "gym." The apartments are fairly large, ranging from a dozen to thirty rooms. You can have an address there for twenty thousand dollars a year, though at that price you cannot expect to be really comfortable.

I am not laughing at this luxury, exactly; it is merely the extremity of the American character. The American is not understood in Europe, where they call him a dollar grabber. So he is, but he is seldom mean, even avaricious; he is also a dollar waster. He saves only when he needs capital to start in business. When he makes money he wants the fullness of life according to his particular lights, and one of his joys is immense hospitality. I have met many a hard American, but not one mean one; he is capable of fine gestures as he handles his wealth. In the main he devotes it to what one may call the mechanical civilization.

MECHANICAL CIVILIZATION

There is no place in America where one obtains a fuller feeling of material aspiration than at the barber's. In Europe we get our hair cut; in America we linger for a moment on the threshold of the Mohammedan paradise. Here are whiteness, cleanliness, light. Here are thirty assistants in perfect white clothing. Here is asepsis as far as it can go; germicide soap for the barber's hands; sterilized brushes for the hair, sterilized brushes for the face. And after the shave! Scented ointments from the East, perfumed waters of recent origin, and the witch-hazel of tradition; hot cloths and hotter cloths. Forty lotions for the hair; shampoos soapy, or oily, or alcoholic; vibrators for face and scalp; tilting chairs to make a dentist jealous. You are scraped, and massaged and rubbed, and washed; you feel smooth, like a cat being stroked . . . and, to make complete the sensation of attendance, another hireling shines your boots into mirrors, while a houri holds your hands with rosy fingers and makes yours such as her own. Everything is done that can be done.

It may seem churlish to remark that after all this you generally find that you have been given a bad shave and haircut, price two or three dollars, and that your large tip is received in a silence that means: "So that's the sort of piker you are! We'll remember you." That is the interesting part of it; the barber does not serve you well; as he works he hums a hymn of hate and ruffles your hair on purpose; he is rude, casual, and incompetent. You go to him for sensual satisfaction, and it is only the American sense of propriety prevents the manicure parlors being inclosed with curtains, as they are in the notoriously licentious British Isles.

This is part of the mechanical civilization, part of the desire to get all one can out of the New World. In a good English hotel you will sometimes find a theater-ticket office, a library, and even a railway-ticket office. There will be a news stand, a valet, and perhaps a florist; but no English hotel will supply you also with a candy store, a drug store, a

notary public, a doctor, a safe deposit, a stock broker, and an osteopath. An osteopath! Fancy a hotel thinking that there might be something wrong with your bones! In a minor summer hotel in New Hampshire a lady may be "waved," which she will fail to achieve in a biggish Scotch resort. The psychological implication of this profuseness seems to me double—the American wants to have everything, and he wants it when he wants it. In several hotels in America they have a night shift of stenographers. You can get out of bed at three in the morning; a cool, tidy girl will then take down your letters. You will say, "Who wants to dictate at three in the morning?" Nobody; but in America somebody might want to. That is the essence of mechanical civilization, to use everything you have, to reduce labor by machinery and methods; and, by machinery and methods, to increase the further opportunities for labor. A scientific and productive ring, but it makes one rather giddy. There are amazing instances of its products, such as the typewriter that counts its own words, the machine that sorts index cards according to contents, the autotelewriter, which causes your handwriting to appear in another place while your hand is moving. Witchcraft!

I have enjoyed nothing more in America than the mechanical civilization. One finds it everywhere. One finds a hint of it in the New York advertisements which offer to do your laundry for twelve cents a pound. (Shorten your shirts and keep down your laundry bill!) There is something fresh about that; there is something fresh in all the American devices. For instance, a shoeblack, after moistening my boots with liquid blacking, dried them with a small electric fan. I don't know that this dries them any quicker or any better than the wind, but I like the mechanical idea. I like, on railway platforms, to see little electric trucks carry the luggage, replacing men who shout and perspire. If this is excess, it is in the right direction—namely, toward the minimization of effort. The United States have done more in this way than all the other countries put together. For instance, the electric iron, price eight dollars or so, which is fitted to a light plug and enables the housewife to save its cost in a month by doing her own ironing. It also enables the poor girl, who has only one good skirt and two decent blouses, to remain smart. The iron is part of the American home, where I find other wonders—the linen chute, which saves the handling of linen and precipitates it into the linen room; the electric washer, that big drum, in which you can leave your linen to swirl among soapsuds and think no more about it; the electric wringer, which saves you the trouble of squeezing the wet linen, and which is so delicate that you can intrust even lace to it.

This civilization is extraordinary, and takes extraordinary forms, such as the electric curling iron; the immersion heater, which enables you to warm your coffee when you have no coffee-pot by dipping a stick of metal direct into the fluid; and even the safety comforter, which you can connect with a plug and lay upon any part of yourself which aches. Everything has been thought of. More people in America are thinking of how to make life easy than anywhere else. They will cut you a door key while you wait, just as they will build a floor of your office in a week; they will save your running downstairs, or taking the elevator, by providing a Cutler chute to mail your letters at your bedroom door. They will protect your shirts at the laundry by inserting boards and clips, and they will save you brown-paper parcels by providing laundry bags. They are always thinking of these things. For instance, when an American sells you an eye lotion, or a bottle of fountain-pen ink, somebody has thought of the use of these liquids, and, instead of making you buy a special instrument, or letting you forget it, has fixed a dropper to the cork. It looks like nothing, but it means easier living. Also it means

saving labor. The plate washer, the rack sunken into soapsuds whirled electrically, is a clever machine. But what strikes one is that the water is so hot that nobody need wipe the plates. They dry of themselves. The potato peeler, which rotates the vegetables on corundum powder and scrapes them clean is a clever machine. But no one need clean the peel out; a stream of water carries it away. The whole idea of American business seems to be to save labor, which is expensive, and to substitute the cheap machine.

I must note that America wastes paper and cardboard in the most extraordinary way. Any American newspaper would make twelve English ones, while the laundry board, the paper cups for ice-water, all this is drawing on the raw materials of the earth. But America owns so much of the raw materials, and gets electricity for nothing. It is no wonder that she should substitute the machine for the human being. In spite of immigration, America has never had too much human labor to spare. In the home, notably, labor is scarce; indeed, the servant problem is one of the first things which impress the European. It is a peculiar problem, for there are servants in America, but they are in a queer state of mind. The men are pretty fair, but the white women are intolerable. They are inefficient, unwilling, dirty workers, generally rude, and seem to suffer under a sense of intolerable grievance because they are servants. They seem to think that to serve is to lose caste, which is to a certain extent true; in a family where one girl becomes a housemaid, and another a shopgirl, the shopgirl thinks more of herself, and makes her sister feel it. But what I cannot understand is that in a country where the opportunities for women are good, anybody should become a servant if he or she feels so violently against it. And they do feel violently against it. So much so that you seldom find a young housemaid; as a rule she is elderly, and is presumably a woman who has failed. Young ones are met mainly in hotels, because the tips are high. The waiters are just as bad. I like everybody in America, except the barbers and the waiters. In these America possesses a class of whom it cannot be said that they also serve; they merely stand and wait.

All this points to suppressed furies. The resources of America are so vast, the exhibition of wealth is so intense, that those who are not rich seem burned up in a furnace of hatred and envy. All service, all subordination, revolts the American; the evidence of this is found in the prices paid for domestic labor. The European is amazed to find domestic servants paid sixty to eighty dollars a month, and unobtainable at that; to hear that a temporary lady's maid is being paid seven dollars a day, plus board and lodging. I do not say that they should not be well paid—indeed, eighty dollars a month is not too much for the servant's convict life—but I do protest against the ill temper with which fair wages are received.

The effects of the servant problem are already felt in the American home. In the old sense, the American home is disappearing and is being converted from a house into a small apartment with a kitchenette, where the wife does most of the work, assisted once a week by a charwoman who earns three to four dollars a day. I discovered a number of cases which seem strange to an Englishman, among women whose husbands were worth about ten thousand dollars a year. One of them runs a ten-roomed house and four children, and does all the cooking herself, assisted once a week by a charwoman. Another one struck, and went into a hotel, breaking up the home; two others do all the work of four rooms and the cooking. This is an uncomfortable stage in the transition between the old home and the new. My own belief is that the new home will appear in America first. It is already here, in the "efficiency buildings"—one room and a concealed bed, a restaurant below, a common nursery; in other words, every-

thing handed over to the experts. I am wholly for the new type of home, believing it is folly to make every woman into a housekeeper, whether she be fit or not. But I cannot help seeing that the transition stage is having annoying effects.

In America the married woman is enormously overworked. She practically works all the time, and this will have serious effects upon her culture. Before the war the American wife was greatly given to intellectual interests. Nowadays, more and more, the care of the child and the house is driving her back into the housekeeping ranks from which she had escaped. Therefore this is proving an impediment to marriage. It is becoming more and more an impossible proposition to ask a girl to give up the freedom of paid work to run a home. It is also a vigorous argument against a high birth-rate; and, though I am of those who support birth control, I cannot help seeing that these overworked homes, and these apartment houses, where dogs are disliked and children forbidden, lead to marriages where there are no children at all—namely, to bad marriages. Again, the servant problem compels the husband to take up a portion of the housework, for which he is, as a rule, only more unsuitable than his wife. It depresses him still more than it depresses her. Lastly, it seems to me that, except among the rich, the servant problem is killing entertainment. The American woman is amazing. I have met a number who did all their own work and yet were perfectly "waved" and manicured, but it was not difficult to discern the nervous tension of the hostess as she watched her guests. I have seen one of them, with agony in her eyes, as she wondered how the hired porter was dishing up the food she had cooked. The American housewife is clever. But what effort! what an oath those women must register that such a party shall never happen again!

So, the mechanical civilization is not wholly creative; it is also remedial. If the Middle West uses agricultural machines instead of men, if the home is principally electric, it is because mankind is refusing any longer to be subject to mankind. That is good, but for the moment it is most uncomfortable. You will say that all this is very class-conscious, and that I am making a fuss about well-to-do women who have to work (serve them jolly well right!), while millions of American women have never had a servant at all. Well, I am not generally called a reactionary, and I am looking forward to mechanical homes for the poor also, who should not be so poor, who, too, should benefit from the mechanical civilization, and from the expert. I want liberty and rest for the working woman, who to-day stands in the social system as if seized by an octopus; but I am not going to pretend that I view without anxiety the struggle for survival of the classes which have attained a level of culture that must serve as a standard for the rising masses.

It is an amazing spectacle, all this. Here and there you find inefficiency, as, for instance, in the post office. The railroads are splendid; the long-coach system is greatly superior to the European compartment; the devising of cross country sleeping-car traffic and Pullman traffic is admirable, but I do not believe that there is a worse postal system than that of the United States. No letter posted at 8 P.M. seems to be delivered in the same town by the next morning's post. I went from New York to Tulsa inside two days, but my letter took four; my last mail from Philadelphia (two hours) stayed on the road two days. I know of five letters lost. Every office is cumbered with queues. The mess is complete, so complete that some of the banks are sending their country letters by hand. I suspect that business in the States has got ahead of facilities. Perhaps it always does. Perhaps this is a penalty in a rising civilization, and maybe the story of the American post office is that of the bank in Oklahoma which settled down into its building and grew out of it in six months.

AN AMERICAN MASTERPIECE

Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

WE do not demand of the artist that he present things that have never been seen before, but that he present with fresh interest what we ourselves have seen so often, and in so doing call up thoughts which but vaguely haunt our minds. Mr. J. J. Shannon has done this in "Magnolia," which occupies a distinctive place in the collection of American paintings in the Metropolitan Museum. The young girl in the trailing robe indulges in dreams of things to come. There is a questioning wonder, a note of expectancy in her face, as though she had stepped forth from fairyland and had not yet awakened to reality. The artist seems to hint the longing of the child to be grown up, and, at the same time, to give expression to the longing for youth which fills those who have left it behind them. And the wizardry by which he imposes his will upon us, leaving this impression in our minds, is part of the unaccountable mystery of art.

Mr. Shannon loves young life, which he interprets with poetic insight. He is always far removed from the gloom of things, and the decorative intention reigns throughout his work. Furthermore, he realizes that many picture lovers are never wholly satisfied with simple realism, however perfectly presented; hence he strives for that beauty which is dreamed of, but rarely seen. At the same time, his work is charged with an artistic vitality that exerts a strong fascination. Avoiding the deep stress of life, his canvas carries the charm of a refined artificiality chastened by the perfection of good taste. The result is a thing of beauty, a glorification of the actual world which admits us to another reign when we are tired of to-day.

In the future, when anthologies of paintings come to be made, as the anthologists now gather up garlands of favorite poems, "Magnolia" will not be overlooked, for such creations brighten existence for us, and will continue to live in the midst of the many expressions of corrupted taste that are now about us.

W. Stanton Howard.



"MAGNOLIA," BY J. J. SHANNON

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN BUD

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

NOW spring came sneaking in over the marshes, pushing her light green scouts through the low country back of the pickle works and up into doomed Lakeville. Suddenly the vibrant April night was a sprinkle of stardust and a hullabaloo of frogs. The citizens trooped forth to meet the invader with rakes and forks, the air grew soft with burning grass, noses were tickled with pungent new smells. Knowing how she might do great harm, with little effort, the old offender, on a drowsy afternoon, went to the Eighth Grade, wafted her poison gas in through the open window and, snickering softly into her sleeve, passed on her devastating way.

Ranny squirmed in his seat, stared out at the budding trees, scuffed at the aisle matting with his foot, made some primitive music upon the cover of his inkwell, and dragged reluctant eyes back to physiology and hygiene. But this book, he discovered, was written in one of the earlier forms of Arabic, and it made no dent upon his mind. He glanced over the schoolroom, tapping the common reservoir of disorder, and making his own fair contribution. He saw Sibyl Williams shaming the rainbow with her vivid orange smock; Gertie Riley, all springy and flowery as only one could be whose uncle ran a greenhouse; Juanita Berkeley in her quarter's worth of diamonds gleaming like a left-over morning star. Even drab little Josie Kendal was gay with fresh hair ribbons. It was pleasant to have all this scenery on hand when life was dull.

In his spring-feverish search for diversion Ranny saw Bud Hicks committing sabotage upon his physiology by clothing the skeleton in taxpayers' ink; Tom Rucker entertaining a few neighbors informally with cartoons; Tug Wiltshire reading a Siamese-twin book, physiology on the outside and Ivanhoe within. All these fidgety ladies and gentlemen had turned their backs upon science, but "Fatty" Hartman, alone, was untouched by the spirit of unrest. He was slouched down in illegal comfort, his book self-supporting on the desk, his hands folded across the lower middle buttons of his new spring suit. His breathing was regular but not quite noiseless.

It was amazing that Miss Halloway should have permitted anarchy to get such a foothold. Forty children in one room are never exactly quiet, but now every slammed book had a meaning of its own, every dropped pencil was a welcome diversion. It must have been clear to the meanest intelligence that Link Weyman and Ted Blake were having a shin-kicking contest across the aisle. Yet Miss Halloway sat oblivious at her desk, absorbed in her papers or gazing out the window in deep thought. Perhaps this experienced teacher knew how hopeless the case was. Possibly — who knows? — Marian Halloway, too, had heard faint, intoxicating, reason-destroying music, as if some shaggy old party were playing upon a flute.

At last, the teacher drew her hands across her eyes to brush away a spell. Suddenly she arose to her full five feet, a slender, girlish figure for all her thirty years, and rapped sharply for order. "Fatty" Hartman stirred uneasily in his poisoned slumbers.

"There isn't any studying going on here at all," she said. "One might as well try to teach a school of fish!"

What happened next was one of the many reasons why Marian Halloway was the idol of ten generations of culture. This veteran had arrived at a great truth. When spring comes in at the window, Minerva may as well pack up her books and call it a day.

"To-morrow we'll settle down to business," she said. "Get your hats and pass out quietly so as not to disturb the other classes."

"Fatty" awoke with a start, and in the ensuing rush for the front gate, lo, "Fatty's" new spring suit led all the rest!

That suit was more than a mere sartorial event; it was a milestone in history, a token of the biological law of growth and change. For it included the first authentic long trousers which had occurred in this company. Boys' clothes could no longer be bought ready-made in his size; perhaps there was also a thought that there was something indelicate about his great legs. Of course nobody ever buys two suits of clothes at once, and for rough Saturday uses "Fatty" reverted to the shorter and uglier pants. But when he donned his garments of splendor, he included all the appropriate haberdashery—number fifteen collar, four-in-hand tie of striking plaid, manly felt hat and a nickel watch chain attached to a bunch of obsolete keys.

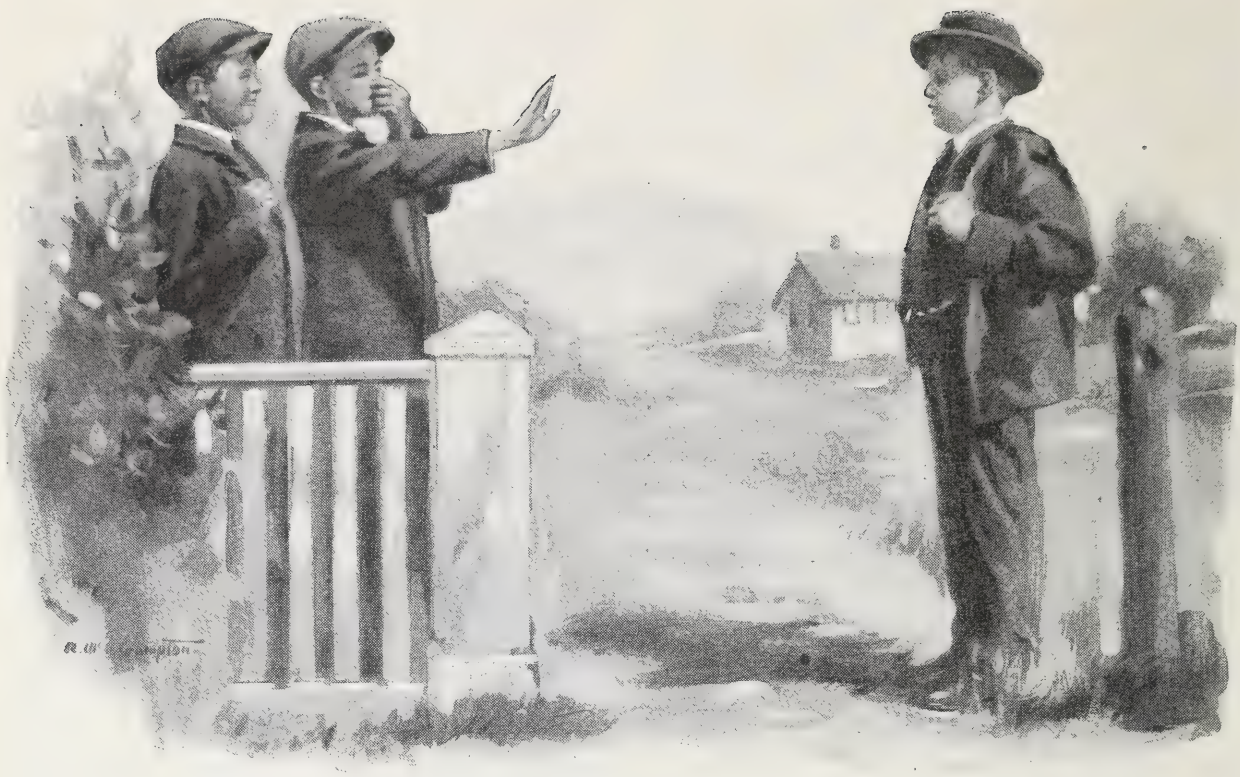


HE TAPPED THE RESERVOIR OF DISORDER, MAKING HIS OWN CONTRIBUTION

The boys ridiculed him upon his first appearance, but their laughter had a hollow note; the girls giggled and smiled, but soon they omitted the giggle. When "Fatty," having a genuine felt hat, began to lift it to ladies (beginning with the teacher and working down to girls) his rivals had to follow suit. At first they did this in a sneaking, underhand way as if scratching their heads or remolding their front hair nearer to the heart's desire, but gradually this pretense was dropped. And now, one week after "Fatty's" startling appearance, the tipping system was firmly rooted and gentlemen were lifting their cloth caps without fear and without reproach.

"Fatty" now raised his elegant covering as his fairer and weaker classmates approached the gate. He held them in light spring discourse until "the crowd" had collected and those who did not matter had drifted away. Ranny was among the last to reach this portion of the cosmos, a spot on the sidewalk which should be marked with the letter "X" as in newspaper diagrams, showing where the crime was committed.

"Say, listen," said Ranny. "I got a scheme. Let's get up a—you know—knights and ladies business. Chivalry and ever'thing."



THE BOYS RIDICULED HIM UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE

Everybody was astonished, nobody more so than Ranny himself. He had thought about this a little as the teacher was expounding a knightly legend, but he had not intended to blurt it out here. It must have been the poison gas.

"That would be perfectly lovely!" cried Sibyl Williams, a quick thinker, who in that instant had elected herself queen of something or other by unanimous vote.

Tug Wiltshire was Ranny's strongest backer on the other side of the house.

"That'll be fine. And we can have things out of Ivanhoe."

"We could wear armor and stuff," said Ranny, "and have a—what's that thing, Tug,—you know—where they jab each other?"

"Tourney," the Scott-fiend replied.

"Yes, I know—tourney," echoed Bud Hicks.

Nobody laughed. Not a wrinkle appeared on Tom Rucker's nose. "Fatty" did not crack even a feeble little joke. Did that poison gas suffocate the comic spirit, too?

"Come over to our house and we'll make plans," said Sibyl. "I don't think Aunt Emma's at home this afternoon."

This was a strong inducement, for Mrs. Thompson, with whom Sibyl lived, while an estimable woman, was rather a slavedriver when the young fell into her clutches. It was she who had once put everybody to gardening, and strong boys still shuddered when they remembered how hard they had been compelled to work when she was looking.

Ranny's proposal was sudden, yet it must not be thought that chivalry was found, like Moses, in the bulrushes. All winter there had been a growing conviction that girls were deities to be propitiated with notes, gifts, and acts of gallantry. But if some Lakeville Rip Van Winkle had turned up at this moment, after twenty weeks' sleep back of the old ice house, he would have been disgusted to find, instead of the magnificent barbarians he had known, a lot of fourth-rate actors strutting and fretting toward the Thompson homestead. Unless he was more partial to the ladies than was the original Rip, he

would have crawled back into the sawdust and gone to sleep again.

Aunt Emma was away from home, as advertised, and there was nothing to interfere with free social life. The soft light that bathed the town was more than smoke—it was the golden haze of chivalry. It transformed these skinny, chubby, vain, freckle-nosed, ropy-haired schoolgirls into gracious ladies, and these awkward, humorless, half-fledged dandies with choking white collars into brave knights. No wonder Spring had filled her sleeve with cynical laughter!

From time to time the ears of high society were pained with shouts from the direction of the Brick Church, whose marble ring and gambling hall were doing business as of yore, but with other plunkers and hunchers and yellers. Behind the pickle works a new generation was pushing out exploring feet and wondering when the ground would support a ball game. Down by the lake innocent toddlers were plunking in stones and getting themselves sopping wet. In the outlying districts attempts were being made to dig out woodchucks, willow was cut for whistles, a dam was being built, fishworms being dug, slippery elm, pussy willows, turtles, and skunk cabbage hunted as in the dear, dead days beyond recall. While all the rest of the world was growing happier and filthier, these decadent characters with shined shoes and clean finger nails sat on Mrs. Thompson's front porch and talked.

No definite plans were made at this first meeting, but a lot of general principles were laid down. Ladies were to be treated henceforth with respect. Gertie Riley made this plain also, paradoxically, attractive.

"Everybody must act like they are a gentleman. If we ask a favor—no, what's that word now?—not favor."

"Boon!" said Tug Wiltshire—so explosively that his nervous neighbor, Juanita Berkeley, gave a little squeal. "Crave a boon."

"That's right. If we crave a boon, you must say, 'w'y certainly.' And we got to walk first into the room and hat-tipping and all that, and not talk rough and contradict us all the time—"

"Or pull our hair," added Josie Kendal.

"And we must act nice, too, and encourage everybody." Gertie, herself, looked very nice and encouraging. In her grubbier days Gertie had often led the class in intellectual pursuits. Latterly she had fallen behind in this respect, but by the law of compensation she had suddenly become agreeable to look at. A group of schoolgirls is like one of those dizzy mechanical electric signs, one bulb on and another bulb off. Gertie was just now enjoying a period of illumination while her friend, Josie Kendal, who had been a pretty *little* girl, was suffering eclipse.

"All right, we'll act polite." As the inventor of the game, Ranny had the privilege of indorsing the rules.

The new slavery was fairly complete, but Arthur Wilson had one personal liberty left that was giving him pain.

"We got to get up when ladies comes in the room. My mother makes me do that."

"Aw, we can't! What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Ranny. But the girls unanimously craved this boon and he was overruled. Ranny had the right to sign but not to veto.

"Knights generally always writes some poetry about their lady friends," said the literary Tug. His suggestion was sidetracked because it reminded the hostess of her favorite theme.

"Every knight has to have some special lady," said Sibyl. "And he is her knight, and she gives him something to wear when he goes out to fight. Isn't that true, Tug?"

The bookworm squirmed, but admitted that such was the case.

"For instance," Sibyl went on, "s'posing 'Fatty' is my knight. I give him a ribbon or something, and then he fights for me."

"Fatty's" new suit might have borne a sign, "This place under new management." Frivolity was no longer on tap here. His chest now swelled visibly against its epochal waistcoat; he hitched up his trousers, granting to the world a little more of his purple socks, and accepted the nomination in the well-chosen words:

"I'll bang 'em for you."

"Thank you, Sir Knight," said Sibyl. She now proceeded to "s'pose" some other steady knights doing chivalry for special ladies, as casually as a hostess might assign dinner partners. Tom Rucker, his ears waving like red banners, got his future mortgaged to Gertie Riley. When Sibyl got through inflicting Tug Wiltshire and Juanita Berkeley upon each other, Ranny found himself bound to a life of service to Josie Kendal—who did her little best to be gracious. Josie had climbed rung by rung with Ranny to the dizzy Eighth Grade. She was a nice girl, of a good family, which included a hard-hearted mother who made her dress in quiet taste. She was small in stature, but Ranny himself was no skyscraper. He might not have picked Josie out of a large field to bleed and die for, but, of course, if Gertie Riley regarded Tom Rucker as a boon, she had to be humored, and Sibyl would naturally choose a knight with a new suit.

When the afternoon light began to turn yellow—and Mrs. Thompson came home to poke an inquiring nose into this chivalry—the planning bee broke up, and all the delicate ladies were safely conducted home through a dangerous world. After supper there was still a little daylight and Ranny was allowed to burn a pile of rakings at the side of the street. As the fire did all the work, he had only to give it his moral support, yet it was pleasant to have the assistance of the noble knight, "Fatty" Hartman, who happened along. "Sir Fatty" was an expert moral supporter and always willing to work nights.

He believed that the thing to do for a fire was to sing to it. He told it about his Bonnie whose present address was over the ocean, and likewise how sad and dreary the world was since he left the Suwanee River. "Fatty's" voice wabbled somewhat in these times of change, but he was essentially a tenor. As the fire waned his spirits sagged lower and lower. He who had basked in eternal sunshine of his own manufacture was now sunk in gloom. He grieved over the dear, dead days beyond recall, also over sweet Alice in the old church-



"HERE IS SOMETHING FOR YOU TO WEAR"



THE LAKEVILLE KNIGHTS CAME FORTH TO BATTLE

yard in the valley, Ben Bolt. Of the dying embers the low-spirited tenor asked in vain, "Where is my wa-han-dring boy to-night?"

Ranny always did his singing in safe seclusion but he knew more poems than "Fatty" had ever forgotten. To bring in a sprightly element, Ranny now introduced the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers. Next a youth tried to climb a mountain by crying "Excelsior!" and after his decease the *Hesperus* was wrecked and the skipper's daughter washed up on the sand. Next there was a piece about the little girl who put a stamp on her forehead and mailed herself to heaven—very distressing and popular. When the fire and everybody were dead, the meeting adjourned, both boys believing that it had been a time of happiness.

But happiness is such an evanescent thing at thirteen-going-on-fourteen; Ranny had not been long in the house when he suddenly burst into tears, then into his bedroom. Mother followed in some alarm, but her sympathetic question brought on a fresh attack. His morale was completely shattered, and mother had to hunt for the pieces. At last she discovered that "Fatty" Hartman's sudden grownupness was the cause of his woe. In his new sensitiveness about personal appearances, Ranny feared that he was fated to be a dwarf.

"Won't I ever grow up tall?" he asked, when his voice would bear the weight of his sorrow. "Am I going to be a little short man?"

"Father is taller than the average," mother replied. "You'll grow like a weed when you get started."

"Funny looking knight I'll be."

"What do you mean, exactly?"

"We're getting up a chivalry—knights and ladies, and that sort of stuff. And swords and armor and politeness. I thought it up myself."

After diligent inquiry mother approved the project.

"You can be just as chivalrous as anybody and you can practice on me. After all, a mother is a lady, too."

Father entered the discussion here and the Dukes Manufacturing Company was put at Ranny's disposal.

"There is a lot of defective stuff in the shed—buggy spokes and everything—enough to fit up a whole batch of knights. I'll see that you get some tools to use." Father always jumped at the chance to push Ranny into manual training.

The early days of chivalry were devoted more to manufacturing than to social duties. While the girls were in this half-neglected state and a prey to spring disorders, an epidemic of misspelling names swept over them. Where it broke out first was not clear, but suddenly Sibyl was Sybyl, Josie Kendal was Josy, and Gertie Riley was Gyrt. Juanita Berkeley after thoughtful consideration signed her correspondence "Juanyta." Among other sad cases were Edythe, Maybelle, and Kathryn. The rule seemed to be to put in a "y" wherever one would stick, but May Greenwich, who started life with one, now dropped it and became Mae. As Miss Halloway diagnosed the ailment, "They cannot make their 'ys' behave."

The teacher did not adopt this unsimplified spelling in the record, nor were family bibles changed. In this dilemma the historian must stick safely to the official documents or risk exposure to the disease and perhaps end as a "hystoryan."

It was to Henry Wiseman, baker and bachelor, that Miss Halloway made that perhaps too-flippant observation. She had stopped in on the way home from school to buy a loaf of bread for her mother and, as the event proved, she might better have stuck to business. Henry, the boy-faced and boy-minded man, beloved by youth of all ages, always regarded a call from Miss Halloway as equivalent to a legal holiday. It was ever his impulse to shut up shop



KING ARTHUR'S CHARGER SAW A TUFT OF GRASS AT HER FEET

and carry an armload of cake and pie home to her mother. Miss Halloway always declined these gifts—but of course one must be gracious and sociable.

"I have to teach these moonstruck youth the romances of chivalry," she said, after breaking some of the sad news from the Eighth Grade. "Can you imagine anything more—coaly to Newcastle?"

Henry made an appropriate witticism about putting out a fire with gasoline.

"Those boys of yours haven't been around here much lately, Marian, with all this carpentry and chivalry," he added. "My trade is suffering."

"I'm glad, for your pocketbook's sake." Miss Halloway merely referred to the well-known fact that the over-generous baker always lost money on his boy customers, but Henry chose to be obnoxious.

"Thank you, Marian. You've begun to take an interest in the cash register. That's the most encouraging thing—"

"If you're going to commence to talk that way again, Henry—I'll take my trade to Holtz's."

"Don't do that. I'll be good. Think of your poor mother."

Miss Halloway laughed at the slur on his rival's bread, but she escaped before the conversation could get back into deep water, leaving the baker in a pleasant daze. With great care he removed several objects from their proper places and put them where they would be hard to find. He beamed upon the cash register—and finally his mind got a message that his eyes had been trying to deliver while the line was busy. The red figures showed thirty-five cents, record of the transaction before last. Marian Halloway had forgotten to pay for her bread!

"At last I've succeeded in giving her something," Henry chuckled. "Maybe that's a sign."

The popular Miss Halloway was sharing the benefits of the era of Eighth Grade gallantry, it having been officially decided that a teacher, also, was a lady. In the interest of law and order she had suppressed the tendency of the knights to bob up when damsels came and went, but she could not prevent her admirers from bringing her wild flowers. And the girls, catching the contagion as they caught everything to which they were exposed, took to giving the teacher handkerchiefs.

"They try to weaken me with gifts." (Miss Halloway was again running risks to keep her mother from starvation). "My nose has become a public institution—supported by voluntary contributions."

"You let everybody give you something except me," said Henry, with a private chuckle. "Won't you accept a little bouquet of fresh doughnuts for your supper?"

"Well—just this once," Miss Halloway relented.

These two innocent people were unwittingly being drawn into the cogs of a dangerous social machine, a machine which at that very moment was grinding away on the Thompson veranda half a dozen blocks off.

"Well, all right," Ranny was saying. "When 'll we have it?"

"How about next Saturday?" Sibyl's eyes consulted those of the other girls. "Five days—we could get our costumes ready."

For chivalry was coming to a head. These actors and actresses required action; politeness and carpentry were not tangible enough.

"I'll see if I can have the horse," said Link Weyman. He had entered the nobility upon condition that he could ride upon the family horse, Ginger, which had been brought into town when Mr. Weyman became county treasurer. Link had adopted the arts of civilization with ease and showed little trace of the good brown earth from which he had been so lately dug, but he retained his rural taste for horse-flesh.

"We'll have to find another one somewhere," said Ranny. "They has to be two horses in a tourney."

So the machine ground away a little longer, and in the late afternoon a knights' executive committee called upon poor Henry Wiseman.

"We're going to have a tourney next Saturday." Sir Ranny was spokesman, "Back of the pickle works. You know, dressing up, and swords and ever'-thing." Henry nodded to indicate that he had heard about chivalry, too "We thought maybe—I don't suppose you could spare her or anything, but—"

"Can we borrow your horse?" asked the brutally direct Tom Rucker.

"Just a little while in the afternoon," Ranny explained. "We'd bring her back all right and not do her any harm or poke her with swords or anything."

"Saturday afternoon." Henry meditated. "I suppose we might get our delivering done by three o'clock. But I'd have to be there myself to look after Nelly. She's pretty fractious, you know."

Everybody smiled politely for all knew that old Nelly's faults were chiefly negative.

"I guess you could come." Ranny consulted the round table. "But don't bring any *other* men."

"No, I won't; they might laugh." A remarkable speech coming from the loudest and easiest laugher in Lakeville.

So it was arranged that, weather permitting, and provided the girls succeeded in getting their clothes ready, and if Mr. Weyman was not going to use Ginger in some ignoble way, knighthood would burst into bloom at the pickle works on Saturday at three.

Now chivalry ceased to be a state of mind and became a feverish pursuit. The fresh green knights had already sprouted weapons, but they still lacked shields and armor. By a coincidence the field of honor provided raw material for accouterments, since Lakeville regarded the weedy hillside near the pickle works as a suitable place to dump old utensils. Every castle now resounded to the noise of hammering tin. Ranny found the cover of a garbage can which needed only to be pounded flat and decorated to make an excellent shield. While knights haunted dump-heaps, and damsels searched attics, the day of glory drew rapidly nearer.

Absorbed in the munition business, Ranny almost forgot the lady for whom he was to do all this bleeding and dying. She had to make, as it were, a memorandum of her continued existence. The interview took place in the cloakroom where, by Josie's careful management, they happened to be hanging up their hats at the same time.

"Here is something for you to wear." Josie pressed upon her gentleman friend a beautiful near-gold ring of the kind her mother would not let her wear.

"Thank you. I'll wear it—" a note of caution crept in—"I'll put a string on it and wear it down my neck."

"That will be lovely! I hope you win the fighting and get to be the main head knight, and king, and everything."

"I hope you get to be the main head queen," the perfect knight replied, backing toward the door.

"Tug Wiltshire wrote a lovely poem for Juanita."

Ranny could always recognize a hint when it was broad enough.

"I can write as good a poem as Tug —with one hand. You just wait and see."

Ranny was to regret that boast before bedtime. In the privacy of his room, under a camouflage of homework, the one-handed poet got all the materials together—paper, pencil, eraser—everything except, perhaps, the divine afflatus. He achieved a blotchy paper with holes rubbed through it, and some lame, halt, and blind verse in which Josie rhymed with posy, hearts were linked with darts, flowers and hours limped arm and arm to the scaffold. This poet was made, not born. You can lead old Pegasus to water but you can't make him drink.

But loyal little Josie, to whom that piece of lamp-smelling poetry was presented, was a generous critic.

"I think it's beautiful. I'll always keep it and never let anybody else see it." Unlike most poets, Ranny was pleased with this limited circulation.

Josie gave him, in exchange, some stirring news. Miss Halloway would attend the opening of the knighthood season. It seemed that Mrs. Thompson had suggested to her niece the need of a chaperon, and had offered herself as a sacrifice.

"Sibyl knew we didn't want her and she didn't want her her *own* self. So she said, 'No, Miss Halloway is coming and she doesn't want anybody else.' So she said 'all right,' and afterward she asked Miss Halloway and she said she would come." The teacher might have used this sentence as a horrible example of ambiguity in pronouns, but Ranny got the meaning without difficulty. Who cares for intellectual girls, anyway? The fair ladies of the other age of chivalry, if one knew all, were probably weak in grammar.

"We've got a secret, too," said Ranny. "I wouldn't tell anybody but you. Henry Wiseman is coming to the thing."

"That 'll be nice." Josie tried to put surprise into her tone. Various knights had already told this secret in confidence to their special ladies, and it had long been public property.

The arrangements for the tourney were delightfully vague; the rules were to be made up as the game progressed. It was believed that in some way knights would bang and poke each other until one had attained royalty, and that meanwhile some queen would rise above the common herd of queens by striking scenic effects. Theoretically, one knight might be made king while somebody else's lady became his queen, but Sibyl Williams knew how this awkward situation could be avoided. She foresaw that Sir "Fatty" would out-joust all the featherweight knights, while she herself would outdazzle the field and become the "main head queen."

When the brave and the fair had at last assembled, the crowns were intrusted to Miss Halloway and Mr. Wiseman for award—not as man to man and woman to woman, but vice versa. Thus the teacher became a king-maker, while poor Henry found himself with an elegant silver pasteboard queen's crown on his hands. These judges were placed upon a comfortable board, supported upon blocks of wood against the side of the cucumber shed. Among those present at three, on this romantic afternoon, were Ginger and Nelly, who showed more interest in the green grass than in chivalry. Both animals wore only their bridles, Nelly having been unhitched from the bakery wagon, which stood out of harm's way. Henry deemed it his duty to keep an eye upon these beasts, but the work was not arduous and he could sit in the pavilion with charming characters and indulge in pleasantries.

"Nelly is a hold-over from the age of chivalry. Everything else is a weak imitation, but Nelly is the real thing."

Miss Halloway chuckled.

"Ginger must have been named some time ago." Her eyes rested upon the placid Weyman animal.

"Ginger is not modern, exactly," Henry admitted, "but he never met King Arthur, personally."

"I must go and help the girls fix up," said Miss Halloway.

The peerage, not wishing to attract a crowd, had come to the tournament in its everyday clothes. The field of honor was protected from the twentieth century by marshes on one side and sheds on the other, the buildings serving not only as screens against the snickering world, but also as dressing rooms. The boys occupied the cucumber shed, and Henry could hear knightly discourse and the clank of armor.

But though these screens were designed to keep out the citizens, it was

soon obvious that they kept out only the larger sizes. A troop of would-be ball players arrived, only to find that the field was otherwise engaged. They who came to play remained to scoff. Moreover, little messages crackled out through the ether to the effect that something outlandish and entertaining was going on back of the pickle works, and other volunteer observers and advisers came. The young visitors hung about the entrance of the knights' dressing room, exchanging misinformation, retreating when threatened with antiques, and returning like a swarm of flies.

"Go out and chase those kids off the lot," came the patrician voice of "Fatty" Hartman.

Everybody agreed, but nobody did anything. It was in days of old that knights were bold, but even *they* used discretion about tackling large bodies of lowborn and muscular people.

"Look out, here comes the tin soldiers!" cried one of these ignorant bystanders. The varlets scattered, there was a moment of hushed expectancy. Then, with a sound as of a tinner's and roofer's wagon rattling over paving stones, the Lakeville knights came forth to battle.

"Yah, yah, yah!" shouted one low fellow. "Look at 'em all dressed up in junk." He was pursued by "Fatty" Hartman, but easily escaped because not handicapped with iron work.

Now another phenomenon burst upon the startled world. Young Berkeley, vulgarly called "Toots," reluctant brother of Juanita, was the first to note the new outrage.

"Oh, looky!" he yelled. "The girls has got on their nightgowns!"

This was grave injustice. True, these potential queens were dressed in flowing robes, and their mediæval hair was flying loose, but only an unlettered person would have thought them ready for bed. These attic-robbing ladies were a burst of color and a continuous flash of jewels. Unlike Nelly, these girls did not date back to the age of chivalry, so they had to go by hearsay. They were strong in girdles and head bands, and they sprinkled themselves freely with chains and bangles. Sibyl Williams was a symphony in cheese cloth, curtain cords, and dyed feathers. Gertie Riley's problem had been solved by the discovery of Christmas tree decorations. Juanita Berkeley wore, among many other things, a few little mirrors. And Josie Kendal, so colorless in the daily walks of life, was festooned with strings of clam shells.

But "Toots" had made grave mischief. Other undiscriminating youth took up the cry:

"Yah, yah, they got on their nightgowns!"

It was dampening, bad for morale. Damsels who were, if anything, overdressed, now felt only half clad. They huddled together for modesty's sake, while their knights fought an unsatisfactory fight with an enemy which would not hold still long enough to be jabbed. Romance was drifting rapidly into farce comedy.

It was high time for the guests of honor to take a hand. While the teacher herded the shrinking violets into a solid block in the pavilion, Henry Wiseman, by eloquent whispering, induced the radical element to sit down on the grass. He concealed, with Spartan fortitude, the mirth which was gnawing at his vitals.

Now the horses were interrupted at their meals to have knights-contestant hoisted upon them. Link Weyman had inherited first place upon Ginger, while Nelly was awarded to the rediscoverer of chivalry, Sir Randolph Harrington Dukes. Amid rude shouts from the rabble, and the clapping of soft damsel hands, the two animals were urged to approach each other with their spectacular burdens. Ranny's can cover, elaborately painted, was more magnificent than his opponent's shield, but Link had inclosed his honest features in an anachronistic baseball-

catcher's mask, so the honors were fairly even.

But before the distance between the chargers had been completely wiped out, the personal friend of King Arthur suddenly saw a beautiful tuft of green grass at her feet. This may have been the field of honor for some people but it was afternoon tea for good old Nelly. Her head went down abruptly and Ranny, finding nothing to cling to except sunshine, coasted "belly buster," most unhorsemanlike, down the creature's neck, and landed in the middle of the banquet. Nelly disdained tinware as a food; with a sorrowful look upon her ancient face, she galloped away to seek greener fields.

Now Ginger thought it his duty to show how he got that name. It is disconcerting, even to a safe family horse, to have a cartload of hardware dumped at his front feet. For Ginger the festivities were over. He had never held with working Saturday afternoons, anyway. With a sudden leap, Link sticking fast and sawing vainly at the bridle, Ginger made for the gate. Link's superb horsemanship saved him from disaster but not from going home and visiting his family.

Ranny was not bodily hurt. His spear was broken, but his bones were intact. Willing hands raised him to his feet and helped him remove articles that were dented into his person. But the thing that hurt him most was not removed. On the contrary it grew worse as soon as it was clear that this was no tragedy. It was his ears that were assailed—by a sound that had been heard very little during these days of springtime and chivalry.

Laughter is reactionary, antisocial; it ought to be prohibited by constitutional amendment. One man's joke is another man's poison ivy. One boy's fall is other boys' carnival, circus, and street fair. The uninvited guests rolled about in paroxysms of mirth, beating the field of honor with baseball bats.

The comic spirit knows nothing of class distinctions, and it now invaded the nobility. Knights and ladies laughed at Ranny, at each other. Laughter climbed onward and upward to the stars of the first magnitude. Miss Halloway leaned against the cucumber shed in conduct unbecoming a teacher. Henry Wiseman launched upon his famous program of mirth, with which he had so often alarmed the business district, and rendered it faithfully to the last despairing gasp.

The institution of chivalry never was able to withstand ridicule; now it died all over again of the same old disease. Ranny led the rush to the dressing room to get rid of his masquerade, and won by a narrow margin. The ground was littered with lances and shields.

"Everything is spoiled," said Sibyl Williams. "I'm going to take off my costume." The game of dressing up was no longer worth its candle. So ladies, too, faded out of the picture, leaving the stars of the first magnitude to sit and twinkle at each other.

"I wish Cervantes could have been here to-day," said Marian Halloway, flushed and tearful with mirth. "How he'd have loved it!"

"Old Cervantes would have had the time of his life," Henry admitted. But he was only devoting the northeast corner of his mind to the subject. "I know who's queen of the May all right."

Miss Halloway shook her head reprovingly.

"Oh, come on," Henry coaxed. "Let me put it on. The kids will like it."

The teacher hesitated—with the traditional result. Henry triumphantly set the silver pasteboard crown upon her bare head.

"One bad turn deserves another." Miss Halloway met with no resistance.

"Cover the zone where vegetation ceases," Henry directed.

When the boys and girls came back in sober twentieth-century garb they were surprised to find a king and queen

sitting on the bench by the cucumber shed. Henry was right; they loved it. Ignorant people a block away probably thought that somebody had knocked a home run. Henry was boisterously happy, but there was a steady glow on Miss Halloway's cheek.

"Follow me, everybody," said Henry. "I've got something up my sleeve."

People of all classes flocked about Henry, who led the way toward the bakery wagon, but the commoners scrambled on with queer, animal-like shouts of glee. They knew the contents of the baker's sleeve; this was the magic secret that had suppressed the riot in the first act.

The thing was Henry-like in conception, in breadth of treatment. It had a solid foundation of pie, but there were also odds and ends of delights left over from the day's stock—sugary cookies, with or without raisins, sticky rolls, cream puffs, doughnuts. There was enough for royalty and varlets, for former knights and ex-ladies. Faces lately so earnest and noble were now wide with smiles and festooned with crumbs. Ranny anointed his spiritual wounds with cream puffs, and the Lady Josie, under the mellowing influence of doughnuts forbidden at home, gave him a smile of trust and forgiveness. "Fatty" Hartman, the knight of the woeful countenance, made a marvelous recovery in his spirits, and pushed that countenance deep into pastry. And Sibyl Williams, the girl who would be queen, smothered her dreams of glory in custard pie.

"Now, we'll hitch up old Nelly and take the queen home," said the irrepressible Henry. "I'll drive slowly and you can all trail along."

"I object to being a free street parade," Marian Halloway replied.

"Objection overruled," said Henry. "It's only four or five blocks," he added confidentially. "Nobody will notice us."

Nobody did notice them—who was deaf or bedridden. Otherwise all the citizens along the line of march, attracted by the uproar, came out to see what was going on. They were vastly entertained by the unusual sight of a king and queen sitting on the front seat of a bakery wagon which bore that witty slogan, "The Wise Man Trades with Wiseman." And without exception all the spectators jumped to false conclusions.

When the procession had arrived at its destination, and some of Mrs. Halloway's worst fears had been calmed, Henry called out:

"Good-by, everybody. The show's all over."

The young people drifted away, the rabble to their own low pursuits, "the crowd" to give chivalry a decent interment and to devise new excuses for hobnobbing together.

But the machine which had caught two admirable people in its cogs went on grinding them up. It ground out misinformation, booms, movements, and congratulations. Against this popular clamor, denials were of no avail. They grew weaker, and finally ceased.

When the authentic news came, Ranny claimed credit for an assistant.

"If it hadn't been for me and my knights' business, it 'd never happened," he declared to his mother.

"Well, maybe," said mother. "Anyhow they couldn't have done better—either of them."

Henry Wiseman dated his great fortune farther back.

"I knew it was a good sign," he said, "the day you forgot to pay for your bread."

"Well, maybe," said Marian Halloway.

But she remembered the day when Spring laid down her barrage and the fragrant poison gas came in at the open window.

THE ART OF NOT GROWING OLD

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

OLD! Yes! but what do we mean by "old"? Probably there is no other question that could be raised for which it is more difficult to find an authoritative and conclusive answer. Whatever testimony we may call, there must be always a suspicion that the witness is not quite disinterested. For has he not, *nolens volens*, a personal stake in the inquiry? If, as a preliminary, he be asked, "How old are you?"—and mark, such questions are always put in terms of "age"—we do not say, "How young are you?" or, "What is your youth?" but, "How *old* are you?" and, "What is your *age?*"—well, if the witness answers, "Twenty, your worship," it is a foregone conclusion that the attainment of thirty years will be what he means by "old." "After thirty," wrote one who was already old enough to know better, "all life is a mere repetition."

If, on the other hand, a person of eighty be called to the stand, we shall find ourselves even farther away from an answer, for no person of eighty ever owns up to being "old." And, indeed, it might with reason be contended that the attainment of that age is a mode of youth. A robust and green "eighty" might be called a masterpiece of youth.

Nothing is more delicate and sensitive than this matter of age, nothing so painfully presses on the nerve of one's *amour propre*. It almost looks as though it were a disgrace to be "old," so desperately do we all avoid and disclaim the imputation. The situation is rather pitiful, and difficult for all concerned; not least for considerate and well-mannered youth—that "youth," I mean, about which, alas! there can be no argument—whose dilemma occasionally in presence of chronological seniors is apt to be comically distressing. In an unguarded moment, maybe, the said "youth" has referred to a third party as an "old fellow." "How old, my dear?" comes the implacable, jealous inquiry. Poor youth! how it blushes and flounders and makes things worse! "O quite old." "Yes, but how old?" "Well, about . . . about . . . fifty." Fifty, you foolish child! Surely you don't call *fifty* old! Of course not! It was an idiotic slip of the tongue. But it is too late; the damage has been done. Unintentionally, the kind heart of youth has planted an arrow in the heart of the chronological senior; yet, at the same time, it goes on wondering to itself . . . if fifty is not old, what on earth is?

Mr. W. B. Yeats tells a charming story of a wandering Irish poet who, footing it, blithe of heart, along the country roads, comes upon a girl sobbing, face down, in the grass at the wayside. He stops to ask her trouble; and, between her sobs, she replies that her mother intends marrying her to an old man, because he is prosperous, because of his large potato-patch, etc. And she begs Hanrahan, whose voice she recognizes, to curse him in a song. The poet, quite willing, asks "the number of his years," that he may put them into his song. And then, turning her tear-filled eyes upon the poet, she answers, "O he has years upon years—*he's as old as yourself, Hanrahan!*" And poor Hanrahan goes upon his way, exceeding sorrowful, for up to that moment he had been thinking of himself as still quite a young fellow. Had not his heart been full of song up to a minute or two before? No doubt another poet felt the same way when they brought a young

maiden to cherish him; but the thoughts of Abishag the Shunamite on David the King are not recorded. Still another poet, Goethe, at the age of seventy-four, fell seriously ill because the mother of little Ulricke Lewetzow, still in her teens, refused consent to their marriage, though the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar pleaded the suit of his youthful friend. After all, Goethe could dance with Ulricke as actively as any young man. Was that being old? Not to speak of his writing the second part of "Faust" at eighty-two.

Long before Goethe, Sophocles had given similar evidences of "youth." Was he not lovesick for young Archippa? and, when his son sought the jurisdiction of the court to have him placed under guardianship for senility, what a victorious answer he had ready to his hand in a chorus of the "Œdipus at Colonos," which he had just written—at ninety! Ninety, you foolish child! Surely you don't call "ninety" old—when a man of ninety can write like that!

And so it goes.

Concealment of age is, of course, part of the immemorial business of women, as also in a great degree of all "public characters," men or women, depending upon "the public" for their livelihood, such as actors, actresses, musicians, and writers. A consultation of contemporary biographical dictionaries reveals the suppression of the birth date in certain cases; and such a "disgrace" is it, sometimes, for popular favorites to grow "old," so much a part of their stock in trade to remain immortally "young," that it would not be surprising to hear that the unauthorized publication of their true ages might come under the law of libel, as being detrimental to them in the practice of their professions.

What is the meaning of this universal fear of growing old, or, worse still, of being regarded as old? Has it, indeed, any sensible meaning, or is it not rather a superstition, a form of hypnotic suggestion, to which we become subject almost before we have begun to live at all? For it is by no means only those who are technically "middle-aged" or "old" who are fearful of this imputation. It is sufficient to have passed twenty to feel the chill shadow of this threatening disgrace. The debutante and the freshman already wrinkle their smooth brows with anxiety on the subject. Already they have a feeling that no time is to be lost if they are to make a success of their lives—and the implication in both cases would seriously seem to be that they have but up to thirty to succeed or fail. After that . . . well, nothing matters.

Now, if this nervous impatience were founded on history and biography, it would be easy enough to understand. If all history had been made by men under thirty, and all great lives had attained their crescendo at that early age, there would be no wonder in boys and girls being thus disquieted at the swift passage of their twenties. Some remarkable history has indeed been made by famous individuals under thirty, some immortal poetry, some immortal music. There is no need here to recapitulate the proverbial precocities of fame. Yet all great rulers and generals did not necessarily begin so early as Cæsar or Napoleon, nor all politicians as Chatham and Pitt, nor all poets as Byron, Shelley, and Keats. In fact, these and such names are merely the exceptions which prove the rule—that history and "greatness" have been, for the most part, the business of men who neither made the one nor achieved the other till they had passed, and, in most cases, far passed not merely their twenties and thirties, but even their forties, fifties, and sixties. The destinies of the world at this most portentous crisis of its history are certainly not in the hands of men under thirty. In fact, the one "youngster" who has been intrusted with any important participation in their control is sixty—that is, General Pershing; and he, I understand, is considered very "young" for his position. Yes! even now in this most "modern" of all epochs it is "the

elders" to whom we turn for counsel and guidance, exactly as it used to be in the days of Nestor and other wise old men, who, though their bodies might be but a precarious bundle of bones and their voices as those of grasshoppers, yet retained in that mysteriously important part of them called "the brain" a long and varied experience of men and things and the mutations and vagaries of time, and a wisdom for applying that experience, combined with an authority to enforce its conclusions, which, so far, have not been found in the possession of young gentlemen under thirty.

Therefore, if it be a desperate sense of the need of achievement which so early intimidates "youth" with the menace of "age," it is evident that mere ignorance of history accounts for its alarm. A wider knowledge of "the best that has been thought and done in the world" would bring it the reassurance that, while certainly the youngest of us has no time to waste, there is, all the same, lots of time left after thirty to be "great" in, and that after fifty, and even sixty, it is not "too late to be ambitious."

The history of mankind teaches that "youth" and "age" share achievement in common, but that the preponderance of achievement is far from being on the side of "youth." Therefore, in any attempt to define what we mean by being "old"—or "young"—we must eliminate achievement.

Other matters and characteristics are common also to people under thirty and over eighty. People of eighty are frequently near-sighted, even blind, also deaf, bald, or gray, and they often walk with difficulty. Yet there is no need to be eighty to attain these results. Every one of them is far from seldom achieved by people under thirty. If they are to be considered signs manual of "age" they must also be considered signs manual of "youth." Besides, they do not pertain to all people of eighty, among whom, in every generation, may be counted many who suffer from none of these disabilities. It may indeed be urged that, wherever these disabilities are found, there we have "age"—but that is quite another point of view, and a very important one, to which we shall have later to return.

"These tedious old fools!" exclaimed the young Lord Hamlet. But how about the tedious young fools? The same poet has declared that "crabbed age and youth cannot live together"—but the implication that "age" is always "crabbed" and that "youth" is always easy to live with is far from being borne out by human experience. As a matter of fact, so-called "old people," granted certain original graces of nature, are much better day-in and day-out companions than the green and callow, undeveloped, unweathered, strident, petulant, domineering, pathetically confident and omniscient, radiant absurdities whom we indiscriminatingly honor and flatter by the name of "youth."

The more one ponders the matter the more difficult it is to see what special qualities or characteristics are possessed by "youth" which justify its fear of, or its patronage of, "old age." Of achievement, as we have agreed, it certainly cannot claim the monopoly. Nor, as we have seen, can it claim exemption from those bodily ills common to all flesh. What then can, or does, it claim as its own peculiar possession to justify its arrogance or to support its confidence? Is it beauty? But does it always possess beauty? Are all boys and girls, all young persons under thirty, beautiful? Are there no beautiful old men and women? The beauty of bloom and smooth skin is one beauty. But there is a beauty of line and furrow and wrinkle, a beauty made by time and storm, "a beauty wrought from within upon the flesh," with which the mere animal-like beauty of "youth" cannot compare; the beauty of great old fighting-men, of great old priests, of sacred, distinguished, old *grandes dames*. The face of Lord Byron is beautiful—but is it as beautiful as the face of Cardinal Newman? And while many women, born beautiful, such as Ninon de

L'Enclos, have grown more beautiful as the number of their years increased, most of us, while we have known women of whom the same is true, must also have known many who have achieved in age a loveliness of which their girlhood gave but little promise.

It would, therefore, seem that as "age" has no monopoly of deafness, baldness, tediousness, and so forth, "youth," in like manner, has no monopoly of beauty.

Indeed, the more one strives after a definition of what we mean by being "old" the more it would appear that "youth" is little else than what Sir Thomas Browne would call "a naked nomination," a mere chronological term, unclad with any qualities special to itself; that, in fact, it consists in being "sweet and twenty," or sweet and twenty-nine years, eleven months, thirty days, twenty-three hours, and fifty-nine minutes—but not two minutes beyond, a mere matter of the calendar, a mere mathematical formula.

That we should have thought otherwise, credited it with potencies and enchantments by no means peculiar to itself, is largely the fault of the poets, the hypnotism of literature. Literature, indeed, is the very pander, the paid press agent, of youth. It has seldom a good word to say for age in any language, and its standards of "youth" and "age" are not infrequently grotesque. The learned Varro rated all persons between forty and sixty as "seniors," and here he is at one with the good Sir Walter, who writes of an "aged woman of fifty," and handles the soldierly Guy Mannering of forty or so as tenderly as though he were a patriarch. In this regard, indeed, novelists are depressing reading. They must be especially so for women; particularly Russian novelists, whose *forte* is to be depressing under all circumstances and conditions, and whose serious business seems to be to close the gates of laughter on mankind.

One of the first rules, then, of that art of not growing old is the repudiation of most literature dealing with so-called old age, all its pessimistic and mortuary commonplaces. We must resist, too, the hypnotic suggestions of social tradition and refuse obedience to those conventions which, taking count only of the number of our years, would insist on one adopting elderly and senile attitudes and fashions as yet entirely inappropriate for us. All gray hair is not the same. There is much gray hair on young heads, particularly in America, where, indeed, that frequently most becoming cranial adornment has the look of the stately powdered wigs of our forefathers, where the humane fashion of not wearing one's own hair after adolescence did much to equalize the generations, gave people over thirty an extended span of "youth," and prevented the confusion of a bald head with decrepitude. Any society leader who would reintroduce the fashion of wearing wigs would do a great service to his and her fellows; for it is manifestly unfair that such mere physical accidents as baldness or gray hair should be allowed to misrepresent us; as, for example, the loss of one's front teeth in our early years, as not infrequently happens, would do were it not for the reconstructive skill of the dentist. Youth does not consist merely of sound teeth or raven hair, and the arts of the dentist and wig-maker are not arts of disguise, but arts of truthful presentation. They enable us to appear not younger than we are, but merely as young as we are. With no few people, their crude tenements of clay often treacherously misrepresent the youthful tenant; and, therefore, women who are essentially as young as their daughters are within their human rights in taking all convincing means of advertising that charming truth to the world. At present the conventions deny to men such methods of combating that superstition of chronology, and this, in the business world, is a serious matter, where to be over forty is often a serious handicap, and to be over fifty may mean the scrap heap. "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

On the other hand, much of what I have called this physical misinterpretation comes of a depressed acceptance of those false notions concerning youth and age; for the body is a very sensitive recorder of the inner life that mysteriously dwells within it, and to think old is soon to look old. Young thoughts go a long way toward making young faces.

Properly understood, "youth" is merely another name for vital force. It is that fiery principle within us which animates our whole being, developing it, broadening and intensifying it, making it stronger and finer, a more and more perfect instrument of living. We have but to tend this fire as we would any other, see that we provide it with its proper fuel, for it to go on burning with an even steadier and whiter flame as the years pass. Swedenborg's well-known saying that in heaven we grow ever younger has a profound truth for even those of us who have not yet got there, and perhaps never will. But even "here upon sod, under sun," where "from flesh unto spirit man grows," if we may believe Meredith, we may put Swedenborg to the proof by the determination to grow toward youth, instead of away from it. The merely chronologically young know little better than babies what to do with the divine fire which burns within them. "Confusions of a wasted youth" are the result. How they waste and cast to the winds this *elixir vitæ*, prodigally spending in a few ignorant years their treasure—like a savage throwing gold pieces into the sea, laughing to watch them sink with shimmer and gleam, or as a madman burning down his palace to watch it flame. Yet to be "niggard of one's youth" is not wisdom's way, either; for, in regard to youth as with so much else, the more we give the more we have. But how to strike the balance between prodigality on the one hand and parsimony on the other is a branch of the art of not growing old which the artist knows instinctively and for which it is impossible to formulate directions.

It is far indeed from my purpose here to perpetrate one more of those hypocritical, distasteful paradoxes with the flattering unction of which "old people" are so often indulged—and insulted; such well-meaning vulgarity as assures some lovely *grande dame* that she is "eighty years young," or jocosely slaps some splendid veteran on the shoulder and asks, "How is the young fellow feeling to-day?" So-called "old age" has no greater indignity to wince under than such impudent euphemisms of the ill-bred person who really means that they are as good as dead and buried, and merely go on living by the sufferance of "efficient" blatancies of coarse health and vigor like himself.

That "old age" is a fact I do not, of course, attempt to deny, but what I do deny is that it comes automatically and inevitably by the mere attainment of a certain number of years. Take the case of an oak-tree; an oak-tree chronologically "old," its bole broad and mighty, with innumerable stalwart branches and a great canopy of fresh and rustling leaves. It has been growing where it stands for over a hundred years, but the sap rises as irresistibly within it as ever and its topmost twigs tingle with energetic life. In terms of time it was "younger" when it was a mere lanky sapling, newly sprung from the acorn; but was the spirit of life within it anything like so prosperous or victorious as now, when in its hundredth year its multitudinous greenness shelters a thousand lives of bird and squirrel, and when its broad roof spreads a vast mothering shade for hot and sleepy herds? As a fire burning in a grate is bigger than the match that set it alight, so the fire of youth in this "old" tree is mightier than that which animated that lean young sapling which once swayed and shivered in the wind. If by "old" one means that it has gone on victoriously growing, adding strength to strength and freshness to freshness for a hundred years, there is, obviously, no objection to the statement, but if, on the other hand, you mean by

"old" that it is decayed and withered and has lost all its "efficiency" as an oak-tree, one has only to look at it to perceive the contrary. It will be time enough to apply the word "old" to it in the condemnatory sense when some of its boughs begin to show black and leafless amid the thinning green or when its trunk is split and hollowed. Meanwhile it remains mightily young, young as the morning which it greets with its huge freshness and the music of its swaying nests.

This is no merely fanciful illustration. It is with men and women very much as with oaks. Their span of life is indeed shorter—in spite of literally "youthful prodigies" such as the famous Thomas Parr (1483–1635), who married again at a hundred and twenty, and lived to see the child born of his marriage attain the ripe age of thirty-two. But the "youth" in both—that is, in men as in oaks—may well be crescent to within a very few years of the time when, as the sword outwears its sheath, it must go seeking another "envelope."

Youth is a quality, a spiritual energy, and, properly speaking, there is no "old age," but spiritual decay. "The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew" is no valid evidence of growing old, any more than to lose a leg in battle. Fussy physical activities are not the only tests of youth. That brain of Sophocles which, as we previously recalled, gave us his greatest play at ninety, is more to the point, as also that famous saying recorded of him, in reference to the cooling of the passions with the years, that to grow old was like being set free from service to a band of madmen.

Because we grow wiser and stronger, less selfish, and generally more useful to our fellows with the passage of the years is not to say that we have lost our youth. It only means that we have learned how to employ it. We do not run in every direction as we did. We know a little better what we are doing, or what we want to do; but the motive force that enables us to do it is that same energy which once drove us to make fools of ourselves at the beginning, and still provides the same "swift means to radiant ends."

Decay, disillusion, weariness: we mean these things when we speak of "growing old," but we fail to realize that these are no necessary accompaniments of the years. We may, unfortunately, inherit them, or acquire them, like bad habits, or through neglect of a proper care and exercise of our spiritual selves. Spiritual and intellectual laziness makes most people "old before their time." If we lose interest in life, life will soon lose interest in us; and it is just as possible to achieve a precocious senility in the twenties as at any later period of our lives. How wisely Oliver Wendell Holmes withdrew his first impulsive aspiration:

> O for one hour of youthful joy!
> Give back my twentieth spring!

He had but to reflect a moment or two to realize what price his garnered middle age would lose by exchanging itself for that "twentieth spring." Indeed, who would be twenty again when they can be eighty—as some wonderful people know how to be eighty?

THE LION'S MOUTH

AS THEY GO RIDING BY

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

WHAT kind of men do we think the mediæval knights really were? I have always seen them in a romantic light, finer than human. Tennyson gave me that apple, and I confess I did eat, and I have lived on the wrong diet ever since. Malory was almost as misleading. The net impression was that there were a few wicked, villainous knights, who committed crimes such as not trusting other knights or saying mean things, but that even they were subject to shame when found out and rebuked, and that all the rest were a fine, earnest Y. M. C. A. crowd, with the noblest ideals.

But only the poets hold this view of knights, not the scholars. Here, for example, is a cold-hearted scholar, Monsieur Albert Guerard. He has been digging into the old mediæval records with an unromantic eye, hang him! and he has emerged with his hands full of facts which prove the knights were quite different. They did have some good qualities. When invaders came around the knights fought them off as nobly as possible; and they often went away and fought Saracens or ogres and such, and when thus engaged they gave little trouble to the good folk at home. But in between wars, not being educated, they couldn't sit still and be quiet. It was dull in the house. They liked action. So they rode around the streets in a pugnacious, wild-Western manner, despising anyone who could read and often knocking him down, and making free with the personal property of merchants and peasants, who, they thought, had no special right to property or even to life. Knights who felt rough behaved as such, and the injuries they inflicted were often fatal.

They must have been terrors. Think of being a merchant or cleric without any armor, and meeting a gang of ironclads, with the nearest police court centuries off! Why, they might do anything, and whatever they did to a merchant they thought was a joke. Whenever they weren't beating you up they fought with one another like demons—I don't mean just in tournaments, which were for practice, but in small, private wars. And to every war, public or private, citizens had to contribute; and, instead of being thanked for it, they were treated with the utmost contempt.

Suppose a handsome young citizen, seeing this and feeling ambitious, tried to join the gang and become a knight himself. Would they let him in? No! At first, if he were a powerful fighter, he did have a small chance, but as time went on and the knights got to feeling more noble than ever, being not only knights, but the sons of knights, they wouldn't let in an outsider. The mere idea made them so indignant they wanted to lynch him. "Their loathing for the people seemed almost akin in its intensity to color prejudice."

They were also extravagant and improvident, and never made money, so the more they spent the more they had to exact or demand from the people. When everyone had been squeezed dry for miles around, and had been thumped to make sure, the knights cursed horribly and borrowed from the Church, whether the Church would or no, or got hold of some money-lender and pulled his beard and never paid interest.

The Church tried to make them religious, and partly succeeded; there were some Christian knights who were soldierly and courtly, of course. But, allowing for this (and for my exaggerating their bad side, for the moment), they certainly were not the kind of men Tennyson led me to think.

I do not blame Tennyson. He had a perfect right to romanticize. He may have known what toughs the knights were as well as anybody, but loved their noble side, too, and dreamed about it until he had made it for the moment seem real to him, and then hurried up and written his idyls before the dream cracked. He may never have intended me or any of us to swallow it whole. "It's not a dashed bible; it's a book of verse," I can imagine him saying, "so don't be an idiot; don't forget to read your encyclopedia, too."

But verse is mightier than any encyclopedia. At least it prevails. That's because the human race is emotional and goes by its feelings. Why haven't encyclopedists considered this? They are the men I should blame. What is the use of embodying the truth about everything in a precise condensed style which, even if we read it, we can't remember, since it does not stir our feelings? The encyclopedists should write their books all over again in passionate verse. What we need in an encyclopedia is lyrical fervor, not mere completeness—Idyls of Economic Jurisprudence, Songs of the Nitrates. Our present compendiums are meant for scholars rather than people.

Well, the knights are gone, and only their armor and weapons remain; and our rich merchants, who no longer are under dogs, collect these as curios. They present them with a magnificent gesture to local museums. The metal suit which old Sir Percy Mortimer wore, when riding down merchants, is now in the Briggsville Academy, which never heard of Sir Percy, and his armor is a memorial to Samuel Briggs of the Briggs Tailoring Company. In Europe a few ancient families, in financial decay, are guarding their ancestors' clothing as well as they can, but sooner or later they will be driven to sell it, to live. And they won't live much longer at that. The race will soon be extinct.

Last year I got a bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art about armor. It described how an American collector saw a fine set in Paris. "A single view was quite enough to enable him to decide that the armor was too important to remain in private hands." And that settled it. These collectors are determined fellows and must have their own way—like the knights.

But there were difficulties this time. They couldn't at first get this set. The knightly owner of the armor, "in whose family it was an heirloom, was, from our point of view, singularly unreasonable: he . . . was unwilling to part with it; the psychological crisis when he would allow it to pass out of his hands must, therefore, be awaited." For "There does come . . . a propitious moment in cases of this kind," adds the bulletin.

Yes, "in cases of this kind" collectors comfortably wait for that crisis when the silent old knightly owner finally has to give in. They leave agents to watch him while he struggles between want and pride, agents who will snap him up if a day comes when the old man is weak. These agents must be persistent and shrewd, and must present tactful arguments, and must shoo away other agents, if possible, so as to keep down the price. When the "propitious" time comes they must act quickly, lest the knight's weakness pass, or lest some other knight send him help and thus make them wait longer. And, having got the armor, they hurry it off, give a dinner, and other merchants come to view it and measure it and count up the pieces.

This sort of thing has been happening over and over in Europe—the closing scenes of the order of knighthood, not foreseen at gay tournaments! They were lucky in those days not to be able to

look into the future. Are *we* lucky to be blind, as we visit Mount Vernon or stand on some campus? Not that the new times to come won't be better—that always is possible—but that they won't be the kind we are building, and they may scrap our shrines.

Some day when our modern types of capitalists are extinct, in their turn, will future poets sing of their fine deeds and make young readers dream? Our capitalists are not popular in these days, but the knights weren't in theirs, and whenever abuse grows extreme a reaction will follow. Our critics and reformers think *they* will be the heroes of song, but do we sing of critics who lived in the ages of chivalry? There must have been reformers then who pleaded the cause of downtrodden citizens, and denounced and exposed cruel knights, but we don't know their names. It is the knights we remember and idealize, even old Front-de-Bœuf. They were doers—and the men of the future will idealize ours. Our predatory interests will seem to them gallant and strong. When a new Tennyson appears, he will never look up the things in our newspapers; he won't even read the encyclopedia — Tennysons don't. He will get his conception of capitalists out of his heart. Mighty men who built towers to work in, and fought with one another, and engaged in great capitalist wars, and stood high above labor. King Carnegie and his round directors' table of barons of steel. Armour, Hill, and Stillman, Jay Gould—musical names, fit for poems.

The men of the future will read, and disparage their era, and wish they had lived in the wild clashing times we have now. They will try to enliven the commonplaceness of their tame daily lives by getting up memorial pageants where they can dress up as capitalists—some with high hats and umbrellas (borrowed from the museums), some as golfers or polo players, carrying the queer ancient implements. Beautiful girls will happily unbuckle their communist suits and dress up in old silken low-necks, hired from a costumer. Little boys will look on with awe as the procession goes by, and then hurry off to the back yard and play they are great financiers. And if some essay, like this, says the capitalists were not all noble, but a mixed human lot like the knights, many with selfish, harsh ways, the reader will turn from it restlessly. We need these illusions.

Ah, well, if we must romanticize something, it had best be the past.

A BALLADE OF SPRING POEMS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE spring has come, and poets sing
A gleesome, gladsome roundelay
About the soaring birds awing,
Or pinky blossoms of the May.
Singers for love of art are they—
(Oh, monstrous thought! I am afraid for
A guerdoned poet!) Anyway,
Spring poems never should be paid for.

You see, spring is a subtle thing;
A fancy fair, an image gay.
To it a poet has to bring
The spirit of a holiday,
The tricksiness of nymph or fay—
Pure joy of life spring songs are made for—
But warble for a stipend? Nay!
Spring poems never should be *paid* for.

Spring-poem measures lilt and swing,
And, like young lambkins at their play,
A sense of lawless joy they bring.
Their very rhythm seems to sway,
As lambent as a moonlight ray—
I wonder what they are essayed for—
Perish the thought it is for pay!
Spring poems *never* should be paid for.

L'ENVOI:

Editor, pay for this, I pray;
And still the rule will be obeyed, for
You notice, don't you? that I say
Spring *poems* never should be paid for.

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

I AM not of the patronizing sort that doesn't read—or affects not to read—the boxing news, the Gossip of Filmland, the Frank Crane stuff, the syndi-

cated "How to Keep Well" articles. I read them all and they do me good, for I take them seriously. In fact, I owe my clean-limbed young Americanism chiefly to my adherence to advice that I read a few years ago in *The Life of Jess Willard.* Mr. Willard advised me—I always think the author is looking straight at me—to do certain exercises daily, and every day since the morning I read that counsel I have done those strengthening exercises. Somebody told me, a few days after I began to emulate Mr. Willard, that Mr. Willard didn't write those pieces at all, but that they were written by Mr. George Creel. It was like telling me there was no Santa Claus. I think I cried a little, but I kept right on with the exercises, and now anybody that says a word against George Creel has me, with five or six years of unremitting training, to fight.

I take, as I said, the printed word seriously. A dealer myself in the printed word, it never occurs to me that anyone might read my own carefully chiseled phrases and say, "Yes, but is it true?" or, "Oh, well, I doubt it," or even, "What of it?"

I am like Ernest in the old Ade fable, who had been Kicked in the Head by a Mule when young and Believed everything he Read in the Sunday Papers.

And so this evening—my passion for truth makes me refrain from saying the other day, because it wasn't the other day, though it will be when this appears—I read, among other things on the woman's page (and what I started out to say was that I am not of the patronizing sort that pretends not to read the woman's page) an "article," as they call them, by Dorothy Dix. It was entitled, "Do Women Want to Be Petted?" and, with my habit of answering every question, rhetorical or not, that is put to me, I said, "No," and added, with a revealing candor that I use in meditation, "At any rate, not by me."

Well, I read this piece of Miss Dix's, which told of the sufferings and sacrifices of the average married woman. "The only thing that can repay her," I read, as I stood in the warm, well-lighted Subway train, speeding along through the night, after a jolly day spent in the joys of literary composition in a room full of reporter-pounded typewriters and thrillingly noisy telegraph instruments, "is the tenderness of her husband. His kisses, warm with love, and not a chill peck of duty on the cheek, his murmured words of endearment, are the magic coin that settles the long score that a woman charges up against matrimony, and that makes her rich in happiness."

"The woman"—by this time the train had got to Fourteenth Street, and the crowd of eager, merry homegoers, ardent to arrive at their joyous apartments, made reading difficult—"who has looked from the lovely gown and soft furs in a show window to her own shabby frock, and known that she could afford nothing better because the children had to have shoes and the coal was nearly out; the woman who has wrestled with pots and pans and the washtub all day, while the baby howled and the other children fought, until her nerves were raw—will she be soothed by her husband's treating her as an equal when he comes home at night, and conversing with her about the Federal Reserve bank and the railroad situation? I trow not."

"But if"—and this took me from Seventy-second Street to Cathedral Parkway—"he puts his arms about her, and pats her on the shoulder, and says, 'There, there, now,' and tells her she is the dearest, bravest, most wonderful little woman in the world, and he just wishes he had the money to doll her up and show people that his little wifekins has got any of those living pictures backed off the screen, why, somehow, the tiredness goes out of her back, and the envy out of her soul, and the sun's come again in her heaven, and she is ready to go down on her knees and thank God for giving her such a husband, even if he isn't a money maker."

I emerged from the Subway, and, soft and glowing with the romance Miss Dix had suffused me with, I stopped at a florist's. "How much," I asked, "are those violets?" "Two dollars," he said, as who should say, "And what a privilege to buy them at any price!" "I send them?" "No," I said. He wrapped them with the contemptuous air florists have for men who carry their offerings with them. They, I take it, are the transient trade. Your real wooer, it came over me in a flash, never brings his flowers.

I entered the house with the airy tread of youth, adventurous and confident. The Little Woman, as I call her in my lighter moments, was seated at her desk writing checks—struggling, I mused, with the problem of inelastic currency.

"See," I said, pointing with modest triumph to the violets.

"Where did you get them?" she asked.

"At Papakopolos's," I said.

"Well," she said—and I have no doubt she was right—"if you paid more than a dollar you got stuck. You always let a florist give you anything. Go and put them in the ice box."

"There, there, now," I said, quoting Miss Dix. "You are the dearest, bravest, most wonderful little woman in the world. I just wish I had the money to doll you up and show people that my little wifekins has got any of those living pictures backed off the screen."

"Since when," asked the Little Woman—and she is the bravest, as Miss Dix says, l. w. in the world—"since when have living pictures gone into the movies, and is that where you go in the afternoon when I call the office at three and they say you've left for the day? No wonder you never make any money. . . . Do you know why Wabash Preferred A and those other railroad stocks don't go up? It's partly because of the full-crew law and partly because of the Federal Reserve Board."

Well, she had me there. I don't know much about the Federal Reserve, and my whole interest in the railroad situation is in whether a train I am on or am waiting for is on time or late.

I get about a good deal, looking for what my admirers call Material for my Little Articles, and I meet lots of people. If I ever meet Miss Dix, I am going to introduce her to the Little Woman.

GENERAL WANTED

BY C. A. BENNETT

HE was a distinguished general and a veteran of many wars. He had aided and abetted in the slaughter of the natives of various countries—of India, of Africa, of China, of Egypt. Wherever his country had offered to backward peoples the blessings of civilization on the end of a bayonet he had been at the other end of the gun.

Guns and other instruments of destruction had, indeed, always fascinated him, and he had shown a pretty inventiveness in this department of human skill. Various ingenious little devices whereby men might kill one another more swiftly, more quietly, and more copiously lay to his credit.

When the Great War came he was found to be too valuable a man to be sent to the front. He was retained at home, and for four years he was perfectly happy in the study and elaboration of hitherto unsuspected lethal possibilities in bombs, shells, hand grenades, and torpedoes. He perfected a hand grenade which could be absolutely relied upon to blow fifteen men to bits. This was a vast improvement on the older type which was good only for ten men within the same radius. His delight in this piece of mechanism blended the joys of the artist, the scientist, and the inventor. "A beautiful thing!" he would exclaim, holding one up, even as a surgeon might celebrate "a perfect cancer," for his satisfaction in the skill and sound workmanship which had gone to the making of the thing left no room in his mind for thoughts of its literal effects.

But even the happiest times come to

an end. The war ceased, and with it, temporarily, the demand for the general's peculiar services. He was frankly at a loss to know what to do with himself. Of course there were still plenty of wars in progress, but none of them called for anything novel in the way of deadly weapons; the belligerents had enough to go on with. But, on the whole, things were taking a turn not at all to the general's liking. The League of Nations was assuming definite shape; if allowed to develop it might actually diminish the number of wars. Then, too, there was a lot of ugly talk about disarmament, and some countries were even finding it difficult to recruit their armies up to peace strength. The general was frankly unable to imagine a world in which wars were neither being fought nor being prepared for. The Church, the State, the Army, the Navy—were not these the pillars of society?—and if you had these, why, of course you must have wars. These were the views of "a plain soldier," as he liked to call himself—a description which seemed at once to imply and condone a total ignorance of statesmanship, of society, and of human nature. In any event, it never occurred to him to inquire into the causes of war nor to ask whether it were preventable. War was a fact—like the weather; and only fools talked of discarding umbrellas.

After a period of restlessness, dissatisfaction, and fruitless harangues at the club upon the way in which the country was going to the devil, he at last found peace of mind where others besides retired generals have found it—in literary composition. He set himself to write a great work on The Next War, and so recovered happiness. For in this work his imagination could play unchecked in thoughts of colossal destruction. He depicted guns invisibly, silently, hurling projectiles fifty and sixty miles, and machine guns so rapid and deadly in their work that they made their brethren of the Great War seem like playthings. He saw submarines as large as battleships, and battleships that could submerge like a submarine. He pictured the sky dark with fleets of monstrous self-guided airplanes automatically dropping bombs, a few of which could, with luck, annihilate the population of an entire city. He saw squadrons of huge tanks moving like hordes of obscene reptiles over the enemy's country and emitting deadly gas which blasted all life for miles around.

As it was the first assumption of his work that the next war would be waged upon a whole people, he realized that his own nation must be mobilized in its entirety for that war. He did not shrink from the consequences. There would be time for nothing but military training in the schools and colleges. All industry must be organized to produce only the "sinews of war." Women must bear not sons, but potential soldiers, and plenty of 'em. Their daughters must be trained for nursing, for government tasks, and, in general, to take the place of the men. The victor in the next war would be the nation that was trained as a unit for destruction on the new scale. And when it was all over? . . . It was grand! There would be Nothing At All left.

But while the general and the class to which he belonged were dwelling on these prospects other people were quietly and with great determination planning a different future. They had no collective name and no rallying cry; but you would not go far wrong if you called them the Common People and gave them for a device, "We Will Stand It No Longer."

So it happened that one night while the general was correcting proof the door of his study was opened without warning. Six men with rifles entered. One of them walked across to the general, who had risen from his chair, touched him on the arm, and said:

"Please consider yourself under arrest and come with us."

The general sputtered: "What's this? What's this? Cease this . . . . Cease this mummery!"

It took some time to calm him down.

When the leader had explained some things to him the general said:

"But my book, my book . . . surely you will allow me to finish the proofs of my book!"

"Ah, your book, General! Pray, what is it about?"

"It is to be called *The Next War.*"

"General," was the reply, "I am afraid we have anticipated you. *This* is the next war, and we are paying you the honor of making you the first prisoner."

They led him away.

ON RECEIVING ROYALTY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I AM one of those who has had to do, more or less humbly, with royalty. Usually one does not speak of this distinction, lest it be thought one takes undue pride in it; yet it seems to me rather more likely to render a person humble, and there is commonly much anxiety attached to it. Indeed, I know of few things that have ever disturbed me more than the anticipation and preparation for and the receiving of royalty. Leicester's preparing Kenilworth for the advent of the Queen could hardly have been attended with more perturbation. Days, weeks, even, before the event I begin to get ready for it. I become uneasy, anticipatory, speculatory. I plan madly; I forecast gloomily; I wonder and am mightily ill at ease. I am at such times much given to reckoning upon probabilities; upon the best that might happen or the worst that can.

I had written this far when, being called away, an old friend of mine and a psychiatrist happened to pick up this fragment of my writing, read it, and became alarmed. Too evidently, thought he, my intellect, in which he had heretofore taken a mild pride, had been undermined. These sentences about the receiving of royalties, if he knew anything of the conditions of my life or of those of royalty, could be nothing less than delusions of grandeur.

But in writing that first paragraph I had not in mind anything so comparatively unimportant (now forgive me!) as a visit from crowned heads. I had in mind, as I thought I had said and indicated clearly, my receiving, my trepidous receiving, of royalty; royalty, that per cent and compensation which accrues to me by way of the sales of such books of mine as certain reckless and adventurous publishers have adopted, and vouched for and sent out under their sign and sigil.

The royalty of which I write has little or nothing to do with the state of being royal; it does not pertain to "royal rank or extraction; existence as or derivation from a king"; nor is it "a sovereign right or attribute." No; I have in mind, rather, that meaning and usage set forth in another definition under the same head: "a proportional payment" (ah, the limitation imposed by that word proportional!) "made on sales, as to an author or an inventor for each copy of a work or for each article sold."

Until about two weeks beforehand, I pursue the uneven tenor of my way, then the day dawns when I think, "The time approaches!" I look it up in my little notebook to make sure. Yes, on or about a certain date I shall receive a statement. Will the amount be large, small, middling, or totally inconsiderable? If it is sufficiently large I shall indulge in some of those precious books I have long looked forward to possessing. Sometimes I plan frivolously for the purchase of a hat.

The day comes. The envelope arrives. There it lies, the name of the honorable publishing house stands imposingly in the upper left-hand corner. I do not open it at once. I dream still awhile that I see the coveted volumes already on my bookshelves, or I think of the claw-foot, drop-leaf table or the old luster pitcher, so like that remembered one of my childhood. At last I take the envelope in my fingers. I am possessed of the same hope and dread as assail the actor who tiptoes forward to peek through the hole in the curtain to

see how well filled are the orchestra chairs, balcony, and gallery.

Then at last I take sudden resolution and open it and receive the shock and the blow. I am not without my haughty moments, but they are apt to take place at other times and under other provocation. Sometimes, except for the precedent hopes, the check might be considered very favorable.

Accompanying one check comes a letter from the publisher, Heaven bless him! The returns are smaller than he had expected, but are sure to improve with time. It cannot be that such work as mine will go long unappreciated. He suspects the title is at fault.

I appreciate his kindness and relinquish all thought of the clawfoot table. He recalls to me another of his profession who was so flatteringly eager to have my name on his publication list. He talked in large prophecies and alluring figures with a most misleading confidence. He spoke of a sliding scale, and set down for me in neat numbers the ever-increasing benefits that would accrue to me after the first thirty thousand copies had been sold. Poor man, he is dead now, but when that particular ill-starred royalty visits me twice a year I remember him and the short dream of fame and unlimited wealth he conjured up for me.

Once, by a contrary experience, there came to me an impecunious person, asking that she be allowed to set words of mine to music. The picture of improbable success drawn was a dismal one. She was sure there would be only a limited number of copies sold, despite the unusual charm of the words. Could I not be persuaded to contribute them without consideration of royalty!

The song has gone into many editions, is sung by opera stars, and they tell me the income from records alone goes into the thousands. I have often heard it sung as an encore. The applause is usually deafening, but I think I hear in the clapping of hands, instead, the clatter of pieces of eight that are not.

I am inclined to think that writers are, for the most part, a modest and sensitive clan; or, if they were not so by nature, their experience with royalties would be apt eftsoons to render them so. Who, having written and published a book, has not also pictured an enormous and hungry public reading it avidly? A "thirst for consideration" is natural to the soul, and, like the thirst of the body, is never permanently satisfied. Pathetically unsure of ourselves, we look to one another hopefully for praise, not for vanity's sake, for the most part, but so that the soul may be fed and refreshed, and have strength to go on.

The audience of the average writer is an unknown quantity. Thence the questions that must inevitably come to him in the watches of the night: "Have I pleased?" "Have I spoken true?" "Have I, really, the love and sympathy of my fellow men?" Thence, too, his joy, however unadmitted, in getting a letter by an unknown hand that commends or praises his work. For let the matter and titles of his books be what they may, and as varied and diverse as possible, this at heart is the unvaried and invariable object of them all, to please other hearts than his own.

The royalty statement comes. Ah, it is not the claw-foot table, after all, that is the real matter of disappointment. No. They have, the statement shows, sold a thousand copies. But we had dreamed of living for a little while in the hearts not of a thousand, but of tens of thousands.

This was the real dream that we loved and were cherishing when the postman came. This was the fame of a gentler sort we so much coveted and have failed of:

"So did I have thee as a dream doth flatter
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter."

But who would give up the dream? So I shall write new books, doubtless, and look forward always with exaggerated hope to receiving more imposing and more and more considerable royalties.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ONE hears that a large proportion of the young men now in the colleges are restless and disinclined to stay through the course. Apparently they have a feeling that in the present state of human affairs what they can get in college may not be worth the time required to get it. That was true of the young men who went from the colleges to the war—when they got back again to college life it seemed tame and futile to them. Their younger brothers, it would seem, are feeling much as they did. From Oxford and Cambridge, England, a report comes that the undergraduates there are very much interested, but perhaps life outside the colleges in England is less solicitous just at present than the general life of our American world is, or, possibly, what is taught in them gives better satisfaction.

And yet there are reasons why the college boys may be restless. Possibly the English lads were so much more thoroughly worked out and tired out by the war that the university shades and the repose they foster are grateful to them. No doubt they feel the need of an interlude—of time to think things over and to think them out, before enlisting in the competitions of civil life.

Interludes in which to think are very useful, and there are people who think of the whole of college life as an interlude between school days and the conscious beginning of one's career. Ordinarily college boys take very kindly to that idea. One can understand that in times now past when human life was approximately constant, a fairly leisurely preparation for it was, for those who could afford it, a natural provision. The average boy who went to college went there in a tranquil spirit of adventure, to get what there was, or as much of it as he could, and to enjoy the getting of it. He accepted what was put on his plate, took it for granted that it was wholesome because the college had offered it, consumed it according to his ability, and in due time departed more or less cheerfully out into the world. It was assumed in those days that teachers and purveyors of education knew more about the larger life outside the colleges than undergraduates did. It was assumed that colleges knew what they were about, and that they were good to go through on the terms offered.

But now—oh my! Who can say that life is constant in these days, when one lives by the day and wonders what he and the rest of the world will be up against next? When every other newspaper tells the undergraduate that the world is not yet rearranged, that it is a new era, and no one knows what the conditions of life are going to be, is it surprising that he should ask himself whether the college purveyors are giving him real food that will help him to live, or are merely keeping him amused and employed by things that are out of date and no longer important? Educating a college boy nowadays is a good deal like building a battleship. In both cases the question comes up, Is this thing that we are putting money into going to be any good, or is some new final machine coming along that will sink it? It has been bad enough for the last fifty years, since educators began to lay off the old classical education and substitute for it something that seemed likely to be more useful in actual life, but at least in those

years they had the advantage of knowing more or less what actual life was going to be, whereas now they have to guess at that, and then guess how to meet it.

If they are to guess right they must have more than mere knowledge of material means and processes. They must get a true conception of what human life is, and of what it is going to be—of what it must be if civilization is not to fall apart and go to grass for a long time preparatory to a new effort of humanity to get somewhere. If the colleges are to retain their importance they must be able to impart this spiritual leading to minds that are fit to receive it. If they don't, they fail in their most vital office, in the use that most of them were originally founded to serve. If they fail in that they lose their leadership, which will go to men of faith, as it always does. If they serve only secondary uses, albeit important ones, it becomes a question whether they are worth the money they are constantly asking for and acquiring, to keep them going on their present scale. If they cannot give true direction to fit minds, it may be as well that they should experience short commons and the *res angustæ* for a time, until their spiritual perceptions are quickened by a course of fasting and they get a new idea of the scope of their errand.

It was a curious fact that the presidents of nearly all the great universities lined up in the late election on the side that had the support of the money interests of the country, whereas, as a rule, the majority of the faculties took the other side. The presidents were concerned, apparently, for the financial maintenance of their institutions; the teaching bodies rejected the leadership of the side that was most concentrated on material prosperity, and backed the one in which, in spite of all drawbacks, they found some traces of a spiritual purpose. They put the job of saving the world above even the desirable work of ministering to the immediate business necessities of the United States.

The colleges with their immense costs of maintenance and constant need of new money to keep up their scale of living seem to be in danger of getting into the condition of rich people who have extended their establishments beyond what even abundant means can carry, and who have to think of money first. They seem to be suffering from the habit of *having*—the reliance on material things and concern about them that checks the impulses of the soul.

What the colleges need is what all the world needs, and that is religion. And what is religion? It is that which connects the visible with the invisible life. The colleges need it not merely in chapel and morning prayers, not merely in the Y. M. C. A. and the pious societies; they need it as the world does, in everything that goes on. There is more to this life than meals and money and the domestic relations. Not even the reformation of women's clothes or the diminution of divorce will save the world. The religion of the United States for a good while past has been a sort of religion of savings banks, of thrift and foresight, and quantity production of all useful material things. Thrift is good, foresight is good, even quantity production is good and very necessary in this overpopulated world. Money is good, and wealth is good, but they are all goods of a secondary quality. The world may have all of them and go distraught. Germany did have all of them, but it lost religion. Its idea of life was incomplete.

It was written the other day on the tablet in a cemetery that contains the grave of an American who died in the war and who was buried with French comrades in France:

> Here men gave their all of human joy and hope. May their supreme sacrifice inspire in men of other lands and times a complete devotion to public liberty, order, and peace.

That was well said, but it was not enough. They died for more than public liberty, and order and peace. They died

in a blind faith that they were dying for something worth while, and they were, and it was more, a great deal, than mere improvements in this fleeting world and ever-perishing life. The world will never settle down into a mechanism of public order. Life is bigger than that. It asks for more. It will always struggle out of every cage that human ingenuity will devise for it. It will be free. It will progress, and true religion is an immensely progressive factor. It breaks laws of men when they need breaking; it demolishes tradition when tradition is outworn, and always it searches for knowledge—for more knowledge of the purpose of the invisible God in this visible earth, and of the laws to which human life is geared, and what that life is all about, and what comes next. That is the kind of religion that sometime must run through the colleges. How they are to get it, Heaven knows, but they must have it or they are no good. Probably it will come to them from the outside. As the world gets it, they will get it. They are criticized for being utilitarian. In that they are like the churches. They teach what they know and are willing to teach something better if somebody will tell them what it is. But what they teach for the most part is all right—the fault about it is that it looks like the whole of knowledge when it isn't. It is just like the fault that Albert Nock imputed to the Puritans when he said that they tried to put out their Puritan conception as the whole of life, whereas it was not the whole of life. The Prohibitionists do the same thing. They have a kind of a savings-bank religion at the bottom of their efforts. They try to save the world by the compulsory correction of its habits. They do some good of minor importance, but the world will never be saved by the mere correction of its habits. It will be saved by activities which spring from inspirations that take men out of themselves and make them Godlike.

When William James said the best thing the college could do was to teach its young men to know a good man when they saw him, he said what was true enough, but it must teach them what is Godlike in men. There is a great deal, and there is some of it in all men, and what the colleges must do is to teach their students to know it when they see it. It is not the exclusive province of religious teachers to teach religion. It is the province of all teachers, and a teacher who cannot do it is by so much less qualified for his job. Agassiz got religion out of dissecting fishes, and passed it on to his pupils. Darwin got it out of earth worms and passed it on, and did good, though it raised hob with current theology. It is in all the sciences and all the arts, and at the heart of all literature that is worth its place on the shelf. It flows through all life and, unless it is felt and recognized, the learner and the investigator cannot get to the heart of what is going on. The world is a wreck not because it had not thrift enough, nor food enough, nor commodities enough, nor armies and navies and guns and poison gas enough, but because it lost religion and could not recognize and apply the eternal laws to which men and nations must conform if they are to live in peace. To search out and apply these laws and send out men who can recognize and apply them, is the great job of the colleges, as it is of the churches, the job by doing which they can earn their keep.

Robert Briffault declared the other day in the *English Review* that the world is suffering to-day more profoundly, perhaps, than at any previous period in its history, and that the trouble with it was that the human world in all its aspects —political, social, ethical, spiritual, æsthetic—has been built upon fictitious conventions, once held sacred, held at the worst to be expedient and convenient, and that those conventions are to-day no longer believed. That, and no less, he says, is "the appalling gravity of the situation." He finds the very ground on which the world stood to be cracking and sagging beneath it.

Faith, he said, can move mountains, but the process is not reversible. The need of moving mountains, be it ever so great, cannot help one jot toward supplying faith. No manipulation of old formulas, no amount of professed belief, can serve as the motive power of human action. "Our religious tradition, our political tradition, our historical tradition, our social tradition, our ethical tradition, are no longer believed; and, being no longer believed, they can neither move mountains, nor can they move the smallest cog-wheel of the world's machinery by so much as a hair's breadth."

Now that, more or less, is what the colleges are up against. There is faith in religion—the Christian religion—a great deal of it, though Briffault does not seem to recognize it, but of all other things he speaks of it is very much as he says. Faith in them is gone. They were what the world was run on up to 1914, and what happened in the next four years still seems to most people sufficient evidence that the world had been run on them long enough, and that it needs new ideas and new application of them if it is to continue.

What are the colleges going to offer as a substitute for this vanished faith in a large part of what they have been used to teach? How are they going to help the young men in their charge to have faith in something and to discover what it is they can have faith in, and to work out the application of that faith to human life in years now ahead? Of course, a great deal of what the colleges used to teach is still teachable. They can teach chemistry and botany and physics and mathematics and Latin and Greek and more or less even of history. They are all good—they all belong to knowledge and knowledge is a useful thing. The great trick is going to be to persuade the young gentlemen that these branches are still worth acquaintance—that they still qualify persons who know them more or less to be more useful in life and even, some of them, to make a better living. A man is not going to study very hard unless he thinks something important or lucrative is going to come of it. If his studies make him wise, that is important, whether it is lucrative or not, though it is apt to be lucrative, too, but unless they do make him wise they won't help him enough, and unless he thinks they are going to make him wise he will hardly bother with them. It comes back a great deal to what William James said, that the great thing a college education might do was to make you know a good man when you saw him. It is good men, remarkable men, wise and able men, who are needed in the reconstruction of human life. They are not the current, but they may be very helpful in directing the current. The great current of life is sure to get somewhere always, but it goes better and arrives more fortunately if it gets wise direction. Above all things the college boys must be helped to believe in something. Something must be shown to them that they can trust; something must feel strong under their feet when they stand up.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



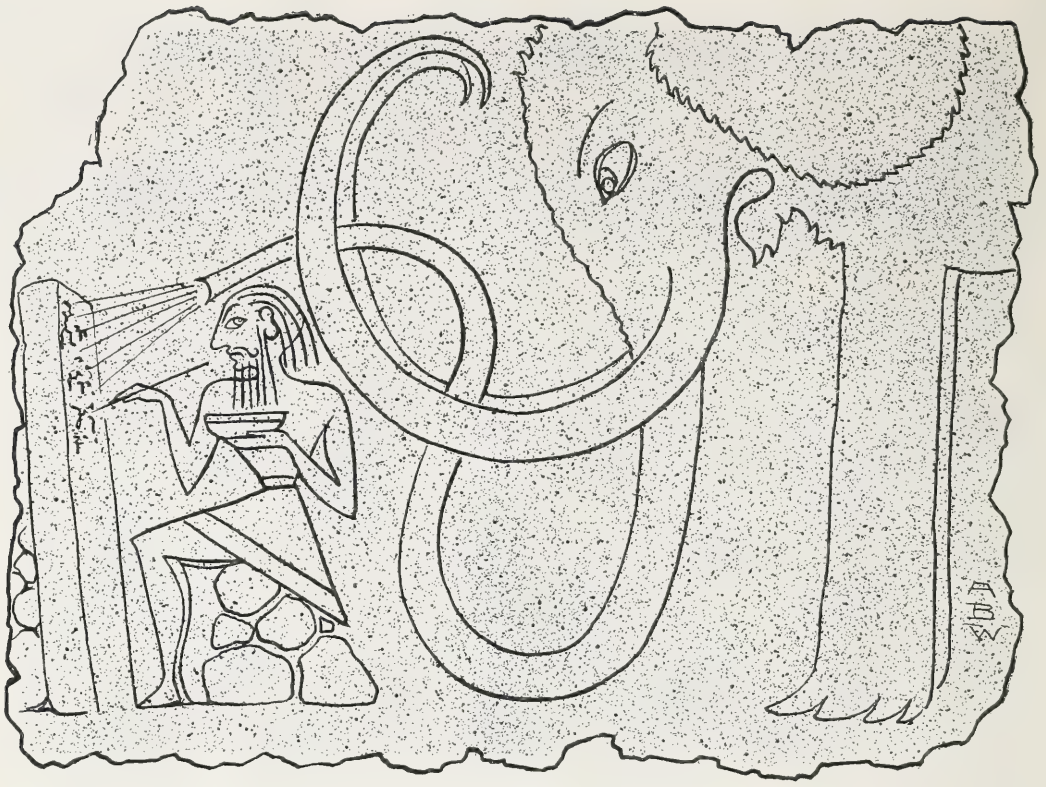
FROM THE DIARY OF A CAVE MAN

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A CAVE MAN, too intelligent to shave,
I occupy a comfortable cave
By a glacial river's waters
With my wife, my sons, my daughters,
And a puppy—who is learning to behave

We frequently assemble at a feast—
The barbecue of some prodigious beast.
We delight in snapping wishbones
And a few intrusive fishbones
Do not mitigate our pleasure in the least.

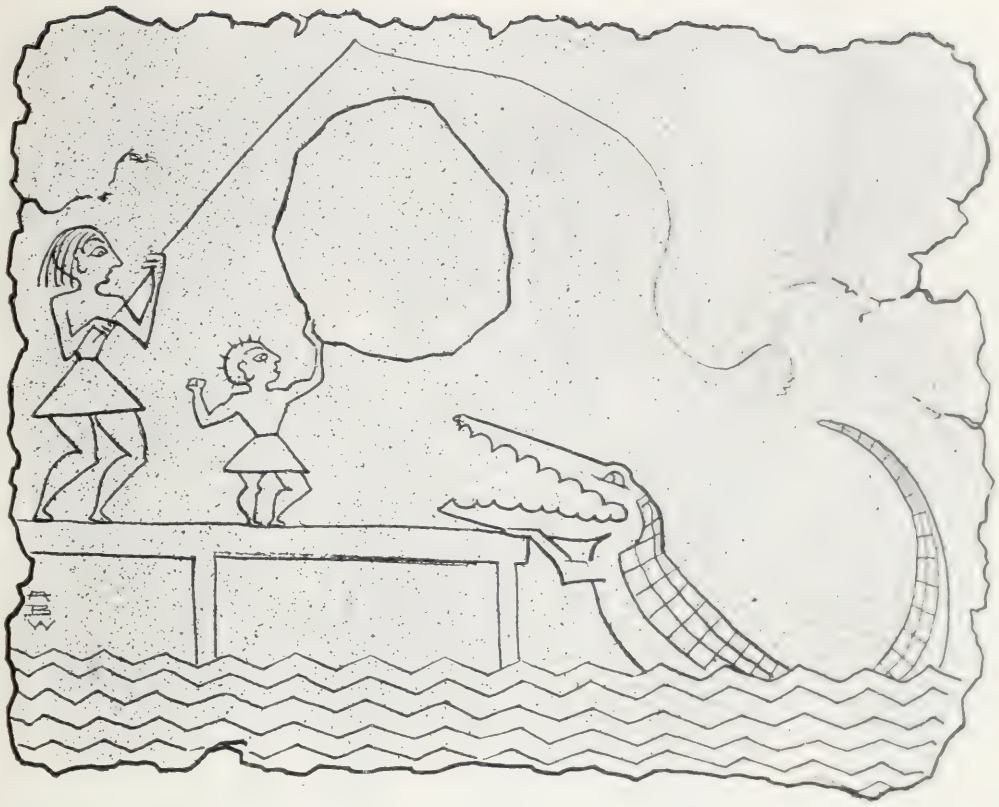
My neighbor has a Mammoth for a pet,
Adopted when a tiny Mammothette;
Now the attic to the basement
Is its measure of displacement,
And the horrid thing persists in growing yet!



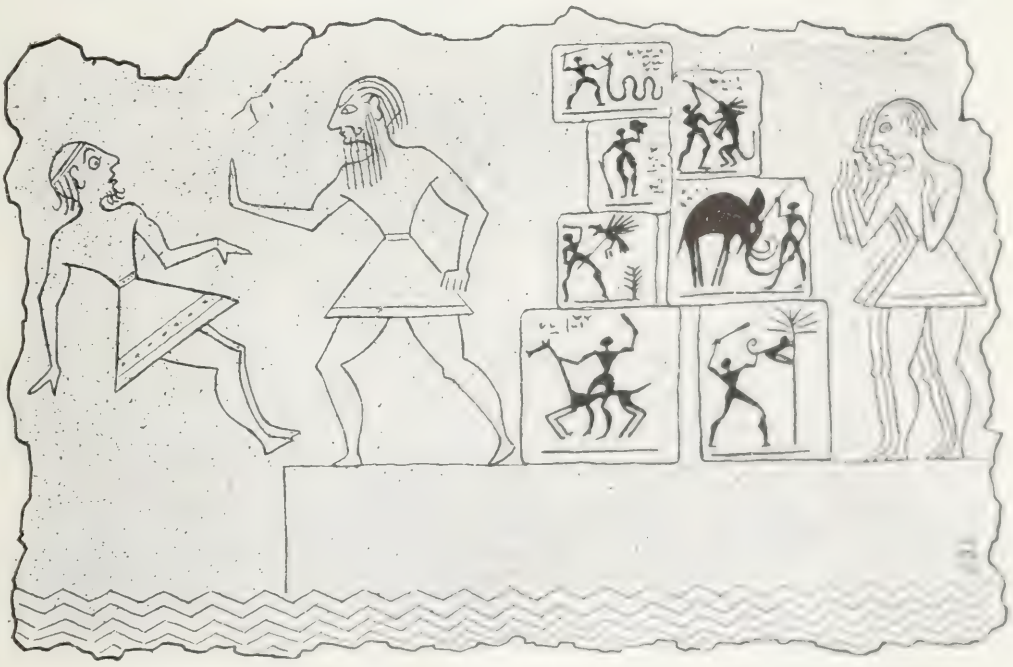
I picture with a true artistic zest
"The Slaying of the Mammoth" and the rest
  Of my exploits and adventures;
  But the misdirected censures
Of uncultivated critics are a pest.



This Aurochs, whom I wounded with a dart,
Betrays no inclination to depart;
  So I perch upon the bowlder,
  Though the air is growing colder,
For his horns are even harder than his heart.



My children, at their angling, get a shock;
An Alligator clambers up the dock;
  And his scaly tail a-swishing
  Wholly spoils the salmon fishing,
So the Baby reprimands him with a rock.



Our Tribal Wizard tells me, with a sniff,
"Your Picture Show is scandalous! and if
  You persist in Sabbath Breaking
  You'll be stoned for Nature Faking!"
So, regretfully, I shove him off the cliff.



My wife declares that Tiger's wholly out
Of fashion, and there isn't any doubt
  That an apronette of Lion
  Is the only thing to tie on—
How I wonder what a Lion thinks about!



These gentlemen, the disputatious pair,
May argue whether Science would declare
  That the late lamented mammal
  Is a Llama or a Camel,
But I'll tell 'em it's my Sunday Bill of Fare.

The Fate of All

A LITTLE girl in Philadelphia has for a mother a charming woman widely known in public work. One day the child heard a calf, down in the barnyard, crying for its mother. She trotted thither, and began consoling it through the bars.

"Don't cry, dear," said she. "Don't cry. Your mother will come home soon. She isn't lost. She's just gone to the club."

His Time Was Not Up

A MAN of mercenary spirit had a son whom he kept well under parental charge, allowing him few liberties and making him work hard.

It was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that the young man rose on the morning of his twenty-first birthday and began to collect his belongings preparatory to starting out in the world.

The farmer, seeing his son packing his trunk, which he rightly judged to be evidence of the early loss of a good farm hand, stopped at the door of the young man's room and asked what he was going to do.

The boy very promptly reminded his father of the day of the month and the year and declared his intention of striking out in the world on his own account.

"Not much you won't!" shouted the old man. "At least not for a while yet! You weren't born until after twelve o'clock, so you can just take off them good clothes and fix to give me another half-day's work down in the potato patch!"

A Touch of Red

A FUNERAL in colored circles having made an unexpected demand for attractive costumes, Mrs. Gilman's maid applied to her for a second-hand dress upon which she had already fixed a covetous eye. Its old-rose trimming appeared to that lady as unsuited to such a sad occasion, but this objection being waived on the plea that "she wa'n't 'mongst de mourners," the garment changed hands.

Two months later Mrs. Gilman was startled by Susie's announcement that she was going to be married, and not a little shocked to find that the prospective bridegroom was the newly made widower.

"Why, Susie," she exclaimed, "Sam Johnson's wife has hardly been dead two months!"

"Yes'm, I know," replied Susie, slightly embarrassed, "but Mr. Johnsing say I was de nices'-lookin' lady at de funeral. He tell me," she continued, smiling and dimpling reminiscently, "dat dat little tech o' red on dat dress jes' went right straight to his heart."



At the Club

HIS FIANCÉE: "*Oh, Jack! isn't it lovely to see our names posted together?*"

Wherein He Fell Short

A CANDIDATE for Congress from a certain Western state was never shy about telling the voters why they should send him to Washington.

"I am a practical farmer," he said, boastfully, at one meeting. "I can plow, reap, milk cows, shoe a horse—in fact, I should like you to tell me one thing about a farm which I cannot do."

Then, in the impressive silence, a voice asked from the back of the hall:

"Can you lay an egg?"

Prompt Acceptance

AN Englishman visiting in this country attended a dinner given by a hostess whose hospitality is notoriously inadequate. Her dinners have often been referred to as "samples," and invitations to them are not accepted with alacrity the second time. Her wealth is large, however, and her social persistence is untiring, so there are usually some guests at the table.

This dinner was of the usual inadequate kind. It served merely as an appetizer to the hungry Englishman, and when the coffee was served, indicating that the dinner was at an end, his evident dissatisfaction was amusing to the other guests. The hostess did not notice it, however, and said to him, amiably:

"Now do tell me when we may expect the pleasure of having you to dine with us again?"

"Immediately, madam, immediately," was the unexpected reply.

Bullying the Hens

YEARS spent in providing food for boarders, in watching them eat it, and in hearing them comment on it had accustomed Mrs. Taylor to all sorts of complaints, reasonable and otherwise. She was a pleasant woman, and tried to anticipate the objector's objections and to smooth his feelings as speedily as might be.

One day at breakfast Mr. Jones, who since his attack of typhoid had been consuming vast quantities of eggs, looked up from his fourth with a slightly offended air.

"I wish," he said, "that these hens could be got to lay their eggs fresh!"

The last two words caught Mrs. Taylor's ear. "I know it," she said, emphatically, "and I think just the way you do about it. It seems, somehow, as if it couldn't be done any more. Years ago, before Mr. Taylor died, it wasn't like this at all. Then you could *make* them give you fresh ones."



Stealing His Thunder

The Dangers of Pacifism

BILLY was proving too successful a pugilist for the comfort of his companions—particularly for their mothers. So Billy was told to be more careful in the future, and always think before he resorted to violence.

A few days later he came running home, bawling desperately, with his hand to his head. Between sobs he managed to explain:

"Johnnie hit me on the head with a hammer, and when I stopped to think he hit me again."



Court-plaster

JONES: "*Great grief! Here's trouble, lawsuits, damages, and everything. It's the fellow I ran down last night, and I thought I got away clean. Ask him what he'll take to settle the case, Mary.*"

MARY: "*He says he wants twenty-five cents for the court-plaster.*"

THANKS TO SCIENCE

BY BERTON BRALEY

(A certain novelist says he couldn't work until he was psychoanalyzed)

WHEN I was a kid I was likely to shirk
My studies whenever I might;
I skillfully dodged any manner of work,
For I was a lazy young wight.
And though frequent spankings accomplished some good,
It's plain to me now as can be
That I was a youth who was misunderstood;
I should have been psyched,
Consistently psyched
For what was the matter with me!

And when I grew up to a job as a clerk,
Afflicted with laziness still,
I often neglected my duty and work,
As sometimes the best of us will,
And as a result I was frequently fired,
Which taught me some sense, I'll agree,
But now it appears that the treatment required
Was just to be psyched,
Persistently psyched
For what was the matter with me!

I find that some symptoms of laziness lurk
Around in my system to-day;
I find that I'm disinclined ever to work
So long as I've chances to play;
And though I've discovered that when I need pelf
I get on the job, I can see
That truly I shouldn't be blaming myself,
No, not in the slightest degree;
I haven't made use
Of this priceless excuse
But now I seize on it with glee.
I've never been psyched,
Insistently psyched,
And that's what's the matter with me!



"Get me a regular towel, sonny"

A Mountain From a Mole Hill

WHITE-BEARDED Uncle Peleg Perkins, known as the oldest person in his community, was standing by his gate when a touring car stopped close behind him. Several of the ladies in it asked numerous patronizing questions concerning the locality, all of which he answered in considerable detail. Then one of them remarked:

"You must have been around here quite a long time."

Uncle Peleg slowly raised his stick and pointed toward a not distant mountain.

"Yes, marm," he said, gravely, "I have so. You see that there big high mounting, over acrosst? Wal, the time I fust come here that there mounting wa'n't but just about the bigness of an ant hill."

Discrimination to the Bitter End

TWO ladies visiting in Richmond engaged an old-time darky to drive them through the cemetery.

As he went slowly past imposing monuments, he explained: "Here is where de fust families is. That is General Woods's lot; next is Major Houston's, next is Judge White's"—each one with a well-known name and title.

Finally he came to a part that told its own story of poverty, and he drove rapidly by without any explanation.

Wishing to see how he would characterize it, one of the ladies asked:

"Uncle Jerry, who is buried here?"

"Dese here ain't no 'count at all; jes' odds and ends, missie, jes' odds and ends."

Less Than One Per Cent

THERE is a brilliant young Britisher in Washington, the correspondent of a famous English journal, who has not been able to realize that the United States has really voted itself dry. This has become somewhat of an obsession on his part, and many incidents of everyday life afford him opportunity for witty sallies in this relation.

Recently he attended a musicale, and, after an artist had rendered "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," the Briton was asked by some one who was the composer.

"Really, for the moment I have forgotten," he replied, "but one might say that, whoever the composer, it is Opus XVIII."

Shifting Responsibility

"I HEAR that you are going to Hawaii with your husband, Katherine," said the mistress. "Are you not nervous about the long voyage?"

"Well, mum," said Kittie, "that's his lookout. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me it 'll be his loss, not mine."

Preparedness Not Needed

RETURNING home from some distant oasis with a quart of whisky, Mr. Jones paused in the yard where a favorite darky, an "old-timer," was at work.

"Tom, come in when you get ready, and I'll give you a dram."

"Mr. Jimmie," replied Tom, impressively, dropping his lawn mower and starting with rheumatic haste toward the house, "I don' has to git ready. I jus' stays ready all de time."

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Grace Sartwell Mason is the author of several novels and of numerous short stories in which she has recently achieved conspicuous success. Educated in public and private schools of Norfolk, Virginia, and New York, she now resides in the latter city. "Glory" is her first contribution to HARPER'S. **Sir Philip Gibbs**, already familiarly known to our readers by his articles in the Magazine as well as by his recent book, *Now It Can Be Told*, which still remains the best selling of non-fiction publications, has returned to America to fill a series of lecture engagements. He has recently accepted the editorship of the English "Review of Reviews." **Edwina Stanton Babcock** is an author and lecturer, who makes her home at Nyack, New York. She has been a frequent contributor to the Magazine of stories of marked distinction. Her recent story, "Gargoyle," published in the September issue, is one of four stories from HARPER'S reprinted in Edward J. O'Brien's volume, *The Best Short Stories of 1920*.

William Beebe, honorary curator of ornithology, New York Zoological Society, is a member of various other scientific associations. Since 1899 he has been director of the British Guiana Zoological Station. From this remote outpost on the edge of the South American jungle he sends to HARPER'S—where his first work of this character appeared—the delightful paper on tropical butterflies printed in this issue. He is the author of numerous books, scientific papers, and monographs relating chiefly to birds. **Wilbur Daniel Steele** needs no introduction to HARPER readers. His stories in the Magazine during recent years have achieved for him a foremost place among America's imaginative writers. He has abandoned his former home at Provincetown, Massachusetts, and is now making an extended trip in north Africa, which will form the subject of a series of articles soon to begin in the Magazine. Accompanied by the artist, Oscar Gieberich, Mr. Steele has boldly ventured into the interior far from tourist routes. His wonderful descriptive articles and Mr. Gieberich's sketches have already begun to issue forth, arriving at the editorial rooms of HARPER'S in travel-worn and much battered tin cans which have a musty and redolent smell of Mohammedan lands.

On the opposite side of the earth **James Norman Hall** and **Charles Nordhoff** continue to record their extraordinary impressions of some of the least-known islands of the South Seas. They are now engaged in reshaping their articles into form for book publication. **E. Alexander Powell** has had a varied career in the consular service and as a special correspondent in many parts of the world for both English and American publications. He was with the German armies during the advance on Paris in 1914, and in Antwerp during the siege and bombardment. After America's entrance into the war Mr. Powell joined the army and served in various capacities. He has been decorated by the Belgian, Montenegrin, and Italian governments. His latest book is *The New Frontiers of Freedom*.

After five months' sojourn in America, **W. L. George** sends from England the last of his American impressions, appropriately entitled "Parthian Shots," which will conclude the series next month. **Howard Brubaker** was born at Warsaw, Indiana —which will confirm many Hoosiers in their belief that they have recognized local touches in the "Ranny" stories appearing from time to time in the Magazine. For some years Mr. Brubaker has been engaged in editorial and literary work in New York, making his home at Green's Farms, Connecticut. **Clarence Day, Jr.**, whose delightful essays and stories have made a strong appeal to readers of the Magazine, is a genial philosopher who started his career as a stock broker.. Despite this handicap he has achieved a unique position among our younger writers. His recent book, *This*

Simian World, a portion of which appeared in HARPER'S, has met with an immediate and deserved success. **Carolyn Wells** not only writes inimitable humorous verse, as everyone knows, but has recently compiled an anthology of humorous verse. **Franklin P. Adams** is best known by his initials—"F. P. A."—which appear daily in the New York *Tribune*, at the foot of what may be described as the most popular newspaper column in America. **C. A. Bennett** is an instructor in philosophy at Yale University—and, what is more, a humorist. **Laura Spencer Portor**, a gifted and accomplished essayist and story writer, is one of the editors of the "Woman's Home Companion." **Arthur Guiterman**, who resides in New York, is a poet of many moods and manners, and also a lecturer on magazine and newspaper verse at the New York University School of Journalism.

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Mr. Edward S. Martin's recent occupancy of the "Editor's Easy Chair" has evoked a multitude of letters from readers everywhere, voicing a chorus of welcome and pleasure in his selection to fill the post. The press too has paid its tributes to Mr. Martin.

We quote from the Boston *Transcript*:

Edward Sandford Martin, long the writer of the most inimitable editorials produced in American journalism—the crisp, incisive, lancetlike public comment in the columns of "Life"—now proceeds to the nominally but not really "Easy Chair" of HARPER'S MONTHLY. That famous department of reflective and genial criticism of American life, which George William Curtis graced from the year 1853 to nearly the time of his death in 1892, and which William Dean Howells afterward occupied with so high a degree of popular satisfaction, has never been a department of slashing opposition to things, but rather one of genial, even if sometimes incisive, opinion. It has been, in fact, a department of keen, brainy, humorous observation. And undoubtedly Mr. Martin is the very man to fill the chair. He will not rattle around in it. Though he comes from a journal of satire, he is not of the acid temperament. He is essentially quiet and genial. But there is no criticism, after all, so keen as that of the quiet and genial man, provided he has insight, and humor, and conscience—and E. S. Martin is particularly strong on all these sides. No editorial writer on the American press has so exemplified the art of walking through the crust of things into the very heart of them, without the slightest fuss whatsoever, but with absolute clearness of vision and gentle candor of expression, as he has.

Edward S. Martin is not only a graduate of Harvard, but a member of a class distinguished for scholarship and the literary gift. He graduated in 1877, in the class of Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Barrett Wendell, William E. Russell, Charles Sumner Bird, George Edward Woodberry, and others who no doubt would be well worthy a place among Harvard's distinguished graduates. Somewhat tardily, it seems, his alma mater gave Mr. Martin an A.M. in the year 1916.

Mr. Martin is also a Litt.D. (Rochester), and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. For his part in holding up the banner of civilization in the World War he deserves all the badges and decorations that all of the Allied and Associated governments can possibly scare up. The debt of honor of civilization to him for this service will never, it is feared, be paid. It is big. You could never scare him out of saying the things he wanted to say right along through that war, before or after we went into it.

The *Transcript's* representative, dispatched to New York to interview Mr. Martin, reported the results of his journey in the following letter:

New York, Feb. 2, 1921.

DEAR TRANSCRIPT,—Well, I've finally cornered Mr. Edward Sandford Martin and got an interview with him. I say "cornered" because it's literal—found him in the farthest corner of the editorial offices of "Life." He's an affable personality and not hard to talk to. The difficulty of interviewing him lies in the fact that E. S. Martin is really one of those fabled creatures that I didn't suppose existed any longer in these days of the Big Ballyhoo Stuff—he's a modest author! I asked him the inevitable question, whether in succeeding Mr. Curtis and Mr. Howells he intended to make any change in the policy of the "Easy Chair" department. He smiled apologetically: "I'm not a literary man. Haven't written books, or even read as many of them as I should. I can't set up as a critic, a stylist, or as an authority on the fine arts of authorship. I'll have to write about what comes to hand, more or less as a journalist. I have been an editorial writer"—he counted up (and, as I found out later, didn't credit himself with all that was coming to him)—"since about 1884. Say about thirty-five years. I had to earn my living as a journalist. So I must write my own journalese and about the things I best understand."

He said he hadn't written books. I remembered one he had written many years before about Hunt Clubs and the beginnings of Country Clubs. Mentioned it to him, telling him some of the things he had said, and observing with all sincerity that no one in the quarter of a century since has said 'em better. Would you believe it? He didn't even remember that book!

Went out later and checked up on his statement further, finding that he has no less than fourteen recorded titles of books to his credit, and these don't include the book I remembered myself. So

there may be others. From which I hazard that what he said about "not being as well read as he should" might also be taken with a double handful of salt. This man really is modest!

Mr. Martin's last words to me were an apologetic, "Wish you luck—and a better job next time"—meaning that interviewing him wasn't what he'd call best of fortune!

Believe me, it was a genuine pleasure to talk with a man who's done what Martin has. For in my heart of hearts, I'd rather have such a record as Martin's back of me, and such an honor as the "Easy Chair" for the climax of it, than anything I can at the minute think of.

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The Editors are at times nonplussed. Witness the following extracts from two letters, the first written by a young woman in Brooklyn:

Having been a reader of HARPER'S for years, I am taking no liberty in wishing to let you know how thoroughly I am enjoying Mr. W. L. George's articles on America.

It is positively refreshing to find a visitor who will write, in a considerate and courteous way, what he actually thinks of you as a people, with no attempt at the sensational. Being a woman, I presume I am more or less gullible to any sort of praise, and even flattery; nevertheless, constant "petting" and "patting" are wearisome and often distasteful.

Because Mr. George writes so sensibly, so kindly, so sincerely, I wish every American might read what he has to say, and get a view of himself, or herself, from the outside, impartially. I look forward, with much interest, to the next issue.

And yet this from a lady in Washington!—

Why does a decent old magazine like HARPER'S, that has been in our New England homes since it was bound in black cloth, give pages and pages each month to this foreigner W. L. George, for the purpose of ridiculing our people and sneering at our American women?

However, our Brooklyn correspondent seems to voice the predominantly favorable comment which Mr. George's articles have evoked. In the same mail with the shattering blast from Washington printed above, came a request from the Teachers' College at Detroit for a large number of copies of Mr. George's latest article for classroom use. In short, the "ayes" seem to have it almost unanimously.

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A letter which speaks for itself comes from a subscriber in Sussex, England:

Owing to the recent death of my husband, I shall be unable any longer to subscribe to HARPER'S.

It is with the deepest regret I say this, as we have taken the Magazine regularly since our marriage in 1885, and my father even before that.

We missed it terribly during those months of the war when we were unable to get it, until a friend very kindly arranged to have it sent to us from America by post.

We all thank you very sincerely for the many, many hours of true enjoyment and benefit we have received from the well-loved pages, and we still live in hopes of taking it again, if it is ever obtainable at the booksellers' or bookstalls in England. There is no magazine over here in any way comparable to it.

For much happiness in the past, I am very gratefully yours,

———— ————.

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In the February HARPER'S there appeared an article entitled, "Ought I to Leave the Church?" No article published in recent years has evoked so large a response as this query anonymously, but sincerely, propounded by this business man who describes vividly the condition of the churches in his small, mid-Western town and his own problem in relation thereto. Replies have come in from all quarters and from all sorts of people—clergymen, bankers, business men in various callings; and many of these responses, which the editor has had the pleasure of forwarding to the author, have been as long or longer than the original article which provoked them. It is to be regretted that it is not possible to give at length the varying views and suggestions which the problem of the small church in the American small town has brought forth. We must content ourselves with printing one of the briefer letters received, written by the Rev. E. L. Sanford, D.D., from Christ Church Rectory, Bordentown, New Jersey, which voices the general attitude and belief of many who have read and been moved to comment on the article in question:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have read with great interest and satisfaction your article in the February HARPER'S on the question of leaving the Church.

If you want an answer from one who has suffered as you have, you are welcome to my opinion. It is this: Stay in the Church, and keep up the agitation for a red-blooded and open-minded Christianity.

Such articles as yours voice the feeling of many of the clergy as well as the laity, although few have the sanity to see things as clearly as you do, and when they do express themselves they are not properly understood.

Your article will help the intelligent clergy very

much, and I hope that you will be moved to express yourself again from time to time, because such men as you are the only hope of the Church, and the more you are heard from the better it will be.

Thanking you for your article, which I shall see that no one overlooks if I can help it, I remain

Sincerely yours,

E. L. SANFORD.

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James Norman Hall has made still another visit to the Paumotus—the "Cloud of Islands"—which have a fascination for him unequaled by any of the other South Sea groups which he has visited. A letter just received from Tahiti recounts a bit of sea misadventure which may serve as an interesting footnote to the articles which, with his fellow adventurer and collaborator, Charles Nordhoff, he is now writing for the Magazine:

I returned yesterday from another voyage to the Cloud of Islands, a voyage which included many very remote atolls I had not seen before; and we went as far north as the Marquesas, where I spent three of the happiest and loneliest weeks of my life. It has been an exceptionally satisfactory journey from the point of view of material, but there were times when I was more than a little doubtful as to my chances of getting back safely with it. This is the hurricane season in the South Pacific, and while there were no cyclones, there was one storm which was the worst I have ever experienced.

I left Papeete in a large, well-equipped schooner, the "Tahitian Maiden;" but, coming down from the Marquesas, I transferred to a tiny cutter, so small that it would very nearly have fitted in the cabin of the "Tahitian Maiden." This vessel—the "Vahine Katopua"—we met at the atoll of Niau. It was to leave for Papeete the next day, and I transferred that I might return here more speedily, for the "Tahitian Maiden" had not yet secured a full cargo and was going to islands which I had already visited.

As it fell out, the "Tahitian Maiden" arrived three days before we did. We were two weeks in making a journey of 200 miles. We were becalmed for five days, ran out of water, and at the last were dipping the dregs out of an old cask with a teaspoon. Then came the storm. I thought I had seen a storm before, but it was nothing to the gale we had last Sunday night. All the canvas we could carry was a pocket handkerchief of a foresail, double-reefed. Our very primitive galley went overboard, and we got into Papeete with half a tin of salmon. That would soon have gone, for there were six of us—five kanakas and myself.

Have you ever been thirsty really thirsty? I mean thirsty for water, for of course you are all of you otherwise thirsty in these days. I never have been before; but imagine being five days under a blazing sun, five nights on a sea so calm that the water was like a nether sky with the universe gone mad—dancing under the light swell. The worst of it was that our skipper, a native, knew nothing about navigation, so that when we were able to navigate we had to guess at the course. I'm a modest man, but if Harper & Brothers award patent-leather medals to their contributors for hazardous service in the pursuit of duty, send me one, please. I deserve it!

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The Editors confess to having soft-hearted moments—during one of which, some time ago, an unusual communication was received. It was a frank statement of the fact that the writer was about to begin a four-year term in prison, and he begged to have the Magazine sent to him during his incarceration. So unprecedented a request led the Editors to make inquiry of the warden regarding the prisoner and the nature of his offense—which apparently did not run counter to a taste for good reading. The warden's reply is terse and illuminating:

In reply to your letter of the 19th inst., requesting information concerning one —— ——, I beg to advise you that he is unable to read half the papers and magazines he receives now.

We remain in ignorance of the prisoner's offense, but it would seem that an enterprising acquisitiveness is one of his conspicuous characteristics.

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The Editors take pleasure in announcing to the many readers who have expressed a desire to have in book form Professor James Harvey Robinson's series of articles on *The Mind in the Making* that this volume will appear among the fall publications of Harper & Brothers. Professor Robinson has undertaken to rewrite and expand the original text of the articles, adding much new material which the restrictions of magazine publication necessitated withholding. The book may be described as a *tour de force* in popular psychology in its effort to sketch in one volume the whole story of mental progress, thus offering an interesting complement to H. G. Wells's history of the world.



Painting by W. J. Aylward — Illustration for "The Torch of Harfleur"

ABOVE THE LITTLE TOWN RISES HARFLEUR'S FAMOUS BELL TOWER

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HARFLEUR IS A MINIATURE VENICE

THE TORCH OF HARFLEUR

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

IF the Artist had not been so eager about joining me in Normandy I might have thought that he had been diverted to something else or had simply forgotten about it. But it had been only last week, and I did not have to back my suggestion with arguments. I had run into the Artist at Jouven's. He was grumbling about Paris not being the same since the war, and took the Boulevard du Montparnasse into his confidence. The Boulevard didn't listen. For his reaction to *post-bellum* Paris was as startlingly original as if he had cried "Ouch!" when you stuck a pin into him.

"If you don't like it here, why do you stay?" I asked. "Come with me to the mouth of the Seine and I'll show you a part of France that hasn't gone to the bow-wows, and never will."

"I am on for Monday next," he answered. "Give me the rendezvous."

Had I not told the Artist just how to get to the place where I should expect him for luncheon on Monday? The name of the *hôtel-restaurant* I did not recall,

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but my description of it was unmistakable. "The only street that leads up from the port is the Route de Trouville," I had said. "You go by the old wooden church that they call the cathedral, and then keep climbing. On the bluff above you see a votive chapel rising out of the woods. Before you come to the chapel is the restaurant. It does not look like much from the road, but when you go through the hall you come out on a terrace over the river. Up and down steps, screened by bushes and branches, are the eating places, eyries, wooden platforms attached to trees."

It was Monday afternoon. I had long ago finished my lunch. The Artist did not come. He was missing much on this summer day. At my feet on the right was the old port of Honfleur. To the left the coast of Calvados curved round to leave the river and affront the sea at Trouville. Across the mouth of the Seine, where the river became the Channel, was Le Havre. The white stucco casino, hotels, and ornate villas of Sainte-Adresse came next. And then miles of suburbs and factories made an ungracious line of red and black and gray between the green of the sea and the green of the hills. Just opposite the Lézarde reached the Seine. Virtually indistinguishable in the midst of factories and tenements, villas and summer hotels, lay Harfleur. I could just pick out the steeple of its old church. All the rest was a mass of modernity.

Harfleur? Had I said Harfleur instead of Honfleur? Was the Artist over there? I had not a doubt of it. Evidently he was not coming here. I went down to the port, hired a dory propelled by strong arms, and within an hour my fisherman was rounding the *jetée* of Harfleur.

Before we had turned the right-angle corner in the masonry-flanked passage, typical of all small French ports, I spied the Artist. He stood on the *jetée* looking seaward. His left arm was easel. A brush, held vertically in the right hand, was dancing at various levels. The usual group of small boys surrounded him. The inexplicable gymnastics delighted them. They were winking at one another and giggling. This crazy foreigner was painting in a new way, for he had not yet touched brush to paper. "Here is his keeper come for him," I heard one of them say when they saw me suddenly stop the dory and risk slipping between blocks of cement to climb up on the *jetée*.

The Artist viewed me calmly. "Here you are at last," he said. "I spent an hour hunting your restaurant, but I saw nothing up over the water that looked like it, and they told me that the Trouville road was on the other side of the Seine. You must have your towns mixed. This is nothing like the place you spoke of. I am sure you said the cathedral was built of wood. There is no cathedral here and the church is built of stone."

"Fish face," I answered, "I told you to meet me in Honfleur."

"Eel's head, I wrote it down as Harfleur. Was the mistake mine? I knew neither place before. You are introducing me to Normandy."

I was not sure enough of my ground to argue about it. But I told the Artist that I did not want him to waste his time in Harfleur. The dory was waiting. I'd send the oarsman to fetch his bag, and we should be in Honfleur for dinner. The Artist shook his head.

"For an hour," he said, "I wondered what you could see for me in Harfleur. Then I began to give you credit for more flair than I knew you had. Now I understand. You made a mistake, and you haven't sense enough to know that it was a lucky mistake. You want to drag me to Honfleur, Honfleur the tourist-ridden, Honfleur the commonplace, Honfleur sketched by amateurs, sung by newspaper poets; Honfleur, whose street scenes are published by Sunday supplements and whose activities appear in the 'What Everybody Ought to Know' column—"

"Since you have never been there,

how can you know that Honfleur is banal?" I interrupted.

"Banal is a mild word! I can just see the place." The Artist kept on squinting behind his brush.

"House painter—" I began.

"Exactly. The Harfleur houses make me wonder why I ever spent all my time on boats and sails and sea-gull-specked skies."

A black cat, out for fish, tried to pass us. The Artist picked her up with a whoop. "Look what has come to us!" he exclaimed. The Artist is frankly superstitious. He gets joy and gloom out of omens. Over the left eyebrow of the black cat grew one abnormally long white hair. "In the midst of twentieth-century monotony and conformity, in the midst of factory colorlessness, we shall find the real Harfleur," said the Artist. "If we look for it, it will compel us, just as this white hair does. *Allons-y!*"



THE SIDE STREETS OFFER VISTAS OF BEAUTY

Calvados is the name of the *département* in which is found Honfleur. Harfleur is in the Seine Inférieure. But the famous apple brandy named for the Département de Calvados does not hesitate to cross the Seine. The Artist led me to it. He had not reached Honfleur. But he did get to *calvados*. Of course he had lunched deliciously, because he found Harfleur good.

One's first impressions of a place depend greatly upon the first meal. What part do food and drink play in the world's opinion of rural France? Who ever wrote even of Mont-Saint-Michel, show place of France, before a certain omelette made it famous to tourists?

The Artist piloted me to a dingy café on the quay, where the older inhabitants played bezique on green-felt rectangles and sipped, with grimaces of distaste that had become a habit of protest, substitutes for absinthe. Seamen and carters drank coffee and applejack against the zinc bar. Twilight and smoke neutralized the parsimonious rays of a few scattered low-power electric lights. Madame threw at me a key and police bulletin. "*Deuxième étage!*" she cried, without glancing at me. There was no "boots" to take my bag. The Artist did not want to go upstairs. He would wait for me in the café. One glance at my room was enough. I could sleep there, I suppose, with my eyes shut tight, but that was about as far as it would serve me. When I rejoined the Artist, ready to suggest that we might, after all, do better to go over to Honfleur to sleep, he anticipated me.

"You were right about getting away from Paris, *mon cher*, and it was a stroke

of genius to suggest Harfleur. But I have not yet told you what a time I had getting here. I had to go to Havre, of course, and when I asked at the station to be driven to Harfleur, they persisted in trying to misunderstand me. They even summoned a Cook interpreter to explain that I must go to a hotel in Havre first with my baggage. One of the hardest struggles of the traveler is the fight to keep control of his movements. Drivers and porters and clerks, guides and touts, are all against you. Despite their assurance that I must not go to Harfleur with my bags, they did not succeed in the concerted effort to land me in a Havre hotel. When they found I was determined to go to Harfleur, they concluded that I had made a mistake and meant Honfleur. They would take me to the boat for Honfleur. Fortunately, I had a map. I pointed out Harfleur. It was really a suburb of Havre, and on the same side of the river. I did not want a boat! Finally I got here. Up to the last minute, when he left me here, the *cocher* protested. He knew I was wrong!"

"You picked a wonder of a hotel—"

"*N'est-ce pas?*" was his cheerful response. "You told me to be sure and ask for *calvados*. I did. Not their ordinary stuff, you know, but the good old great-grandfather kind. I rubbed a drop between my palms, and I could smell the orchard in blossom. Fancy, after a hundred years, being able to recall the perfume of apple blossoms of the First Empire. There's going back into history!"

Our dinner was good, and after I had tasted the *calvados* I admitted that Harfleur had her points. I was even prepared to agree that perhaps Honfleur was banal. We should see in the morning whether it were not true that the indomitable spirit of France was as likely to be found on one bank of the Seine as on the other.

Honfleur I knew from many a delightful excursion. Its port, its mediæval tower, its old houses, its wooden cathedral, and the chapel and park on the hill were memories of loafing days. But Harfleur I had seen only once, and there was nothing either of history or of nature in the picture. I was making a propaganda tour of the steel plants of



THE SHIP CANAL WHICH RUNS FROM TANCARVILLE TO HAVRE

France, showing our first army film, "America's Answer to the Hun," and speaking on the extent and spirit of our intervention in the war. In their great Harfleur plant, Schneider & Co. turned out heavy and light artillery, shells, ammunition caissons, pontoon bridges, and submarines. We had no artillery to speak of. The Harfleur works supplied the American army. One morning I went through the plant, and talked to the *contremaîtres* (foremen). In the afternoon and evening I showed the film and gave my talk several times, the workers coming to the local moving-picture theater by relays. But I had seen nothing of the town. My impression was simply of a manufacturing suburb of Havre.



SURVIVALS OF HARFLEUR'S PICTURESQUE PAST

Baedeker and Joanne bury Harfleur in a few lines of small type. They speak of its past glory, its sand-choked harbor, and its church. Le Havre has taken its place, they say. There is no hint of a flourishing city, doing a man's work to-day, nor of a mediæval atmosphere, preserved through changing fortunes, and not lost in the twentieth century. Honfleur is accessible—an hour's ride over a beautiful road from Deauville and Trouville. Harfleur is not on the way to anywhere, and none uses Havre as a base for excursions. It is not that Harfleur has been forgotten. In the tourist era Harfleur has not yet been discovered.

By a twist of my tongue the Artist was led to Harfleur. I followed him. We found a quiet, unassuming, but pulsating, center of maritime and manufacturing life, under the spell of wholesome tradition, but looking to the future, a city that had done its bit during the war as a matter of course, a port that was counting upon a brilliant future, undismayed by the neighborhood of Havre.

The coast of Normandy rarely comes to sea level. Almost precipitate banks are especially common at the mouth of rivers. The *embouchure* of the Seine is no exception to this rule. The old towns were built at the places where there was room enough at the water's edge. But the nearness of the cliffs was an advantage for defense. Walls ran perpendicularly up to castles dominating the little ports. In the old days before artillery Honfleur and Harfleur

were strongholds of the first order. They stood with their backs against hills, impregnable so long as their fleets controlled the sea. Tumbling down through the hills came their water supply. Few traces remain of the fortifications of Harfleur. You have to guess at the line of the walls, and then hunt for fragments. The fortress has disappeared, with the exception of a foundation wall of the thirteenth century. On the site arises the Château de Colmoulins, of indifferent Renaissance architecture. Other villas along the hillside are uniformly ugly. In the summer, however, abundant foliage helps to hide gingerbread monstrosities and soften the Turkey red of brick and red-brown and chocolate of terra cotta.

After the conquest of England, Harfleur became the principal port of Normandy. It outstripped Fécamp, Honfleur, and Dives. The dukes and merchants worked together to make Harfleur a great maritime center. During the earlier period of the Hundred Years' War the sailors of Harfleur were the terror of the English. Naturally, when Henry V felt that the time had come to annex Normandy to England, he made a point of establishing his control of the Seine by seizing Harfleur, expelling sixteen hundred families, and installing a strong garrison there. For thirty years Harfleur was in the hands of the English. So sure were they of permanent occupancy that they built the tower of Saint Martin's, one of the glories of Normandy. In the great revolt against the foreign occupation, that swept over Normandy in 1445, the bourgeois of Harfleur opened their gates to Grouchy de Monterolier, and drove out the English garrison. The English returned two years later. But it was a dying spurt. In 1450 the invader of a hundred years was compelled to give up his hold on the mouth of the Seine. The people of Harfleur still celebrate the uprising of 1445 on November 4th. In 1918 the guests of honor were three British generals, while Tommies on sick leave from Trouville were fêted in the streets. It had taken four years and



HARFLEUR IS A LINGERING SORT OF PLACE



THE CUSTOM HOUSE DATES BACK TO THE TIME OF LOUIS XVI

the certainty of the common victory for the Normans to get accustomed to the English as friends. One wonders if the newly established *camaraderie* is lasting. Our first acquaintances in Harfleur, pointing to the steeple of Saint Martin's, quoted Casimir Delavigne:

C'est le clocher d'Harfleur, debout pour vous apprendre
Que l'Anglais l'a bâti mais n'a su le défendre!

The exquisite portal of Saint Martin's is of the fourteenth century, and (if it

be true that the English built the steeple) was the first adornment of what must have been before a severe Norman edifice. For the double tier of Gothic windows in the tower, the delicate balustrade of fern leaves connecting the four corner pyramids, and the decoration of the steeple are of the same period and part of the same conception. Flying buttresses, elaborately decorated with thistle leaves, help to prevent the tower and steeple from seeming disproportionate, when you have the whole church in view. Saint Martin's tower, however, plays a role in Harfleur independent of the church. It stands by itself in many a vista. Buildings close in on the church, and shut it off from view. The tower, then, must be taken alone.

Before I had played around with the Artist for a day I realized why Harfleur had affected him as a subject worth painting. He had spoken of the church and the old houses with the enthusiasm of a landlubber. But he let slip by angle after angle of the church tower, although delighting in the quaint vistas. He agreed to only three of my old houses —and one of those had evidently been made by a shipbuilder. The Artist was after water and boats. This particular Artist is always after water and boats. His familiar foreground must be there. Boats, masts, nets, sailors, fisherman—he cannot get away from them. If he receives inspiration through his nose, the smells that stir are seaweed, tar, and fish. And old Harfleur gave him what



THE LIFE OF HARFLEUR IS MARITIME

he wanted. Aside from the *bassin*, brought right to the heart of the town, there was the ship canal from Tancarville on the Seine to Havre passing through Harfleur. And the Lézarde, broken into half a dozen streams, made several waterways. Harfleur is a miniature Venice and a miniature Rotterdam. Wherever the Artist went, he could always put water into the picture.

After we had explored the Old Town, I persuaded the Artist to visit the Schneider plant. We walked half a day, from open hearth to foundry, from rolling mill to machine shop. We watched the pouring of huge ingots, the casting of cannon, the rolling of armor and ship plate and rails, the turning of shells. We waited until the night shift came on, and saw women handling the red-hot steel with tongs and bars, their hair catching the glow of the metal. In the machine shop boys and girls in their teens stacked shells on wagons for Moroccans and Chinese to cart away. By special favor, we were taken into the holy of holies and introduced to the process of assembling a submarine.

"You seem as busy as during the war," I remarked.

"France does not dare to stop," answered our guide. "It makes work for us all, but still I wish it were not so. However, what can we do? Russia has collapsed and we must now arm Poland. We need artillery for our new African army. We are fighting a war in Syria. On sea we must look after ourselves. Far from being in a position to disarm, victory has brought France new obligations. Never have our orders been so heavy. The money for it all? God knows! But it is well that we have these orders. If we did not, should we have orders for building and transportation materials to replace them? This is the great question. A rapid revival in industry must accompany demobilization and disarmament. For the combination of more workers asking for work and less orders coming together suddenly will make great hardship. And political unrest also, monsieur; do not forget that."

The Artist had been a good sport about taking plenty of time for the other side of Harfleur—the big, ugly, modern side that had been responsible for a growth of population extending all the way to Havre—and he agreed with me in the futility of crying *O tempora! O mores!* when the new conditions alone made possible the continuation of life. We were in a vicious circle—increase of mouths to feed, increase of means of production, increase of outlets for goods we produce, increase of sources of raw materials, increase of need for unhampered access to essentials we do not ourselves produce, increase of means of defense, increase of taxes to pay for the means of defense, increase of work to pay the taxes. But, luckily, all the world has not yet come to the industrial *danse macabre*. Some must remain to feed the workers. So there are still milkmaids, peasants who come to market, fishermen who go out to find food for us, sailors who carry away the products of the factory and bring back meat and fuel. Would there be any more world if we all forgot to loaf a little and love once and awhile?

Yes, we were going to find what we had come to seek—the France whose tender care in preserving the monuments of the past, whose knack of being able to live in houses of former centuries, whose genius in constructing for the modern world alongside of, and not necessarily on, the razed foundations of what other generations had left, were symbols of the continuity of national life. The Schneider steel works did not destroy the atmosphere of Harfleur. Far from it. Women and girls and boys had always worked in Harfleur, turning their hand to whatever was necessary to repel an invader, to liberate the soil of the fatherland, and especially to keep the French flag on the high seas. Artillery and shells for Flanders and Champagne! Normans were fighting on those fronts. Submarines for the English Channel!

Normans were still side by side with Bretons, furnishing the bulk of France's sailors. As once they had made crossbows and armor and arquebuses, now they made cannon. As once they furnished arrows and dropped bullets, now they furnished shells. As once they built wooden ships against the enemy that would block the mouth of the Seine, now they built steel submersibles. Conditions were new, but the spirit was the same. Different means were adapted to the same end. A line of battle in the rear passed on the weapons to the line of battle at the front on land and sea.

When the stress and danger are over, life resumes its normal ways. A people whose fathers and grandfathers back through the ages were fighting men, a nation that has passed through a grave crisis, risking existence, in every generation, does not change because of a world war. Habits triumph over upsets. Experience has taught that the woes and sufferings of one's own day are not unique. The war is not forgotten. And none thinks that there may not be another war. But is that any reason for not going on to live as we lived before? Over the roofs and chimney pots of different ages the tower of Saint Martin's stands as it has stood for five hundred years.

The Artist's desire to see what was on the water side of the houses led us to take a boat. The man we had the good luck to fall in with had fought straight through the war in an infantry regiment. Although he had been gassed, and coughed constantly in the slight fog, he assured us that he was none the worse for his experiences. He wore a shirt of sailcloth opened wide at the throat, a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a wide red kerchief instead of a belt. Dark-brown jeans fell loosely to his ankles. He used but one oar, managing it with the dexterity of a juggler, and when we went out to sea, a hand and a foot were enough to handle the sail, while the other hand and his chin kept the oar going to steer the course. And Robert never stopped talking, even when the oar was under his chin! The warmth of his affection for us was equaled only by his liking for American cube-cut tobacco. I have no doubt that Robert cherishes to this day the red, oval tins he was so anxious to have us empty quickly.

We should never have guessed the extent of Old Harfleur had we stuck to streets and culs-de-sac. Often houses hopelessly altered on the street side preserved their seventeenth and eighteenth-century walls and windows and balconies on the water side. Unsuspected gardens, too, with walls overhung with honeysuckle and roses, were revealed to us, as Robert pushed us slowly through the waterways. He grasped what the Artist wanted, and did not mind going to the very edge of dams and catching his oar in a wall within spray distance of water-wheels. He asked us how old each interesting house was. The Artist and I frequently disagreed. In these cases he never gave an opinion. His knowledge of kings before the Revolution was of the vaguest, and when we spoke of François I, Henry IV, and the Bourbon Louis, I think his delicacy in not pronouncing judgment was intuitive wisdom. His many stories of local traditions were always about *ces temps-là*, with king or century omitted.

But Robert was strong on the uselessness of cats and the folly of old folks. He had been six weeks on the Rhine, and the thing that struck him most in occupied Germany was the absence of cats. We tried to put up a case for cats, but Robert believed in traps for mice, and would not even allow that black cats should be spared. When we expressed our astonishment that a passionate lover of the antiquities of his own town should speak disparagingly of gray hairs, Robert insisted that buildings did not deteriorate in one's own lifetime, while people did. We told Robert that lack of respect for old age was a sin of the country we came from, and that we were constantly telling

Americans how admirable the French were in caring for the aged. But Robert declared that the men who had been to the war never would have any patience with old folks. It was not an argument, but an assertion. We could not worm out of Robert reasons for his attitude or a defense of his feeling against the older generation. Once I quoted Seneca. "*Voyons, voyons!*" he growled at seaweed on his oar He was too respectful to say it to me.

Despite Robert's inexplicable attitude, we found the *grand'mères* and *grandpères* of Harfleur as fascinating as their houses, except on rare occasions when *calvados* was responsible for surliness. They were cheerful, full of jokes and human wisdom, and keenly interested in the Artist's work. It was a common thing for him to be begged to show his sketches, and valuable hints were sometimes given by those whom one would least suspect of an artistic bent. They loved flowers and birds. The traditional contact of Harfleur with the outside world must account for the many questions about America which did not center around our part in the World War or deal with our abstention from the League of Nations.

Outside of the steel plant, which is really more Havre than Harfleur, the life of Harfleur is maritime. It is a port of France, and the people want you to know it. Their pride in the past gives them hope for a renascence of shipping in the twentieth century. Havre is a great port, and Rouen is growing by leaps and bounds—they know that. But they tell you that in present-day France there is room for all. France must double her port facilities on the Atlantic. The money will have to be found by the government and not locally. If port construction is essential for the prosperity of France, why not develop a dozen existing little ports, where land is cheap and complications few, rather than go in for new and costly *basins* in the larger ports already congested? In many a small port like Harfleur a telling argument is advanced by pointing out how Havre and Bordeaux and Marseilles are hard put to it to create additional quays and *basins*, which must be on made or recovered land, artificial and at great expense. Then, too, railroad congestion is another argument against concentrating port development. Committees are besieging the Chambre des Députés, and if the new regionalist propaganda triumphs over centralization, we may see hope for the Harfleur type of port during the next decade.

But up to the present the movement of the port is not brilliant. Up and down the Seine and on the Canal de Tancarville ships and barges pass. They do not stop. So the customhouse is as it was in the time of Louis XVI, and fishermen dry their nets on the railing in front of what ought to be the busiest spot in Harfleur. Harfleur owns many sailing vessels engaged in the coal and wood and stone trade. The present ends there.

One lingers on at Harfleur. It is a lingering sort of a place. You thought you would never stick out twenty-four hours. But at the end of a week you have no thought of moving on. And you have not been back to Honfleur, nor have you gone to Havre. When you tire of Robert, there are the townspeople, and from the townspeople you can turn to the sailors. Best of all, you have a chance to become acquainted with the canal-boat folks, a people distinct from all other Frenchmen, whom you have so often wanted to know when you watched them from Paris bridges. While waiting for the word to go on to unload and load at Havre, the *péniches* tie up along the Canal de Tancarville in the vicinity of Harfleur. From the towpath you may hail them, and they rarely fail to respond in friendly fashion. Make friends with the dog first, and then the children, who love bonbons like other children.

The dinginess of the café no longer affects you. Your bedroom is good enough for honest sleep. The food keeps

up wonderfully, and there is no end to the *calvados*. Best of all, the pessimism of Paris has left you, as you felt it would. A change of air was perhaps all that you needed, and yet I am not sure. The worst of a situation impresses itself upon you in a big city, and you cannot get rid of the dark side. The red blood in a nation's veins pulsates there, as elsewhere, and performs its cleansing work. But it is not apparent. When you were inclined to doubt the ability of France to face and shoulder the burdens of the aftermath of the war, when you sensed a moral let-down, you needed to go to some little town like Harfleur, where you could see the people carrying on.

The *maire* of Harfleur told me of a traditional custom of Harfleur in war. In the Middle Ages, when it was the business of the mariners of Harfleur to keep the enemies of France away from the mouth of the Seine, all through the night a torch was burned on the hill behind the town. It was the signal to those who were not asleep at sea that their fellow-townsmen were not asleep at home, but were always ready to sally forth to aid in case of an alarm. The torch-bearers were a lookout as well as a signal.

We were standing on the steps of the *maire's* home. He was lighting me out to the street on a dark night. Suddenly there was a glare from the blast furnace and the sky was red.

"It was like that all through the war, and France is not yet at peace," said the *maire*, simply. "Look! The torch of Harfleur!"

MANDARIN RED

BY LOUISA FLETCHER

I AM the color of audacity,
  Of rhythmic tribal dance, of tropic love.
I am that tinct released upon the air
  When cymbals kiss, or comets meet above.

I am the color of a twanging lilt
  Played underneath a Spanish window-ledge.
I am asudden born when these are wed—
  A braggart's laughter and a coquette's pledge.

Look for me in the lanterned nights of June,
  Swinging by flimsy wires to fruit the dark
That lovers seek at rustic festivals,
  Deep orange bubbles floating in the park.

Look for me when you read a page of *Kim*,
  Drink of me when you hear Chanson Indoue;
Know me one rapturous instant, when the wing
  Of tanager beats flame into the blue.

I am the blood of Harlequin,
  The pulse of all things riotous and fleet.
A deal of me, and you have carnival;
  A little—and the heart must skip a beat!

THE RETURN

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IT was after his success that it attacked him, that poignant and profound nostalgia.

Except for the first Christmas, he hadn't gone home once in all the five years of his struggle. He felt, I suppose, that he'd got to vindicate himself, and he shrank from presenting his people, periodically, with a failure. He'd put them up at his rooms and entertain them when they descended on him from their rectory, every year at the May meetings, so that they'd kept in touch. But as for going down—no. I imagine there was more in it than that proud reluctance; there was, I think, downright fear; there'd been some iron in his life which had entered into his soul. At any rate, the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, where he'd worked those five years, didn't give him so many and so long holidays that he could afford to waste any of them on Market Welborne. And there were his three years in the Paris branch, when he wouldn't leave France for one day because of her fascination and his passion.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for Paris, for France, we shouldn't have had the Gerald Marriott that we know, the peculiar mixture of profane satirist and exquisite, passionate poet, the master of *vers libre*. If it hadn't been for France he might never have felt that sudden homesickness, that irresistible longing to return. It was made up of memories, thick, clinging memories, mystic, inscrutable memories, memories drenched with emotion—memories of smells; of subtle, penetrating, indestructible smells; of mildew in the parish church; of camphor in his mother's gown; of his sister Sylvia's hair (he said it smelled of Brazil nuts); of a hot patch in the kitchen garden where the black currants had a throbbing, spicy tang like a mulled wine; of a certain flower he didn't know the name of, a small, indigo-blue flower, a cluster of tight bells like a minute hyacinth, each bell giving out a prodigious, concentrated smell of honey and peaches. When he thought of this nameless flower, Gerald would close his eyes and sniff. "I can smell it now, Simpson," he'd say.

And he had visions of a white hill road curving through crimson heather; of a green field he could see from his bedroom window, a small, fan-shaped field with an ash tree in the top corner; and of the lawn in front of the rectory with the black shadow of a cedar sprawling across it, and the little points and bays in the shadow. He said it made him feel sick and giddy to think of them. It was as if his soul had been disintegrated and bits of it left all about that country, sticking to those objects and those smells. He wanted to gather himself together in one supreme encounter. He wanted to go down and see it and smell it all again.

And, more than anything, he wanted to see his people and be seen, to show them his real self, Gerald Thompson-Marriott (only he had dropped the Thompson), the poet of the *New Poems*. He had given every member of his family a copy; to his father and mother one each of the limited signed edition, printed on Japanese vellum and bound in white leather; to the others his second-best brand, printed on hand-made paper. Then there were the reviews. I ought to tell you that the *Spectator* had led off with a poisonous attack which

convulsed us with laughter and made poor Gerald miserable for the solitary reason that his people "took" the *Spectator* and were bound to see it. He accused the editor of deliberate malignity in getting in first. And he had taken care to send down the *New Review* with Grevill Burton's long article that placed him at the head and front of modern European poets, and the *Mercure de France* with Jules le Breton's article that kept him there, and the *Times Literary Supplement* with Furnival's review. But he couldn't rest till he had gone down himself. He wanted to judge of the impression he had made; he wanted to *hear* them congratulating him. He couldn't get the full intoxication of his success until he had seen them flushed with it. That they would be flushed, that they would be fairly reeling under it, we hadn't a doubt. When you think of that obscure family, the Thompson-Marriotts, buried in their Dartmoor village and raised suddenly, by Gerald, to an immortality—

All this, mind you, was in the days of Mona Richards. You'll admit that Gerald's nostalgia must have been overpowering if it could drag him from Mona, even for a week end, in the first violence of their affair.

I think it was by way of enforcing the impression that he took us down with him. We could say things about him he couldn't say himself.

The rectory was hospitable, and we inferred the depth of Gerald's impact by the warmth of the invitation it extended to Furnival and me.

You couldn't have had a doubt if you'd seen them standing in the porch, diverting Gerry from his rapt contemplation of the cedar. There were four of them—the rector and Gerry's mother, and his sisters, Dorothy, and Sylvia—the one whose hair smelled of Brazil nuts. And presently a fifth appeared, Gerry's elder brother, Herbert. He strolled up on tiptoe with an air of affected indifference. And you had the whole bunch.

Oh yes, I can tell you what they were like. Gerry's father was small and lean and hard, with a hawkish keenness that had somehow wrested a slender Gerald from his mother's full-blown plumpness. He met us with a tight, bony handshake and a sort of thin, fluctuating smile that he pinched and twisted back into dignified austerity. Of Gerry's mother you can only say that she was buoyant; she floated toward you, bobbed round you like an ecstatic balloon, exuding cheerfulness. Herbert was a blond youth, not yet full blown, though an incipient buoyancy betrayed itself in his tiptoeing. He achieved earnestness with a gold-framed pince-nez. The girls had taken a midline between both parents—little, high-pitched, paternal noses, oval curves that would some day be globular, so that Gerald startled you with his singular, delicate distinction.

I can't recall very clearly the first half hour. The rector disappeared very soon into his study, and I've an impression of a drawing-room, of amber curtains, of sky-blue porcelain and gilt, of florid furniture, and of Gerald, standing apart in the French window, looking at his cedar; then of Herbert tiptoeing up to him and talking in brief, unrelated sentences. He had the air of entertaining, politely and under great strain, a tiresome outsider.

I looked about for a sight of Gerald's *Poems*, and at last I discovered them on an obscure table, the white line of their vellum compressed by a concealing slab of *Church Family Magazines;* and Furnival says he came on the *New Review* and the *Mercure* hidden under the *Spectator*. Later on we found that, however the parlor maid rearranged that table, the *Church Family Magazines* and the *Spectator* worked up again to the top.

So far none of them had said a word about Gerald's poems.

I thought, "Dear British people, they're so bursting with pride in him that they're afraid to show it."

At half past four a bell rang and we all went into the dining room for tea.

The tea—well, when I remember that tea I am inclined to think tenderly of Mrs. Thompson-Marriott. It was all home-made cakes and shrimp-paste sandwiches and Devonshire cream and jam. And the kind lady seemed to regard us as shipwrecked travelers, as inhabitants of a besieged city of London who hadn't seen a square or any other meal for months, and must be fed instantly. There was a second when, preoccupied with Gerald and his poems, I wondered whether this bustling anxiety of hers was not an affectation, a device for staving off the still more sumptuous moment, keeping us a little longer from the burning subject. For I still felt that it burned, that it *must* be burning, and that only the restraint of Furnival's presence and mine prevented it from breaking out in full blaze.

Then, when our plates were piled, Mrs. Thompson-Marriott began to talk to us.

I wish I could reproduce her conversation. She had a robust and bracing tone for her son Gerald, and for Furnival and me a tone of encouragement, as if we were shy and humble persons who would find ourselves embarrassed. I suppose this was a manner acquired through too much district visiting, but it was amazing how she kept it up.

"Now mind you eat a good tea, all of you. Are you interested in poultry, Mr. Simpson? Gerry, your father took the second prize this year with his roses and the first prize again with his Wyandottes. My husband goes in for rose growing and poultry farming, Mr. Furnival. . . . Two lumps or three lumps? . . . If you'd been at our harvest festival you'd have seen the biggest vegetable marrow in the county, and it was grown in the rectory garden. . . . Cream? . . . We had it photographed. Dorsy dear, run and fetch the photo of the vegetable marrow; it's in the top left-hand drawer of daddy's writing table—No, darling, *don't*. Daddy's finishing his sermon. My husband always preaches extempore, but he prepares each sermon as carefully as if it was written out. Polishing. You'd think it would be lost on our little humble congregation, but he believes in giving them his best. Always the best. That's your father's motto, Gerry."

She poured it out to a gentle tinkling of teacups, with conscientious pauses and ponderings over the tilted cream jug, lest inadvertently she should give us too little. And then on:

"I think that's why my husband succeeds in everything he undertakes. Preaching or poultry, put your heart and soul into it, he says, and *don't spare the brains.* That's the secret. Isn't it, Gerry?"

"I suppose it is," said Gerald, miserably. He had shrunk up and squeezed himself into the likeness of a dismal failure, a white worm. I'd seen it growing on him since our arrival, his vague, depressed humility. You felt that it was this maternal cheerfulness, playing on him from his birth, that had made Gerry a pessimist.

At this point—rather late—the rector came in for his tea, and we all went on sitting round the table till he had finished. The dear man was as much absorbed in the meal as Mrs. Thompson-Marriott could have wished him to be, but now and then he emerged to give her information as to what had happened in the parish. Thus: that Mrs. Lobb had sent in her name for the Coal and Blanket Club; that old Bole's bronchitis seemed a trifle better this morning; that Darke had complained of missing another of his ferrets and suspected Master Dicky Gosling, and that if the young rascal called for his mother's beef tea he was to be detained. Also he wished to be reminded to send Coulson those proofs for the magazine.

And through it all Herbert seemed to be trying to get his word in about something. I noticed that he fixed on Furnival a peculiar, fascinated, avid stare. It turned out afterward that Gerald had told him Furny wrote the poetry reviews for the *Times.* Only one couldn't imag-

ine what interest he could have for Herbert, since, clearly, Herbert wasn't a bit interested in his brother.

We had now been in the house two hours and nothing had been said about Gerald's poems. But as we crossed the hall to the drawing-room after tea, the rector drew him into the obscure den which, from a vision of bookcases and a roll-top desk, you took to be his study. I felt sure that in there, where he had him to himself, and modest reserve was no longer imposed on either of them, Gerry's father, with a dry, thin smile, perhaps, and a grave hand on his shoulder, would congratulate his son. There had been barriers, you could see, between them; but a stunning success like Gerry's must have broken them down. I didn't suppose he would ever realize entirely what his son was, but he couldn't, he simply couldn't not congratulate him.

In the drawing-room Herbert possessed himself of Furnival, and Mrs. Thompson-Marriott of me. I could see her looking at them and smiling at their communion. She told me she wanted Herbert to meet dear Gerald's friends who had done so much for him. Herbert was tutor to dear Lord Welborne's boys. Keble was his college. It might not have the charm of the older colleges, she said, but its tone was much more earnest. That was why his father had chosen it for Herbert. "We are very proud of Herbert," she said. "He has great literary talent, and we feel that some day he will do something."

It seemed to me that she was giving me an opening, you might even say a lead, if it wasn't a positive invitation to say something nice about Gerald. When he had come to them in the first flush of his success, when they must all have been simply tingling with their sense of it, and when he had brought us down as responsible witnesses, it would have looked odd if one of us hadn't said something; and as Furny (with the flare of his *Times* article beating on him) was compelled to reticence, it had to be me.

So I said she must be delighted with Gerald's success.

"Oh, well," she said, "*he's* had every opportunity. But then *all* my children do something— My eldest daughter, Dorothy, is taking up music, and my youngest, Sylvia, paints. . . . It might have been a little difficult for them, but, mercifully, they have a very broad-minded and tolerant father. All our children are very dear to us, Mr. Simpson, and we don't want them to feel that there's anything narrow and cramping in their lives." She turned to Furnival. "I understand, Mr. Furnival, that you paint."

Furny said, No; it was Mr. Simpson who did that.

She smiled and said: "We must get Sylvia to show Mr. Simpson some of her drawings. Sylvie dear—"

And Sylvia, without further prompting, produced a portfolio from the music rack.

The drawings? Oh, well, such things *are* done and I don't know whether you would consider Sylvia altogether responsible. I supposed they expected me to say something, but, as it happened, that wasn't necessary. Sylvia thrust the things under my nose with a calm, contemptuous haughtiness that took my breath away, and as her mother pointed out the unique merits of each specimen: "Sylvia's line is always very bold and free. So lifelike. Wonderful, her eye for color. You wouldn't think it was the work of quite a young girl," I'd nothing to do but murmur, "Really!" "Indeed!" "Is that so?" at intervals, till we got to the last one, and Sylvia, with a supremely arrogant gesture, removed the portfolio.

Sylvia's drawings carried us on to dinner time. (Mrs. Thompson-Marriott was very anxious that Gerald should eat a good dinner; she said he looked half starved.) And after dinner Dorothy played to us till bedtime. They had made Sylvia sleep with Dorothy so that I might have her bedroom. After parting from his father on the door mat, Gerald came to me there.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

SYLVIA'S DRAWINGS CARRIED US ON TO DINNER TIME

I thought he'd come to tell me what he'd said, but instead of doing that he complained that they'd tampered with the ceiling in his room. "It used to look like the map of Russia." He remembered a long, sinuous crack that was the Volga.

"Has he said anything?" I asked.

Gerald came down from his ceiling and began looking round the room.

"No," he said, "he hasn't."

"What on earth did you talk about?"

"We talked about the bank and about the by-elections, and Keble, and what Herbert was doing, and Dorsy's music lessons. Oh, and about his roses, and he showed me the photograph of the vegetable marrow. He's going to show us the Wyandottes to-morrow."

"Did you congratulate him?"

"Of course I did."

He had opened the cupboard door and gone into it and stood there among Sylvia's frocks hanging. His voice came out muffled and queer.

"We used to play hide and seek in this cupboard when we were kids," he said. "And it's got the same smell." He sniffed. "Of—of warm wood and—hair brushes."

We were waked very early on Sunday morning by the krerk-er-rerking of the Wyandottes. Gerry said we needn't go to church unless we liked, but he was going for the smell. Church—the smell was everything he said it was—church took up nearly the whole of the morning, and when it was over we filled in the time till early dinner by looking at the Wyandottes. After dinner we managed to get away with Gerald on his white road across the moor. That brought us to tea time. We had now been twenty-four hours in the place and nobody had congratulated Gerald.

After tea he went off by himself to look for a stone—a jolly old stone he knew—in a stream at the bottom of the garden. It was then that the rector called me into his study.

There I found—at last—Gerald's *Poems* laid out conspicuously on a little table by the rector's armchair. He sat down and began drumming with his fingers on the cover. Now, I thought, we're coming to it.

"Can you give me any idea, Mr. Simpson, of the cost of all this?"

"The cost?" I said. I wasn't prepared for that.

"Well, the approximate cost."

"Does it—does it matter?" I said.

"Yes, my dear Mr. Simpson, it matters very much. I dare say you know the state of Gerald's finances—"

I let him go on. I wasn't going to tell him yet. You see, the little vellum-covered book was placed there, not as an honored decoration, but as a *pièce justificative.*

He went on, as I meant he should, and I could see by his peculiar, thin, shrewd smile that he was enjoying himself. "I am ignorant of such things, but it seems to me that Gerald has been insanely, criminally, extravagant. I understand that Japanese vellum is the most expensive thing he could have chosen. And why hand-made paper? Is no other good enough for him? . . . It might be all very well as the hobby of a millionaire, but for a bank clerk earning what Gerald earns—"

It was at this point that I interfered.

"But you don't imagine, sir, that Gerald brings out his poems at his own expense?"

"At whose, then?" He asked it sternly.

"Why, at his publishers', of course."

"His—publishers'? You don't mean to tell me—"

I went on telling him, and as he took it in I watched his shrewd smile flickering out and a flush—yes, a flush of vexation—creeping up to the roots of his hair. You see, he didn't want to know about Gerald's publishers. He would have preferred him to have brought out his poems at his own expense, so that he might have been justified in his attitude. He had made up his mind that Gerald was no good, and he didn't like to have his judgment upset in this way. He

didn't like Gerald publishing at all; I believe he'd even have been glad if he'd ruined himself with the expense, so that he might be put off doing it again.

I rubbed it in hard. I told him that his son's position was assured; that he had a European reputation which could only increase with time. I saw the little vexed pulses beating in his flush.

"Well," he said, "you surprise me. I shouldn't have thought— But of course I'm—I'm very glad to hear it."

He looked at me steadily, hypnotically. It was clear that, after my hearing him tell that awful whopper, he could only want me to go. And I went.

Meanwhile a horrible thing had happened to Furnival. Mrs. Thompson-Marriott had him in the drawing-room. Gerry was there; he had found his stone and come back again. His mother had made a pause in the conversation—on purpose—and had handed Furnival a book.

"Have you seen this, Mr. Furnival? *A Churchman's Day - Book*, by my brother, the Dean of Welcester? I think the first one ought to be read by every artist and writer. 'Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely'" . . . The dean had his text in Greek. She ran her finger along under it, so that she seemed to be translating. "'Whatsoever things are of good report—'"

Here, I must say, the white worm, Gerry, turned.

"Don't stuff it down his throat, mater. It isn't in Furny's line, you know."

"It's the beautiful English, Mr. Furnival. I'm sure that will appeal to you. . . . I think, Gerry, when the *Spectator* says they're models of scholarly prose style—"

"Did it?" Gerry said. "That 'll buck him up no end, poor old thing. Wasn't he frightfully pleased?"

"If he was, he had the good taste not to show it, my dear. I think," she said, "the reviews in the *Spectator* are always so very fair and honest."

Furny says he knew then she'd seen it, the *Spectator's* review of Gerald's poems. He knew she meant Gerald to see that she'd seen it.

So Furny cut in. Talking of reviews, he said, she must have been immensely pleased with Grevill Burton's article in the *New Review*.

"Who is this Grevill Burton? Anybody I know, Gerry?"

"You ought to," Gerry said, almost savagely. "He's—"

The poor chap stopped short. Furny says his jaw positively dropped on it, in the hopelessness of trying to make her see what Grevill Burton was, what *he* was.

And she laughed, with that dreadful, shrewd gayety of hers. "I'm sure he is, my dear."

It was wonderful the implications she contrived to pack into it—that if Grevill Burton was a friend of Gerry's—that Gerry thought every goose that praised him was a swan; that Grevill Burton and Gerry, insignificant obscurities, maintained themselves by grinding each other's axes; and that Gerry was a fool if he supposed that anybody in Market Welborne would be taken in by either of them.

Furnival's blood was up then and he let her have it. He told her that Burton was a novelist of European reputation, and one of the few European critics whose opinion counted. She blinked, and he thought he'd really crushed her with that one word, "European"; but all she said was, "If that's so, it's a strange thing we've never heard of him."

Furnival had done his best and Gerald told him afterward that it was awfully decent of him to try, but it wasn't any good. If his mother had once got an idea in her head you couldn't get it out, and if it wasn't there you couldn't get it in. The only result was that Furnival lost the little prestige his *Times* job had conferred on him. He was just one of them, Gerry's swans that were palpable geese. It was to me she attached herself for the rest of the afternoon.

We were walking in the garden, the really very lovely garden, golden with autumn. When I say "walking" I mean that Gerry's mother (in a purple sports coat) gave an impression of floating by my side, buoyed up with plumpness and bobbing airily, like a captive balloon.

"I want to talk to you about dear Gerry," she said.

I said, "Yes," for I thought it was about time she began to show some interest in him.

"We're very uneasy about him, my husband and I."

"Why?" I said. "Why?"

"Because—Gerry's a dear boy, but he's *not* like the others. He has always gone his own way. He has always isolated himself from Us and from his Home, and we feel that the poor boy's making—well, a grand mistake."

"But, Mrs. Marriott," I said, "don't you realize how *good* he is?"

"Good? Yes. There isn't a better boy than dear Gerry. He's never forgotten what we've taught him; I'm not afraid of his failing *morally*, Mr. Simpson."

Morally. I can't convey the conviction of her stress. I thought of Mona. I thought of one or two pre-Mona and Parisian episodes. If only the poor lady had known.

"It's this writing."

I didn't say anything. I wanted to give her her opening, to make room for for her, to watch her developing her theme.

She must have felt my inward protest. "Oh yes," she said. "I know he tries, poor boy. He works hard enough. But what is it when it's done? He can't rhyme one word with another. And the lines don't scan properly. I understand, because my other son, Herbert, *does* write poetry. Very beautiful poetry. He says poor Gerry doesn't know what he's trying to do. He's no idea of what he wants to say, if he *has* anything to say. He's so obscure, Mr. Simpson. I do think that the first duty of any writer is to be clear—to write so that he can be understood."

I still said nothing, and she went on:

"I think if you belonged, as I do, to a literary family, you'd see what I mean."

I said I did see what she meant, but that I entirely differed from her. I said that clearness was a relative thing, but that, to my mind, every line that Gerald had written had the clearness, not of crystal—crystal, if it had any thickness, wasn't clear—but of fine glass or of pure, dry air. There was, I said, absolutely nothing between Gerald and his perception, his emotion. Poetry could not be more utterly direct. All this I said, not to the heated mass of blubber in the purple sports coat that rolled beside me, but to some invisible, divine auditor. I didn't care whether Mrs. Thompson-Marriott understood me or not. If anything, I'd rather she didn't understand me. My satisfaction lay in knowing that what I said annoyed her.

For you could see what was the matter with her, what was the matter with them all. She resented, she must always have resented, Gerry's claim—she would conceive it as a claim—to be, among them, the unique exception. She wanted us to see that it was Gerry's family that was exceptional, and that it drew all its talent from her side. Positively I think she regarded his success as an outrage to Herbert and Dorothy and Sylvia and the Dean of Welcester and herself. I don't profess to have seen through all her motives, but I think she felt that by refusing to recognize him she paid him out for *not* being like the others, for going his own way, and for isolating himself from Us and from his Home.

Still, I doubt whether, even then, she took it in. She was one of those happy people who cannot see what they don't want to see. And as we went toward the house she returned.

"There is one thing I must beg of you, dear Mr. Simpson, and of Mr. Furnival—not to unsettle Gerry. You know he is dependent on what he earns. We



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I AM GOING TO READ TO YOU A LITTLE POEM OF MY SON HERBERT'S"

feel that all this premature, exaggerated praise is very bad for him. It may make him throw up his appointment."

I said I hoped it would. That was the best thing he could do. It was, in fact, though I didn't tell her so, the thing that Gerry proposed to do. And she said she was afraid I was as foolish as dear Gerald. She supposed he could make me think anything he liked. He had a way with him. It was clear that she saw in Furnival and me two well-meaning, but misguided, young men who had surrendered to Gerry's personal fascination.

Don't imagine, though, that she had done with us. None of us, not even Gerald, had the faintest idea of what that woman had in reserve. We only staved it off by a long walk that tided us over another period of church and lasted till supper time. It was after supper that it happened—in the rector's study.

I dare say it was a put-up job between Herbert and his mother. I certainly saw him come downstairs with the thing in his hand, and as we went in I certainly saw her take it from him and lock it up in a drawer in the bureau. She wanted us to think that it had been there all the time, that Herbert had had no hand in what followed. Herbert and the girls didn't come into the study. We were all innocently seated, Gerald and Furnival and I, before the fireplace. The rector had put a light to the fire, for the evening was chilly. He and Mrs. Thompson-Marriott were resting in armchairs drawn up close together, and in attitudes of utter innocence, when suddenly she said to him:

"You know, dearest, what you said I should do. Shall I? Do you think—*now?*"

And he said, "Now, by all means."

She got up and went to the bureau and unlocked the drawer and took out of it the MS. she had just put there. She floated back to us, smiling with a sort of sugary assurance.

"I am going to read to you," she said, "a little poem of my son Herbert's. I want you to see—"

Her meaning expanded with her sweet, wise smile.

The rector closed his eyes and fitted the fingertips of his right hand to the fingertips of his left. His face had a look of intense, happy expectation.

She began a little tremulously:

"Roses and Shadows"

"Where is the place I came from long ago?"

Her voice was like a clear, thick syrup poured out slowly. When she stressed a line we saw her little, bright, eyes bending up at us over the edge of the paper, to meet our recognition of the genuine gift; of the real thing, of the poetry that *was* poetry, we who had run so after the counterfeit; her idea being that if we were to do for Herbert, now, what we had done for Gerald—

Was it any good? O Lord! no. The putrid thing cried to heaven.

I think you must have it.

Where is the place I came from long ago?
God's garden lying toward the happy west,
Where all the roses of enchantment grow,
Where on green lawns the cedar shadows rest.
There my young dreams went questing to and fro,
Roses and shadows of the long ago.

Oh, Childhood's Place! Oh, Home of long ago!
If I could find your garden in the west,
There would I call my wandering dreams to know
Peace of wings folded in a quiet nest,
Nor find you gone where rose and shadow go,
Roses and shadows of the long ago.

When she said "Home of long ago," she put her hand on her husband's knee and he covered it with his. And when she got to the last "roses and shadows" her voice trembled away into the awful silence we made. It was an inexpressibly painful moment. We daren't look at one another. Gerald, mercifully, had

hidden his face in his hands, which was the best thing he could do with it.

But it ended. Furnival saved us with a low groan he had contrived. He made it sound like an inarticulate emotion.

And Mrs. Thompson-Marriott's voice was going on again. "It may not be great poetry," it said, "but I think it is sweet and musical."

"Very sweet. Very musical," the rector said. And then, "What do *you* say, Gerald?"

Gerald got up and went to the window, and stood there as if he were looking for his cedar in the dark. His mother pretended not to notice him. "The little poem shows, I think, that the dear boy loves his home. It's very gratifying to his father and mother."

We said it must be very gratifying indeed.

That night we went to Gerald in his room.

"Look here," he said; "they want me to stop on another week, but I daren't. It's awful the effect the place has on you. I don't feel as if I was myself. I don't feel real. . . . I'm not real—not in the way Herbert is. I'm not Gerald Marriott. I—I'm Master Gerry, the miserable little slobbering, shivering wretch they hunted and hounded. As long as I stick here I shall never be anything else," he said. "I shall shiver and slobber. . . . I'd better go up with you, before— I suppose you know what I brought you down for?"

We didn't. He said he did it so that he should remember that, after all, he was Himself.

"But, Gerry," I said, "you were disgustingly homesick. You were dying to go back."

"I didn't know," he said, "how far back I should go." Then he broke out: "I want Mona. God! how I want her! I know *she's* real."

Well, he went back to town with us the next day. I shall see him forever as he stood on the platform at Waterloo, carrying a basket of apples and a basket of plums and embracing a vegetable marrow. He still kept his strange, tractable humility.

"I think," he said, "I can manage the apples and plums, Simpson, if you'll take the vegetable marrow."

The sense of unreality clung to him all the way to Chelsea. I don't think he was sure of himself, of his maturity, till he saw Mona get up from her cushions in the corner and come toward him, with that throbbing light in her eyes and that little thick laugh of hers—gay and sensual and tender.

As it turned out, Gerald thought it was all my fault that his mother had read Herbert's poem to us.

"You must have done something," he said, "to make her do it. And the worst of it is they think I'm jealous of him."

He's wrong. The worst of it is that I can't get Herbert's poem out of my head. It sticks like treacle.

FORECASTING THE GROWTH OF NATIONS

THE FUTURE POPULATION OF THE WORLD AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY RAYMOND PEARL, PH.D., D.SC., LL.D.
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AND FRED C. KELLY

WHEN the population of the United States has grown to its farthest limit the chances are that it will number less than twice as many inhabitants as at the present time. And it seems likely that this maximum population will be reached comparatively soon—within less than two centuries—or, to be more exact, in about one hundred and eighty years, which isn't long when we consider that grandchildren of individuals already born may then be alive.

Long before these one hundred and eighty years have passed we shall be obliged to do much serious thinking and diligent scratching in order to have enough food. Indeed, it is altogether probable that the next dozen or fifteen years may see the end of much food exporting. We shall need all our food for home consumption even in this present generation. Much closer to us than people imagine is the time when a bad crop year will mean food rationing, somewhat similar to that during the war.

The above seem bold, bald statements, and the reader is bound to wonder: How does anybody know all this? By what token does one undertake to speak, with authority, about what is going to happen two centuries hence? Where do his facts come from?

The supposition is that certain natural laws of growth appear to control population as definitely as they control an individual. Moreover, it is often possible to get a good idea of a whole from a part. Give a great naturalist a shin bone of an animal, and he can show us approximately what the animal itself must have looked like. Likewise, the astronomer is able to calculate the path of a comet from a relatively few observations, and tell a century in advance exactly when Halley's comet, for instance, should be visible from a given point. In the same way the statistician now undertakes to construct the entire orbit of population from the small fragment of its history which is definitely known. If his theories are sound, he can predict population a century ahead just as easily as the astronomer can make up a time table for a planet.

For some time this problem of predicting population growth has been the subject of investigation at the Department of Biometry and Vital Statistics of Johns Hopkins University. It is believed that this work has borne fruit and that it is now possible to forecast with a reasonable degree of accuracy not only what the maximum population for any given area will be, but *when* it will be, and also when will be the period of most rapid growth. For instance, there is reason to think that the United States reached its highest rate of growth in April, 1914. But of that more later.

To begin with, it must be obvious that if the population of the world kept on increasing each year the time must come when there will be no room for any more people. Everywhere, town or country, would be as jammed with humanity as Coney Island on a hot Sunday in August. True, the world is large and can harbor many millions if it comes to a pinch. Nevertheless, there *is* a conceivable state of saturation—just as

surely as there is a limit to the amount of water that can be carried in a quart jug, or to the number of people who can crowd into a subway car at the rush hour. This must be true of the world as a whole, and also of any particular national area of the world. To put it in an extreme way, supposing there were so many people on earth that each acre had to support twenty-five thousand human beings. Even aside from the food problem, that number of persons couldn't possibly live on an acre. It would be far worse than an ant hill.

Now it must be almost equally obvious that the rate of growth of population at any one time depends on the amount of food or sources of subsistence still available, and the size of the population already attained. That is to say, where there is a small population and practically limitless food supplies, the rate of growth naturally will be much greater than when everybody has to work very hard and practice rigid thrift to be sure of enough to eat. Long before the means of subsistence is actually exhausted there is likely to be a considerable group of persons who, because of the high cost of food, in money or effort, are more or less underfed, if not actually hungry. This means that their fertility as well as their resistance to disease is somewhat lowered. It goes without saying that even at the present time in the United States many families would be larger if food were more plentiful and, consequently, cheaper. And a comparative scarcity of food means not only a reduced birth rate, but smaller immigration from other countries.

The whole history of a population growth may be represented by a curiously twisted curve (See Fig. 1), the lower part of which has a face convex to the base, and the upper part concave to the base. The point of inflection, where the convex and the concave parts of the curve meet, represents the time of most rapid rate of growth. At the two extremes the curve approximately merges into straight lines. These limits are known as asymptotes. The lower asymptote represents the time when the population is practically nothing; the upper one marks the period of maximum population.

Assuming, for the moment, that this compound curve gives an accurate picture of a population history, we may note that in the early years, following the settlement of a country, the population growth is slow. Presently it gathers momentum and begins to grow faster.

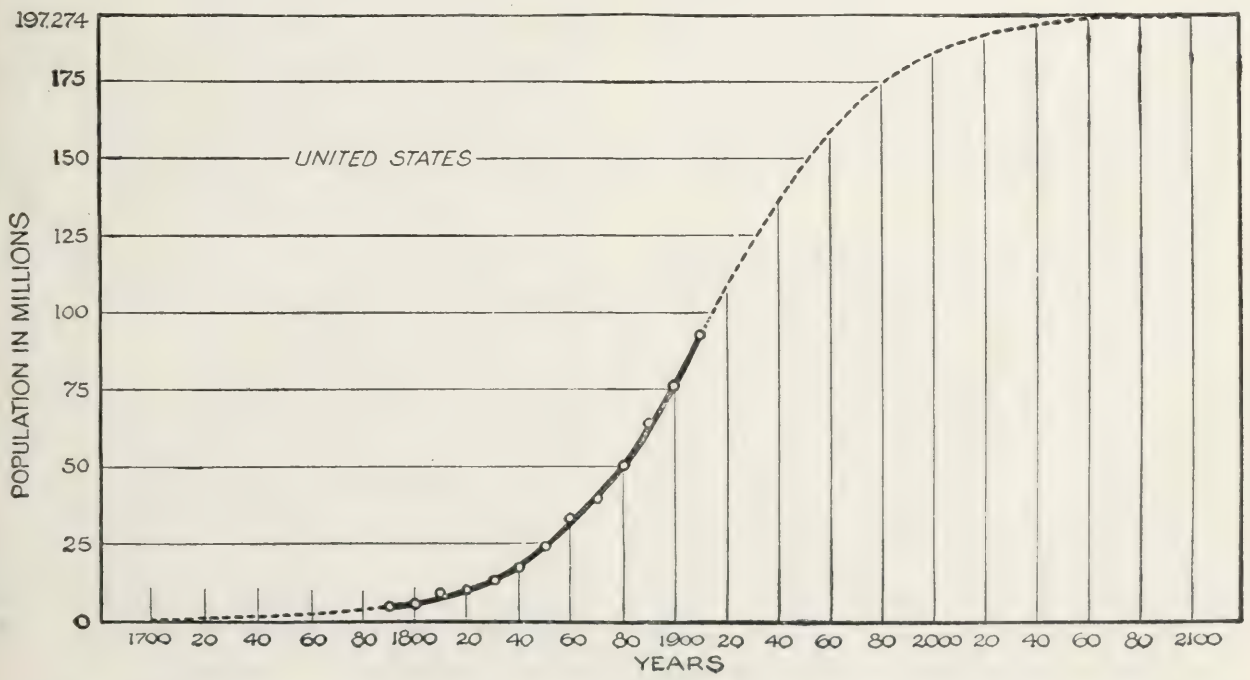


FIG. 1.—ILLUSTRATING THE GROWTH OF POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES

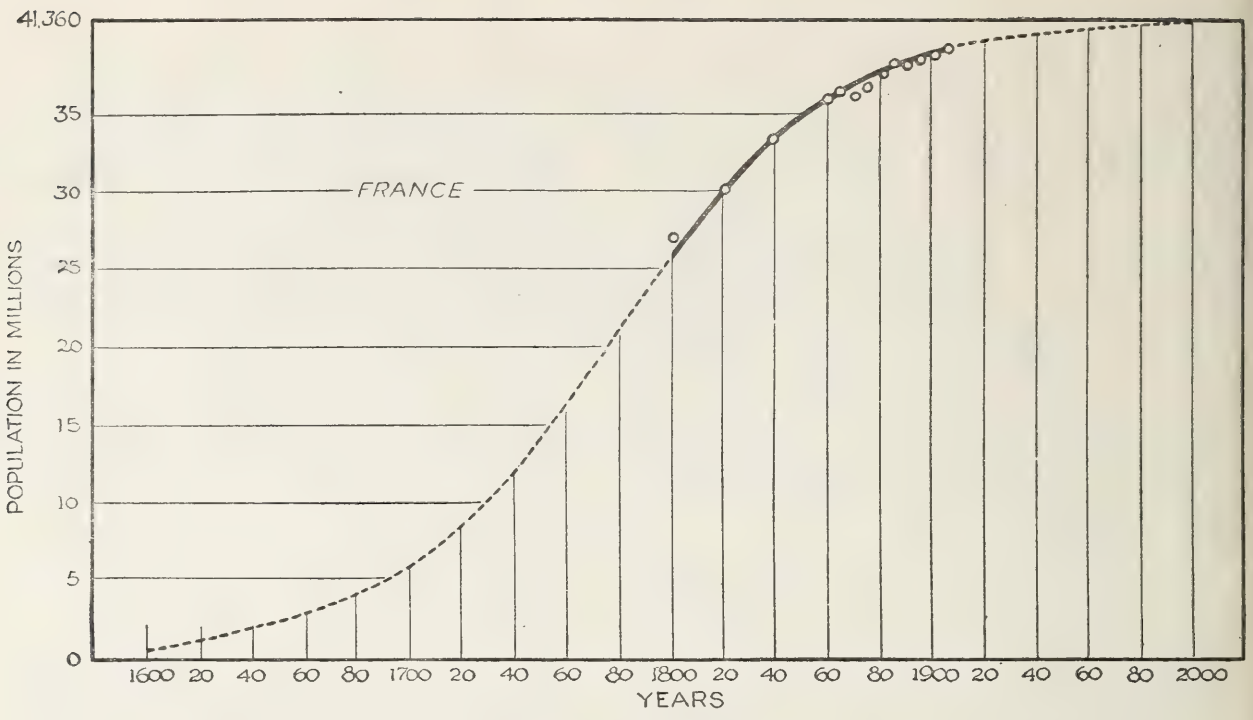


FIG. 2.—THE CURVE REPRESENTING FRANCE'S POPULATION CONFIRMS THE THEORY

But after it passes the point where half the available resources of subsistence have been drawn upon and utilized, the rate of growth slows up and continues to slow up until the maximum population is reached.

The real interest and value in a population curve, or "orbit," such as we have been discussing, depends on whether it can be shown to be reasonably accurate. As to the method of constructing the curve, that is probably too technical a subject to interest the average reader. This is, of course, not the first time an effort has been made to devise a mathematical plan for forecasting accurately future populations and those in intercensal years.

To test this present theory, we simply apply it to known facts and see if it works. If it fits the actual known figures, not only in one country, but in a number of countries, in different stages of development and population growth, then we seem justified in saying that the theory is substantially correct. For example, suppose we fit our curve by appropriate mathematical methods to three or four recent census records in France, and from this estimate what the population in France must have been in 1800. If we find that the actual figures for 1800 confirm our estimate, it begins to look as if our hypothesis were holding water. And if repeated tests invariably give accurate results, tallying with the records, then it is not going too far to use it in predicting the future.

Census-taking along present lines is comparatively new—in some countries only about half a century old. The United States has the longest census record in the modern sense—covering one hundred and thirty years. But even where the records covered a similar period, each country presented a different problem, according to the stage of its historical development. The United States, for instance, is such a comparatively new country that its census records represent an early stage of its history. Only a century and a half ago our population was exceedingly scant. In France, an old country, on the other hand, the known section of the curve of population growth must necessarily represent a relatively much later period. Nevertheless, from these mere fragments of population "orbits" it was possible to lay out the whole path, with every indication of accuracy.

Attention is now directed to three

accompanying diagrams (Figs. 1, 2, and 3) illustrating the growth of population in the United States, France, and Serbia. The heavy, solid portion of each curve shows the period for which census records are available. Those periods outside of this observed range are represented by the lighter, broken parts of the curve. The little circles show the exact time of the actual known observations. Note now, in the diagram for the United States, where the observations are in the lower part of the curve, how astonishingly well the mathematical theory matches the facts. It would be extremely difficult to draw a single curve through the census circles and come nearer to hitting them all.

In France, whose population has about reached the upper limit, and where the available figures appeared toward the other end of the curve, the theory is almost equally well sustained. While there are a few irregularities, due chiefly to the effects of the Franco-Prussian War, it is plain that, on the whole, the line through the observational circles is as exact as could be expected.

Having seen now that the theory describes with equal accuracy the rate of growth in a young country or an old one, let us now test it on a country in an intermediate stage of growth.

In the diagram for Serbia, where the heavy line denoting the period of known records lies in about the middle of the curve, the theory again adheres closely to the facts. No better fit by a general law could be hoped for.

These three examples, which might be multiplied to include practically every civilized country, seem sufficient to demonstrate the soundness of the present theory. Indeed, it does look as if we may regard this as a first approximation to the true natural law of population growth. We now have a proper mathematical foundation for further sociological discussions of the entire population problem.

Furthermore, there is reason to believe that the law might hold good not only for human beings, but for insects or animals—except, of course, where it would be interfered with by human agencies. Large animals produce too slowly, from one generation to the next, to permit of exhaustive experimentation, but the law has been amply verified by means of a little world of fruit

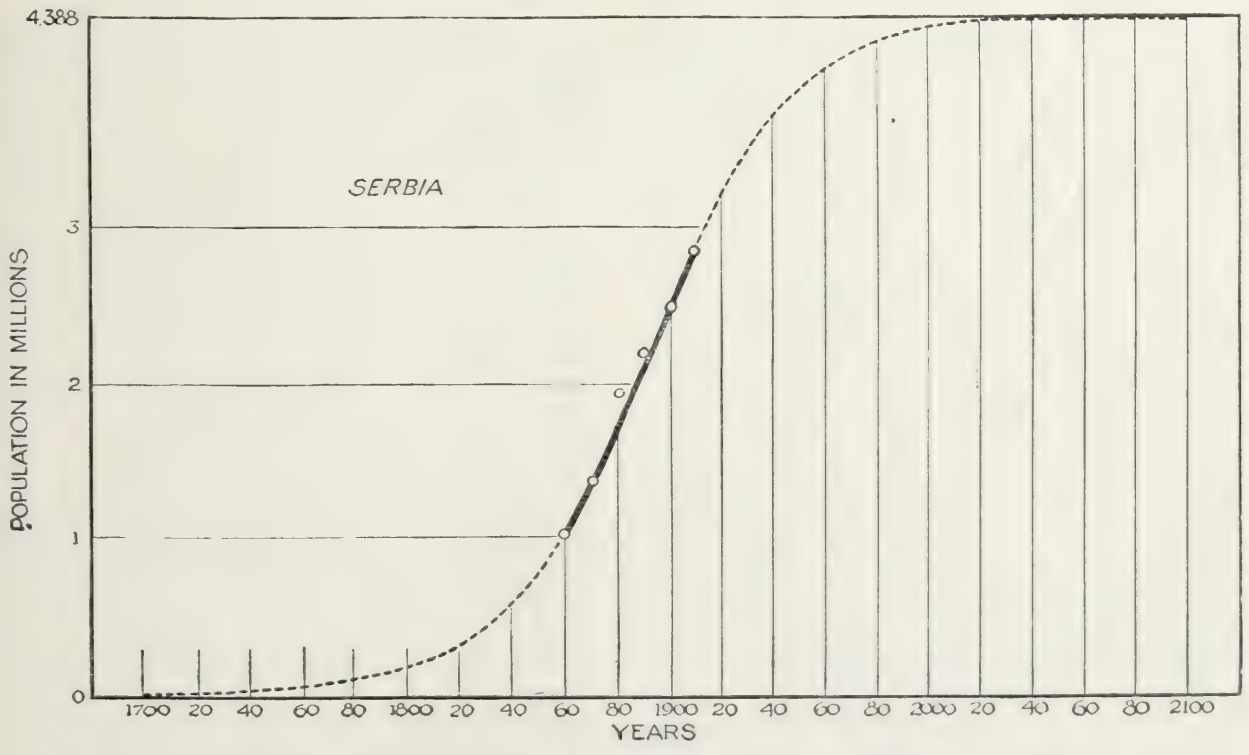


FIG. 3.—GROWTH OF POPULATION IN SERBIA

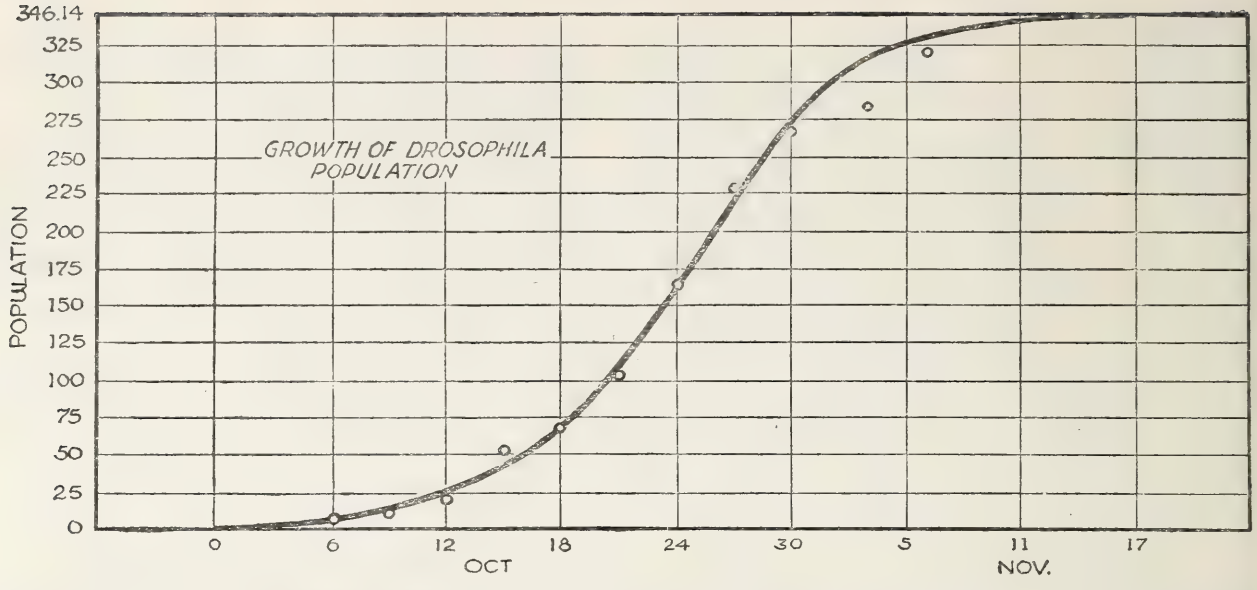


FIG. 4.—A CURVE SHOWING THE GROWTH OF A COLONY OF FRUIT FLIES IMPRISONED IN A BOTTLE

flies. To a fruit fly (*Drosophila*) in a half-pint milk bottle, the interior of the bottle represents a fairly large, but definitely limited, world. The experimenters started off their fly population with a male and female fly and eight or ten small samples of their offspring of different ages. As much food was provided as could possibly grow in a bottle of that size. Every third day they took a census of the fly population. This was accomplished by driving the flies in single-file formation through a glass tube and enumerating them as they passed a given point. Results of this experiment are shown in Fig. 4. The circles give the population counts. Indubitably this fly population has grown in accordance with the newly discovered law. Two final observations lie below the line, but this is because of the difficulty in this particular experiment of keeping the food supply in good condition after so long a period from the start.

A glance at the chart for the United States shows that we have already passed the time of most rapid growth—which was about April 1, 1914—and from now on are going to increase our population at a diminishing rate—unless there comes into play some factor which has never before operated in the country's history. This latter contingency seems altogether improbable. The 1920 census confirms everything indicated by the curve itself. According to the formula, our greatest population—roughly, about 197,274,000—will be reached not later than the year 2100, less than two centuries ahead. At first thought this number, less than twice the present population, seems absurdly small—particularly inasmuch as most writers on population have arrived at stupendous figures. Yet if one pauses to think of every city, every village, and every hamlet in this country having its population doubled, and will further contemplate twice as many persons in agricultural pursuits, he must realize that the country would have a fairly dense population. There would be about 66 persons for every square mile of land.

It will at once be pointed out that European countries have a much greater density of population than 66 persons to the square mile—for example, Belgium with 673, and the Netherlands with 499. But it must be remembered that those countries do not pretend to be self-supporting as to physical means of subsistence. They are economically self-supporting, but that is a totally different thing. By their industrial developments at home and in their colonies they produce money enough to buy food and various raw materials from less densely populated parts of the world.

Their attitude toward the rest of the world is, "Things are so crowded here with us that we can't afford to devote much land to agriculture, so we'll fabricate articles that you need and exchange them for food from the less crowded countries."

That is quite reasonable, and the United States could do the same thing—but what is going to happen when the other countries, now less crowded, no longer have much food to spare? England, for instance, couldn't subsist more than about three months if she depended upon home-grown food. She gets part of her food from the United States. But in a dozen or fifteen years the United States will probably be obliged to keep all the food raised here for our own use. There are still Australia and Africa and the Argentine and a vast amount of space left in which to cultivate crops; but the population in those countries is increasing, too, and every year brings us a little nearer to a serious food problem, whether we consider it for any one country or for the world as a whole.

Prof. E. M. East of Harvard, in what is probably the ablest epitome of the population problem in the present generation, says:

> The international situation is this: China is stationary in population—a high birth rate (according to reports) and a high death rate. With a permanent system of agriculture, she feeds herself. Northern Asia, central Asia, and even India can support a few more people. Australia and New Zealand are increasing at a rate which their possibilities in the way of food production can stand for only a short time. Europe, as a whole, is already overpopulated. England is in the least desirable condition, with the countries of northern Europe running her a close second. By great efforts Europe can support its present population without extreme hardship, but the efforts must be sustained and efficient. There remains, then, Africa and South America, as colonization centers—leaving the United States for separate consideration. These places should be able to support a large number of people. True, large sections are tropical, and the white man has not been particularly a successful occupant of the tropics; nevertheless, one may predict, without undue optimism, that these difficulties will be conquered and that these lands will repeat the history of North America. There will be emigration from Europe, and perhaps from Asia; there will be a birth release in the new lands, and they will teem with people. And let us make no mistake here. If science makes this development possible, the time when Africa and South America are filled to the practical limits of their food production is no dim and distant future. If the rate of increase actually existent during the nineteenth century in the United States should obtain within the span of life of the grandchildren of persons now living, these countries will contain over a billion inhabitants.

Fresh in our minds is the recollection of the commendable efforts we made to save enough food to feed the people of Belgium. And in this connection it is well to note that in a general way, according to Professor East, there is added to the total world population each year *two Belgiums!*

Let us now look at the food problem as it will be in the United States when we have reached the maximum of 197 million souls. At the present time each average person requires from 3,000 to 3,500 calories, or food units, a day. On that basis the eventual population would need 260 million million units of food a year. That figure is so large and requires such an absurdly long string of ciphers that it really means nothing. But where the 260 appears above we must substitute 137 to represent the present total annual production of food, both animal and vegetable, in the United States. In other words, we should require nearly twice as much food as we now produce. Hence, unless there is not merely a big, but a radical, increase in our agricultural output, we should have to get nearly one half of our food from outside of the United States. And by that time just what country is going to have the food to send to us? It is more likely that there will then be such dire need for food by the densely populated

countries of Europe that the competition will be terrible to contemplate.

Ah yes, somebody suggests, but we shall simply farm more "intensively." Many believe that there is something almost magical about that word "intensively" when applied to food production. The truth is, according to the investigations and conclusions of Professor East, that this country has already entered upon the era of diminishing returns in agriculture. As he expresses it, "Novel methods of culture, more efficient machinery, new and better-yielding varieties, are but means of exploiting a limited reserve of soil fertility at a higher rate. He who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before must be prepared to pay the price in a lesser number of blades to come after. In a general way, the sower, the tiller, the reaper, go their ways with the same changeless routine they have taken since the dawn of civilization, and the story of the past gives us reason to be skeptical of the future."

East goes on to point out that, notwithstanding the increased food production due to the stimulation of war prices, the production per capita from 1890 to the war period slightly declined. And this in face of fertilizers and greatly improved machinery! East emphasizes not only that the fertility of soils now being tilled is decreasing, but that the land in reserve is less productive than the improved land.

Many years ago it was pointed out by Malthus that the population problem, in its direct importance to the welfare of human beings and forms of social organizations, transcends all other problems. The Great War was a demonstration on a ghastly gigantic scale of the truth of the Malthusian contention. For in the final analysis it cannot be doubted that the underlying cause of the European conflict was the ever-growing pressure of population upon subsistence. And, offhand, one might hazard the guess that as this pressure increases, the difficulties of avoiding wars will grow immeasurably greater.

And so arises the question: What is the answer? What are we going to do about it?

The first thing likely to occur to us is birth control. It is not to be wondered at that most thoughtful students of the problem of population are advocates of birth control. Nor is it remarkable that Major Leonard Darwin, a son of Charles Darwin and president of the Eugenics Education Society in England, should say, in a carefully considered memorandum to the new British Ministry of Health:

> In the interest of posterity it is most desirable that parents should limit the size of their family by any means held by them to be right (provided such means are not injurious to health nor an offense against public morals) to such an extent that the children could be brought up as efficient citizens and without deterioration in the standards of their civilization; and that their parents should not limit the size of the family for any other reason except on account of definite hereditary defects, or to secure an adequate interval between births.

But the problem of population cannot be completely or finally solved by limitation of the birth rate, however much this may help to a solution. There are two methods which have been thought of and practiced, by which a nation may attempt to solve its own problem of population after it has become pressing, and after the effects of internal industrial development and its creation of wealth have been exhausted. These are, respectively, the methods of France and Germany. By consciously controlled methods, France endeavored, and on the whole succeeded, in keeping her birth rate at just such delicate balance with the death rate as to make the population nearly stationary. France's condition, social, economic, and political, in 1914 represented, it appears, the results of about the maximum efficiency of what may be called the birth-control method of meeting the problem of population.

Germany deliberately chose just the opposite method. Though the doctrine of birth control is said to have been evolved in Germany, and spread by systematic propaganda to all other nations, Germany has long been the country that most rigorously sought to avoid it. On the contrary, Germany, while advocating smaller families for other nations, has always sought the highest possible birth rate for herself.

In brief, the German scheme has been to have such a large and vigorous population that when the problem of subsistence became too acute, she could go forth and conquer some one—preferably a nation practicing birth control—and take forcibly the other nation's land for Germans. Obviously, for the success of this scheme, an abundance of man power is essential. Consequently a high birth rate must be in every way encouraged—while birth *control* is equally desired in the neighboring country of a possible military rival. In other words, like many another reform, birth control is a fine thing for the other fellow.

Now, the morals of the two plans are not at issue here. Both are regarded, on different grounds, as highly immoral by many people. Birth control, while it has much to be said in its favor, is looked upon by the Puritanically minded as an improper interference with the laws of nature and of God.

Here we are concerned only with actualities. There can be no doubt that in general, and in the long run, the German plan is bound to win over the birth-control plan, if the issue is joined between the two and *only* the two, and its resolution is military in character. True, Germany did not win the war. But had the issue been joined solely between France and Germany, there is, of course, little doubt where the victory would have fallen. In the long run the decisive element is a mathematically demonstrable one. A stationary population, where birth rate and death rate balance, is necessarily a population with a relative excess of persons in the higher age groups, not of much use as fighters, and a relative deficiency of persons in the lower age groups where the best fighters are. On the contrary, a people with a high birth rate has a population with an excess of persons in the younger-age groups.

So long as there are on the earth aggressively minded peoples who from choice deliberately maintain a high birth rate, the French solution of the population problem is, to say the least, a risky enterprise.

At this point somebody is certain to observe that every so often a war or an epidemic comes along and reduces the world population to a point that simplifies the whole problem.

The truth is that neither the most destructive war in all history, nor the most serious epidemic since the Middle Ages (the influenza scourge), caused more than a momentary hesitation in the steady onward march of population growth. These calamities were mere hurdles which temporarily slowed up, but did not seriously delay, the normal rate of growth. In the long run, they were nothing but a flicker in the record—as we shall point out in a paragraph or two.

Moreover, to add to the problem, the normal death rate is being reduced. If we proceeded on a strictly cold-blooded, nonhumanitarian basis, we should restrict much of the present-day activities of health boards, close down the hospitals and infirmaries for the aged, and rather encourage old people to die. Instead, we do everything possible to prolong life, and help the aged and crippled by every means at our disposal to postpone the end. This, of course, is as it should be; otherwise, while we might have less of a population problem, we should have a world not worth living in. But the fact remains that the average duration of life is longer than it used to be. Naturally, any system or form of activity which tends, no matter how slightly, to keep more people alive at a

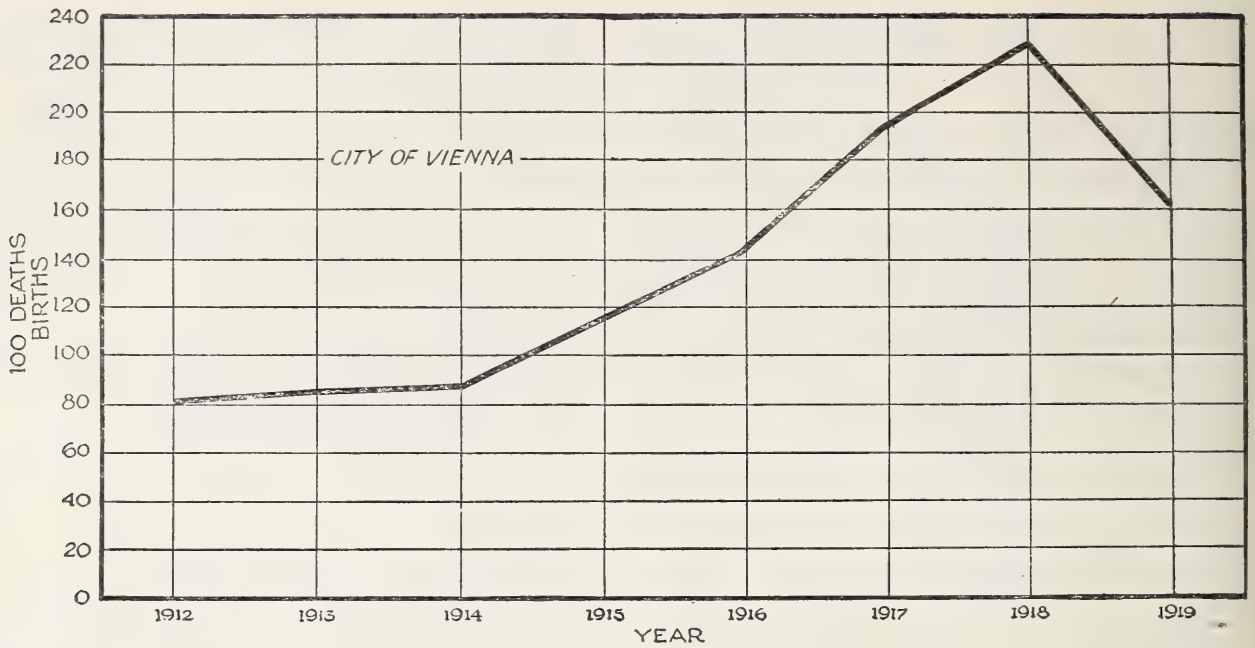


FIG. 5.—RATIO OF DEATHS TO BIRTHS IN VIENNA DURING THE WAR AND AFTER

given moment than would otherwise remain alive, must necessarily add to the total world population to be fed.

It is suggested, though, that if the death rate is falling, the birth rate is being correspondingly reduced. Here again popular impression does not exactly conform to the facts. If we examing the ratios of births and deaths for different countries, we find that the figures offer little hope toward disposing of population difficulties.

Here are some facts from, (a) the 77 noninvaded departments of France, (b) Prussia, (c) Bavaria, and (d) England and Wales, from 1913 to 1920, by years. The figures, calculated from the raw data of births and deaths, represent the percentage the deaths were of the births—in other words, the number of deaths for every one hundred births:

Year	77 Noninvaded Departments of France	Prussia	Bavaria	England and Wales
	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent
1913	97	. . .	58	57
1914	110	66	74	59
1915	169	101	98	69
1916	193	117	131	65
1917	179	140	127	75
1918	198	132	146	92
1919	154	. . .	. . .	73
1920	. . .	. . .	. .	42[1]

[1] First three fourths of year only.

The points to be especially noted are:

1. In all the countries here dealt with the death-birth ratio, in general, rose throughout the war period. This means that the proportion of deaths to births increased as long as the war continued.

2. But in England it never rose to the 100-per-cent mark. In other words, in spite of all the havoc of war, England's net population went right on increasing.

3. Immediately after the war was over, the death-birth ratio began to drop rapidly in all countries. In England in 1919 it had dropped back from the high figure of 92 per cent in 1918 to 73 per cent. In France it dropped from the high figure of 198 in 1918 to 154 in 1919, a lower figure than France had shown since 1914. The same change is occurring at a rapid pace in all the countries. In a few years the average for any one year, including the war period, will be about normal.

Perhaps the most striking possible illustration is the history of the death-birth ratio of the city of Vienna, shown in Fig. 5. Probably no single large city in the world was so hard hit by the war as Vienna. Yet observe what has happened to its death-birth ratio. Note

how sharp is the decline in 1919 after the peak in 1918. In other words, we see how promptly the growth of population tends to regulate itself back toward the normal after even so disturbing an upset as a great war.

In the United States the death-birth ratio was not affected at all by the war, though it was noticeably so by the influenza epidemic. In the United States Birth Registration Area, we find that from the very low death-birth ratio of 56 in 1915, there was no significant change till the influenza year, 1918, when the ratio rose to 73 per cent. But in 1919 it promptly dropped back to the normal value of 57.98, almost identical with the 1917 figure of 57.34. In England and Wales the provisional figure indicates that 1920 will show a lower value for the vital index than that country has had for many years.

So it is evident that population growth is to keep merrily marching on—until, as Malthus forecasted, it becomes the biggest question confronting mankind. All manner of minor questions, from time to time, will have their influence upon it, one way or another, but the big issue will remain. As need of food and shelter becomes greater, the value of all land will doubtless have a tendency to increase, until it becomes so valuable that the government may either have to own all the land of any nation, or else take drastic measures to make sure that the land is used for the highest possible benefit to the greatest number. In other words, land is going to be such a desirable thing, that the landowner will be in luck—but only until his land reaches such an extremely high valuation, due to the world-wide need of it, that it is taken from him.

Then, with an enforced reduction in the birth rate, there is the question of what *kind* of people are to be most numerous. Among the lower animals the least intelligent often reproduce most rapidly. And in mankind that part of the population which, if not the most stupid, at any rate takes least thought of the future, has the highest birth rate. Hence the lower classes tend to replace the upper classes. The poor man, facing poverty, and least able to rear children with the advantages necessary to make them good citizens, is likely to have the largest family.

We hear much of a living wage. That is, labor contends that wages must be sufficiently higher to enable many men to buy more food and of better quality for their families than they have to-day. If this desire on the part of labor is realized and an appreciable number of persons begin to consume more calories, or food units, each day, it means probably not only more food consumption of the average person, but also larger families. This is mentioned as an example of one more minor phase of the whole problem.

What is the answer? Nobody knows. Doubtless the forces of nature, or whatever it is that regulates the forces of nature, will work it out on a scale beyond the power of mere mankind greatly to aid or deter. Whatever the ultimate destiny of the universe it will unswervingly be carried out. Constant changes and human adjustments to the rigid decrees of nature will go on, as since the dawn of time. Evolution appears to be eternal.

ELEANORA COMES BACK

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

TO understand the sensation caused by Eleanora's return—even for so compelling a reason as a sick mother—one must understand lovely, peaceful old Brewster, drowsing in the green-and-gold twilight of its quadruple rows of elms. And only Doctor Bartlett really understood that.

Miss Agatha Wilkes met the news with a relieving explosiveness, as though she had kept her opinion to herself as long as human nature could endure. She was explosive about many things, such as the hobble skirts that were then in vogue or the actions of the late Progressive party, but her wrath against Eleanora had a peculiar virulence.

"I always knew that girl was a fool! I could have told you from the time she was five years old. The rest of you all thought her so brilliant and charming. I didn't. I knew she was a seething mass of vanity."

Miss Agatha's vehemence tightened her fists and contracted her features. Doctor Bartlett, watching it from under sleepy lids, thumb and finger pulling thoughtfully at his nose, inwardly gave it a biological explanation that would have shocked her almost into her grave.

"Professor Trevor is the one I have been sorry for," she went on. "It was she who ran away with him—you needn't tell me! And for Eleanora to come back while his wife and child are living here—mother or no mother—I call it insolence!" She was trembling with wrath, but Doctor Bartlett's easy-going mildness was undisturbed.

"My Godfrey's Appetizer! Miss Ag," he drawled. "If your sick mother asks to see you, what can you do but come?" No one else in Brewster would have ventured that "Miss Ag," but Doctor Bartlett called anybody anything. "She's a pretty sick woman," he added, with a dip of his head toward the old Searle place next door. He had stopped when Miss Agatha called to him from her veranda.

"Abby Searle is conventional," she instructed him. "She has sent for Eleanora because sick mothers always send for erring daughters. She acts on formulas. Robert Searle is more honest; he hasn't forgiven Eleanora and he won't pretend he has. He is going to be away while she is here. I like that in him."

The doctor went down a step, picked a leaf of Virginia creeper and absently smelled it, then looked back at Miss Agatha as though taking a humorous survey of her capacity.

"Funny about Bob Searle," he observed, with an air of opening a new subject. "As a young fellow he grew about the finest crop of wild oats in the local market. When Bob got going—wow! Godfrey!"

Miss Agatha considered it in poor taste to turn back thirty years on a pillar of society.

"There has never been a word against him since he married Abby," she pointed out with sharpness.

"No; that was all he needed." The doctor went down another step, halted again. "Boys will be boys—that's the grand old Searle tradition. But I never happened to hear Bob say that girls will be girls."

"I should hope not." Miss Agatha settled that. "Eleanora's a fool. I dare say she thinks she did something fine and romantic. Love and the world well

lost." Again that bitter contraction of features and muscles. "Wouldn't she be astonished if she could see herself as we see her!"

"Well—perhaps not," the doctor said, and strolled on, musing—not about Eleanora, but about Miss Agatha's glands. His very step was restful, his smile calming, and his kindly impudence shone out so endearingly that no one ever thought of words like stumpy and pudgy in his little presence. At least three ladies to a block stopped him, and he was joined by as many children as he had hands, which seemed to be about five. At the old Judson house, now the Judson Memorial Library, he shook them off and went in to see how Miss Hetty Judson's rheumatism was getting on.

Miss Hetty had just succeeded in concealing *Damaged Goods* from Dorothy Sanderson and luring her into taking Frances Hodgson Burnett's latest, and was putting out the "Closed" sign. Her face had a tired flush, but there was always a laugh lurking there.

"Oh, bother my rheumatism!" she returned, locking the door and drawing the green shades. "Come and give me some male sense about Eleanora Searle! I've had five hundred women in to-day, all talking excited rubbish, and I want an antidote." She led him to her private sitting room and, as he still stood, she pointed him firmly to the other big chair. "No, you sit down, Ned Bartlett. You had time to talk about my rheumatism, and this is more important to my well-being. Settle back and tell me how you feel about Eleanora's coming."



SHE USED TO OUTRAGE THE CONSERVATIVE

He settled back, smiling affectionately at the rosy, elderly vigor opposite. "How do you feel?" he asked.

She meditated, then looked him over to see if she could venture it. The way he held his little stub nose between thumb and forefinger suggested that he already half knew.

"I suppose I'm a bad old party," she confessed, "but when I see romantic passion in full blast, in a book or on the stage, I always want them to *have it*. No matter how illicit it is, some unregenerate old ancestor in me rises up and roots for the lovers. Then, of course, when it was real life, and one had been handing out Mayne Reed and Oliver Optic to the little Trevor boy, and one saw Eleanora's parents turn old overnight— Oh, I broke my heart over it! But I can't hate her or cut her—or champion her like that little goose of a Gertrude Hooper. I think it was an awful pity, and I'm glad to see the poor child, and I can't help hoping that, since she paid the price, she got a

big thing. Most of us live and die in such deadly sobriety, Ned. I do want some one I know to have had one—grand—bust!"

He nodded, as though that were very much what he would have expected from her.

"Eleanora will have her head up," he suggested. "It would be about as hard to champion her as to cut her, I should think."

"Gertrude Hooper wants to give a tea for her; she'll do it, too, if Abby Searle is rash enough to get better." Miss Hetty had an amused grimness. "She was holding forth here to-day about the crime of wallowing in marriage when the compelling reason is gone, and the soul's right to its experiences, and every woman's right to a child—using words I had never heard of when I was her age. Unwholesome! Dangerous stuff, Ned!"

He was not disturbed. "The day I see Miss Gertrude Hooper coming down Main Street with her little daughter Gerty by the hand I'll begin to take her seriously," he drawled. "The talkers don't matter. It's the ones who say nothing . . . ."

"Yes; she was in here to-day, and not one of them was so hard on Eleanora," she took it up, with a generous anger. "At least the poor child didn't pretend and sneak—run with the hare and hunt with the hounds! She was open about it."

He sighed. "And dramatic, I'm afraid. Too many novels, Hetty! Couldn't you have steered her to the arts and sciences shelves?"

She shook her head. "Nothing would have saved her but the luck of happening on a single man. She was heady, boiling over—and Hugo Trevor was so fatally stylish!" She laughed, reluctantly, with tenderness. "Well, she did a cruel, selfish thing, but it is three years ago and she is properly married to him now. I wish the town could let her come to see her mother in peace."

"The town is having the time of its life." He rose and stood shining mildness down on her. "You're all enjoying it, you know—Miss Ag spitting fire, and the little Hooper whooping, and the Wentworth girls upholding the honor of their sex, and Blanche Heath as the mother of three daughters, and Cora Whitehouse all stewed up between casting the first stone and cutting off your right hand when it offends—it's more fun than anything that has happened to you since Eleanora bolted. By Godfrey's Appetizer! Hetty, you ladies of Brewster don't get a square deal out of life. This excitement only shows how starved you all are for a little wholesome crime and some big, jolly disasters."

Miss Hetty looked uneasy, as though Providence might not understand the doctor's way of talking.

"Don't, Ned! I should think the *Titanic* was disaster enough."

He was incorrigible. "That didn't last. A war would be about right. A good fat war would take all my nerve cases off my hands."

"You'll never get it," she told him.

"No, I suppose not. And the female population of Brewster will continue to stop me to ask what I think about Eleanora's coming back—"

"And you won't tell one of them," she interrupted. "How do you really feel about the whole business, Ned? What is a man's attitude? The only man who has been in to-day was old Mr. Peabody, and he looked embarrassed and ducked out."

"Why, I'm strong for morality and all the Christian virtues," he admitted, "but I'm afraid biology is generally on the other side. Civilization is confoundedly hard on single women! The wonder is that more of them don't bolt. We haven't yet found a sensible working basis for 'm."

"Well, Gertrude Hooper won't find it," Miss Hetty declared. "Oh, Ned, what do you suppose Eleanora has learned out of it all? What does she think of it now?"

"She won't tell us, that's one thing sure," he said.

The old Eleanora was present to them both as he opened the door. She used to come swinging under the elms, outraging the conservative with her barbaric colors and her dangling earrings, vitality swimming in her dark eyes, pushing at her heels, throwing up her splendid chest; seeing herself as princess of the blood royal of the Kingdom of Romance!

No one troubled especially to visualize Hugo Trevor; they had known him so little. He had come with his fatally sophisticated clothes and light, quick brains to fill the chair of literature at the college, bringing with him the faintly pretty nonentity that the college professor is so apt to marry in the twenties and regret in the thirties, and the good, dull little boy who had taken after her.

The night he and Eleanora met, there had been a marked chemical reaction. People had been still deploring as bad taste the way the two had talked together that first evening when the scandal burst. Eleanora Searle and Hugo Trevor had set off together for the realm of perfect bliss. The notes they left behind had Eleanora's dramatic frankness. They attempted no excuse. The Big Thing had come to them and they were big enough to take it.

No one knew anything of the three years that followed except the bald facts of the divorce and marriage. Eleanora wrote cheerful, hurried notes to her mother from different parts of the country, seldom keeping one address long. The proper length of time after her marriage she announced a son. She always spoke of her great happiness, and the letters persistently sent her love to her father, though he never read them or sent a return message.



"I CALL IT DEPRAVED"

In his first violence Mr. Searle had talked of killing Trevor, but even he could not keep up the fiction that Trevor had been the most in fault. So he erased his daughter's name from the family Bible and forbade his wife to pronounce it in his hearing—and never once asked himself whence Eleanora had drawn the sense of drama that came with her hot young blood.

In the morning Doctor Bartlett drove down to the station to meet Eleanora. His car in those days went in rushes, as though he had forgotten the combination and were unable to stop, with intervals of crawling while he peacefully meditated what lever to try next. All the ladies of Brewster seemed to be doing their morning marketing or training vines on their front verandas about train time, so that they saw him careen into the road to the station and knew his errand. His reflections on the solidarity of the sex led him into the back of a milk wagon, and he reached the station just as the train stopped.

Eleanora was on the step, dark head up, preoccupied eyes searching the platform. When she saw the doctor, a quick light of relief flashed out; then she nodded and smiled in the old, high-handed fashion. That first glance showed her to him as thinned, fined down, markedly older; but afterward he thought he might have imagined it, for her bright will kept the old Eleanora unchanged before them all. Even in this moment she was a little grand; the porter brought out everything, even her cloak, and she gave him a regal fee as the doctor came up.

"'Lo, Eleanora!" he greeted her, with a cheerful handshake.

She was being so very composed and natural that the dirtiness of the trip seemed to be her chief preoccupation. As they crossed the platform her glance went boldly right and left, outwardly daring any encounter, but if it fell on familiar faces she did not know it.

"I must telegraph Hugo right away. He always thinks I'm going to be killed or maimed when I go ten steps from him," she said, with a laugh, and turned to the telegraph booth. The doctor heard her murmur the message, "Safe and well dearest love Lenore," as she wrote. Then, as he helped her into the car, there was a moment's pause.

"Your mother's a little better today," he said.

He saw an instant's flicker of surprise, as though in the ordeal of arriving Eleanora had forgotten why she had come, then a burning flush. She was near a breakdown, so he rambled on, tumbling out anything he could think of to give her back her steadiness before she had to face Main Street. To take her past all those gardening and marketing ladies seemed so brutal that he would have slipped round by back ways but for the need of explaining. He made the turn with a rush that brought them up on the opposite coping, but Eleanora did not notice. Her eyes were fixed level, as though it were the golden-green canopy of the immemorial elms that she must not see.

And, strangely enough, there were no familiar faces; the ladies of Brewster had vanished. Not a gate clicked nor a curtain stirred. No one was going into the library. The four churches slumbered on their four corners, the Colonial mansions seemed to doze in the radiant morning. Lady Godiva had not a more unscathed passage than Eleanora Searle in the doctor's car. He saw that she did not realize anything but good luck, but to him that empty street had an ominousness that brought a silent, "Wow!—Godfrey!"

He took her into the house, and while her bright glance was welcoming familiar things with a smiling, social courtesy, as if it were all a little quaint but very pleasant to revisit—the poor child's idea of being game—he had to give her a direct blow. Eleanora had always been a little patronizing of her mother, but she had adored her handsome father.

"Your father isn't home, Eleanora. Off for several days."



ELEANORA LOOKED STRAIGHT AHEAD TO HER GOAL

He saw her whiten, and one arm slipped about the stair post, but the smile did not falter.

"Poor old daddy—I suppose he sees me as the Scarlet Woman and all that sort of thing," she said, brightly. "Are the neighbors still shocked to death or have they forgotten me?"

The doctor spoke dryly. "I guess they haven't forgotten."

"No, I suppose not." She was going to be reasonable about them. "They don't know what a great love is—they can't understand. They read about the great loves of history, but when such a love happens in their own town they are only shocked." The words came mechanically, as though she had said them over very, very often, but her eyes, fixed on his, demanded that he believe. "We're willing to pay the price, Hugo and I. We don't ask anything of anyone. We have each other!"

The old drama was there; she was

playing heroine, consciously trailing her clouds of glory. The little doctor listened in conservative kindliness, and his, "Well, now—that's fine!" expressed so sympathetic an intention that she opened her handbag and brought out a photograph of a splendid child.

"Here's my Gogo," she said, and the drama was gone, the strut forgotten; voice and eyes were quick, warm, glad. "Isn't he a darling?" She rushed into details, anecdotes. She was passionately a mother; her arms visibly yearned for the little son. Then a nurse appeared at the head of the stairs and made a smiling sign, and Eleanora, once more heroine of a love that was above the law, went up to her mother.

The long day dragged past in the hushed house. Mrs. Searle, renewed in a way Miss Agatha Wilkes could never have comprehended by the handclasp of her erring daughter, slept for healing hours. Not a neighbor dropped in, not one of the girls who had copied or envied or adored Eleanora called up to welcome her return. Gertrude Hooper sent some sweet peas with an effusive card that sounded like congratulations and that made Eleanora's eyebrows take a cool arch. Gertrude was not of old Brewster, and Eleanora in her brilliant day had merely been nice to her. Gertrude came in the late afternoon, eager to champion, ready to mock at the old fogies of the town, but Eleanora, gravely refusing the alliance, was still bewilderingly nice to her. Her mother was better, but she quietly put aside the proffered tea.

"I can't stay away long from my husband and my little boy," she said, mentioning them with a naturalness that was superb. An enormous letter to Hugo lay on the hall table and she let Gertrude mail it. As the latter went out a special-delivery postman brought an equally huge letter with Trevor's name written dashingly across the corner. Eleanora's good-by was absent; her hand pressed the letter to her side as she went in.

Miss Hetty Judson came as soon as



"NOW WE'VE GOT TO FACE IT TOGETHER"

the library was closed—taking the girl into a warm embrace and neither inviting nor avoiding the great topic. She loved the baby. Every detail of his little being was of intense interest to her. The town, seen through Miss Hetty, became each moment less formidable, more the old welcoming home, and it was Eleanora who suggested that she walk back with her guest.

If Miss Hetty had obeyed her frightened thought she would have cried, "For the love of Heaven, don't stir outside your front door, my poor child!" But she could only give quick assent and look apprehensively from the window while Eleanora got her hat. It had the old flash of bright color; with the sudden spirit in her face—courage, audacity, drama, whatever it was—she might have been the old Eleanora, except that she tucked her hand under Miss Hetty's arm. The old Eleanora had always walked free.

The great avenue stretched before them, surprisingly quiet for that hour of the day. They passed the Wilkeses' house without an encounter, though perhaps a curtain stirred in Miss Agatha's room—Miss Hetty was not sure. Eleanora was talking bravely and her companion made sounds of loving assent at proper intervals. They were nearly at the Whitehouse place before they saw that there were cars and carriages in waiting.

"Oh, that's where everyone is!" Miss Hetty spoke impulsively. "It's the concert for the benefit of the Guild. Cora Whitehouse is having it this year."

"Are they still doing that?" Eleanora murmured; then her smile faltered, grew fixed, for the Whitehouse doors were thrown open and all Brewster streamed out.

"Dear, if you don't want to see them . . ." Miss Hetty began, then stopped, helplessly, for it was too late.

"Why should I mind seeing them?" Eleanora spoke grandly and made a movement to free her arm, but Miss Hetty held it to her side, her hand closing about Eleanora's.

"Of course you don't! Anything!" she said with hearty incoherence.

It was unfortunate that Blanche Heath came first, for she was a power in Brewster. She shepherded tall daughters, talking to them strongly, absorbingly, and so saw no one else. Mrs. Sanderson, coming next, gained her car in safety and affected to study the afternoon's program while she waited exasperatedly for Dorothy. The Wentworth girls, as Doctor Bartlett called two maiden ladies of eighty-three and eighty-five, with more courage, plainly saw Eleanora and as plainly did not speak to her. She returned their look with quiet coolness, smiling a little, advancing as tranquilly as though she traversed a flock of pigeons. It was Miss Hetty who looked like the guilty one. Then Mrs. Doane made a point of speaking to her, gravely, as though they met at a funeral, but publicly taking her hand, and several greetings followed, some stiff, some overcordial, some sorrowful, and all conscious—conscious of her position, of the need for a moral attitude. And last of all, when Mrs. Sanderson's nervous fingers had nearly worn out the program, Dorothy Sanderson came running out, exuberantly seventeen, and, seeing Eleanora, now almost passed, she ran after her with a perfectly spontaneous cry of welcome.

"Oh, darling old Eleanora!" she rejoiced, and in the face of all Brewster hugged her tight. "I'm coming to see you," she rushed on. "I must run now —I've been keeping mother waiting and she'll be hopping—but I'm so glad you're back!"

Perhaps taking it in just the right way was the hardest part of Eleanora's trial, but she did it perfectly, neither refusing the girl's warmth nor accepting her partisanship. A sense of drama is a mighty arm in social difficulties. Miss Hetty walked on on trembling knees, but Eleanora was in every proud line the captain of her soul. She did not speak until they paused at the library steps.

"A great love is worth anything it

costs," she said, her eyes shooting conviction straight into Miss Hetty's troubled look. "There has never been a moment when I would not do it over again."

"My poor child!" murmured Miss Hetty, which was not at all the right response, but Eleanora was too exalted to notice. She would not come in or accept company back. Her great love floated about her like a banner as she swung off under the elms.

All that week battle raged up and down the town. Mrs. Doane thought that the Saturday Club should send a card to Eleanora, Mrs. Sanderson threatened to resign if it did, and a special board meeting, after three hot hours, ended in a deadlock. Several determined-looking ladies made grave calls on Eleanora—and came away not a little exasperated. Eleanora's answering gravity showed a courteous recognition of their attitude, but the angle of her head, her serene references to her husband and her child, showed equally that it was not in the least her own attitude. Invitations that had nearly wrecked families before they were sent met with a pleasant refusal; Eleanora could not leave her mother. Every move she made was triumphantly, dramatically, right. It is impossible either to condone or to condemn successfully when the culprit has it all settled in her own mind. Public feeling seethed under the tranquil elms.

Sunday morning Miss Agatha Wilkes sent for Doctor Bartlett.

"There's nothing in the world the matter with me but sheer rage," she greeted him from a big chair by the window, where she sat rigidly erect, her stiff neck bundled up in shawls. She had to slew her eyes about to see him, and motioned him to a chair within her range. "If Eleanora Searle is going to go flaunting up and down this street much longer, I shall be seriously laid up. The insolence of it!" Miss Agatha's vehemence wrenched the inflamed cords and she gasped with pain, but she was not ready to attend to them yet. "She has the Sanderson child with her morning, noon, and night, and Mrs. Sanderson is nearly crazy about it. But you can't lock up a big girl of seventeen—or she says you can't. I could! Filling her up with stuff about a great love and courage to suffer for it—and then they go down together and telegraph Hugo Trevor good night—he telegraphs her good morning. I told you that girl was a fool!"

The little doctor sat cornerwise on a hard chair, thoughtfully pinching his nose.

"Lot better for your neck, Miss Ag, if you moved away from the window," he observed, so mildly that she explained in all seriousness that there was no draught.

"You heard what happened yesterday in the post-office," she rushed on.

"I've had only nine versions," he said. "Hard to get at the truth of these things."

"You can be funny, but it isn't funny," she returned. "Eleanora was there mailing an enormous letter to Trevor—she never steps out without an enormous letter all covered with stamps—and at the door . . ."

The doctor interrupted with great earnestness, "Now the Wentworth girls say it was at the stamp window, and Blanche Heath . . ."

She gave him an exasperated glare. "Well, wherever it was, for her to bow to Hugo Trevor's rightful wife, as you would bow to anyone you knew, I call it depraved!"

"Did you hear she bowed? In my favorite version," said the doctor, "Eleanora tried to get away, but the first Mrs. Trevor cried, 'You Jezebel!' and sank to the floor unconscious. I'm told it took me an hour to bring her back to life."

"Oh, well, if you won't talk seriously, we will attend to my neck," she snapped. "The poor woman only turned very red and hurried away, as though she were the one in fault. How Eleanora can stay here, face to face with what she has done—! If you are her friend—and

you're always championing her—you tell her her mother is well enough to be left now. If you don't, I will."

"Signed 'Well Wisher'?" he suggested.

"Signed Agatha Wilkes! I mean it, Edward Bartlett. We have stood about all we're going to." She started to nod home her meaning, but caught her neck in both hands. "If you can stop this pain, I wish you'd do it," she said, savagely. "It's not my experience that doctors ever cure anything, but you might as well try."

"If God has elected to wring your neck, Miss Ag, man can't do much," he said, exploring the lame cords with expert finger tips.

Miss Agatha's threat left him thoughtful. The doctor estimated a person's feelings by her avoirdupois rather than by the angle at which she carried her hat, and Eleanora had visibly lost pounds. Further loss would not be advisable, with that great child to care for. The unfortunate girl must not receive any such letter. He sauntered down Main Street with an idea of getting help from Miss Hetty. But he might have known that the gods of drama would be on Eleanora's side.

The four churches were disgorging their congregations and the day's sensation was barely launched—for it seemed that in all four the sermon had turned on the Seventh Commandment—when Eleanora herself came hurrying under the elms in all the dashing smartness of her traveling clothes, bag and umbrella in her hand. The congregations instinctively parted to let her through, but she did not appear to know it; her eyes had found the doctor with a great leap of relief.

"My baby is ill," she said, quickly, her voice clear in the surrounding silence. "I've had a telegram. I must get the train. Make some one take me."

Of course, anyone would have offered a car—they were all to repeat that for days afterward—but before they could collect their wits and make the move, Dorothy Sanderson, shaking off a clutching mother, had sprung into the Sanderson car.

"Jump in, dear," she shouted, and so Brewster saw them fly away together, Dorothy in a blaze of generous protest, Eleanora looking straight ahead to her goal.

"All things considered, it might be better for that child—" the doctor overheard, and, "Isn't that child pretty big for his alleged age?" He turned to Miss Hetty Judson and, finding tears in her eyes, went along with her.

"Wow! Godfrey! This town's rotten with respectability," he muttered. "Nothing but a volcano in full action can save it, Het!"

The news traveled up and down Main Street that Mr. Searle was ill and had asked to have Eleanora sent for. Miss Agatha Wilkes heard it as she was checking up the day's output of sponges, bandages, and pads, and glanced up with suspended pencil. Her face looked fuller in its frame of white veil.

"Well, I am not surprised. He has been pretty lonely this last year without his wife," she said, only half attending. "Do you know that we have been getting out three thousand pieces?" . . .

The news found Blanche Heath coming off duty, rings of fatigue under her eyes, but looking handsome and efficient in her nurse's white. The boys who had drilled so dashingly under the elms were all gone and the college had long been silent, but one of the dormitories had been taken over as a hospital for the returning cargoes of wounded, and Blanche was at its head.

"I wish she would stay, if she has had any training," she said. "Eleanora would make a good nurse. Did you know that Gertrude Hooper has been decorated? Distinguished service and bravery under fire. My girls . . ."

Miss Hetty Judson heard it in what used to be the reading room of the Judson Memorial Library. The long magazine table was now a cutting table, grind-

ing out flannelette pajamas to be fed to surrounding sewing machines.

"I shall be glad to see her," she said, warmly. "No, dear, you're putting your pins too near the edge. See, this way."

The younger Wentworth girl, alone now, was setting up a gray sock.

"I know I could run a knitting machine if I had one," she said. "Oh—Eleanora Searle? Mr. Searle has looked ill for a long time. Do you think it is all right to put in a little note for the dear lad who gets these?"

The news took longer to travel now; all were so busy that they kept forgetting to pass on what they heard. And so it reached Dorothy Sanderson only the day before Eleanora's arrival. She heard it at the Red Cross canteen down at the railway station and came home in a smothered blaze of excitement.

"I want to see Eleanora more than anyone on earth," she told her mother, defiantly, but Mrs. Sanderson had a letter from her boy in France and could take in nothing else.

"Will says there will be peace by autumn," she said, with a quiver of exultation.

Doctor Bartlett drove down to meet Eleanora, but the same train brought boys for the hospital, so he forgot all about her until the ambulances had driven off. He might have gone away without her if Dorothy Sanderson had not deserted the canteen to take her into an ardent embrace.

"Oh, I've wanted so to see you, Eleanora," she kept saying.

Eleanora presented the old brave brilliance, but the change was past hiding. She looked tired, tired to the bone, and even the doctor knew that she was shabby. He was sorry that he had kept her waiting.

"Oh, the boys first!" she said, with a rather mechanical smile. Her eyes were darting right and left for familiar faces, just as they had five years ago. "I must telegraph my Hugo," she added, and both Dorothy and the doctor heard her murmur her message, "Arrived safely darling love to you and babies Lenore." Dorothy gave a sigh of thrilled satisfaction and tucked Eleanora into the car as though she were very precious.

"See you to-night!" she cried after them as the car, having finished a churning hesitation, leaped off.

"Father says he is in no danger," Eleanora began, with a keen glance into the doctor's face.

"He's lonesome, that's all," the doctor said. "And it's enough to make any man sick to be tied up at home because he's old when he wants to go to fight!" His hands tightened on the wheel so belligerently that the car bucked and had to be pacified. "My Godfrey! Eleanora, but our boys are great! Have you seen this morning's paper?"

He could talk of nothing else, but they were nearing Main Street and Eleanora scarcely heard. Her head was at the old poise, her eyes gravely ready for the old encounters, her hands were clenched in her lap to forbid any flinching. Luck was not to befriend her this time, for all Brewster seemed to be hurrying under the elms. At the very turning there was Blanche Heath leaving home in her nurse's white. Eleanora looked past her with the fine serenity of one for whom the world is well lost; but Blanche was making a trumpet of her hands.

"Oh, Eleanora—I want to see you. I'll be in to-night!" she shouted.

Eleanora could only give back a dazed bow. Then she had to bow again to Cora Whitehouse, who had lifted her hand in a cheerful wave as she ducked out of the doctor's erratic path. Mrs. Doane flourished the morning paper from her veranda. Eleanora's color rose, her eyes began to glow. Streams of girls in Red Cross aprons and caps were pouring into the Presbyterian Sunday-school rooms, and Miss Agatha Wilkes, who stood outside as though herding them, looked up with a preoccupied nod.

"Come in and help when you have a spare hour!" she called after the car.

Eleanora saw rather than heard the

words, and nodded back a promise. Her lips trembled.

"If you are true to what you believe—if you don't go back on what you have done — other people have to come round!" she exclaimed, with smothered vehemence.

The doctor was at Château-Thierry and gave a general assent to anything.

"They'll stick, our boys," he exulted, and would have taken her past her house if she had not stopped him.

"You'll do your father good," he said, with a tardy recognition of her arrival. "Don't let him talk too much war if you can help it. Bob's excitable."

She looked into his absorbed face with a vague compunction. "We have been living rather far from the war, somehow," she said, "and with two babies to take care of—"

"Keeps you busy," he assented, getting out her bag and puffing ahead of her up the steps. Entering the old house—her mother gone, her father at last holding out his hand—meant overwhelming emotion for Eleanora, but there was no one to see how she bore it, to record that through everything her flag still flew. The doctor had rushed on to the hospital.

In the late afternoon, as the workers were pouring out again, Eleanora carried a heavily stamped letter to the post-office, and anyone who passed might see that it was addressed to Trevor. Her head had the old spirited lift, her step showed the proud freedom of one who has transcended rather than transgressed the law, but her grave eyes were pledged to make no advances. They surely must have seen that she was taking it exactly, dramatically, right, but they covered their backdown by a cheerful offhandedness and merged their greetings into offers of work. The town was seething with activities and universally proud of its record. No one talked anything but war until in the post-office she came again upon Dorothy Sanderson, who also was mailing a huge letter. Dorothy put an arm through hers and they walked back together.

"You're so perfectly glorious, Eleanora!" she burst out. "You didn't let your life be ruined for a convention. You did the hard, fine thing and took the consequences. And you've never been sorry for one little minute, have you?"

And so Eleanora said all over again what she had said five years before, about a great love and the price well paid, and regained some of the old dash as they went together to telegraph Hugo good night.

The town continued to show a heart-warming, yet almost disconcerting, friendliness. There was a growing misfit between Eleanora's attitude and theirs. Her first triumphant thought that they had "come round" did not last; no one knowing them could believe that their moral judgment would change. Sometimes it looked as though they were simply too busy to apply it. Even her father seemed to be forgetting. He kept the babies' photographs on his mantelpiece, and one morning, when she was reading him the war news, he interrupted to say, cheerfully:

"Nellie, send for the children and spend six months with me. We'll have fine times."

She only smiled. "Oh, I can't leave my husband," she said, as any devoted wife must. It was the first time that she had mentioned Hugo to him, but she talked of him to everyone else, bringing in his name as though she forbade them to forget. Miss Hetty Judson, meeting the doctor after a talk with Eleanora, shook a troubled head at him.

"Love doesn't have to go on proving itself to the end of time," she said. "We are willing to believe that the poor child loves her husband; she doesn't have to rub it in with all these telegrams and special deliveries. We want to forget the past and she won't let us."

"Romance, romance!" The doctor was patient of it. "Take that away from her and she's nobody. Take away our boys' glory and they're cannon fodder. We can't fight without banners. My Godfrey! Het, but I'd like to be car-

rying one." He could not long keep away from the war.

Eleanora's week sped past. Her father got out into the sunshine, and even walked to the post-office, leaning on her arm—a public picture of reconciliation that once would have shaken the town to its foundations. Now the hurrying citizens only called out, "Glad you're better!" and saw in it nothing further. Eleanora, who had set out braced for conscious glances, came back dispirited, a little bewildered, and announced that her stay was over. The kind neighbor who had the babies had offered another week, but it seemed that Hugo was growing impatient.

Dorothy Sanderson, coming in on the announcement, was distressed. She went with Eleanora to telegraph the good news to Hugo, then lured her on into the lovely summer fields and made her drop down on a haycock under an oak.

"It has been so wonderful, having you come," she burst out.

Eleanora, lying back with her eyes shut, looked old and tired, but she opened them at the challenge and summoned up an answering spirit.

"Good little Dorothy," she murmured.

"No, I'm not good. Not what conventional people call good." Dorothy looked fiercely away across the shining stubble to the peaceful hills. "At least, I'm not going to be. Oh, Eleanora, he's so perfectly dear and beautiful!" And, hiding her face in Eleanora's lap, she began to sob.

Eleanora sat as though turned to stone. Her stillness was that of creatures hearing a sound that means mortal danger. Then, very cautiously, almost feebly, she put out a hand to stroke the roughened hair.

"Tell me about it," she whispered.

It might have been her own tale. He was married to a cold, unsympathetic woman who had gobbled him up when he was almost a boy; he had never known what love was until he had met Dorothy. From the first moment it had been the Big Thing with them both. He was doing magnificent war work in Washington; she could join him there and nobody need know a thing about them.

"But, of course, it wouldn't be hiding," she interrupted herself. "We should be as proud and brave as you were, Eleanora. We'd pay the price!"

Eleanora stroked the burrowing head until Dorothy got hold of her fingers and kissed them, then put them to warm under her burning cheek.

"Oh, love is the only thing in the world that matters," the girl murmured. "If Lester and I can keep what you and Hugo have kept . . ."

The sun, slipping lower in the west, sent a tide of golden light over them. Eleanora hid her face with her other hand.

"Dottie, there is one thing you must think of;" she spoke so casually that no one could have been alarmed. "Of course you want to reckon up the whole price—not say afterward, 'I didn't know I'd have to pay that!' Well, there's the stupid question of money. Hugo could never teach again; no college or school would have taken him after what we did. And it is so hard for a man to get on in a new business. He has tried dozens—agencies and clerkships and things—but they really are beneath his powers and he gets so bored and impatient. We've been frightfully poor. I have had three babies—I lost one when it was born—and done my own work, and taken a boarder now and then, to help out. Hugo is very unhappy over it, but there it is. We've spoiled his career."

A stillness had come on the girl, as though she, too, had heard the sound of distant danger. Then she squirmed away from it.

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt an expert accountant," she exclaimed. "That's not like teaching."

"I should think an accountant would have to sound rather sober and responsi-

ble," Eleanora said, but not very seriously. "Oh, this is a sweet place, Dot! I have lived in such horrid little holes; it seems like heaven here."

Dorothy drew away from her, turning her back and rubbing her disordered face like an unhappy little girl. She was curiously young for her twenty-two years.

"The only heaven for me is where Lester is," she said, and a long silence fell between them. At last she looked round, hurt, injured. "I thought you would be sympathetic," she protested.

"Oh, good Lord!" Eleanora flung off her hat as though to let the sunlight reveal every tired line of her face. "You've got to understand. I don't think I've ever wholly understood it myself until just now. I've dodged facing it. Now we've got to face it together." She caught the girl's wrist in a hard grip. "The man who will run away with you— Dot, that describes him, that labels him! You don't need to know anything more about him. He's not a man to marry!"

"You hurt me," Dorothy muttered, and, freeing her wrist, nursed it with sullen concern. "If Lester isn't fit to marry, then I'm not. I would be doing it just as much as he. More, even. He worries."

That was going ahead of Eleanora's discoveries and she had to feel her way.

"No; for a man doesn't love a woman for her character," she thought it out. "He can love her just as well if she's weak—he can go on needing her, anyway." She had a frown of impatience for that. "But it's character that we care about, Dot. And when a man isn't strong—when he's self-indulgent, complaining— Oh, my dear"—her arms shot out wide as she gave up the ultimate secret—"you do get so sick of this Great Love business!"

Dorothy was as white as though Eleanora had thrust her over an abyss. She tried desperately to be angry.

"So you've just been pretending—lying?" she stammered.

Eleanora met her dark look with an exalted light. There was no drama about her now; she was free to her outspread finger tips, reveling in her liberation.

"I've been marching to music, darling. I thought I had to have music to keep on. But that's over. It's battle, not parade. After this I'll take it straight, and bless you for making me face it. And some day you'll bless me, too. For you aren't going to do it, Dot."

"I am," Dorothy muttered, but Eleanora only smiled.

They went back separately. The tired war workers were streaming home under the elms, and Eleanora greeted them as simply as the young Eleanora would have done. She, too, had forgotten about attitudes.

"How old she has grown," they said to one another. "But she's just as handsome—in a different way. More, even."

Her father was on the veranda, and, seeing the light about her, hearing the freedom of her step, he looked up eagerly for news.

"Have we licked 'em again?" he demanded.

She stood shining down on him. "Oh, this is a private victory," she said. "Daddy, I want to stay two or three months. I think I'm needed here. Do you still want me and the babies?"

He so wanted them that he had to give her something. His hand twisted tightly about hers.

"If it would do you any good to have me say I forgive that fellow—" he muttered.

She put her cheek against his. "Poor old Hugo! Yes, forgive him," she said. "We have forgiven each other. Oh, you will adore my babies!"

EDUCATIONAL UNLEVELING

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THE professed high aim of American undergraduate colleges is to fit men and women for "leadership"; yet in the average American college the able student—the student best endowed to become a leader—is not only robbed of the guidance he merits, but is actually hindered in making progress on his own initiative.

In the fourteen years in which I have been a teacher I have attended faculty meetings regularly in some college once a fortnight. I have, moreover, visited a hundred and twenty or thirty other American colleges and universities, and I have attended faculty meetings in a number of these. Yet in my entire experience I have never heard any college faculty discuss for five minutes the problem of helping the able student. I have heard faculties discuss at great length and with much vehemence such questions as how late fraternities should be permitted to dance; how late in the evening "coeds" in the dormitory should be permitted to use the fudge kitchens; what style of paddle might be used in freshman initiations; how many times a student might oversleep and miss classes without being dropped from college; how badly he must need credits in order to be permitted to change from a course in which he is failing to one in which he believes he can pass; how many credits he might be permitted to "make" between the close of final examinations and commencement, in his frantic efforts to "complete the course with satisfaction" and receive his degree; what part of a course in the history of Greece a belated senior might count as a prescribed foreign language after he had failed in first-year Spanish—all these matters I have heard college faculties discuss. The members have usually admitted that they ought to be giving their attention to questions of greater importance, but the questions of greater importance have never been treated as if they deserved very thoughtful consideration.

Stripped of all euphemistic phraseology, the truth is that if a student is to receive the maximum of attention from an average American college he must be to some extent a mental or a moral deficient. If he is carelessly lagging behind in his courses; if he fritters away his time in a pool room or in the company of cheap girls; if his chief concern is spending money that somebody else has earned; if he is late at classes or forgets his appointments with the dean; if he has striven with all his feeble might to escape the inconvenience of mental concentration, and has succeeded, then the college will discuss him, vote upon him, provide him with "make-up" instruction, write letters to his parents about his "precarious situation," and give him attention in a dozen other ways when he neither deserves nor appreciates attention of any kind whatever.

Such meticulous effort to have every intellectual slacker conform outwardly to established standards results in an official recognition of poor work. No matter how conscientious a college teacher may be, when he is obliged day after day to think and to talk about inferior students he inevitably modifies the character of his teaching to suit their obvious needs. I have recently asked seven hundred and forty-two young men and women how many of them had

worked with faithfulness from the beginning of their high-school course to the end of their sophomore, junior, or senior year in college. Fifty-three said they had so worked. Of the remaining six hundred and eighty-nine, some said they had worked at the beginning of their course, but had early found something pleasanter to do; others said they had at first wasted so much time that they were later forced to exert themselves in order to catch up; and still others scoffed at the intellectual honesty of anyone who professed an inclination to work with consistent seriousness. But on one point virtually all of them agreed—namely, that they could get along without working if they wished to do so. Such personal testimony, given in circumstances that would encourage frankness and truthfulness, only corroborates the college teacher's conviction that students do relatively little serious work. The laggard escapes because he does not wish to expend energy unnecessarily, and the student with the capacity and the will to work in most instances adapts himself to the easy circumstances created by the presence of the laggard, and gives up effort because effort is very evidently not required.

Now in such a state of affairs, what becomes of the leader, "the exceptional man, the enthusiast, the personality that is to flower out and determine the ideal of the age or the community"? A leader, it should be remembered, must possess self-control and self-direction. But these powers come to full fruition only through the warmth of concentrated mental activity, through the strong and persistent rush of consciousness that even the ablest minds experience only after they have freed themselves from voluntary or enforced indolence. And the student who is endowed by nature to become a leader is robbed of any such process of liberation when colleges not only permit, but require, him to sit in a classroom day after day and listen to instruction that is adapted to the capacity of inferior men. Every week I am filled with pain and a poignant sense of unfairness when I catch the expression of helplessness and disgust on the faces of my best students while I use up one golden hour after another laboriously trying to make clear to the mental sluggards some simple idea that the better, more conscientious minds understood instantly. Except for an occasional half minute of mental activity, the good students are left by force of circumstances to use the class period in planning deviltry, in experiencing an intellectual coma induced by the hypnotic routine of the recitation, or in reflecting upon the futility of human endeavor.

In deploring this state, I am not forgetting the righteous demands of the weak student. No one who is unselfishly interested in education would be patrician enough to rob him of his opportunity to find himself. But is not the student of greater ability also entitled to that clear awakening which we call "finding himself"? How have we helped matters when we lavish all of our thought upon the weak and the indifferent at the expense of the able and the zealous? When the abler man finds himself he finds more, and when he gives what he finds to his fellow creatures he gives more. And if he fails to find himself, and if succeeding generations of his kind likewise fail, what dynamic force will remain to lift up those who are too weak to rise unassisted above the dead level?

To be sure, not every undergraduate college should give its chief thought to good students. There must always be large opportunity for victims of untoward circumstances. I do urge, however, that some institutions should have the courage to give their best students special attention, even if such a policy resulted in the utter neglect of the weak and the listless. State colleges and state universities probably could not enter upon such a program. They are too intricately bound up with the fortunes of taxpayers and politicians. But colleges that are unhampered by popular control

could undertake the task with the assurance that they might work out their own destiny undisturbed, and that their success would ultimately result in a distinctive service to men of every capacity.

Any college daring to risk social martyrdom by thus espousing the cause of education would find it necessary, first of all, to depart from methods of advertising now current. It is customary for colleges to complain much about the quality of the students who seek admission to their freshman classes, and it would be exceedingly difficult to say anything that would be an exaggeration of the facts. But it must be remembered that the colleges get just the kind of students they invite. Their methods of advertising are, in the main, beneath the dignity of such a cause as higher learning, and they place greatest emphasis on things that are relatively least important. The advertising incorporated in college catalogues may not be open to this charge, but college catalogues are not the chief sources from which prospective students gain information. They gain it from semiofficial sources—from "literature" on college life, from undergraduate publications, from "authorized" accounts of class parties and fraternity dances, and especially from accounts of intercollegiate athletic contests. Whether or not such advertising is sought with full premeditation, the institution that acquiesces in its use without offering anything to neutralize its effect becomes firmly associated in the prospective student's mind with the idea of social pleasure, social distinction, and a winning team, just as an institution is firmly associated in the public mind with what a member of the faculty may say on the labor question or free speech or free love, even if he speak solely on his own authority and disclaim any intention of representing the opinions of the institution he serves.

Now I believe in college recreation; I delight in going to undergraduate parties myself. And especially do I believe in the value of athletics. I have no thought of launching a conventional diatribe against an activity that contributes to student solidarity, encourages fair competition, and serves in a score of ways as an antidote for undergraduate provinciality. But the use, either official or semiofficial, of athletics to advertise the academic departments of an institution is dishonest in principle and vicious in its ultimate effects.

"But college is like business," one of my former students said to me recently. "You see, the successful automobile manufacturer must look after his advertising department as well as his production, and in college your advertising department is your athletic sport."

"Yes," I admitted; "but in the automobile industry what does the advertising department advertise?"

"Why," he replied, "the production end of it, of course."

"And," I inquired further, "if athletics are to be regarded as the advertising department of a college, what department do they advertise?"

He hesitated a moment and then replied, in a good-natured effort to get even: "Well, Professor, when I was in college you didn't teach me to reason straight enough. Of course, I see now that athletics advertise the advertising department."

How greatly such advertising may misrepresent the professed chief business of an institution may be seen in the following instance: A state university in the Middle West secured a new football coach. In order to let the world know that a new era was dawning for this institution, a committee prepared an illustrated circular which set forth vividly this new coach's athletic prowess. By utilizing sectional basketball tournaments that the high schools of the state held soon afterward, the committee placed this circular in the hands of virtually all the pupils who were then attending high school in that state. Some of these boys and girls at once decided to attend this university.

Among them were many who could give no reason for doing so, other than that this physical giant was going to "bring the institution to the front." Now this state university is honored by having at its head a man of great capacity and unusual personal charm, and it numbers among its teachers many men who are known to thinking people throughout the entire country. Yet when I questioned some of these boys and girls who had decided to go there to college, I found that many of them did not know the name of the president; that they could not name any teacher in the institution; and that they did not know what courses, or even what subjects, they would have the opportunity to study, once they were there. Some of them vaguely contemplated studying subjects which had never been in the curriculum of that university. Perhaps when they matriculated the following autumn, the obscurity of their own purpose kept them from being greatly disappointed. But if a mail-order house had resorted to the same methods in securing them for customers, their fathers would have prosecuted it for securing money under false pretenses.

The mere principle of such advertising might, however, be treated with less seriousness if the results in practice were not so destructive. But by the simplest logic one may see that the weakest prospective students, the least thoughtful ones, are the ones lured blindly to college by some incidental interest. They enter the freshman class, they require assistance of every conceivable sort, and with great difficulty a few of the many succeed in remaining in college. It frequently happens that one of these few secures the superintendency of a small school — "where only administrative ability is required"—or becomes, through politics, a township trustee or school chairman. He wishes to bring his high school "to the front." And the only way he knows of bringing it to the front is the way his college brought itself to the front. So he goes back to his college, secures a good basketball or football coach, and, in order to have him rank well in the eyes of the educational world, makes him a "regular member" of the high-school faculty and assigns him to the teaching of English or history or some other subject that he can "read up on." In three or four years this coach, filled with a degree of loyalty that even the stony-hearted must admire, sends his pupils, a little poorer in quality than he was himself, back to his college to "root" for the things he has taught them by example and precept to believe are more important than "mere scholarship." Then in a year or two, or three or four, they go out from college only to start the cycle over again.

The colleges can change all this if they will. Not only the high-school teacher, but high-school social life, high-school ethics, high-school standards of sport, high-school opinions of scholarship—all the ideals of the high-school world—have been transplanted from the colleges. And if the colleges will tell the public openly and firmly that they will not tolerate students who are unfit to profit by college training; if they will then cease spending endless hours with students of this class when they do come to college, and if they will help all other students to see that the first aim of college life is not pastime, but mental discipline, they will soon be sending to the high schools a different kind of ideal and receiving in return a different kind of student.

A college that wished to consecrate itself primarily to the education of able students would find it necessary, too, to free itself from the curse of quantitative standards. No one would deny the importance of high quantitative standards; it is better to have them than to have no standards at all. But the effort to determine every educational value with a yard stick or a bushel measure leads us into strange absurdities. For example, if a pupil in high school has very poor teachers and very poor ability and no zeal whatever for becoming edu-

cated, yet completes in some fashion "sixteen units of work," a very large per cent of the colleges in America will admit him. If a pupil has very good teachers and unusual capacity and a consuming zeal to master himself and his environment, yet has only thirteen of these mystical units, a very large per cent of the colleges of America will reject him without discussion. It may be that in the first instance the pupil has studied English, botany, art, manual training, history, mathematics, typewriting, agriculture, music, and stock judging; yet if he has sixteen units in these subjects he is "prepared." It may be that in the second instance the student has studied English for four years, mathematics for two, Latin for four, and French for three, and wishes to specialize in the Romance languages; yet if he lacks the three miscellaneous units in typewriting, high-school band, and stock judging, he is not "prepared."

Now all of this juggling of units has developed a machine for dealing with "requirements" that precludes any really personal consideration of the fitness of candidates for admission. Recently a brilliant boy of sixteen, an honor boy in one of the best schools in America, came to me and said: "I wish to enter Blank University. Will you please tell me how to get in?" I took the catalogue and struggled for an hour and a half through approximately twenty thousand words of fine print devoted to the requirements for admission. When I had finished I was unable to tell the boy whether he could get in or not. I was sure, however, that those pages and pages of requirements, with all sorts of cautions and special notices, were designed to satisfy the consciences of the Committee on Admission after they had accepted worthless boys. They could serve no other good purpose, for they would be just as unnecessary in determining the fitness of really intelligent boys as a pedagogical scale would be in deciding whether Lloyd George or Marshal Foch possessed a reasonable degree of ingenuity. On their face is written the fact that they were prepared with the incapable and conscienceless pupil in mind. And so busy are colleges in determining whether such pupils have enough "units," that they have no time to give to searching out and encouraging candidates who are known to possess intellectual strength and intellectual curiosity.

But it is after the student has entered college that he suffers most from standards that are primarily quantitative. After he has matriculated, the one thing needful in order to secure a degree is a sufficiently long list of credits on the college records. In order to secure these credits, he must go to recitations or lectures or other fixed academic exercises so many times a week for a period of four years. If he wishes to secure his degree in three years, he may in some instances do so, provided he attends as many lectures and recitations in three years as he ordinarily would in four. In some institutions a man who does work of the poorest grade is required to attend a fixed number of additional lectures and recitations—in order to prove his fitness to graduate by doing some more work of the same grade! In certain other details, too, the requirements for graduation vary in different institutions, but in their emphasis on quantity they are very much alike. Educational officers, in their commendable zeal for popular learning, have developed our colleges into vast machines for receiving "raw material"—these are their own words—and "turning out" a "finished product." And in their efforts to prove that the machine is capable of increasing its production constantly, they have sometimes lost sight of the fact that their original purpose was to educate individuals.

In two important respects emphasis on quantity results in an injustice to the superior student. In the first place, it does not encourage him to do his work well. He may study superficially for the mere purpose of being able to make a passable recitation the same day. He

may borrow notes, he may skim through assigned reading—he may resort to every intellectual vice known to students, and yet succeed in earning every one of the credits in the time prescribed. A man who sat near me in some of my college courses never took a note of any kind. He amused himself by drawing cartoons of the professor and by reading novels concealed behind his notebook. A few days before final examinations he borrowed notes that his classroom neighbors had made, studied them and the prescribed readings with some thought, and then passed his courses with such distinction that he was honored with a part in the commencement program. No one could blame him for his methods. The courses in which I knew him were "geared low," whereas he could find joy only in working at high speed all the time. The college did him an unpardonable injustice by forcing him to do nothing when he was eager to attempt anything which promised intellectual resistance. It worked on the theory that the only way to educate a man is to teach him, while he knew, without being told, that the only way to educate a man is to give him the right kind of an opportunity to learn.

Secondly, emphasis on quantity demands of the student no intellectual enthusiasm. I do not speak of a vocational aim; a student may or may not have that and still feel a strong sense of direction. But a student cannot derive most from his college course unless he feels that somehow all of his work is shot through with significance. And colleges are very lax in bringing students into any such wholesome state of mind. The typical undergraduate attitude is, "We're here because we're here." Or, if not quite so void of purpose as that, it is one of mild receptivity, well exemplified by a college junior who wrote: "The whole world says education is the thing. There must be something to it, and I am willing to give it a chance." In all fairness to colleges, most of them do little to warm the student through and through with intellectual or spiritual zeal, little to lead him to ask the why of his presence. And in far too many instances his indifference develops into open contempt for a great ideal or a great enthusiasm of any kind.

Now it would not necessarily be calamitous if only the follower were in this mental state; sooner or later he might be led out of it. But colleges force it upon the prospective leader. He must march with the procession, whether the procession's progress affords him any intellectual exercise or not. The grade schools have recognized the justice of individual promotions, but the colleges would be "lowering standards" if they recognized the special abilities of unusual students and excused them from a year of consort with men of inferior ability and infirm purpose. Yet why should they not do it? Or, if the four-year standard is as low as it ought to be for men of high ability, how is it possible for the weak student to become educated in exactly the same period? If one man thinks three times as profoundly as another, if his emotional life is three times as variously enriched and is capable of enlarging itself and deepening itself three times as rapidly, why should he be forced to mark time by conforming to requirements that are necessary only in measuring the mediocre ability of the other?

The superior student suffers, moreover, because the tradition of quantitative standards robs his teachers of an opportunity to give him the assistance he merits. Everyone who is familiar with higher education in America knows of college professors, as well as college presidents, who have been dismissed from their posts because the enrollment failed to grow. It seems never to have occurred to those in authority in such instances that a teacher might have two dozen students who possess the zeal of disciples, and through them influence more people eventually than the teacher who measures his auditors by the hundred, or that a teacher might render a greater service to his large classes by

thinking more and lecturing less. "How many lectures," a Frenchman asked a distinguished professor at Harvard, "do you give each week?"

"Ten or twelve," the Harvard scholar replied.

"Then," the Frenchman observed, with sparkling good humor, "they must be very poor ones."

It is not that the conscientious teacher objects so seriously to having some expert accountant tell him just how many hours he should devote to preparing an acceptable lecture on—let us say, "The Absolute in Religious Belief." This could be borne with equanimity if only one's best students were not made to suffer. But the teacher knows that he has a given amount of routine work to do; and he knows that his good students will not bring absolute disgrace upon him if he neglects them, while the poor ones will. So when the large amount of classroom and administrative work is done, he turns, as a matter of professional self-defense, to the assistance of the shamefully poor students and tries to forget the standards of quality about which he has dreamed and talked so long in vain.

Closely akin to the evil of quantitative standards is another that the college which wishes to train leaders must successfully combat—namely, pseudo-democracy. In American college communities, being "democratic" too often means being like the majority, being "in the swim," being without unusual qualities or unusual tastes. It usually means, too, a spirit of intolerance for men or ideas that are at variance with the popular conception. This intolerance works to the advantage of the man who is below the average level, for he is forced to improve himself up to the general standard; but it works a great hardship to the man who is above the average. Any man who has superior mental ability is likely to have certain pronounced characteristics that do not contribute always to an easy life of good fellowship. He may not wish to spend all of his spare time in the company of his nearest friends; yet if he isolates himself, or reveals an inclination to do so at times, he is called a snob or a highbrow. He may not be interested in college journalism, or college music, or college dances; yet if he possesses ability in any of these fields of activity and does not use it for the glory of his club or fraternity, he is "yellow" and disloyal. If he enjoys conversation with his teachers or with intellectual women who are older than he is, his fellows "simply cannot understand it." Whatever may be the qualities which set him apart from the crowd, his friends persist in exerting influence, bringing pressure to bear, warning him that the highest duty of a student is to be a "good scout," until he yields up a large degree of his individuality, or is forced into the life of a social recluse. He must be like the rest or be no one; and when he yields to the pressure to be like the rest he surrenders the essence of his own soul. The receptive moments of his highest spiritual self, the prodigal flashes of divine enthusiasm—these do not spring from the miscellaneous chatter of his friends, or from the "jazz" music of the player-piano. The miscellaneous chatter and the "jazz" music should be tolerated, but so should the man whose tastes pull him at times toward something more significant.

My whole contention in respect to democracy is that the most democratic of democracies must have leaders. And these leaders, if they are to render the greatest service, must possess superior ability and superior ideals. The good statesman, the good representative of the people, is not the man who tries merely to reflect the will of the people, but the man who, having the welfare of the people at heart, sees better than they do, and holds before them an ideal that is just far enough above their level to make them aspire to it. And an education that will develop men to represent the people best is not an education that

everybody — even the unwilling — can have without effort, nor an education whose atmosphere rings with the glad, irresponsible shouts of the incompetent and intellectually unambitious, but an education far enough above popular ease and popular mediocrity to be only within difficult reach. It must encourage not only the best that is in the poorest man, but the best that is in the best man.

One thing further the college that would train exceptional students would have to do; it would have to lift itself above the provinciality that too frequently surrounds institutions of higher learning. This provinciality is not the result of geographical isolation; it may affect the "liberal" young instructor in a metropolitan university as well as the traditional graybeard in a freshwater college. It is a mental attitude of passivity or of open resistance toward all ideas that have not been authoritatively admitted to the life of the particular college community. It is the habit of mind that men call "academic" when they use the word in its worst possible sense. An illustration: In the course of one afternoon I attended meetings of a national educational association and of an association of business men. In the educational meetings the men "played politics," they attacked one another with caustic tongues, they refused to be convinced, they refused to listen whenever possible, they made sharp retorts—evidently brought ready-made from classroom and faculty meeting—and they persisted in teaching their fellow workers rather than trying to learn from them. In the meeting of the commercial association the men were outspoken but courteous, they were respectful, they listened eagerly, they asked questions designed to develop illuminating discussion, and they weighed suggestions with an open, inquiring mind. In the first instance, the men were troubled over many small things; in the second, they were troubled over nothing at all, but were intent upon solving problems in good spirit and in good time.

Now superior students — potential leaders—cannot survive in an atmosphere of intellectual smugness. Their lofty spirits either succumb to it or rebel against every intellectual virtue unfortunately associated in their minds with it. More important still, the superior teacher in whom they would discover such a leader as they aspire to be themselves will not remain in such an atmosphere. By chance I know a dozen of the great teachers living in the world today. I am also acquainted with a hundred or more standard colleges. Yet I cannot conceive of more than two of these teachers as being comfortable in these colleges. These men are clean and strong in character, and would not contribute in the least to a reign of intellectual terrorism. But they would demand elbow-room. They would not have their work judged by its conformity to some made-to-order ideal, and they would refuse to spend their time currying favor with those in authority. They would insist on doing what the integrity of their own character suggested; they would wish to act with good sense and high-mindedness, whether or not their acts seemed "regular"; they would demand a freedom that, in the souls of the great, creates a solemn responsibility to one's highest conscience; and they would ask the college to have the greatest of all faiths in them—the faith to wait while they worked with silent enthusiasm toward some cherished but remote ideal.

If colleges are to guarantee to the superior student the kind of teacher he requires, college corporations must reveal some of the idealism and devotion which they always expect of those who serve them. The way of the teacher is peculiarly beset with temptations to yield to a hardening process, to become intellectually static. Daily he spends his time with young men and women who treat him as a mental superior, and daily the college corporation that pre-

sides over his destiny treats him as a cheap kind of employee. Thus he suffers by being looked upon at the same time as an intellectual authority and an economic nonentity. From the beguiling dead level of his students he cannot be saved altogether; it is one of the natural hazards of his position. But he can be saved from the deadening humiliation of feeling that he is a mill-hand instead of a consulting engineer. He looks over into the world of commerce and sees "soulless business corporations" eagerly giving men an opportunity to develop their special abilities, to try their wings, to find new ways of furthering the interests of the corporation they serve. Yet when the college corporation which employs him has promising men in its service it will allow them to go unencouraged, it will sacrifice the work they aspire to do rather than go to the trouble of inquiring sympathetically into their aspirations, and it will often measure their "loyalty" by the infrequency with which they ask for anything. Surely no one expects "the exceptional man, the reformer, the enthusiast" to find inspiration at such a source. In order to train such a man, college corporations must abandon the "hard-headed business methods" which business men apply to education, and adopt some of the idealistic methods which business men apply to business.

Such unleveling requires nothing of a college that it cannot give. It necessitates no vast expenditure of money, no reorganization of the material equipment of the institution, no surrendering of any tradition that is worth keeping. It does, however, require sufficient detachment to see the problem in the large, and sufficient sense of humor to see some of the absurdities to which our serious-minded regard for precedent has led us. For the teacher, it means keeping educational practice in the highest possible state of mobility; it means dodging the pressures that make teaching conventional and dogmatic. For officers of administration, it means responsibility in developing and sustaining teachers, a recognition of the principle of co-operation as the basis of educational procedure. For both teachers and officers it means an unpopular task, since nothing is more unpopular than an attempt to transmute the traditions of an existing order into the spirit of a new life. But any expenditure of energy would result in immediate specific benefits. It would reduce the percentage of indifferent students in undergraduate classes and thereby contribute to a higher respect for learning, and it would send a new strain of blood out into secondary education. Through these specific changes it would help at least a few men to the highest of all educational experiences—the quickening of the spirit. And when even a few able men are quickened there is less danger that the people will perish because their leaders are without vision.

THE FANCY SKATER OF MELONMERANG

BY PHILIP CURTISS

BINGHAM was staring moodily at the fireplace.

"You look worried," I said.

"I am worried," he answered. "I am worried about the future."

"The future of what?"

"The future of clubs."

"Oh!" I replied.

We were sitting at the moment in the Forrest Club in Gramercy Park, and, like most other clubs, the Forrest Club had recently doubled its dues at the exact moment that the Federal govenment had annihilated its benefits.

Bracken, the third member of the party, spoke up. "Your idea is that a club can't pay expenses under an arid administration?"

"No," replied Bingham, "that doesn't trouble me. Such base matters I leave to you capitalists and men of business. I wasn't worrying about the financial end of this club. I was worrying about the intellectual end."

"What's the matter with the intellectual end?" asked Bracken.

"It's punk," said Bingham, "and it's growing punker day by day. Twelve years ago I joined this club with an ideal, a dream. I had been brought up to expect great things of a club. My father and all my uncles were clubmen, and I had been led to believe that a club was a sort of world apart where everyone looked like Major Pendennis and talked like Joseph Addison. All the stories I read in college were laid in clubs. I thought that, once I was admitted to the Forrest or the Van Winkle or the Federal Club, I should live in an atmosphere of lavender and old lace. I expected to listen to nothing but talk about books and travel and statecraft and familiar anecdotes of famous men.

"Now," Bingham continued, "what are the ugly facts? I joined all three of those clubs and what did I find? I found that the modern club in New York is a cross between a high-class pool room and a railroad station. For twelve years I have sat in front of this fireplace waiting in vain to hear one single word that could not be heard in a dairy lunch. The Van Winkle Club is nothing but an anteroom to the stock exchange. The Federal is merely a hotel for fat men from out of town, while as for the Forrest, the time has come when the Forrest had better hang out a sign of 'U. S. Mail' and be done with it. I have sat here and watched twelve members in rapid succession come in, get their letters, and then go out again. Every time I see you two—you and Mac—I pluck up a little hope, but what kind of intellectual aroma do you spread around you? About as much as a china dog. You come in and say, 'Hello, Mac!' Mac looks up and says, 'Hello, Bracken!' Then Mac says, 'How about a little game of pool?' and you say: 'Can't. I've got to meet a man uptown,' and that's the end of your intellectual atmosphere.

"Now that offends my sense of drama. Can you picture Joseph Addison or Courtland van Bibber talking like that in their clubs? It makes me shudder and bite my lip to hear that sort of thing in a place of this kind, just as a music lover always shudders and bites his lip when the orchestra plays something that most people think is especially good. What music is to the music lover a club is to me—an ideal, an art, an entity. I

am always hoping to see the perfect club, the ideal club, the club of romance. For instance, in the club that you read about there are always three men sitting in front of a fire."

"Well," retorted Bracken, "here are three men, such as we are, and there is your fire. What are you kicking about?"

"It is all wrong," answered Bingham. "In the first place, none of us is a colonel. There always should be an old Colonel Somebody to make a proper club atmosphere."

"I was a second lieutenant in the Spanish War," said Bracken.

"I'll bet you weren't," I ventured.

"Well, then," said Bracken, "if you won't believe that I was a second lieutenant, I might just as well say that I was a colonel. Come on, Bingham; there's a fair offer. We all want to make you happy. I'll be a colonel, if you like."

Bingham shook his head sadly. "I thank you for your well-meant efforts," he said, "but you won't do at all. A club colonel has got to be an Indian colonel for choice, but at any rate he has got to have a very red face and a white mustache."

"Oh, piffle!" said Bracken. "If you are going to be as fussy as that about your colonels, you don't deserve to have one."

"And what's the matter with me," I demanded, "as furniture for a club?"

Bingham looked me over critically.

"Well," he began, slowly, "you are not jumpy enough."

"I am not what?" I asked.

"Jumpy," said Bingham. "You see, if this club amounted to a hoot as a real club of fiction you would be the nervous and jumpy young man of the party. You would be the dark, gloomy chap who was haunted by something in his past. Then, besides, you ought to be 'just back' from big-game hunting in Africa. In the story club there is always a man who is 'just back' from somewhere, but in this club the members are never just back from anywhere except the telephone booths. If you were the dark and nervous young man that you ought to be we should speak of you as 'Young Smith' or 'Young Jones,' or whatever your name was."

"Oh, come, Bingham!" exclaimed Bracken. "You're not as good at this as you pretend to be. The dark and silent young man in a good club story who is 'just back' from Africa is never named 'Young Smith' or 'Young Jones.' Now *you* make *me* bite my lip and shudder at your lack of proper atmosphere. The young hero—"

"Oh, so I am to be the hero in this story?" I asked, sitting up suddenly and beginning to fix my tie.

"Hero or villain, just as you choose to look at it," answered Bingham, "because the hero in a club story has always done something awful in the past. That's what makes the story and incidentally that's what makes him jumpy."

"All right," I said, "I'll jump whenever anyone drops a match, because it reminds me of the time—"

"Now wait a minute," ordered Bracken. "Don't run away with this thing. We've got to do it right or not at all. First, you've got to have a name. What shall we name him, Bingham?"

Bingham looked at me again as if he were going to measure me for my first trousers. "I think you're right, Bracken," he said, pensively. "We can't name him 'Young Smith' or 'Young Jones.' That would never do for a club story. It is always 'Young Carthwaite' or 'Young Carstairs' or 'Young Carhart'—"

"Or 'Young Carbuncle,'" I suggested.

"That's not bad," said Bracken, "although it sounds like a middle-weight scrapper. I'll be the colonel and Mac will be Young Carbuncle just back from Africa. Now what are you going to be yourself, Bingham?"

"Me?" asked Bingham. "Oh, I'm the man that tells the story."

"The hell you are!" I retorted. "*I'm*



SUDDENLY I SAW BEFORE ME THAT VISION OF VIKING BEAUTY DRESSED IN FURS

going to tell the story—all about my past and everything."

"Let him be what he wants," replied Bracken. "He doesn't mean that he is going to be the man who tells the story here in the club. You are that—Young Carbuncle. You're the one who has been up against it in Africa or Asia or somewhere, and we draw your curious story out of you by inches. Bingham means that he is the shrewd, analytic listener, the man who has known both you and me at various times in the past, but he meets us here and we get to talking about psychoanalysis or something, and, little by little, your story comes out. Do you get me?"

"I do," I said. "And then Bingham goes home and writes it up."

"Years afterward," corrected Bingham, "when all the characters are dead."

"I see," I replied, "but what is Bracken's name? Old Colonel what?"

"It ought to be something pompous and yet something silly at the same time," said Bingham, "like the names in Thackeray and Dickens. I was thinking of something like 'Old Colonel Bellmead.'"

"'Old Colonel Bellhop,'" I suggested.

"That's fair," said Bracken. "If you have got to be Young Carbuncle, I can't kick at being old Colonel Bellhop. You're pretty good at picking names, Mac. I tell you what we'll do. You pick out the names and Bingham will write in the atmosphere and I will put in the conversation. That will give us equal fame if this story ever gets into print—'Book and Lyrics by Henry F. Bingham, Names by James McMahon, Small Talk by Anthony Bracken.' Maybe we can sell the movie rights."

"There you go again," protested Bingham. "That's just the spirit that is spoiling this club. The minute I sug-

gest a bit of fine art you chaps want to commercialize it. This is art for art's sake. We don't *write* this story. We *live* it. We merely create the atmosphere of a club as it should be."

"All right," said Bracken. "Let's begin to create. What's the title?"

"I don't think we need one," said Bingham, "and, anyway, that's Mac's job. He was to pick out all the names."

"Oh, we must have a title!" argued Bracken. "I never enjoy a story, no matter how good it is, unless it has a title. Come on, Mac, give us a title."

I tried to think.

"The title of this story," I said, at last, "is, 'Mary, the Fancy Skater, or Who Put the Nick in the Chandelier?'"

"Oh, come, Mac!" protested Bingham. "You've got to be serious about this. Bracken and I are. If men like us don't take art seriously, what can we expect of the rest of the club?"

"That's all right," I answered, sullenly. "You asked me for a title and I gave you one. Now it's up to you to write the story, or, rather, live the story. Go ahead. Let's see you do it."

"That's a sporting proposition, Mac," said Bracken, thoughtfully, "but you've forgotten one thing. As the jumpy young hero of this story you are supposed to be just back from African jungles, from fever-laden swamps and crocodile rivers. That's the story we're going to draw out of you. Now what would a fancy skater be doing in African jungles?"

"That's just the point," I retorted. "What would she? You see, this is a problem story and that is the problem. The reader is going to be crazy until he finds out. There's where the genius lies in my work. I think that title's a winner. I'm sorry I told it to you. I ought to have saved it and used it myself."

"Your idea is good," said Bingham, quietly, "but your execution is faulty. Where is there anything in that title that suggests an African jungle? Mary, the fancy skater, might just as well be in Newark, for all your title suggests. The reader's curiosity is still unpiqued. You've got to have a word in your title that suggests the jungle—something hot and sultry to contrast dramatically with the suggestion of ice in Mary's skates. Give us a word that suggests the jungle."

"Well," I said, "the names of jungles mostly end in *ang*, like Sarang and Oomliputang. How about 'Mary, the Fancy Skater of Sarang?'"

"Nothing doing," said Bingham.

"Sarang? Bulang? Funang?" I suggested, thoughtfully. "I've got it! Merang! 'Mary, the Fancy Skater of Melonmerang.'"

"Fine!" said Bracken, who was easier to please than Bingham. "Now we're off to a flying start. Bingham, it's up to you to put in a little introduction."

"All right," said Bingham. "How's this? 'There were three of us in the club that evening—' Oh, thunder! This story's got to stop right here. We can't go on."

"Why not?" asked Bracken.

"Because," said Bingham, "the three men who are sitting in a club in stories of this kind are always wearing evening clothes and not one of us has got them on."

"By Jove! that's so," said Bracken, soberly. "I suppose it's too late to go home and change. Couldn't we just turn in the edges of our waistcoats?"

"Not I," said Bingham. "I've got on a lavender shirt."

"Look here," I broke in. "You fellows don't know the first thing about literature. I never thought that you did. Let the illustrator put in the evening clothes. We won't say anything about it at all. When you write this up, Bingham, you just sit tight and say casually that we are in a club and the illustrator will put us in evening clothes from force of habit. Even if we said explicitly that we were in overalls he would draw us in evening clothes. I know those illustrators—*canaille!*"

"By the way," said Bingham, "who do you think we ought to get to illustrate this?"

"Sargent," I suggested.

"He's good," said Bracken, judicially, "but there is one other point before we get started. We ought to be smoking the finest Havana cigars."

"The story hasn't said so, yet," argued Bingham.

"No, but it's going to in a minute," retorted Bracken, "or else I lay down my tools and quit. I'm just as keen on getting the proper atmosphere as you are when it comes to cigars."

"Have it your own way," said Bingham, "but just let me put it in, in the proper place." He began to quote hastily: "'Mary, the Fancy Skater of Melonmerang,' by Henry F. Bingham. There were three of us in the club that evening, all smoking choice Havana cigars which had just been purchased by old Colonel Bellhop."

"I see that this thing is going to cost me money," said Bracken, as he turned and rang for a boy.

The boy brought three "Flor de Garcias." We all lit them impressively, and then Bracken looked up.

"Now, Bingham," he said, "I've done my part for the time being and Mac's done his. You create your introduction and make it a long one while I get my wind."

"'There were three of us in the club that evening,'" recited Bingham. "'In addition to the doughty old colonel with his red face, his white mustache, and his endless lies about his experiences in the Spanish War, our group comprised young Carbuncle and I.'"

"'Young Carbuncle and me,'" I corrected.

"That's right," confessed Bingham, "but I'm not trying to make this a finished thing—a bijou. This is only the first draft. I'll correct all those little points when I write it up years afterward."

He continued to quote from his prospective pages: "'I had not seen young Carbuncle for twenty-two years, but I found him little changed. Sensitive, proud, and ready to jump when you touched him, he still showed himself to be just the same old Carbuncle.'"



I OFFERED TO GIVE UP MY CAREER AS A LION SHOOTER

"Fine!" said Bracken. "Let's have some more."

Glowing with creative pride, Bingham went on, his eyes on the ceiling: "'And yet there was something different about him. He would not have been a Carbuncle if this had not been true. That had been the history of Carbuncles since the world began—always changing from day to day. You never knew how to take a Carbuncle—standing up or sitting down. I glanced at him uneasily and he jumped.'

"Hey! You! *Jump!* Get into the picture," yelled Bingham, suddenly, giving me a poke in the ribs, but I had been daydreaming and it took me a moment to grasp what he meant.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I said at last. "Just say that again, will you?"

"'I glanced at him uneasily and he jumped,'" repeated Bingham.

I gave a hitch in my chair and looked up for approval. "How's that?"

"Every inch a Carbuncle," said Bracken, nodding, but Bingham was less pleased.

"That will do for now," he said, "but don't fall asleep at the switch again. Next time, when I say that young Carbuncle jumped, you jump. Understand?"

Bingham resumed, "'I looked at him and he jumped.'—No, Mac, you didn't have to jump that time. I was just repeating what I'd said the first time and you'd already jumped for that."

"Then I'm one jump to the good," I argued. "Next time I won't have to jump."

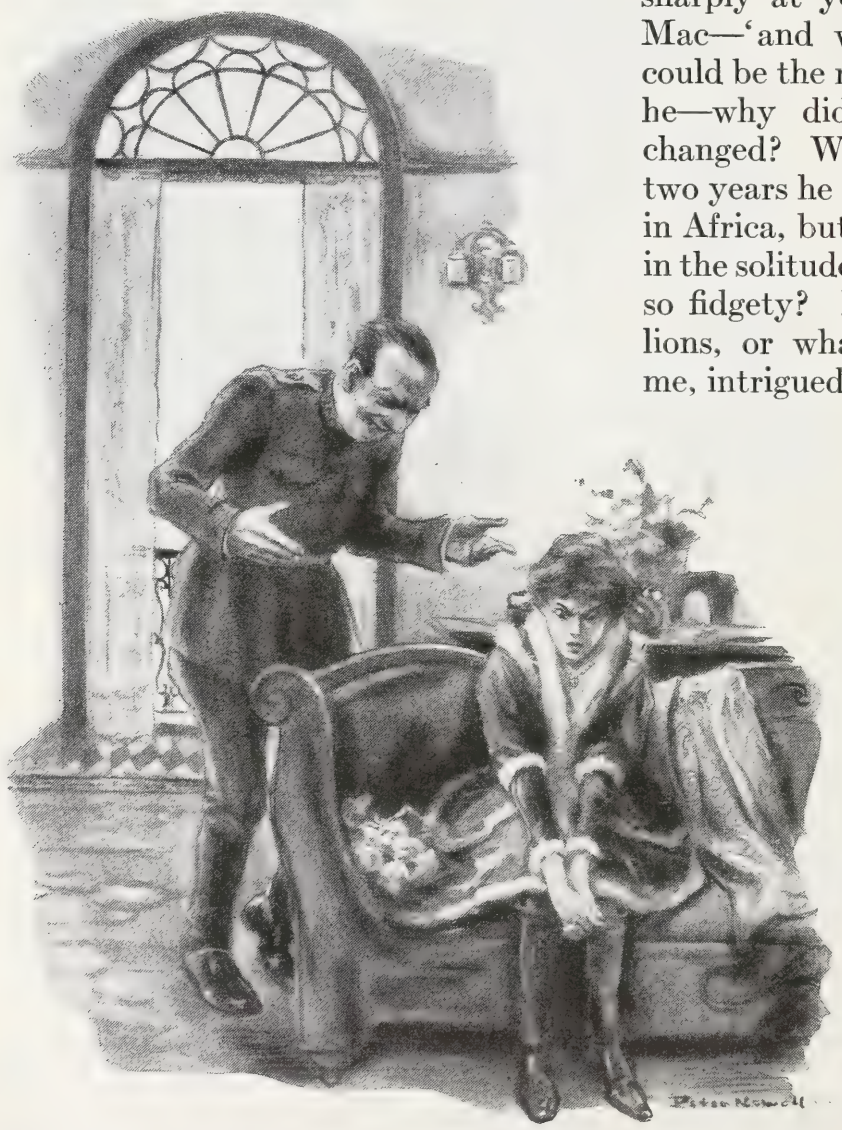
"Yes, you will," interrupted Bracken, "except when Bingham repeats."

"Where was I?" asked Bingham.

"'"I glanced uneasily at young Carbuncle,"'" quoted Bracken, "'"and he j—"' Well, anyway, you know what he did. You saw him do it."

"Oh yes, yes, yes! How stupid of me!" said Bingham. "You can sit still for a minute, Mac, until we pick up the tangled threads of the story.

"'As the evening wore on,'" he resumed, "'I continued to glance very sharply at young Carbuncle'—Steady! Mac—'and wondered what the deuce could be the matter with him. Why did he—why did he act so nervous, so changed? We all knew that for twenty-two years he had been hunting big game in Africa, but what had happened there in the solitudes of the jungle to make him so fidgety? Hadn't he really shot any lions, or what? The question piqued me, intrigued me. I wanted to ask him, but I didn't quite like to do it. When men come back from twenty-two years in the jungle there are no questions asked.'"



HE WAS IN THE ARMY, AND TO THIS GIRL HE PROVED THAT WAR IS HELL

Bingham paused and relighted his cigar. "Here's something," he said. "How do these people in stories keep their cigars going and talk at the same time?"

"They don't," said Bracken. "You see all that you've said so far you wouldn't really say. You'd merely think it. We haven't had any actual dialogue so far."

"Well, then, let's have some," said Bingham.



ALL THE HIGH OFFICIALS AND ALL THE NATIVE CHIEFTANS HAD BEEN INVITED

"My throat is tired. I'll say a few words of introduction and then let you begin to talk like the old colonel. Get ready, now, and don't miss your cue.

"'It was old Colonel Bellhop,'" Bingham resumed, "'who broke the silence at last. The colonel sat looking pensively at his cigar.' (That's right, Bracken, keep looking at it. You're doing splendidly.) 'The colonel looked pensively at his cigar and then began as follows:'"

"'Speaking of psychoanalysis,'" began Bracken, taking up his role of old Colonel Bellhop, "'reminds me of a little experience that occurred during the Spanish War.'"

"'I turned my eyes toward young Carbuncle,'" interrupted Bingham, "'and as the colonel said the phrase "psychoanalysis" I noticed that Carbuncle *jumped!* But he said nothing.'"

"Thank you, Bingham," I said. "I wasn't prepared to say much at just that moment, but I got in my jump, all right."

"Now, Bracken," said Bingham, "it's your turn again. I'll give you a little starter. Here's where you get some action. 'The colonel turned to young Carbuncle bluntly and asked:

"'Why do you jump, Young Carbuncle?'" demanded Bracken, promptly.

"'Did I jump?'" I answered, taking up my role in earnest. "'I was not aware of it. You see I have jumped so often while hunting big game in the jungle that one jump more or less escapes my notice?'"

"'"Tell us about it," I asked,'" said Bingham, appearing for the first time in his proper role of the "I" in the story.

This novel interruption so disconcerted both me and Bracken that we forgot our parts and stared at Bingham in doubt. It didn't sound right to us.

"Say, look here," suggested Bracken, "let's leave out all these 'said-he's' and 'I-asked-with-a-smile's.' We'll get so mixed up that we won't know where we are at. Let's each one of us talk in his

proper character without any 'saids' and 'askeds.'"

"That's what I wanted to do in the first place," said Bingham. "Well, then, here goes." He turned to me. "Mr. Carbuncle, there is a question that I have been dying to ask you all the evening. Just how did you come to lose control of your hands and feet? What made you the mess you are at the present moment?"

"Ah!" I replied. "That is the story."

"The story?" gasped Bingham.

"The story?" gasped Bracken.

"The story," I said, with a quiet smile.

"At this point a silence ought to ensue," said Bingham. "When the time comes I'll write it up dramatically—call it a 'potent silence' and all that, but now we'll just have a few minutes of silence and let it go at that."

So we all sat in silence for two or three minutes, gazing sadly at our cigars until Bingham released us.

"That's fine!" he said. "That silence was very lifelike. Now I'll start it rolling again."

He turned to me. "Mr. Carbuncle, when a man goes to the jungle—a plain, ordinary man—does he get jumpy right away or does it grow on him gradually? Does it come without warning or does he first notice red spots? We were talking of psychoanalysis and here is an interesting point in question. Take your own case, for instance. Can you think of any reason, any sudden shock, which could account for your jumpy condition?"

I nodded my head slowly and gazed at my cigar. "Yes," I replied at last, "I can tell you exactly what first made me jump. It was a woman."



SHE LANDED SQUARE IN THE ARMS OF THE MOST HANDSOME AIDE

"A woman?" exclaimed Bracken.

"I call her a woman," I said, soberly.

"Well, if she really was one," said Bingham, "you are quite within your rights, but if she was a man you mustn't call her a woman. In this club we are very exact in our choice of words."

"Oh, she wasn't a man," I answered. "I put it that way because she was a mere slip of a girl. In fact she was a fancy skater."

"Is that why you called her a mere slip?" asked Bracken. "And while we are on that subject, Mr. Carbuncle, there is something I have been wanting to ask you. How high are the chandeliers in the average, well-to-do house in the African jungle?"

"Ah!" I replied, "that is the story!"

"The story?" gasped Bingham.

"The story?" gasped Bracken.

"The story," I said, with a quiet smile.

"Now at this point," said Bingham, "we all ought to look into the distance moodily, as if we were all seeing pictures from our own past lives. You see, we all have private suspicions as to who the girl really was, but the reader can't guess for the life of him. We've got to pry the secret out of Mac—I mean young Carbuncle. We've got to do it diplomatically. If we do it roughly he may jump and spoil the story."

So we all sat in silence for a minute or two, gazing moodily into the distance, seeing pictures from our past lives.

"Fine!" said Bingham. "I wish the illustrator were here. Now for the diplomacy." He turned to me winningly. "Mr. Carbuncle, is it customary to find fancy skaters in African jungles?"

"I never found but one," I replied, "and she wasn't a very big one. That was in Melonmerang. Colonel Bellhop, have you ever been in Melonmerang?"

But Bracken was apparently still seeing pictures on his own hook, pictures that had nothing to do with the story, for he did not hear me.

"Colonel, I asked you a question," I said, sharply. "Have you, or have you not, ever been in Melonmerang?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Bracken. "The truth is that your words reminded me of a fancy skater whom I myself once knew in Cuba at the time of the Spanish War."

"That's odd," said Bingham, "for I, too, was thinking about a fancy skater whom *I* once knew in British Honduras."

"Say," I asked. "Don't you think that I ought to give a regular series of jumps at those remarks? Because, you see, it's bound to come out that this girl I knew in Melonmerang had also been in Cuba during the Spanish War and also in British Honduras."

"Fine business," said Bracken. "Jump by all means."

So I jumped up and down three or four times. When a proper quiet had been restored I looked at Bracken with clenched fists and dramatic tenseness.

"In British Honduras?" I hissed. "In British Honduras did you say?"

"No, I said the Spanish War," replied Bracken. "It was Bingham who said British Honduras. But of course we can't possibly be thinking about the same girl."

"Impossible!" I muttered.

"Incredible!" hissed Bingham.

"At least not very likely," said Bracken, relighting his cigar.

"This girl of whom I speak," I continued, "was Swedish by birth."

"Strange! So was my girl!" said Bingham.

"And so was mine!" said Bracken.

"Although," I went on, "she had been compelled by a reversal of family fortunes to earn her living as a fancy skater, she was really connected with some of the leading families in Sweden."

"The Gustafsens and the Larsens and that crowd?" asked Bracken.

"The very same," I replied.

"How small the world is!" said Bingham, sentimentally. "But tell me, Carbuncle, what was this fancy skater doing in Africa? Tell me that."

"I will," I replied, "if you will tell me

what *your* fancy skater was doing in British Honduras."

"Let's go fifty-fifty," suggested Bingham. "We'll *both* tell if Colonel Bellhop will tell us what *his* fancy skater was doing in Cuba."

"Skating," said Bracken.

"Funny," said Bingham. "That's just what mine was doing in British Honduras."

"And exactly what mine was doing in Melonmerang," I responded.

"Oh dear!" mused Bingham. "I suppose it wouldn't be of the slightest use for any one of us to ask any other one of us how a girl could skate in Cuba, British Honduras, or the African jungle. The party asked would merely say, 'Ah, that's the story!' and then we should be just where we were before."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Bracken. "I haven't the slightest objections to telling how my girl came to be skating in Cuba."

"Well, then, please tell us," said Bingham. "It may remind me of how my girl happened to be skating in British Honduras."

"It was very simple," said Bracken. "When the American army began to clean up Cuba, one of the very first things they did was to have a man come down and install an ice plant."

"I have always wondered how you happened to get to Cuba, Colonel," I remarked, innocently.

"That wasn't the way I got there," said Bracken, "but that was the reason I stayed there. You see, as soon as the army left, the ice company hoped to open the plant as a commercial proposition, but it didn't seem to catch on with the Cuban public. They didn't know what ice was, most of them, so I was called in to put the thing on its feet."

"I see," said Bingham. "The Cuban public had fallen down on the ice."

"You'd never hear Joseph Addison making *that* remark," was Bracken's comment. "Well, anyway, I said to the engineers: 'What these people want is something theatric. What you ought to do, to start this thing with a boom, is to freeze a cake of ice about the size of a ballroom and have a fancy skater come down and give exhibitions.' So this young lady of whom I am thinking was brought clear from Sweden. The minute she appeared she created a furore."

"With the Cuban public or with you?" asked Bingham.

"With both of us," said Bracken, "and also with the ice company. The exhibition was such a success that the company put her on its regular pay roll, and whenever it opened a new plant in some tropical country where they had never seen ice before they sent her there to give exhibitions. She passed out of my ken when she left Cuba, but I understand that later she was seen in British Honduras, and later in Melonmerang."

"In British Honduras?" gasped Bingham.

"In Melonmerang?" gasped I.

"This girl that I knew," mused Bracken, "had wonderful golden hair."

"And so did the girl that I knew," said Bingham. "She talked with a strong Swedish accent."

"Both of you," I exclaimed, "paint a perfect picture of the girl *I* knew. Do you wonder, gentlemen, that I jumped when, one day, in tropic Melonmerang, I forced my way out of the tangled vines and miasmic vapors of the hot, sultry jungle and suddenly saw before me that vision of viking beauty dressed in furs?"

"No," said Bracken. "If she was the girl I think she was I don't blame you for jumping. Was that your first offense?"

"Yes," I replied, "but not my last. From that very moment that girl became a part of my life. I jumped every time I saw her, but each time for a different reason. She was a jewel with many facets. At first I could not believe that she was real. I rubbed my eyes. I thought her to be a vision, a dream of my northern home—"

"Like a man in delirium," I continued, "I pushed on into the town of Melonmerang proper and there I found

that the girl was not a dream. I found out who she was and what she was doing, but, for me, she continued to be something ethereal, a dream and more than a dream—an obsession. She lived in my thoughts day and night. All my plans for going back into the jungle fled from my mind. What was lion shooting to this?"

"Nothing," said Bingham.

"Nothing at all!" agreed Bracken.

"The first exhibition," I said, "was given at the Melonmerang Country Club at eight the next evening. The doors opened at half past seven, and I was there when they opened. From that day on I was at her feet."

"In the case of a girl wearing skates," suggested Bingham, "that sounds to me like a risky position. Suppose you made advances and she cut you?"

"Ah yes," I answered, "but I was willing to risk anything for her. The day came when she allowed me to talk to her, touch her hand. I think that she pitied me at first."

"What did she have to pity you about?" asked Bracken.

"'First pity, then endure, and then embrace," suggested Bingham.

"That was it exactly," I said. "We passed with utmost rapidity through all three stages, but at that point we came to a halt."

"About time," said Bingham.

"Yes," I agreed, "but I wanted so much more. I offered her my heart and my hand. I wished her to wear the proud name of Carbuncle. I even offered to give up my career as a lion shooter and become a skater, but she was adamant."

"Those Swedes are," said Bracken.

"But she had a terrible reason," I continued. "She could love me just so far and no farther. It had always been that way with her, she told me. In all the countries she had visited, men had loved her. Some of them she had loved in return, as she loved me, although not quite so much. But, in every case, when she reached a certain point her heart seemed to chill. Something of the steel of her skates and the ice of her native heath seemed to creep into her soul. One day she told me the truth. There was a shadow over her life!"

"A shadow?" gasped Bracken.

"Uh-huh."

"Only one shadow?" asked Bingham, with an air of disappointment.

"Two, to be exact," I answered, "but I shall have to take them up one at a time. Over the life of this pure, blond girl lay a sinister shadow, the shadow of a man! The sinister shadow of a sinister man, to give the thing its full title."

"Wait a minute, Mac," said Bingham. "This story is getting zippy. Now it is time for the author to get in a line or two, something like this, '"The sinister shadow of a sinister man!" As young Carbuncle said the words I looked at old Colonel Bellhop and he—'"

"*No you don't!*" said Bracken. "I'm not going to do any jumping."

"'I looked at old Colonel Bellhop,'" continued Bingham, regardless, "'and he suddenly seemed to me strangely drawn and haggard. His white mustache seemed whiter than ever, his red face redder. What could it mean? I wondered.' Now go ahead, Mac."

"The sinister shadow of a sinister man," I repeated. "As the delicate, sensitive girl told me the story, it seemed that she had once been in Cuba, at the time of the Spanish-American War—"

"'As young Carbuncle said the words "Spanish – American War,"'" interrupted Bingham, "'I noticed that Colonel Bellhop gave a start and drew his breath sharply.'"

"I'm willing to do that," said Bracken. "Whzzz!"

"He had not been a bad man at heart," I continued, "this man in Cuba."

"I thank you for those kind words," said Bracken.

"But," I added, "not all the harm in this world is done by bad men. This man whom the girl had known in Cuba had merely been a silly old fool."

"I wonder who he could have been," said Bracken. "Did she tell you his name? There were lots of them there."

"No, Colonel Bellhop," I said, menacingly, "she did not tell me his *name*."

"Oh, Mac, raise an accusing finger," pleaded Bingham.

I raised an accusing finger at Bracken. "No, Colonel Bellhop, she did not give me his name, but she *described* him."

"Then *I'm* safe," said Bracken. "I wore a beard the whole time I was in Cuba."

"He was an American officer," I continued, grimly, "between the rank of lieutenant colonel and brigadier general."

"He must have been in the navy," said Bracken.

"No, Colonel Bellhop," I shouted, shaking my finger, "he was in the army, and to this girl he proved that war is hell. With his smirks, his smiles, his senile capers, he made life for her one living torture. She left the country. She never saw him again, but his image was seared into her soul. Every time she thought she might love some other man, that leering, senile face of the colonel in Cuba seemed to be peering over the other man's shoulder. 'My heavens!' the girl would think. 'I love this man now, but in forty years will he look like that?' It nipped every courtship in the bud."

"Well, let's leave that poor old chap alone for a moment," said Bracken. "I think you said that there was another shadow in her life."

"Yes," I replied, "there had been—in British Honduras. There she had met a young American. He, again, had taught her how utterly contemptible civilized man could be."

"Mercy! What a horrid young man!" said Bingham.

"Bah!" I said, "I will not waste time on this man. He was the kind of man that you twist in your fingers and toss away like a wisp of paper."

"'As young Carbuncle said these words,'" recited Bingham, "'I ran over in my mind all the men I had known in British Honduras, but not one of them seemed to fit the description.'"

"The point being," suggested Bracken, "that, when you made love to this girl she saw one of these men looking over one of your shoulders and the other looking over the other."

"Exactly," I said.

"Then," replied Bracken, "I don't see but that the joke was on you."

"A cruel joke," I replied, "a Machiavellian joke, just such a joke as those two leering scums of humanity would have enjoyed. Their sneering faces became as real to me as they were to the girl herself. I seemed to sense them behind me in the very flesh. I seemed to feel their hot breath on my neck. I could not hear the words 'Cuba' or 'British Honduras' without—"

"Jumping," said Bracken.

"And becoming a madman," I added. "At the very mention of Cuba or British Honduras all my old fevers from which I had suffered for years in the jungle seemed to surge up within me and make my head swim. Every old lion bite on my arms and legs seemed to start again into life to torture me and take all the power from my limbs."

"How long did this continue?" asked Bingham, in the tone of a family physician.

"It has continued to this day," I replied. "Every time I hear or think of those men I become a madman."

"Holy smoke! Bingham," said Bracken, "you and I had better be getting out of here."

"Don't fear, '*Colonel*,'" I said, with a bitter sneer. "I have learned to control myself. I have learned to treat dirt as dirt."

"Well, doesn't this story ever reach any climax at all?" asked Bingham.

"It reached one only too soon," I answered. "The climax of the story came at the same time as the climax of the skating exhibitions in Melonmerang. I haven't told you that, during our brief acquaintance, my Swedish queen had

taught me to be a fancy skater only second in skill to herself."

"The little vixen!" said Bingham. "She told *me* that."

"Yes," I continued, disregarding him, "every whirl, every pirouette in her repertoire I had learned until we could do them hand in hand. This was to be the great sensation of her last night in Melonmerang—we two skating together. All the high officials—the British governor of Melonmerang, the French governor from the neighboring province of French Melonmerang, the Portuguese governor from Portuguese Melonmerang, all their glittering staffs, and all the native chieftains had been invited."

"Did they come?" asked Bingham.

"Every one of them," I said. "The rink was a scene beyond description, lined with bunting, brilliant with uniforms, gaudy with native costumes and crammed with expectant faces, white and black."

"Wasn't there a band?" asked Bingham. "I must have a band."

"Two," I replied, "one native and one European. The scene and the music went to one's head like wine. As we waited for our first number, I looked at my beloved beside me. Her eyes were sparkling like gems. I pressed her hand and she pressed mine in return. A thrill went through me, for I had a secret plan to drive from her mind the images of those two men who had haunted her, who had kept her from being mine.

"For most of the evening everything seemed to go swimmingly. Round after round of applause greeted our every effort. We outdid even ourselves. I had never seen my little viking so happy. We positively floated on for our last and most difficult number. In this number, after a series of paralyzingly difficult feats, my little lady would face me, clasp her hands around my neck, and I would start whirling faster and faster until her body rose in a straight, horizontal line to the level of my neck."

"With the leering image of me and Bingham looking over your shoulder all the time?" asked Bracken. "Oh no! Have a heart!"

"That was just the point," I said. "That was my secret plan. On that great night I meant to whirl much faster than I had ever whirled before, until those two leering faces could not keep up and should have to drop out. I knew that if I could once drive them from that little girl's mind, if only for a second, they would never come back."

"It sounds feasible," said Bingham.

"The band struck up," I continued. "We skated gracefully to our positions in the center of the rink. My partner faced me and clasped me around the neck. I started spinning. The music went faster, but faster went I. The music stopped, left far in the rear. So fast did I whirl that the brilliant uniforms and the native costumes became but a rainbow, a smear of colored horizon. My partner's feet left the ice. I whirled only the harder. Now I could see only her tense, drawn face. Her feet slowly rose to the level of my knees, my waist, my chest. They were almost up to my shoulder. I felt a thrill of triumph run through me. For days I had felt those two leering faces behind me, peering over my shoulder, but now I began to feel them slipping away. They were dropping behind. They lost a lap. They lost two laps. They lost count. I only redoubled my efforts. I spun like a top. Inch by inch my partner's skates rose into the air when suddenly I looked up!

"What did I see? Directly over my head was a huge crystal chandelier decorated with the flags of all nations, and, as if they were jeering at me, two seemed to droop out of the rest—the well-known flags of Cuba and British Honduras!

"And suddenly, as they always had done at the mere sight of anything reminding me of those two men, the old jungle fevers surged back over my frame, making my brain reel and swim. All the old lion bites in my legs started itching again. My limbs became powerless.

"Suddenly there was a crash! I saw my beloved sailing across the rink like a

hammer throw, and at the same moment that huge chandelier seemed coming swiftly to meet me. I met it. There was another crash and then I fell unconscious on to the ice."

"But the girl?" cried Bingham. "Was she hurt?"

"Yes, give us news of the girl," panted Bracken. "We may be leerers, Bingham and I, but we love her still."

"No," I said, coldly. "That, for me, was the saddest part of the whole affair. My partner sailed clear across the rink and into the British governor's box, where she landed square in the arms of his most handsome aide. Oh, the vast pity of it! Just as I had intended to do, I had succeeded in whirling the shadows off her brain. She was now more than ready to marry the first man she met, and she met the aide hard. They were married a week from the following Tuesday. Hilda was unhurt. In fact she was improved."

"Hilda?" cried Bingham. "I thought you said the girl's name was Mary."

"I only said that to make it harder," I replied. "No, the girl's name was Hilda, Hilda Carlson. She is now the Honorable Mrs. Frederick de Vere."

"And here I was all the time loving a girl named Mary," mourned Bingham. "I think I'll stick to her. I'm sure the girl I knew in British Honduras was named Mary, Mary Larsen. A pretty name, don't you think? It sounds like violets."

"And I have known from the first," maintained Bracken, "that the girl I knew in Cuba was named Christine, Christine Gustafsen. I knew you were talking about some other colonel."

Bingham scratched his head in perplexity. "I suppose this ends the story," he said, "but I can't make out where it leaves us. By rights we all ought to have been thinking about the same girl."

"On the contrary," I said, "I think that this is more perfect art. Now we've each got a girl, but the fact that you and Bracken were shown what rotters you were brought you back to your senses, made you repent. When each of you thought that your girl was going to be bumped it awakened the real nobility in your souls. Besides, if we ever do need the money this happy ending won't hurt it any."

"That's one way to look at it," said Bingham, "but that isn't the way these stories usually end. I wish I could think just how club stories *do* end."

But at that minute a boy in buttons came up to our group. He carried a tiny tray with a slip of paper. Uncertain, he looked from one of us to another:

"Which gentleman was it that ordered that round of cigars?"

FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

PART VII—AN ADVENTURE IN SOLITUDE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I AWOKE sometime during the latter part of the night with the bemused presentiment that a longed-for event was at hand or in the process of happening. Hands had passed lightly over my face—either that or I had dreamed it—and I heard a faint shout coming from the borderland between sleeping and waking. Puarei's guest bed, with its billowy mattress of *kapok* seemed strangely hard, which led to the discovery that I was lying not on a bed, but on a mat, in the corner of an empty room. The floor was covered with crushed *krora* shell, and a roof of green thatch was alight with the reflections of moving water. I was trying to puzzle out whose house this could be when I heard the shout again, clearly this time, in a pause of silence between deafening claps of thunder. From nearer at hand came the sound of subdued laughter. Something elfish, light-hearted, in the quality of it stirred a dim memory, and there flashed into mind the words of an old poem:

> Come, dear children, come out and play.
> The moon is shining as bright as day.
> Up the ladder and over the wall—

Raising my head quickly, I saw through the open doorway their perfect illustration. The wall was the smooth wall of the sea, with a waning moon rising just clear of it, sending a path of light to the strip of white beach in front of the house. The palm trees bordering the shore were swarming with children who were throwing down nuts. One ancient tree, its stem a fantastic curve, held its foliage far out over the water at a point where the floor of the narrow outer lagoon shelved steeply toward the reef, some fifty yards distant. Both boys and girls were shinning up the trunk, one after the other, diving from the plumed top, dropping feet foremost, jumping with their hands clasped around their knees into the foaming water—the wreckage of huge combers which broke on the reef, pouring across it into the inner shallows. A second group had gathered in the moonlit area just before the doorway. Several youngsters were peering intently in my direction. Others were playing a sort of hand-clapping game to the accompaniment of an odd little singsong. A small girl with a baby riding astride her hip walked past, and I saw another, of ten or twelve, standing at the edge of the track of shimmering light, holding with both hands a coconut to her lips. Her head was bent far back and her hair hung free from her shoulders as she drained the cool liquid to the last drop.

Imagine coming out of the depths of sleep to the consciousness of such a scene! I was hardly more sure of the reality of it than I had been of the shout, the touch of hands. It was like a picture out of a book of fairy tales, but one quick with life, the figures coming and going against a background of empty sea where the long swell broke in lines of white fire on a ledge of coral. I remembered where I was, of course; in my own house, which stood on the ocean side of a small *motu* known in the Paumotuan legend as "The Island Where the Souls Were Eaten." The house had been built for me only the day before by

the order of Puarei, chief of the atoll of Rutiaro; and the *motu* was one of a dozen uninhabited islands which lay on the thirty-mile circumference of the lagoon.

It was ordered—by chance, which took me there, perhaps—that I was never to see the place in the clear light of usual experience, but rather through a glamour like that of remembered dreams—a long succession of dreams in which, night after night, events shape themselves according to the heart's desire, or even more fantastically, with an airy disregard for any semblance to reality. So it was, waking from sleep on the first night which I spent under my own roof. I was almost ready to believe that my presence there was not the result of chance. Waywardness of fancy is one of the most godlike of the attributes of that divinity; but the display of it is as likely as not to be unfriendly. Here there seemed to be reasoned kindly action. "Providence," I said to myself, "Providence without a doubt; a little repentant, perhaps, because of questionable gifts in the past." A whimsical Providence, too, which delighted in shocking my sense of probability. What could those children be doing on Soul Eaters' Island in the middle of the night? I, myself, had left the village island, four miles distant, only a few hours earlier, and at that time everyone was asleep. There was not a sound of human activity in the settlement; not a glimmer of light to be seen anywhere excepting in the shop of Moy Ling, the Chinaman, and on the surface of the lagoon where lay the misty reflections of the stars. "Perhaps," I thought, "these are not earthly children. Maybe they are the ghosts of those whose souls were eaten here so many years ago?" I was more than half serious in thinking of that possibility. Stranger things had happened on islands not so far removed from the world of men.

I dressed very quietly and went to the door, taking care to keep well in the shadow so that I might look on for a moment without being seen. My doubts vanished at once. Not only the children had come out to play, fathers and mothers as well. Tamitanga was there, and Rikitia, and Nahea, and Pohu, and Tahere and Hunga; Nui-Tane and Nui-Vahine, Tamataha, Manono, Havaiki; and I saw old Rangituki, who was at least seventy and a grandmother several times over, clapping her hands with others of her generation and swaying from side to side in time to the music of Kaupia's accordion. All the older people were grouped around Puarei, who was seated in an old deck chair, a sort of throne which was carried about for him wherever he went. Poura, his wife, lay on a mat beside him, her chin propped on her hands. Both greeted me cordially, but offered no explanation for the reason of the midnight visit. I was glad that they didn't. I liked the casualness of it which was quite in keeping with habits of life at Rutiaro. But I couldn't help smiling, remembering my reflections earlier in the evening. I believed then that I was crossing the threshold of what was to be an adventure in solitude, and was in a mood of absurdly youthful elation at the prospect. I was to delve deeply, for the first time, into my own resources against loneliness. I had known the solitude of cities, but there one has the comfortable sense of nearness to others, the refuge of books, pictures, music—all the distractions which prevent one from making any very searching examination of one's capacity for solitude. At Soul Eaters' Island I should have no books, no pictures excepting a colored post card of the Woolworth Building in New York; and for music I was limited to what I could make for myself with my *ocharina*, my sweet-potato whistle, which had a range of one octave. Thus scantly provided with diversions, I was to learn how far my own thoughts would serve to make a solitary life not only endurable, but pleasant.

So I had dreamed as I paddled down

the lagoon with my island taking form against the starlit sky to the eastward. In my eagerness I had forgotten for the moment that adventure is not to be had for the asking. As Joseph Conrad has said, he who goes on a deliberate quest for it goes forth but to gather Dead Sea fruit, unless, indeed, he be beloved by the gods and great among heroes. Innumerable wanderers must have discovered the truth of this, more often, no doubt, by proving the contrary, as Conrad did, through unsought-for adventures of unfading splendor. An adventure in solitude! Here, within six hours from the outset of it, was half the village at my door, and Puarei told me that the rest of it—or as many as were provided with canoes—was following. Evidently he had suggested the invasion. My new house needed warming—or the Paumotuan equivalent to that festival—so they had come to warm it.

Preparations were being made on an elaborate scale. The children were gathering green nuts for drinking and fronds for the cloth at the feast. Women and girls were grating the meat of ripe nuts, pressing out the milk for the *miti haari*, cleaning fish, preparing shells for dishes. Some of the men and the older boys were building native ovens, eight of them, each one large enough for roasting a pig. All of this work was being carried out under Puarei's direction, and to the accompaniment of Kaupia's accordion. I wish that I might, in some way, make real to others the unreal loveliness of the scene. It must be remembered that it took place on one of the loneliest of a lonely cloud of islands which lay in the midmost solitude of an empty ocean. The moonlight must be remembered, too, and how it lay in splinters of silver on the fronds of the coconut trees, as though it were of the very texture of their polished surfaces. And you must hear Kaupia's accordion, and the shouts of the children as they dived into the pool of silvered foam. The larger ones—out of respect to me, I think—wore wisps of *pareu* cloth about their loins, but the babies were as naked as the day they were born. Tereki was standing among these five-and-six-year-olders, who were too small for the climb to the diving place, taking them up, sometimes two at once, and tossing them into the pool among the others, where they were as much at home as so many minnows. Watching them, I thought with regret of my own lost opportunities as a child. I felt a deep pity for all the children of civilization who must wear clothing, and who never know the joy of playing at midnight and by moonlight, too. Mothers' clubs and child-welfare organizations would do well to consider the advisability of repealing the old "to bed at seven" law, the bugbear of all children. Its only merit, if it may be so called, is that it fosters in children a certain melancholy intellectual enjoyment in such poems as "Up the ladder and over the wall," where forbidden pleasures are held out to them as though they were natural ones—which they are, of course—and quite possible of attainment.

I was sorry that Tino, supercargo of the *Caleb S. Winship*, could not be present to see how blithely the work, as well as the play, went forward. He had called the people of Rutiaro a lazy lot, and he was right—they were lazy according to the standards of temperate climates. But when they worked toward an end which pleased them their industry was astonishing. Tino's belief was that man was made to labor, whether joyfully or not, in order that he might increase his wealth, whether he needed it or not, and that of the world at large. I remember meeting somewhat the same point of view in reading the Lives and Memoirs of some of the old missionaries to the islands. It seems to have irked them terribly, finding a people who had never heard that doleful hymn, "Work, for the Night is Coming." They, too, believed that the needs of the Polynesians should be increased, but for ethical reasons—so that they should be compelled to cultivate regular habits of

industry in order to satisfy them. Although I didn't agree with it, Tino's seemed to me the sounder conviction. The missionaries might have argued as reasonably, for a general distribution of Job-like boils, in order that the virtues of patience and fortitude might have wider dissemination.

But neither trade nor religion had altered, to any noticeable extent, the habits of life at Rutiaro. The people worked, as they had always done, under the press of necessity. Their simple needs being satisfied, their inertia was a thing to marvel at. I had often seen them sitting for hours at a time, moving only with the shadows which sheltered them. There was something awe-inspiring in their immobility, in their attitudes of profound reverie. I felt at times that I was living in a land under a perpetual enchantment of silence and sleep. These periods of calm—or, as Tino would say, laziness—were usually brought to an end by Puarei. To me it was a fascinating thing to see him throwing off the enchantment, so gradual the process was, and so strange the contrast when he had thoroughly awakened and had roused the village from its long sleep. Then would follow a period of tremendous activity—fishing, copra making, canoe building; whatever there was to do would be done, not speedily, perhaps, but smoothly; and fasts would be broken, in the case of many of the villagers for the first time in two or three days. My house was built during such a period. I was still living with Puarei, at the village island, and wondering if I was ever to have the promised dwelling. Then one afternoon, while I was absent on a shell-gathering expedition, the villagers set out *en masse* for Soul Eaters' Island, cut the timbers, braided the fronds, erected, swept, and garnished my house, and were at the settlement again before I myself had returned. That task finished, here they were, back for the warming festival, and the energy spent in preparing for it would have more than loaded Tino's schooner with copra. I couldn't flatter myself that all of this was done solely to give me pleasure. They found pleasure in it, too; and, furthermore, I knew that an unusually long interval of fasting called for compensation in the way of feasting.

Puarei was in a gay mood. Religion sat rather heavily upon him sometimes. By virtue of his Papeete schooling, he was the chief elder of his church—but, once he sloughed off his air of Latter Day Saintliness he made a splendid master of revels; and he threw it aside the moment the drums began to beat, and led a dozen of the younger men in a dance which I had not seen before. It was very much like modern Swedish drill set to music, except that the movements were as intricate and graceful as they were exhausting. Three kinds of drums were used; one, an empty gasoline tin, upon which the drummer kept up a steady roll while the dance was in progress. The rhythm for the movements was indicated by three others, two of them beating hollowed cylinders of wood, while a third was provided with an old French army drum of the Napoleonic period. The syncopation was extraordinary. I have never heard an American jazz orchestra which could compare, in that respect, with those Paumotuan drummers. They split measures in an amazing variety of ways, and often when the opportunity seemed lost joined the fragments perfectly just as the next one was at hand. Their music was a kaleidoscope in sound, made up of unique and startling variations in tempo, as the dance moved from one figure to the next.

At the close of it Kaupia took up her accordion again, and dancing by some of the women followed. At length Rangituki, grandmother though she was, could resist the music no longer. The others gave way to her, and in a moment she was dancing alone, proudly, with a sort of wistful abandon, as though she were remembering her youth, throwing a last defiance in the teeth of Time. Kaupia sang as she played, to an air

which had but four changes in it. The verse was but five words long and repeated endlessly.

Tu fra to potta mi,
Tu fra to potta mi.

Both the words and the air had a familiar sound. They called to mind a shadowy picture of three tall, thin women in spangled skirts, all of them beating tambourines in unison, and dancing in front of a painted screen. I couldn't account for that strange vision at first, although I knew that it had something to do with very early childhood. It glimmered faintly, far in the depths of subconscious memory, like a colored newspaper supplement, lying in murky water at the end of a pier. Suddenly it rose into focus, drawn to the surface by the buoyant splendor of a name—the Cherry Sisters. I remembered then, a vaudeville troupe which long ago made sorry capital of its lack of comeliness. I saw them again on the island where the souls were eaten as clearly as ever I had, knocking their tambourines on bony elbows, shaking their curls, and singing:

"Shoo, fly! Don't bother me,"

in shrill, cracked voices. Kaupia's version was merely a phonetic translation of the words. They meant nothing in the Paumotuan dialect, and—old woman though she was—Rangituki's dance, which accompanied the music played in faster and faster time, was in striking contrast to the angular movements of the Cherry Sisters, tripping it in the background, across the dim footlights of the eighteen-nineties.

Other canoes were arriving during this time, and at last a large dory, which had put off from the ocean side of the village island, was seen making in toward the pass. It was loaded with pigs and chickens, the most important part of the feast, and had been eagerly awaited for more than an hour. Shouts of anticipation went up from the shore as the boat drew in with its wished-for freight, but these were a little premature. There was a stretch of ugly, broken water to be passed, where the swift ebb from the lagoon met the swell of the open sea. The dory was badly jostled in crossing it, and some of the chickens, having worked loose from their bonds, escaped. Like the dogs of the atolls, the chickens are of a wild breed, and they took the air with sturdy wings. The chase from the shore began at once, but it was a hopeless one. Soul Eaters' Island is five hundred yards long by three hundred broad, and there is another, on the opposite side of the pass, which is more than a mile in extent. We made frantic efforts to prevent them from reaching it. We threw sticks and stones, tried to entice them with broken coconuts, the meat temptingly accessible. It was to no purpose. They had been enticed before; their crops were full, and several hours of captivity had made them wary. Furthermore, like all Polynesian chickens, they seemed to have a racial memory of what they had been in other times, in less congenial environments—of the lean days when they had been caught and eaten at will, chased by dogs, run down by horses. They were not so far from all that as to have lost conscious pride in their regained prerogative of flight. The last we saw of them they were using it to splendid advantage over the rapid stream which separated the two islands. One old hen alone remained perched in the top of a coconut tree on Soul Eaters' Island. She was in no hurry to leave. She knew that she could follow the others whenever she liked, and she knew that we knew it. She seemed drunk with a sense of freedom and power, and cackled proudly, as though more than half convinced that the nuts clustered in the nest of foliage beneath her were eggs which she had laid.

Knowing the wholesomeness of the Paumotuan appetite, I could understand why the loss of the chickens was regarded seriously. A dozen of them remained, and we had eight pigs weigh-

ing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds each, to say nothing of some fifty pounds of fish. All of this was good in so far as it went, but there was a gloomy shaking of heads as we returned from our fruitless chase. Not that the Paumotuans are particularly fond of chicken. On the contrary, they don't care greatly for it, but it serves to fill odd corners of their enormously capacious stomachs. It was of this they were thinking, and the possible lack, at the end of the feast, of the sensation of almost painful satiety, which is to them an essential after-dinner feeling. In the emergency I contributed forty one-pound tins of beef and salmon, my entire stock of substantial provisions for the adventure in solitude; but I could see that Puarei, as well as the others, regarded this as a mere relish, a wholly acceptable but light course of *hors-d'œuvre*. Fortunately, there was at hand an inexhaustible reservoir of food, the sea, and we prepared to go there for further supplies. I never lost an opportunity to witness those fish-spearing expeditions. Once I had tried my hand as a participant, and found myself as dangerously out of my element as a Paumotuan would be at the joy stick of an airplane. I saw a great many fish, but I could not have speared one of them if it had been moored to the bottom, and after a few absurd attempts was myself fished into the boat, half drowned. I lay there for a few minutes, gasping for breath, my ear drums throbbing painfully from the attempt to reach unaccustomed depths.

The experiment convinced me that fish spearing in the open sea is not an easily acquired art, but one handed down in its perfection through at least twenty generations of Low Island ancestors. It is falling into disuse in some of the atolls where wealth is accumulating and tinned food plentiful, but the inhabitants of Rutiaro still follow it with old-time zest. They handle their spears affectionately, as anglers handle and sort their flies. These are true sportsman's weapons, provided with a single unbarbed dart bound with cinnet to a tapering shaft from eight to ten feet long. Their water goggles, like their spears, they make for themselves. They are somewhat like an aviator's goggles—disks of clear glass fitted in brass rims, with an inner cushion of rubber which cups closely around the eyes, preventing the entrance of water. When adjusted they give the wearer an owlish appearance, like the horn-rimmed spectacles which used to be affected by American undergraduates. Thus equipped, with their *pareus* girded into loin cloths, a half dozen of the younger men jumped into the rapid current which flows past Soul Eaters' Island and swam out to sea.

Tohetika, Tehina, Pinga the boat steerer, and I followed in the dory. Dawn was at hand, and, looking back, I saw the island, my house, and the crowd on the beach in the suffused, unreal light of sun and fading moon. In front of us the swimmers were already approaching the tumbled waters at the entrance to the pass. Upon reaching it they disappeared together, and I next saw them far on the other side, swimming in a direction parallel with the reef, and fifty yards beyond the breaking point of the surf. When we joined them the sun was above the horizon and they were already at the sport. They lay face down on the surface of the water, turning their heads now and then for a breath of air. They swam with an easy breast stroke and a barely perceptible movement of the legs, holding their spears with their toes, near the end of the long shaft. Riding the long, smooth swell, it was hard to keep them in view, and they were diving repeatedly, coming to the surface again at unexpected places.

Through the clear water I could see every crevice and cranny in the shelving slope of coral; the mouths of gloomy caverns which undermined the reef, and swarms of fish, as curiously formed, as brilliantly colored, as the coral itself, passing through them, flashing across

sunlit spaces, or hovering in the shadows of overhanging ledges. It was a strange world to look down upon, and stranger still to see men moving about in it, as though it were their natural home. Sometimes they grasped their spears as a poniard would be held for a downward blow; sometimes with the thumb forward, thrusting with an underhand movement. They were marvelously quick and accurate at striking. I had a nicer appreciation of their skill after my one attempt, which had proven to me how difficult it is to judge precisely the distance, the location of the prey, and the second for the thrust. A novice was helpless. He suffered under the heavy pressure of the water, and the long holding of his breath cost him agonized effort. Even though he were comfortable physically, he might chase with as good result the dancing reflections of a mirror, turned this way and that in the sunlight.

As they searched the depths to the seaward side the bodies of the fishers grew shadowy, vanished altogether, reappeared as they passed over a lighter background of blue or green which marked an invisible shoal. At last they would come clearly into view, the spear held erect, rising like embodied spirits through an element of matchless purity which seemed neither air nor water. The whistling noises which they made as they regained the surface gave the last touch of unreality to the scene. I have never understood the reason for this practice, which is universal among the divers and fishers of the Low Islands, unless it is that, their lungs being famished for air, they breathe it out grudgingly, through half-closed teeth. Heard in that spacious air, against the thunder of the surf, the sounds, hoarse, or shrill and clear, according to the wont of the diver, seemed anything but human.

We returned in an hour's time, with the bottom of the dory covered with fish—square-nosed *tinga-tingas*, silvery *tamures*, brown-spotted *kitos*, *gnareas*—we had more than made good the loss of the chickens. The preparations for the feast had been completed. The table was set, or, better, the cloth of green fronds was laid on the ground near the beach. At each place there was a tin of my corned beef or salmon, the half of a coconut shell filled with raw fish cut into small pieces in a sauce of *miti haari* (salted coconut milk), and a green coconut for drinking. Along the center of the table were great piles of fish, baked and raw; roast pork and chickens; mounds of bread stacked up like cannon balls. The bread was not of Moy Ling's baking, but made in native fashion—lumps of boiled dough of the size and weight of large grapefruit. One would think that the most optimistic stomach would ache at the prospect of receiving it; but the Paumotuan stomach is of ostrichlike hardihood, and, as I have said, it demands quantity rather than quality in food.

It was then about half past six, a seasonable hour for the feast, for the air was still cool and fresh. The food was steaming on the table, but we were not yet ready to sit down to it. Fête days, like Sundays, required costumes appropriate to the occasion, and everyone retired into the bush to change clothing. I thought then that I was to be the only disreputable banqueter of the lot, and regretted that I had been so eager to see my new house. For I had come away from the village with only my supply of food. Not expecting visitors, I had left behind my new wardrobe which Poura and her daughters had made for me. Fortunately, Puarei had been thoughtful, and I found not only my clothing, but my other possessions—bolts of ribbon, perfume, the cheap jewelry, etc., which I had bought, on credit, of Moy Ling. Not only that. The house itself had been furnished and decorated during the hour when I was absent with the fish spearers. There was a table and a chair, made of bits of old packing cases, in one corner; and on the sleeping mat, a crazy quilt, and a pillow with my name worked in red silk within a border of

flowers. Hanging from the ceiling was a faded *papier-maché* bell, the kind hung in grocers' windows at home at Christmas time. This was the gift, I suppose, of some trader, and the pictures, too, which decorated the walls. They had been cut from the advertising pages of some American magazine. One of them represented a man, dressed in a much-advertised brand of underwear, who was smiling with cool solicitude at two others who were perspiring heavily, and wishing—if the legend printed beneath was true—that their underwear bore the same stamp as that of their fortunate comrade. There was another, in color, of a woman smiling across a table at her husband, who smiled back while they ate a particular brand of beans. The four walls of my house were hung with pictures of this sort, strung on cords of coconut fiber — Huarai's work, I was sure, done out of the kindness of his heart.

He was merely an unconscious agent of the gods who administered this punishment as a further reproof for my temerity in seeking, consciously, an adventure in solitude. As I changed my clothing I pondered the problem as to how I could get rid of my gallery without giving Huarai offense, and from this I fell to thinking of the people smiling down at me. Is our race made up, in large part, of such out-and-out materialists, whose chief joy in life is in discovering some hitherto untried brand of soup or talcum powder? Do they live, these people? They looked real enough in the pictures. I seemed to know many of them, and I remembered their innumerable prototypes met in the world I had left only the year before. "Well, if they are real," I thought, "what has become of the old doomsday men and women who used to stand at street corners with bundles of tracts in their hands, and say to passers-by, 'My friend, is your soul saved?'" No answer came from the smiling materialists on all sides of me. They smiled still, as though in mockery of my attempt to elude them in whatever unfrequented corner of the world, as though life were merely the endless enjoyment of creature comforts, the effortless use of labor-saving mechanical devices. One man, in his late fifties, who really ought to have been thinking about his soul, had in his eyes only the light of sensual gratification. He was in pajamas and half shaven, announcing to me, to the world at large: "At last! A razor!"

The sight of him offering me his useful little instrument put an end to my meditation. I rubbed, ruefully, a three days' growth of beard, thinking of the torture in store for me when I should next go to Pinga for a shave. He was the village barber, as well as its most skillful boat steerer. His other customers were used to his razor and his methods, and their faces were inured to pain, for had not their ancestors, through countless generations, had their beards plucked out, hair by hair? I, on the other hand, was the creature of my own land of creature comforts. The anticipation of a shave was agony, and the realization—Pinga sitting on my chest, holding my head firm with one immense hand while he scraped and rasped with his dull razor—that was to die weekly, and to live to die again. I got what amusement I could from the thought of the different set of values at Rutiaro. I had only to ask for a house, and Puarei had given me one, with an island of my own to set it on. He thought no more of the request than if I had asked him for a drinking coconut. But not all the wealth of the Low Island pearl fisheries, had it been mine to offer, could have procured for me a safety razor with a dozen good blades.

I heard Puarei shouting, "*Haere mai ta maa!*" and went out to join the others, my unshaved beard in woeful contrast to my immaculate white clothing. But my guests, or hosts, had the native courtesy of many primitive people, and I was not made conscious of my unreaped chin. Furthermore, everyone was hungry, and so, after Puarei had

said grace for the Church of Latter Day Saints, and Huarai a second one for the Reformed Church of Latter Day Saints, and Nui-Tane a third, as the Catholic representative, we fell to without further loss of time.

The enjoyment of food is assuredly one of the great blessings of life, although it is not a cause for perpetual smiling, as the writers of advertisements would have one believe. According to the Rutiaroan way of thinking, it is not a subject to be talked about at any length. I liked their custom of eating in silence, with everyone giving undivided attention to the business in hand. It gave one the privilege of doing likewise, a relief to a man weary of the unnatural dining habits of more advanced peoples. It may be a trifle gross to think of your food while you are eating it, but it is natural, and, if the doctors are to be believed, an excellent aid to digestion. Now and then Puarei would say, "*E mea maitai, tera*" ("A thing good, that"), tapping a haunch of roast pork with his forefinger. And I would reply, "*E, e mea maitai roa, tera*" ("Yes, a thing very good, that"). Then we would fall to eating again. On my right, Hunga went from fish to pork, and from pork to tinned beef, whipping the *miti haari* to his lips with his fingers, without the loss of a drop. Only once he paused for a moment and let his eyes wander the length of the table. Shaking his head with a sigh of satisfaction, he said, "*Katinga ahuru katinga*" ("Food and yet more food"). There is no phrase sweeter to Paumotuan ears than that one.

Huarai, the constable, was the only one who made any heavy social demands upon me. As already related, he had once made a journey from Papeete to San Francisco as a stoker on one of the mail boats, and was immensely proud of the few English phrases which he had picked up during the voyage. He didn't know the meaning of them, but that made no difference. He could put on side before the others, make them believe that he was carrying on an intelligent conversation. "What's the matter?" "Oh yes!" "Never mind," were among his favorite expressions—unusually mild ones, it seemed to me, for one who had been associated with a gang of cockney stokers—and he brought them out apropos of nothing. He was an exasperating old hypocrite, but a genial one, and I couldn't help replying to some of his feints at conversation. Once, out of curiosity, wondering what his reply would be, I said, "Huarai, you're the worst old four-flusher in the seventy-two islands, aren't you?" He smiled and nodded, and came back with the most telling of all his phrases, "You go to hell, me!" On that occasion it was delivered with what seemed something more than mere parrotlike aptness of reply.

Clipped to his undershirt he wore a fountain pen, which was as much a part of his costume on these dress occasions as his dungaree trousers and pandanus hat. It had a broken point, was always dry, and Huarai could hardly write his own name. No matter. He would no more have forgotten his pen than a French soldier his *Croix de Guerre*. But he was not alone in his love for these implements of the *popaa's* (white man's) culture. There was Havaiki, for example, who owned a small folding camera which he had bought from some trader. The two men were very jealous of each other. Huarai had traveled and had a fountain pen, but Havaiki's camera was a much more complicated instrument. There had never been any films for it, but he was quite satisfied without them. The camera stood on a shelf at his house, an ever-present proof of his better title to distinction. His chief regret, I believe, was that he couldn't wear it, as Huarai did his pen. But he often carried it with him on Sundays, and went through the pretense of taking pictures. Some of the more sanguine still believed that he would one day surprise the village by producing a large number of magnificent photographs.

A further account of the feast at Soul Eaters' Island would be nothing more than a detailed statement of the amount of food consumed, and it would not be credited as truthful. It is enough to say that it was a latter-day miracle, comparable to the feeding of the five thousand, with this reversal of the circumstances—that food for approximately that number was eaten by twenty-two men. At last Puarai sat back with a groan of content and said, "*Aue! Paia 'huru paia to tatou.*" It is impossible to translate this literally, but the exact meaning is, "We are all of us full up to the neck." It was true. We were. That is, all of the men. The women and children were waiting, and as soon as we gave them place they set to on the remnants. Fortunately there was, as Hunga had said, food and yet more food, so that no one went hungry. At the close of the feast I saw old Rangituki take a fragment of coconut frond and weave it into a neat basket. Then she gathered into it all of the fish bones and hung the basket from one of the rafters of my house. Rangituki was pure heathen, one of the unredeemed of the Rutiaroans; but I noticed that some of the Catholics and Latter Day Saints, even the Reformed Saints of the later Latter Day persuasion—all in good standing in their churches, assisted her in making the collection. I had observed the same practice at other islands. At the beginning of a meal thanks was given to the God of Christians for the bounty of the sea; but fisherman's luck was a matter of the first importance, and, while the old gods might be overthrown, there seemed to be a fairly general belief that it would not do to trifle with immemorial custom.

It was midmorning before the last of the broken meats had been removed and the beach made tidy. The breeze died away, and the shadows of the palms moved only with the imperceptible advance of the sun. It was a time for rest, for quiet meditation, and all of the older people were gathered in the shade, gazing out over a sea as tranquil as their minds, as lonely as their lives had always been and would always be. I knew that they would remain thus all through the day, talking a little, after the refreshment of light slumbers, but for the most part sitting without speech or movement, their consciousness crossed by vague thoughts which would stir it scarcely more than the catspaws ruffled the surface of the water. No sudden, half-anguished realization of the swift passage of time would disturb the peace of their reverie; no sense of old loss to be retrieved would goad them into swift and futile action.

A land crab moved across a strip of sunlight, and sidled into his hole, pulling his grotesque little shadow after him; and the children, restless little spirits, splashed and shouted in the shallows of the lagoon, maneuvering fleets of empty beef and salmon tins—reminder of the strange beginning, forecast of the probable end, of my adventure in solitude.

(*To be continued*)

YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-FUTURE

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

TWO boys sat on a box in the May sunshine and watched a fast freight train rattle by. At intervals they shouted at each other remarks like this: "Pennsylvania!" "Queen Crescent!" "Canadian Pacific!" "Santa Fe!" "Bangor and Aroostook!"

Bangor proved to be a most alluring name, words and music. The boys rolled it on their tongues; they made a chant of it to the rhythm of the passing train, keeping time by kicking the box with their heels.

"Bangor, Bangor, bang, bang, Bangor!"—like a bass drum, like a car with a flat wheel.

"I wish I was somewheres else," said Tom Rucker.

"Yes, so do I." This slightly ambiguous remark was made by Randolph Harrington Dukes.

They repeated names that had a verbal lure, words starting trains of thought, opening vistas: "Capricorn, Caribbean, Montezuma!"

"Zamboanga!" exclaimed Tom. "That's a funny word."

Zamboanga was a huge success. They put it through its paces, sang it by ear, laughed at it, and ended by making it a private swear word.

"Here's a funny thing," said Tom. "If you touch those rails you touch something that touches Chicago and New York."

"And Pittsburgh," Ranny added.

They climbed down from the box and laid ceremonial hands upon the track and were duly thrilled.

These earnest students of geography were "watching" the freight depot while "Jake" went down to the passenger station on an errand. They had nothing whatever to do and were paid accordingly.

"If you are some place else," said Tom, "that's here and this gets changed to there. Did you ever notice that?"

"Lots of times."

"When I get to work and make some money, I'm going to take a trip East. Going on the Cannon Ball."

"Zamboanga!" exclaimed Ranny.

It was locally admitted that the Cannon Ball Express was the fastest thing man had as yet achieved. Every evening at 8.15 this little sliver off the great world whizzed through Lakeville, leaving a blurred memory of pink candle shades, hearty-looking diners, and, at the rear, a deep platform where the lucky sat at ease and watched the states zip by. Boys had been known to stop playing dare base under the electric light to watch the old Cannon Ball go through; they loved to scare themselves with the legend that a fellow had once lighted a match on it as it passed Market Street.

Ranny leaned back against the shed, looked up at the fleecy clouds, and said, "They look just like mountains."

Tom closed one eye and tipped his head to one side. "That's right, and the ocean, too."

Ranny amiably accepted the ocean. As neither of them had ever seen a mountain or an ocean it was all the easier to agree. They fell into silence. For the first time this year one could see the heat waves dancing above the oily track.

"You know that necktie that was in Raleigh's window?" asked Ranny. "With the bunch of violets on an' ever'-thing? Well, Butch Willet's wearing it. I saw him Sunday."

"Butch claims he gets a dollar a day," said Tom, "and he thinks he's smart."

"We're just as good as he is if his folks did let him quit school and work for a plumber." In their sterling democracy the plumber's helper might be rich and they poor, but a boy was a boy for a' that.

"I don't know if I can ever make money or make a living or anything. I don't know what I'm going to do when I grow up."

Tom was surprised at this burst of confidence. "Couldn't you work in your father's wagon factory?"

Ranny shook his head hopelessly. "Jim Bagley, the foreman, wouldn't let me. He won't even let me help for nothing."

"I'm going to work on the railroad," said Tom.

They were both "allowed" at times to help Jake trundle things into box cars for the local freight. There was glory in this privilege, but nothing to destroy their amateur standing. Thus far the only perquisites had been broken lead seals with a market value of nothing whatever.

"There comes ol' Jake."

Jake brought to the conference a professional air, a pair of black sleeve protectors, a pipe, and a morsel of news.

"Merry-go-round coming in on the next local," he said. "You fellas better save up your money and give the girls a ride."

Ranny was still obsessed with the subject-before-last.

"Hey, Jake! Tom says he's going to work for the railroad when he gets a little bigger."

"Don't do it." Jake had a way of clipping his words off short to save time —to use for pauses. He took out his pocket knife and made preparations to clean his pipe. "It's a dog's life. The party that works for the railroad can't call their soul their own. If it ain't one thing it's another."

"I'm going to drive an engine some day," Tom announced.

Jake turned on his eloquence and quite annihilated Tom's misguided ambition.

"I'll wave at you out of the cab window when I go past," said the stubborn Tom.

On his way home Ranny stopped to pass the time of day with Ted Blake and to tell him that a merry-go-round was coming to spend a week in Lakeville.

Ted pounded a lumpy place on his person which gave forth a solvent, jingly sound and said:

"I got seventy-eight cents left from selling popcorn and stuff at that show. Going to work in the canning factory when school's out and make a lot more."

"Going to get a new suit and ever'-thing for high school next fall?"

Ted treated this question with elaborate scorn.

"Ketch me goin' to school any more! I got all the education I want. When you're wasting your time studyin' I'll be pulling down my dollar and a quarter a day."

It was a thoroughly disheartened Ranny that went through the routine of eating supper. He had told the truth to Tom Rucker, but not the whole truth. He had not only no commercial future, but also very little present. Other boys could sell things and make money, but whatever Ranny had to sell—including personal services—became, automatically, of very little value. Only recently he had spent an entire Saturday morning carrying in wood for Mrs. Mower, and all he got out of it was some giggles from passing girls of his social set and an honorarium of twenty cents from the "widow lady."

Yet he needed money desperately. True, his parents supported him in the style to which he was accustomed, but not in the style to which he hoped to become accustomed. He needed money for presents, to himself and others, for personal adornment. Butch Willet, the rising young plumber, could gratify every whim, Ted Blake was lumpy with money, but Ranny had no visible means



"MERRY-GO-ROUND COMING IN ON THE NEXT LOCAL. BETTER SAVE YOUR MONEY"

of support, and he knew in his heart that he never would have. It was preposterous to suppose that anybody would ever have to pay him for anything. He would be a town ne'er-do-well, like Lem White, and hang around the livery stable. Tom Rucker would be seeing the world, but it was doubtful whether Ranny would ever get as far as Manchester.

His little sister Lucy there at her bedtime play—Ranny listened to her innocent childish prattle and envied her. He went to bed to the refrain of that distressing poem which he had long admired:

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again just for to-night.

There were other dreads of the future that came crowding around his restless bed—high ceremonies that he had already begun to worry about—being graduated from high school, conspicuously, in the "opera house"; joining the church; worst of all, being married. Voting he could bear because one votes in a sneaking, underhanded way, but supposing he had to run for office! He was nominated for manhood without the slightest chance of being elected. Some people try to escape from their pasts, but Ranny was desperately afraid of his future.

The coming of the merry-go-round next day, and its erection upon a vacant lot not far from the schoolhouse, was a welcome diversion. This was a strictly modern merry-go-round with a steam engine, an organ that could play three tunes, gilded chariots of state for the timid to ride in, and prancing steeds for the bold. Its setting up required a great deal of labor and thought—labor by the management and thought by the observers. During this operation Ranny

was carefree and happy, with no thought for the morrow, but he was living in a fool's paradise. The last thing erected was a sign, "School children five cents."

In the first half hour of business Ranny's modest supply of nickels was utterly demolished. The giddy whirl of society had ruined him. In running through his fortune Ranny was ably assisted by Josie Kendal, who was regarded as having a special claim upon his resources. They rode side by side on magnificent apple-green horses and were embarrassed and happy, though both looked as though they were performing a painful duty to society.

"Just one more ride, Ranny," Josie consented, graciously, but prematurely, "then I must go home. It's getting late."

Ranny put his hand in his pocket and felt a piece of chalk and a broken-handled knife.

"Is it late? My goodness! I got to go, too."



BUTCH WILLET, THE RISING YOUNG PLUMBER, COULD GRATIFY EVERY WHIM

Josie accepted his explanation and climbed down from the steed, but no doubt she knew his shameful secret.

"Good-by! I'll see you to-morrow."

Ranny had to hurry away in defense of his honor as a gentleman, but he did not have to go home. He stationed himself in an alley where he could hear the music and take a peek now and then at the gay life. On one of these peeks he discovered that Josie, far from going home, was carousing on the green horse as the guest of the capitalistic Ted Blake. This time he really did go home.

"I got to raise some money for to-morrow," he thought. "Let's see—is there anything I can sell?"

Ranny begged and borrowed his way through that week of hollow gayety, and if he did not steal, he sold some possessions which were intended for use, not trade. If this was a crime, at least it was a little one. Every sale was a sacrifice sale. Hard come, easy go. The trousers he took off at night never jingled.

Every afternoon, as soon as the bookish and intellectual life had closed for the day, all parties hastened to the home of music, laughter, and the poetry of motion, and there committed economic suicide. Girls of the wealthier classes sometimes rode fifteen or twenty cents' worth before they had to climb down and be spectators. Thereafter all girls clung together in bunches, listening to the music and waiting for the lightning to strike. Before the end of the week the artificial horses had reduced everybody to a democratic level of penury. Ted Blake, after two days, was no better off than

Bud Hicks, who lived exclusively by his wits. "Fatty" Hartman tried to present a brave and smiling front to the world, but his elegant spring clothes contained nothing but "Fatty."

"I wish I owned a nickel mine." Thus "Fatty" dabbled his hands in imaginary wealth. "I'd bring up a barrel of 'em in a wagon. And every time I run out of money—lookee, this is me!" He scooped up a handful of mythical riches, and it must be said for him that he generously allowed his fellows to help themselves. "Ever'body can ride except Clarence Raleigh."

Clarence was a thorn in "Fatty's" side and a cinder in the public eye. He had come home, prematurely, from the select boarding school where he had been improving his mind ever since New Year's. Mrs. Raleigh said he had trouble with his eyes, and less prejudiced people said he had trouble with his lessons. Anyway, he had come home, and he spoke much of the "old town" and how little it had changed and how low the buildings seemed. He appeared at the daily round of gayety with striking exotic garments and a pocketful of money. Sibyl Williams, who had been dangling "Fatty" Hartman upon her hook, promptly dropped him back into the sea and fished for Clarence. The private school which Clarence had patronized was suburban to the city which had given Sibyl to the world, and they had much in common. Their talk was all of gay boulevards, candy shops, and theaters, mutually appreciated but Greek to the Lakeville proletariat. Sibyl led this boy of the world a merry chase, but even Clarence's resources were limited and he showed signs of fiscal distress.



RANNY ROLLED WHAT HE BELIEVED TO BE A CIGARETTE

"They're all broke," Henry Wiseman, the baker, complained to Doctor Gobey of the falling off of his juvenile trade. "They've lost all their money on the horses."

But there was one boy who was not bankrupt. If a person stepped over after supper to see the horses go around, he also saw Butch Willet, washed and Sunday-clothed after his day of plumbing, giving his colorful necktie a joy ride. This prince of spenders rode again and again—at the evening or adult rate of ten cents!

Saturday brought a final burst of prosperity to the merry-go-round. All day long young people from the country, green and amusing, but financially sound, tied their real horses to the courthouse rail and spent their money on the wooden ones. Then the merry-go-round

folded its tent and its horses and silently stole away on the Monday local, giving Jake, the freight agent, more trouble and soul distress.

Its passing left Ranny in low spirits, one week nearer the crisis of his life, hopeless and penniless, with his future mortgaged for certain home tasks paid for in advance. He had kept the esteem of Josie Kendal by a narrow squeak, if at all. Again and again he had hurried away on false pretenses because of bitter poverty. This was what his life would be like. A few more years of schooling with the wolf constantly at the door, with plain food and plain neckties, then he would slip gently out of the frying pan into the fire.

While in this state of low morale Ranny listened for the first time to the seductive voice of Lady Nicotine. Bud Hicks furnished the suggestion, the materials, and the barn. Ranny rolled what he believed to be a cigarette, though it looked more like a toy balloon, and finally succeeded in getting the thing to burn. The center of this experience was as hollow and profitless as the inside of a doughnut. Manhood seemed more unattainable than ever. It would be a long time before he could smell tobacco smoke—or even look at Bud Hicks—without distress.

It might seem that Ranny had reached the bottom of the moral plane, but fate was not through with him yet. One prop after another was knocked out from under his self-esteem. He hit the financial line again and again, only to be thrown back with losses. His scheme for making a dollar's worth of ink out of a quarter's worth of bluing worked smoothly through its earlier stages—the purchase of the bluing on credit and the manufacture of the product. But nobody wanted ink at ten cents a bottle; nobody wanted ink at all; and father had to pay for the bluing. The transaction left him with a new debt on his hands and a lot of ink which he did not care for much himself because it was too pale to write with.

Another get-rich-quick scheme was based upon the generally accepted fact that ginseng root had a fabulous market value. Ranny secretly went to digging for ginseng root—and for the root of all evil. But he could not get anybody to buy his product, or even to admit that it *was* ginseng root.

On a rainy Saturday a few optimists went out into the woods to hunt spring mushrooms.

"Alleston's grocery will take all we can bring them," Link Weyman said, "and pay good money."

They took large baskets, to be on the safe side, and Link knew what kind of trees to look under. But it developed that farmer boys, predatory and early rising, had been there before them and scoured the woods clean. The prospectors came back to town hungry and soaked to the skin and with no way of getting any of Alleston's good money. Ranny had fared as badly as the worst, and, moreover, in some way he could never explain, had lost his basket. His water-soaked shoe had scraped the skin off his heel. He arrived home with a lame foot and a lamer excuse and three soggy little mushrooms squashed in his pocket.

And Ranny had needed Alleston's good money to straighten out a little social tangle. Two or three weeks back in the dim past Sibyl Williams had given him a handkerchief. More precisely, she had dropped it, he had picked it up, and she had allowed him to keep it "to remember her by"—though she wasn't going away. Later Ranny inadvertently presented that handkerchief to Josie Kendal to atone for his shortcomings during merry-go-round week. In his boyish ignorance of dry goods he supposed that all girls' handkerchiefs were alike. Josie indignantly returned the gift, not to him, but to its original owner, and the two girls made common cause against him.

"I don't want your old second-hand handkerchiefs," said Josie in the presence of Sibyl.



"HELLO, RANNY! GOING IN THE DRUG STORE?"

"Of course, if that's all you think of my gifts—" said Sibyl in the presence of Josie.

A nice new handkerchief that had never known a human nose would probably square him with Josie, but it took capital to finance whimsical ladies.

If a rich uncle had died at this convenient time and left Ranny fifty cents he might have climbed out of the slough of despond and started life anew, but his relations were either poor or healthy, and sometimes both. He did succeed, however, through a secret treaty, in disposing of a sled at the ruinous off-season rate of twenty cents. With this money in hand he went downtown on a late afternoon to look over the market in ladies' handkerchiefs. In his mind he carried the memory of a *Bulletin* advertisement for Meyer's dry-goods store headed, "Girls and Growing Girls," with illustrations of some of the finest and noblest examples. At the window of Webber's drug store, next door to Meyer's, he stopped to collect his courage. While ostensibly interested in corn cures, hair tonic, and cameras, he evolved a truthful fiction to use on the dry-goods clerk.

"I don't know if my mother would like that," he would say if the price were beyond his depth.

His plans were interrupted by a musical siren voice:

"Hello, Ranny! Going in the drug store?"

Sibyl Williams had put on the gay garb of summer, and one would not have found a more lively sight between the White Front restaurant and the railroad.

"Wy-a, yes, Sibyl."

"Isn't that funny? So am I."

Ranny laughed insincerely and followed the vampire into the store.

"My! isn't it warm?" Sibyl got out a handkerchief—the same old handkerchief, for all Ranny knew.

"Wy-a, yes—kinda." He would not give up without one little struggle.

"Yes, it certainly is warm." Sibyl's glance swept over the list of fancy drinks above the soda fountain.

"Have a—a soda?" Unconditional surrender.

Sibyl showed ladylike surprise, for she had been to boarding school and knew how to act.

"Why—yes, Ranny—if you *insist.*"

The victim went to the cashier and bought two ten-cent checks, Sibyl delicately ignoring this sordid side and studying the list of delectables.

"I'll try a maple-walnut fluff."

"Two?" asked the attendant.

"No; just a plain strawberry soda," said Ranny, miserably. "It isn't hardly hot enough yet for ice cream."

A maple-walnut fluff was fifteen cents!

On the surface everything was polite and gay, yet Ranny knew perfectly well that Sibyl was getting even for past disfavors.

"Have you seen Josie lately?" she asked, in parting.

No, Ranny hadn't seen her since school closed at four o'clock.

"Well, I'll tell her I saw you here," was Sibyl's parting shot. "Thank you so much."

Ranny went home with the feeling that a lot of new chickens were about to come home to roost.

Fortune frowned on Ranny through his fourteenth birthday when he closed the door on childhood (getting presents but no cash money), though the closing exercises of the eighth grade, when he left the common-school system forever and bade farewell to Miss Marian Halloway, who was the only teacher he ever loved, but who was going to marry Henry Wiseman. Josie Kendal was as cool as that fifteen-cent drink of Sibyl's, money tighter than ever, the future darker. And Tom Rucker put the finishing blow to his self-respect less than a week after school was out.

"I've got a job," he told Ranny, after whistling him out of the house at the



RANNY WAS TRYING HIS BEST TO BE A CHEERFUL SICK-ROOM COMPANION

close of day. "Messenger for the telegraph company. Two and a quarter a week. Nothing to do but sit around the depot and deliver telegrams once in a while."

Ranny was too stupefied for words, so Tom rattled on—in short, jerky sentences like a railroader:

"Going to buy a wheel at the Economy. Dollar a week. Daisy Flyer."

"A dollar a week, huh?" Ranny did mental arithmetic. That would leave a person a dollar and a quarter for neckties, handkerchiefs, and riotous living. "How'd you happen to get that job?"

"Ol' Jake. They needed a boy and Jake told 'em about me. My father said all right." Tom's voice dropped to confidential pitch. "He thinks it's just for the summer, but I don't s'pose I'll ever go to school again. I'll proba'ly learn tele*graphy* and learn to be a tele*grapher*."

Fortune's favorite son went whistling away in the dusk and the night closed in on Ranny's soul. Tom was the best friend he had in town—the truest and the gayest and the freckledest. Ted Blake was the better fighter, but Ted's spirit was a little hard; "Fatty" Hartman a better singer, but he had lately shown a disgusting tendency to be an adult. Tug Wiltshire was more at home inside the covers of a book, but for the practical affairs of life—give him Tom. He was the kind of boy you could talk things over with and not be ridiculed, yet he was always ready to join you in ridiculing somebody else. Tom could draw the funniest pictures of all that gallant crew and think up the best and most complicated and most useless machinery. With Tom he had trod the thorny paths of learning and the flowery paths of pleasure for years, and they had never had a single fight—except, perhaps, eight or ten.

Now the best of possible luck had happened to the best of possible friends, and Ranny was sorry. He was ashamed of his disloyalty because he did not know that he was really glad for Tom but sorry for himself.

"Tom's got a job," he told his parents, who were sitting on the shadowy front porch. "Messenger for the telegraph company."

"Just for the summer, I suppose," said mother.

"No; he says he's going to learn the business."

"I guess it's a little early for Tom to choose his life work," father said, "but this won't do him any harm. He has more of a taste for mechanics than you have. The telegraph will probably interest him, and the trains and all."

The darkness was Ranny's ally in launching his offensive; he sat in a deep shadow where he could blush unseen.

"I wish *I* could get a job and go to work and make some money. Mebbe—you know—the factory, or something."

"Why, child, how you talk! You're scarcely more than a baby." Mother was constitutionally opposed to the flight of time. To this backward-looking parent Ranny was still pounding on the high chair with the handle of his spoon. It was sheer perversity that made him outgrow his clothes.

In some respects father was a more satisfactory parent. At least he was willing to admit that Ranny would be a man some day.

"Of course I always hoped that you would take an interest in the business when you grew up." This was the first time father had made that concession. "But I want it to come about naturally and not just because we own the factory. You're not interested now—you only want a little pocket money to spend for things you'd better do without."

"I could learn," said Ranny, hoarsely. "Mebbe I'd like it quite a good deal."

"More likely you'd get sick of it long before you were through high school—to say nothing of college." Thus father sentenced him to years of further education. "No, you're too young to go to work yet. You'd better play while you can, and help your mother around the place." He turned to mother in consultation. "I suppose we could manage

a pay roll of a quarter a week for grass-cutting and such things?"

"Well, yes, if you think it wise." Mother was reluctant to admit that her son was a workingman, even an underpaid one.

"It isn't as if I were on my last legs." Father tried to soften the blow. "There's no hurry. I expect to be kicking around for quite a while yet."

"Tom!" mother exclaimed, reproachfully. "Nobody accused you of being a physical wreck."

The whole family was rather toplofty about father's physical prowess. Thomas Dukes was not a sedentary manufacturer. He dressed much like his own workingmen and he spent as much time in the shops as in the office—directing, stimulating, and contributing his own strong, capable hands. There was not a position, from the lumber sheds to the paint shop that he could not fill—that he had not filled in the more struggling days of the industry.

"Jim Bagley would be a good foreman," he once said, "if I ever gave him the chance to foreman any."

As Ranny prepared for bed he reflected upon his sad lot.

A quarter a week! What kind of salary is that for a person whose head touches the bathroom shelf?

Yet he was destined never to collect even that pitiful wage. He had, indeed, after several days' postponement, started to mow the back-yard grass when his mother called him to the house. It was almost time for noonday dinner, but Ranny knew instinctively that he was not being called to dinner. That note in his mother's voice was not the dinner note. It was a new note in her *répertoire*—no, not quite new, he thought, as he hurried to the house, but he could not remember when he had heard it before.

And mother, when she was about to direct him to wash for dinner and not to forget his wrists, did not make a practice of putting an arm about his shoulders and giving him a convulsive squeeze.

"They have telephoned from the factory, dear. There has been some sort of an accident in the lumber yard. They are afraid—it's a broken leg."

"Father?" But Ranny's question did not need an answer. Suddenly he knew when he had heard that note in mother's voice before—the time the telegram came about grandmother.

"They'll be here soon. Stand by me like a big, strong boy. I need your help."

"We ought to do something about—Come, Lucy. I want to show you something."

Ranny led his little sister into the library, fortified her with toys, and closed the door. In another moment he was helping his mother prepare the bedroom. At the first clang of the ambulance bell Ranny opened the front screen door.

The Lakeville ambulance wagon was father's masterpiece. It represented his pride in a special job well done, his contribution to his town, art for art's sake. He always held that it would be a pleasure to ride in it. Now as the men bore the stretcher to the porch father caught sight of the mother and son standing there, and the furrows in his face were smoothed out in a smile.

"Stylish way—to come home—to dinner!"

Ranny held the door open while mother led the way to the bedroom. How long his father seemed when stretched out like that!—like a procession passing a given point.

The ambulance went away, leaving Doctor Gobey, inappropriately cheerful and insatiable in his demands for hot water, cold water, cloths, salt, a bowl for the plaster.

"Shake a leg there, Ranny!" the doctor exclaimed. "The lumber didn't fall on *you*."

There was a record run to the drug store for an ice bag; there was miscellaneous employment in dish-washing, Lucy-washing, answering the telephone, running to the neighbors', and a trip to the factory with a message for Jim

Bagley. Mother said at night that she could never have got through without him.

"Six weeks," the doctor said. "A clean break. I don't worry about it at all."

Father seemed to think the family needed a note of cheer.

"I know how you feel, Doc. I wouldn't worry if *your* leg was broken, either."

Ranny caught himself that night in a strange new perversity. He who had been unhappy when Tom Rucker had fallen into riches, now that his father was injured was happy again. This amateurish self-analyst did not realize that he was happy because he was excited, because he was useful, because he was playing a man's part before his mother, because he was an object of public interest.

By the third day of father's illness the stimulus of excitement and self-importance had passed, leaving its natural reaction. It was no longer necessary to take "life and death" trips to the drug store; people more rarely stopped him on the street to make inquiries. The residuum was tedious tasks, father pale and helpless, though no longer in pain, mother overworked.

So Ranny had fallen back again into the slough of despond. The "feller" obviously needed a friend. Suddenly, miraculously, a friend was provided, and from a most unexpected quarter—father!

Ranny was sitting by father's bed in the afternoon, trying his best to be a cheerful sick-room companion and not succeeding any too well.

"Old man"—there was something arresting in the unwonted phrase—"I want you to do me a great favor. I talked pretty biggity the other night and I got my come-ups. I thought I didn't need you for years to come, but I do—I need you now. I want you to go down to the factory to-morrow morning and take charge of the office."

When a mind gets a message like that from the ears it courteously but firmly declines to accept it. Ranny's reply was something like, "Whuff?"

"You know I haven't any clerk. Bagley has been telling me a long time that I ought to get one, but I've been putting it off, pretending I was too busy to break one in. I wasn't too busy; I wanted to do everything myself. I thought I was smart just because I had two legs."

"What 'll I do?" asked the stricken Ranny.

"Why—get an early breakfast and go down and unlock and sweep out the office and open the mail. Some things you can answer yourself, and Jim can help you some, and others you must bring to me. There'll be trips to the bank and the post office, and the pay roll to make up and bills to pay and the telephone to answer. Tell people your biggity old dad is lying in bed like a society queen but the Dukes Manufacturing Company is still doing business. Jim will manage the shop and you will manage the office and I will manage this elephant leg. How about it?"

"I'll do everything fine," said the new office manager.

"How about—five dollars a week to start?"

Ranny's lips were paralyzed, but his mind jumped to Butch Willet and his reputed dollar a day. Five or six, what was the difference?

"Yes, five or six," Ranny muttered,

"Well, six it is." Father laughed. "Office managers come high."

Mother was called in and contributed practical details.

"He'll have to wear his Sunday suit. He'll outgrow it by fall, anyway. But he ought to have a new straw hat."

"Hats and neckties and things like that"—thus the junior member of the firm—"I'll get 'em myself, out of my salary."

"It's time we had a little style around the office," said father. "Now run down to the shop and tell Jim Bagley to come and see me after the whistle blows."

It might have been illuminating to compare father's talk with his foreman with his instructions to his new office manager. Each left with the impression that he was boss of a thriving industry, but the man and the boy were equally wrong. The factory was to run for the first time by delegated authority and responsibility. The owner had a plaster cast on his leg but not on his mind.

However, the prominent business man with shining shoes and face, who left his home at seven the next morning—after giving his mother some simple directions as to what to do in emergencies—harbored no weak doubts. If there was any regret in his system, it was that none of the companions of his lost youth were abroad at this early hour, to see him climbing on his dead self toward the higher life. Throughout the historic journey downtown Ranny held the office bunch of keys, symbol of new authority, clutched tight in his hand within his pocket. As the office door shut behind him, the door of the prison house closed with a bang and Ranny was happy.

Any friend of Randolph Harrington Dukes, however sympathetic, would be compelled to admit that he did not possess that fine balance between self-abasement and egotism. When he was no longer a worm he promptly became a peacock. Anybody who saw him during that day of glory being wafted down the street with a bank book or a sheet of stamps in his hand might have marveled that he did not burst off the chest buttons of his snug Sunday suit.

One who was privileged to see him thus was Josie Kendal, who was walking out to take the afternoon air and buy a spool of thread. Josie was so startled that she forgot that they were not on intimate terms and that he had recently been seen spending money like water on Sibyl Williams.

"Why, Ranny, you're all dressed up! Are you going away?"

"I can't stop now. I got to go back to the office and get to work on the pay roll." But Ranny took time from his work to add: "Proba'ly I'll have something for you one of these days. Proba'ly Saturday afternoon."

"Well, all right, Ranny, if you—"

"Nothing much." Ranny waved an airy hand. "If you happen to be downtown about five o'clock and you happen to step into Webber's drug store, you'll proba'ly see me there."

"I don't know—maybe." Josie could be a trifle up-stage herself.

"Well, just as you say."

"All right," said the browbeaten maiden.

"Well, good-by." The prominent business man turned from society and hurried back to the nerve-wracking grind. His soul was no more his own than if he worked for the railroad.

There was one part of the pay roll that Ranny had already done a little work on. He had written an envelope for the new office manager and he knew to a cent what fraction of the week's wages it would contain. Webber's drug store gave him a pleasurable thrill of anticipation and he stopped to admire the window display, "Everything for the camera fiend." He must inquire one of these days how much it would cost to become a camera fiend.

Before that hectic day was over Ranny had crushed the proud spirit of "Fatty" Hartman, who was still a member of the shirking class, had managed to inform Ted Blake that work in a canning factory was a poor way to spend one's leisure, had met Butch Willet on terms of perfect equality, or more so. And at 4.13, by the official records, Tom Rucker delivered a telegram at the factory!

"Zam - bo - anga!" exclaimed Tom, when he realized whose feet were on the office desk.

"Dukes Manufacturing Company, per R. H. D." the manager wrote on Tom's book. He tore open the telegram, read it, and tossed it aside.

"Yes, I'm running the office while father's sick. I may stay here per—perman'tly. I don't know yet. So we both got good jobs, after all."

"I guess your job is even better than mine," said good old Tom.

There were limits to Ranny's self-importance. He was not wholly vile. He did not humiliate his best friend by telling him his salary. Perhaps—who knows?—Ranny was showing the faint beginnings of something that is called character.

"Nothing much. Come over on Sunday afternoon and we'll take a little walk."

"All right. I'll ride over. I wish you had a wheel, too."

"I might get one, and we'd take long trips."

"Maybe we'll go to Manchester."

"We'll go lots of places."

"Zamboanga!" said Tom.

"Bangor!" Ranny replied.

They chanted together, "Bangor, Bangor, bang, bang, Bangor!"

While the world of industry rattled on for a moment without them, they did a trifling dance.

Maybe the door of childhood had not been closed so tight, after all.

Weeks later, when father was going about the house in a dressing gown and a wheeled chair, he said to his right-hand man:

"We could make these things better than this"—indicating his mode of transportation—"but I suppose they're all tied up in patents."

"We ought to make automobiles," said Ranny. "That's what we ought to do."

"I know. I've been thinking a lot while I had nothing else to do. We might work out a plan sometime—after you've got more education. Oh, Mother!"

Mother took the indicated easy chair and Ranny perched himself on its arm in the old childish way. Now that his reputation for sterling young manhood was safe, he could afford to take liberties with it.

"This fellow here has shown a lot of interest in the factory. You know I'm delighted at the way he took hold and stuck to business. What do you think—both of you—of a good preparatory school this fall, and then a technical college?"

"And not go to the high school at all?" Ranny asked.

"Not that the Lakeville schools aren't good enough for you. But you need"—father kept count of his points on his fingers—"more mathematics, more science, more French, more German. We'll find just the right kind of school, if we have to go East for it."

"I—I— Well, all right. I'd just as lief." The far places were holding out their arms to him—two long, steel, parallel arms. Mountains! Oceans! Cannon Ball Expresses!

Mother held him tight, as if to keep him from growing away from her, then suddenly released him in surrender.

"I can do anything that is best for him—even give him up."

Ranny thought this very fine and brave, but of course he did not know how long his parents had been talking this matter over.

"He showed a lot of good stuff," said father, "after he got over being so proud of his job that he would hardly speak to his boss. He is willing to learn, and he can stick to a thing and see it through. Your son has the makings of a useful and successful man."

Ranny flushed with pleasure and his eyes watered a little.

"This baby!" said mother. And Ranny liked that, too.

He had turned his back upon his happy past; the present was altogether glorious and he was no longer afraid of his future.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

PARTHIAN SHOTS

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of *Caliban*

IN a way I gained my most vivid impression of America on returning to London. That city made America so remarkable and in some senses so desirable. I saw with a new vision the pageant of London, was struck by its blackness, the low buildings, the deceptively broad streets. The English institutions came up afresh. To stay once more at a real English hotel (I tried three in eight days, and then gave in), to return to these places where one cannot buy a newspaper or cigar, where there is no telephone in your bedroom, or even hot water. That gives one an idea of the state of materialistic barbarism in which England still has her being! And to see with this fatal and, I trust, temporary, new vision, the average English girl with her clothes straight from the rag bag, and her hair straight from the pillow, to compare her with the thousands of smart little persons who look as if they were made of enameled metal, whom you can see any morning coming out of the Grand Central . . . it was rather a shock!

And, on the other hand, to be reabsorbed by the harmonious calm, the ancient poise of a country that finds more contentment in its past than in dreams of the future, to see once more in the eyes of women, after the hard brightness of Broadway, a glow which bespeaks tenderness and illusion, made one feel that America was hectic and excessive. But I think I have suggested that before. So it becomes difficult to sum up my emotions before the panorama which is modern America. Most things must be seen to be believed, but America is almost incredible, indescribable, irreconcilable with herself. I have seen a good deal of her, I suppose; I am tempted to an excursion into the guide book, to say something of Pittsburg, smoky, sullen; of Dayton, that little city so monumental for its size; of Columbus, spacious and gray, with its broad, pleasant, green streets, and its occasional gift of silence; of Indianapolis, almost as spectacular in its layout as Washington; of little Evansville, so elderly and quiet by the broad Ohio that flows in sleepy calm; of Omaha, big, grim, and wedded to utility; and yet again of Chicago, savage Chicago, where in the last twenty-two months sixteen policemen were murdered on duty, vainglorious Chicago, where Mayor Thompson announces to the world on his posters: "Boost Chicago! We lead the world as a rail center! Forty-seven roads! A train a minute!" It is with reluctance that I part from Chicago and its mayor. They go together; Balzac would have been interested in them.

As soon as you go West, leaving behind scraps of Boston, a few houses in Philadelphia, the green beauty of Washington, and jeweled Manhattan, you are in a country where the towns are all alike. In the center of a town, or in its suburbs, nothing will tell you whether you are in Ohio or in Iowa. You find the same quadrangular layout, the same houses, the same stores, lunching places, and chapels. In the suburbs, the same timber bungalows. This is easily explained

by the fact that most cities in the Middle West and West were founded within fifty years of one another by people who were moving westward, who naturally built the new cities in the image of those they were leaving behind. Moreover, these were not rich people, but pioneers struggling with every possible difficulty, limited materials, expensive labor, bad transport. They had no time for beauty; also they were emigrants from the East, among whom the aspiration to beauty, which vaguely informed the mind of the workman in the Gothic and even the Georgian period, did not exist; the aspiration to beauty is a thing which arises slowly among young dreamers, who are laughed at by their families and their fellow townsmen, but who eventually have their own way. So the cities are unbeautiful, and only of late years, when wealth accumulated, has the aspiration to beauty begun to show itself in the shape of capitols and universities. It is not always successful, but the spirit is there; the gray, uniform cities of America are merely the forerunners of a new architecture.

But I do not want to discuss architecture. Deucalion flung stones to make men, but in America it is the men who have flung the stones, and perchance they will make gods.

The American child is to me a greater puzzle than the American adult. I cannot see how the emotional American, dominated by moral impulses, develops out of the shrewd and hard American child. It is almost inhuman. It hates to be fondled; it seldom kisses an adult; it wholly differs from the emotional, enthusiastic English child, which hurls itself upon the people it likes and inflicts upon them sticky embraces. It does not give itself; it knows what it wants and takes it with strange brutality. If this applied only to the female children, I could understand it, for something of this survives in the American girl, before marriage and misfortune have turned her into a human being; but the male American child shows only the hardness of the American man, not the gentleness and tenderness which make him so attractive. This may come from the close contact between the American child and its parents; it lives with them, is of them; it is treated seriously; therefore it does not look upon the adult as a god. Notably, in the well-to-do classes, there is no children's hour, say half past five, when the anxious prisoners of the nursery are allowed, trembling with excitement and with awe, to enter the holy presence of the grown-ups. It is no fun being an American child; one grows up without idols, and one must make some for oneself, since mankind at all ages lives only by error.

The hard child suggests the hard home, which is characteristic of America. I visited many houses in the United States, and, except among the definitely rich, I found them rather uncomfortable. They felt bare, untenanted; they were too neat, too new; they indicated that the restaurant, the theater, the cinema were often visited; one missed the comfortable accumulation of broken screens, old fire irons, and seven-year-old volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, which make up the dusty, frowsy feeling of home. The American house is not a place where one lives, but a place where one merely sleeps, eats, sits, works. You will say that makes up home life, but it does not; there is something else, which can arise only out of a compound of dullness, boiled mutton, an ill-cut lawn, a dog, a cat, and some mice to keep the cat amused. I cannot explain it better than that, and Americans may not understand what I mean, although any English person will.

Leaving aside the homes of the working class, which are much the same all the world over—*viz.*, miserable spaces where a young wife is by poverty, child-bearing, and male neglect turned into an old woman by the time she is thirty, I suspect that what affects the American home is the scarcity of the slave class which Europe calls domestics. Human beings cannot make their own comfort; they are too lazy. If they are compelled to choose be-

tween a comfortable household of which they must do the work, and shop-gazing or cinema-going, they will seldom choose the home. All comfort depends on slavery, and the European domestic servant is a slave—perhaps well paid, perhaps well treated, perhaps even independent, but a slave, attendant upon the home of the master for one hundred and fifty-six hours a week out of one hundred and sixty-eight. America lacks that class; therefore she has efficiency, but she has not comfort. Indeed, she has ceased to care for comfort. You discover this particularly in the hospitals, of which I visited three. No attempt was made to procure flowers for the patients; there were no hand fans for fevered brows; the lights were not shaded to the eyes; in hot weather ventilation was bad unless the windows were kept open, which meant that the blinds flapped; the nurses were self-complacent and official; everything was well done technically; the surgery was audacious, the learning immense—but it was not comfortable. The American attitude is: "You are ill. We will dose you until you are well," just as, addressing a boiler: "You are out of order. We will overhaul your rivets and bolts." It makes one long for the European sister of charity. She is pathetically incompetent; her finger nails are not aseptic, but she can smile and stroke a headache away.

Perhaps I was wrong to say that America has no slave domestic class. She has the married woman. In an earlier chapter I suggested that the American married woman is sweated. She is so, particularly on the farms, where she is sacrificed to the financial ambition of her husband. Mr. Thomas Odea has written a terrifying little play about that, where the farmer's wife is driven mad with hysteria because her husband continues to put money into the farm; he leaves her to wear her old body out, cleaning and cooking, and on the anniversary of her wedding day refuses her a plate-washing machine which shall spare her poor old hands; instead, he buys yet more agricultural plant that shall increase his fortune. Again, in the *Pictorial Review* of December last, we find the tragic story of another farmer's wife who, after many years, inherits six hundred dollars, and for the first time has a chance to give her family Christmas presents; her money is taken away by her husband, who with it buys six tombstones. I suppose that sort of thing happens in Europe, too, but in Europe it is less shocking, because there most people are in need, whereas in America the farmers are not in need, but in a hysterical state of financial ambition. Some of those farmers might quite properly buy their wives tombstones on their wedding day.

It is horrible and it is splendid. It is part of the picture of the American energy which keeps the shops in the towns open till nine and ten o'clock at night, including Saturdays and in some cases Sundays. There is a fury of production and a fury of spending; there is an intoxication in the air which at first terrifies the stranger and soon influences him. I felt it myself a few weeks after arriving. I had never cared much for money before, holding my little European ideas of a comfortable life and pleasant conversation, but by degrees, as I took contact with the Americans, those berserkers of commerce, I found myself wanting an automobile, like them, a big banking account, like them, and a bigger banking account, like them; I learned to smoke expensive cigars, like the Italian plate layers, and to say, "It's only five dollars," instead of, "A guinea, that's a bit thick." Something gets into you; you grow discontented; you haven't got enough; you fight for it; you make harder bargains; in your armchair you don't think of vague things as your languid gaze follows the tobacco smoke, but, instead, you ask yourself, "I wonder whether by saying nothing and waiting a day I could squeeze another five hundred dollars out of that deal?" Competition and example seize the stranger; he falls to savage desire;

his cupidity, his secretiveness, his resourcefulness—all that develops. In five months I felt how America forges and tempers the soft iron of Europe into chilled steel. This is not an attack; it is grudging admiration, for I confess that I took a certain pleasure in the struggling ferocity, the haste, the careless collection of wealth which make up American life. Only one asks oneself, What is this leading to?

America is so much in a state of formation that she has not yet acquired what I suppose one may call poise. She has no leisured class, the class which unconsciously and often in a hostile spirit promotes beauty by providing a market for the arts. The capitalistic class of America is beginning consciously to pursue beauty and to give its patronage to the arts, but if you search for beauty you seldom find it; it is a thing which happens, which flourishes in spite of difficulties. The beauty which you capture grows domesticated, like a tiger long imprisoned in a cage, it forgets how to spring. This applies also to the pursuit of culture, the impulse to knowledge, of which the American women's clubs are a magnificent example. The cultural impulse of America is still on the surface because it leaves the habits of the individual what they were. Culture is not knowledge, it is not information, it is not even good manners: Sir Pitt Crawley in *Vanity Fair* is drunken and boorish, but a gentleman all the same. True culture is one's father's culture more than one's own. It is not how one thinks that matters, but the way one lives, and though America is thinking much more and more clearly than does Europe, she is still living in the middle-class way of 1860. She is laying down the road to intellectual emancipation, but she has only just begun to travel it. Also the acquisitiveness of the pioneer is still struggling against the efflorescent culture of the universities. Every magazine is choked with advertisements of schools which teach salesmanship or train you to become a convincing business speaker. The appeal is generally monetary, and seldom cultural. Knowledge is being offered in terms of commercial power, not in terms of pure knowledge.

I know that this prevails also in Europe, but it prevails in a different way; there is less ambition, less contest. There is more ease, something that one may describe as a static harmony of life. The difference cannot be better stated than it was to me by an American who said: "You will never understand us until you get this clear. If an Italian in Italy owns a successful hotel, the only thing he will want is to go on running that hotel successfully, and when he dies to leave it to his son or his daughter's husband. But the American (or Italian-American) will be miserable unless by the time he is forty-five he controls two or three hotels; his son will look upon himself as a failure unless in the end he is president of a corporation controlling a chain of hotels from coast to coast." This seems to be ideally true, and it is easily explained—democracy explains it to a certain extent; whereas in Europe, and particularly in England, the desire of an ambitious man is to bear a title, in America, where he cannot obtain a title, the only possible distinction is wealth. Therefore he struggles for wealth as a European struggles for social recognition. But that is a minor cause, because the struggle for wealth in America is infinitely more savage than is in Europe the struggle for distinction.

There is something else, and that something is seldom taken into account. The true cause is found within the boundless resources of America. Fifty years ago most of America was untouched. Within a single century most of the coal, iron, and oil deposits, also the wheat fields, have been brought to bear. Most of the great fortunes are a couple of generations old; they were made easily, almost fortuitously. They were not made slowly and cautiously as they were in Europe by generations

which had time to grow used to being just a little richer than the generation before; great American fortunes arose like mushrooms, like colossal mushrooms which overhung the landscape. So the poorer pioneer said to himself: "Why should I not do what these others have done so quickly, so easily? The resources are there." That is the point; in America the resources were there, while in Europe they were not. European resources were developed slowly over about six hundred years; American resources were developed in a night. Thus the European learned that there was little room for his ambition and turned to easy living; the American learned that there was the widest room for the wildest ambition, and turned to the inflamed life. The American is no more desirous, no more ruthless, no more money-grubbing than any other kind of man; after all, he is merely any other kind of man. He is the creature of magnificent circumstances, the child of endless opportunity. He has, in a sense, inherited the world; it is natural that he should exploit his heritage.

STONE WALLS

It is a platitude to say that one learns most about mankind in the police courts. It is also not quite a truth, for surely men do not lie quite as much outside as inside those courts; but one does learn something of the psychology of the nation. One learns it from the judges. Their way of doing things is the way in which people like them done. I have seen a number of cases tried, and nearly all yield a conclusion. Here are three. In the first a man was charged with indecency. Instead of sending him to jail, the magistrate ascertained that he was sick, probably feeble-minded, so he sent him to the workhouse for observation. Also he asked him what fine he could pay. The accused said fifty dollars, and finally confessed that he could raise a hundred dollars. The magistrate then fined him a hundred and fifty dollars, "to force him to work." This seemed to me humane and burlesque. One likes the idea of fining a man only a figure which he can meet, but one discerns muddled thinking in finding a man sick, presumably irresponsible, and then fining him. What is interesting is the humane desire to discover by medical examination whether the prisoner was responsible.

The second case was that of a motorist charged with having passed a street car on the wrong side. The magistrate put back the case, gave the prisoner a copy of the traffic laws, told him to sit down and study them, and to come back for examination in two hours. If he failed in any answer he would be fined fifty dollars; if he was perfect, he would be let off with twenty dollars. This seems to me perfect justice, for it repairs while it punishes.

The third case led to different conclusions. It was a matrimonial quarrel, where a wife charged her husband with assault; another couple was mixed up with the case. As I listened to them I felt that they were all liars. Perhaps they were. What was interesting was the behavior of the attorneys, who disputed loudly, unrebuked by the magistrate, and made pandemonium in the court. When the magistrate began to sum up against the defendant, his attorney had the audacity to interrupt . . . and the magistrate was weak enough to say he would go on with the case. A little later, the magistrate prepared to discharge the defendant. This was met by a violent protest from the plaintiff's attorney . . . upon which the magistrate again resumed the hearing. Ultimately he discharged the defendant. Absolute Gilbert & Sullivan; no Englishman could avoid being shocked by the complete contempt shown by everybody for the solemnities of the law.

For a tithe of such conduct the attorneys would have been turned out of an English court. I have seen this happen in several places. I have seen a state attorney address a witness while sprawling on a table. The judges never

exact respect for themselves; they make their sittings into social parties; they seem weak, and it may be that they are too human. One of them has carried familiarity so far as to dice for the fine with the prisoner. (In Chicago; the prisoner lost.) All this offends, but in reality it should not offend, as it means only that humanity has perhaps gone too far, except that it brings the law into contempt, makes the law uncertain. The weak judge who allows himself to be bullied into an acquittal is the same judge who would give a fifteen years' sentence for a crime deserving twelve months. The weak are always the violent and, in that sense, American justice is as liable to human excess as it is capable of human tenderness. But in the main it is informed by the sympathetic spirit which has led North Dakota to grant illegitimate children rights to the property of their father equal to that of his legitimate issue.

A similar impression arises from institutions such as the Domestic Relations Court, which is primarily intended to settle as amicably as possible difficulties inside the family. It works in conjunction with a department of social service, and handles the cases which the department cannot settle. And it handles them with the broad humanity which characterizes this side of America. For instance, I saw a case dealt with where a wife was demanding from her husband support which he refused on the plea that she insisted on making a home for her mother; the mother-in-law made trouble between them. The judge dealt with this case as a familiar friend. He first pointed out to the man that his mother-in-law was old and in need, and that somebody must take care of her; but he also suggested to the wife that her husband had the first right to the privacy of his home, and that she must take his needs into account as well as those of her mother. Finally, instead of sentencing the man to pay so much a week, and evicting the mother-in-law, which would have been the strict solution of the case, the judge sent the husband and wife to discuss his remarks in his chambers. They came out later with a treaty of peace; the man agreed to support, and his wife agreed to make arrangements with another member of the family to take in her mother.

A little later the judge settled two cases of nonsupport of a wife by inducing the man to give the home another chance for a fortnight, and then to come to court again. In a similar case, where the man was out of work, the judge brought the parties together and undertook to provide a job for the man. The most impressive case, however, was that of a girl of fifteen, feeble-minded and pregnant by a man who was willing to marry her. Instead of following the obvious wooden course and letting the man off on condition that he married the girl, the judge decided that at the time she was unfit to marry and that there was no point in upholding morals against eugenics. He therefore placed her under medical observation, intending to deal with her on the medical report alone. If she was proved feeble-minded, he would send her into a home, but he refused to be a party to the bringing forth of probably imbecile children. All this seems to me admirable; it is more than human; it is sensible, and it represents the most enviable side of American humanitarianism.

One sees most of American humanity when one visits the remedial institutions. I saw two of these in St. Louis, one shameful, the other admirable. The first was the children's house of detention, a dirty, gloomy prison where the children are imprisoned until they are tried in their special court. I don't think they are happy. They are kept together and do not seem to fear the officials; they are examined and looked after physically—but the grayness of the place! The ugly tables and the poor food; the mug of water and the piece of bread laid on the table without a plate! This for children who have not been tried and are therefore not guilty. That

is a bad survival and St. Louis has every reason to be ashamed of its house of detention. On the other hand, it is a piquant contrast to observe its treatment of the boys who have been found guilty. For them St. Louis has a farm, at Bellefontaine, which exhibits none of the insensibility of the industrial schools of England. Here no prison bars, no watchmen, no measures against escape at night, except the removal of day clothes. A gifted superintendent has done a great deal to prevent the place from turning into an institution. There are no uniforms; the dining room is painted white, decorated with flowers, pictures, and flags. Three hours a day are given to school, four or five to agriculture, two to recreation within the bounds of the estate. The tragedy of Bellefontaine is that the boys stay there only six months to two years, and then go back to the bad old homes which made their crimes. It is to the honor of St. Louis that one regrets that its delinquent boys cannot up to manhood be kept in its institution.

In other words, America is really trying to cure, to reform, and not merely to punish. You see this at its maximum in Sing Sing prison. As you travel along the lovely wooded hills of the Hudson you prepare for cells and gray gloom, but as you reach the prison you hear a band and you see men marching. Later you ask whether those men evolving in the large and tidy walled space were marching to dinner; you are told that they were marching more or less of their own accord, for exercise, behind the band they organize and manage themselves. Then you discover that their uniform is not entirely uniform; that they can wear part of their own clothes, have tobacco and daily papers sent in; that five times a month they may receive three visitors, making fifteen, and that they can talk to them in a large room, uninterrupted by officers, unseparated by the terrible grille of the past. You go into the workshops where they work an ordinary eight-hours' day, making shoes, brushes, mattresses, or at printing, etc. There are no officers in the workshops; the convicts run their own discipline. In the dining room also no officers, but again the men's own discipline. They may talk; they are not, as in England, treated as dumb brutes. You discover the prison club (the Mutual Welfare League), games, movie shows, a monthly paper edited, published, and printed within the prison under the editorship of Mr. C. E. Chapin, a prominent journalist, now serving a life sentence. You go round; you hear the warden address the prisoners personally; they reply without fear or servility. Those who are not at work move about freely in the vast prison; others practice baseball.

The essence of Sing Sing is represented by two mottoes—*self-government* and *no officers*. The idea is to thrust upon the convicts the maximum amount of personal responsibility, which prevents them from feeling outcast and maintains their individuality for the time when they will return to the outer world. That is why there are no officers in the workshops, why the officers are unarmed, while the prisoners freely handle piping and knives. They are trusted; they understand that they must go through with this; that escape is very difficult; so many are allowed comparative freedom in the neighborhood of the prison under the languid supervision of a lonely guard. Breakaways are very few. I suppose the reactionary will say, "Very pretty; this means that you are treating criminals as honest men would like to be treated." That is absurd. Even in Sing Sing, model prison though it be, there is not much laughter; stone walls do make a prison, however much an enlightened civilization may try to prevent it. Before dismissing the humane effort of Sing Sing, the reactionary should ask himself whether he would like to lead the life of those men. It is a hard place, and behind the benevolence stand force, restraint, and a ready weapon. But all this is hidden as well as may be, so that the convict may feel compara-

tively free, be given a chance to acquire the capacities of a trade, the powers of a free man, pending the time when he will regain the privileges of freedom. Sing Sing represents one of the most beautiful sides of the American character, the capacity of the strong man to understand the weak, the desire to give the weak man a fair deal, the desire to make him efficient again, to restore him to decency; in other words, to rescue an American from evil courses and to reabsorb him into the American community.

After leaving Sing Sing I thought of the English prisons, of the periods of solitary confinement, where the convict sees no human face, hardly that of a warden; of the gangs on Dartmoor, watched by a guard with a rifle. I thought of our prisoners cut off for years from the activity of the world, and then tossed back to wander there like lost children, until they meet some one who entices them back to evil courses, because that is all the English prison has fitted them for. Then again I thought of the American prison, and was ashamed of my country.

POLITICIANS

I wonder whether the fine institutions of America are the work of politicians or whether they were imposed by an intelligent public opinion upon representatives who threw them as sops to local idealism. One cannot help contrasting those institutions with the evil repute of the American politician, and especially with the contempt which most Americans openly express for their governors. Perhaps the American politician is maligned; very likely he is corrupt, but maybe all politicians, taken in the mass, are corrupt. If you talk to an educated Frenchman, Italian, Spaniard, or Portuguese he will tell you that his politicians take bribes. The European papers contain as many scandals and exposures of people in high places as do the American papers. As for England, she seems very virtuous, and the superficial observer may think that the level of political morality is higher in England than anywhere else in the world. Only, when one begins to understand English public life, one discovers that, as usual, every man has his price, and that whereas in most parts of the world you can get a man to do something mean by paying him a sum of money, in England you can bring him down to the vilest level by inviting him to lunch with a duke. And so there is little to choose between corruption by contract in the United States of America and corruption by snobbery in the home of ancient liberties which we call England.

What is interesting in America, as opposed to England, is the common assumption that the politician is a corruptionist. In many conversations with Americans I have been told stories which I refuse to reprint because they seem too wild. I have continually been told that the American law courts are corrupt, that many of the judges can be bought, and that where they cannot be bought political pressure can be put on them. I do not say this is true or untrue; I know nothing about it personally, but what interests me is the fact that America *says these things* openly, whereas the Englishman looks upon his Parliament as the abode of most of the virtues (he has been changing his mind since big business took over the British Empire, round about 1917); also he becomes painfully sentimental when he talks of British justice. The American seems to have no illusions about the state; indeed, when one has read the American newspapers for a few months and seen them filled with extraordinary tales of graft taken by high employees of corporations, by district attorneys, sanitary trustees, etc., one begins to believe that American rule is founded on graft; one has to reason with oneself to realize that the greatest and richest nation in the world cannot be erected on such a foundation.

For my part, I suspect that the situation is actually this: most of the public

officials are elected, therefore they have to truckle to local opinion, for they hope to be re-elected. This must mean corrupt favoritism. In many cases, however, the situation is worse because the public official not only has to be re-elected by a body of constituents, but he also is the nominee of either the Democratic or the Republican party. He will naturally cleave to his party; its managers will have influence upon him; if he does not satisfy them, he will not be renominated. It is too much to ask of a human being that he should resist an influence such as that. Lastly, the public official is, in America, very ill paid; many state governors before the war received less than six thousand dollars, and their pay has not been raised commensurately with the rise in the cost of living. If you compare rank with rank you will find that the American judge is paid about a quarter of what the English judge receives, and this in a country where the cost of living is twice as high as in England. What is the result? It is not necessarily corruption. Indeed, the American judge deserves a tribute which he does not always receive for resisting corruption offered to poverty. I think it was Oscar Wilde who said that "anybody could be virtuous on ten thousand pounds a year." The most supreme of the American judges has never received such a salary, but he has been virtuous all the same. A more serious result is that in a civilization such as the American, where wealth absolutely predominates, where a man's status is largely (though not entirely) defined by his fortune, the rewards of office are so small that public positions tend to attract only those men who would not otherwise make a very good living, or men who are already rich and take office out of vanity.

Nearly all the educated Americans I spoke to about this entirely agreed with me, but the subject did not excite them. Everybody acknowledged graft everywhere, with a way of suggesting, "It's a pity, but it can't be helped." I suspect that America does not worry about graft because she is a pioneer country, because she is still developing her immense resources, and especially because the opportunities are so vast that every man tells himself that he has quite enough to do looking after his business without wasting time on the reform of the public services. He agrees that much time and money are wasted by corruption, but he figures out the situation and tells himself that the loss entailed on him personally is much less than the loss he would make if he were to devote time to public affairs. So he lets public affairs go, gets as rich as he can; often he harbors the private opinion that if he comes to a lawsuit the best thing he can do is to be rich. To be rich, he thinks, will serve him better than to be a little poorer and come before an entirely reliable court. I do not mean that he proposes to bribe the law, but he proposes by his wealth to avail himself of every delay, of every legal method, and to wear out his antagonist. To do that he must be rich; also he finds getting rich a more cheerful pursuit than purifying the public services.

You see this political indifference more clearly still when you consider the treatment afforded to the Socialist party in America. One quite understands that during the war the American government should have dealt very vigorously with those who opposed its activities, who tried to impede recruiting, and in some cases plotted with the enemy. I take no sides in this matter, except so far as to say that the leaders of most of the Allies cannot escape their share of responsibility for the crime that is unjustly imputed to the Kaiser alone. I quite understand that when a government has gone to war it can hold only the opinion of Decatur, "My country, right or wrong." But what is interesting is the indifference of public opinion to the treatment of the Socialists after the war. In the fear of revolution a great many things were done

which did not accord with our conceptions of the habeas corpus. I have before me a photograph of a letter addressed to the editor of *The Leader*, Milwaukee, stamped October, 1920. Across the envelope is impressed, "Mail to this address undeliverable under Espionage Act." Therefore, nearly two years after the armistice, a newspaper is refused its mail because its views are disagreeable to the government! The letter is reproduced in the New York *World*, which very honorably protests against this suppression of a normal public right, the delivery of correspondence. But I never heard club or private talk about this. This flagrant attack on citizen rights seemed to interest nobody.

And here are a number of other cases which also occurred in October, 1920. At Mount Vernon the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Miss Rose Scheidermann, candidate for Senator, and Mr. Norman Thomas, were arrested for attempting to read the Constitution of the United States and explaining the objects of the American Civil Liberties Union. This because they were speaking without a permit from the mayor, who had declined to give permits to speakers. On October 12th, at Norwich, Mrs. Glendowen Evans and Mr. Albert Boardman were arrested for speaking in breach of the orders of the mayor. In the same month Judge John C. Knox decided that membership of the Communist party was sufficient cause for deportation. (It is interesting to observe that Judge Anderson, at Boston, ruled the opposite.) Again, in the same month, at New York, the Socialists were denied the privilege of choosing poll clerks for election districts in which their party had polled the greatest or the next to greatest vote cast at the last election. All these cases are fairly startling, but most remarkable is that of the five Socialists, members of the New York Legislature, who in March, 1920, were excluded on the plea that they had been seditious. A minority, duly elected by the voters, was excluded by the majority. The five outlaws stood again, and in September, 1920, were all five again elected by their constituents. You would have thought that this settled the matter, since they were twice indorsed by the electorate, but the New York Legislature accepted two of the members and re-excluded three. This was not a party vote, for on the second occasion 73 Republicans and 17 Democrats voted for exclusion, while 28 Republicans and 17 Democrats voted against.

I submit that, coming two years after the war, this is a rather startling situation. It justifies one in suggesting that liberty of speech and of thought was brought very low during the four years of the Wilson administration; so far there is no guaranty that these liberties will be restored under the new government. This because nobody cares. All the people who were arrested for expounding socialistic views were doing this openly, and in virtue of the rights that belong to all citizens in a free republic. I heard of no case where a Republican or Democratic speaker was arrested; the Socialists were arrested because they wanted to alter the form of the state. But it is perfectly legitimate to alter the form of the state if you don't like it; it is perfectly legitimate to try to convince your fellow men that your views are right and that they should join with you in making them prevail. Supposing a party were to arise which wanted to make it compulsory on all of us to paint ourselves blue, (basing this on the excellent historical precedent of Queen Boadicea), you might think it silly, but all the same the pro-blues would be entitled to recruit members for their party. Any suppression of opinion is tyranny.

In the particular case of the New York Legislature, which excluded the five Socialists, it is interesting to observe that, apart from the New York *World*, there were comparatively few protests. The exclusion did not form a topic for conversation at lunch; if it was referred

to at all, the attitude was that it served the Socialists jolly well right and it was hoped that this would "learn" them to be Socialists. Which is all very well, but if we accept that a majority may deprive a minority of its constitutional rights, then no man will be safe—unless he belongs to the majority. If, owing to unfortunate idealism or lack of political suppleness, he happens to find himself in the minority, he will be in trouble. These suppressions and exclusions practiced by a capitalistic government absolutely parallel the action of the Bolsheviks in Moscow. The Bolsheviks are charged with having disfranchised all the people who did not agree with them, and for that are severely attacked; the capitalistic parties of America in these particular cases have been doing just the same thing. They must not expect to be measured by a different rule.

I am not making an impertinent comparison between the American and the British methods. It is true that England allows almost unlimited freedom of speech, printing, and meeting, and that has a beautiful air of liberalism, but I suspect that the English governing class —which is wholly cynical and much more subtle than most people realize— has for a long time seen the advantage of letting people talk and talk and wear themselves away and evaporate in talk. Where America represses, England swaddles. One of these days an English Prime Minister will try to smash the Socialist movement by offering peerages to the labor leaders and bishoprics to the Socialist clergymen. So I am not making a comparison; what I am observing is the psychological reaction of the American mind to this political tyranny. It is a simple one; America does not bother, and she may be unwise not to bother, for suppression drives these movements into secrecy. During the Russian revolution of 1905 Pobiedonostzeff, a reactionary, said that an idea was more dangerous than dynamite; you can hide an idea, but you cannot kill it, and all that the system of repression can do is just that, to hide the idea. Reaction does not take the advice of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who once said that you cannot stop a storm by sitting on the barometer. Reaction is to-day trying to sit on the barometer, and I suspect that this is more dangerous than hanging the barometer outside Westminster Abbey, while the plaudits of English Liberalism resound. The American Communist party, organized in September, 1919, worked openly until January, 1920, when a number of arrests were made; then the party became illegal and began to work underground.

There, I feel, lies such danger to American political stability as may exist. Political repression has created secret societies; so long as they are secret, so long will they be dangerous. Revolutionary and violent sections of the Socialist party never grow strong until repression forces them to work secretly, because the preaching of violence never rallies to their side anything but a small number of people. Violence is disagreeable to most of mankind because it is risky. Man likes violence well enough, but he understands that violence replies to violence; he is not prepared to face that side of it. Therefore free speech leads to moderation, because moderation makes recruits; on the other hand, limit the freedom of speech, you foster secrecy, sense of injury—above all, the romantic sense of outlawry; you produce groups of individuals who become more revolutionary because they feel outcast, who plot violence and more violence—because it is the dramatic thing to do.

I found very few people in America who cared at all about these things. The political apathy of America is extraordinary. There is no care for abstract rights, but only for individual rights. For instance, after the presidential election, day by day—not only in New York, but in Indianapolis, in Chicago, in other places—I tried to discover the total votes polled by the Farmer Labor party and by the Socialists. It was almost impossible to find out; at first I

was told that these polls were so negligible that they were not worth printing; in the end I discovered that the Socialists had polled just under a million votes, and that Mr. Upton Sinclair alone had received twenty thousand in California, but I had to take trouble to find out, and I never met anybody else who wanted to know. To this day I do not know how many votes Mr. Christensen polled. Now a bright public opinion would want to know these things. Why it doesn't want to I am not certain. Perhaps it is the prevailing political cynicism which reigns in the country, a cynicism which was summed up in an old English election song :

> If we put the muddlers out,
> We put worse muddlers in.

Perhaps it is, as I have suggested before, that the American is much too busy with his personal affairs to trouble with those of the state, except, of course, as regards the cock fight of party against party. For it should be noted that when one charges the American with political apathy, one must except the sporting side of the political contests. That is very definite. There is nothing apathetic in the way in which the white South votes Democrat because the negro votes Republican; in the disfranchisement of negroes by every kind of trick; in the Ku-Klux Klan proceedings. There is nothing languid in the 100-per-cent Americanism of the American Legion; nor in the anti-Catholic campaign of the "True Americans" in the South; nor in the keyhole activities, the witch-finding of the American Protective League. There is in America as much political violence as will keep even an Irishman busy, but it is a local, a sporting, a personal violence. It has nothing to do with general ideas. No doubt that is part of American regionalism, which has made the state so important and the State so slight in the mind of the citizens of what is less a great free republic than a great federation of free republics.

PROBLEMS AHEAD

The first time I asked an American what he thought of prohibition I chanced upon a stranger in that particular city who replied: "Oh, I'm for prohibition. Can you tell me where I can get a drink?" This reply seems to embody a good deal of the public feeling in the matter. Apart from a few people who need their drink and are exasperated by the difficulties they encounter, nearly everybody in America thinks prohibition a very good thing for other people. It should be said in justice that a good many agree that it is good for them, though they don't like it, and that they are willing to stand it. It is generally said that prohibition was brought about by political trickery, by the extension of a law instituted for war purposes, but that is not true. Prohibition is an old American institution which has been expanding by degrees, state by state, for a great many years. The war merely gave it the final impetus that enabled it to secure the necessary majority of two-thirds, and therefore Federal application. Prohibition might not have come about if a referendum had been taken, but, as the American Constitution does not provide for a referendum, it must be held that prohibition has not succeeded in two-thirds of the states without the assent of a more than sufficient majority. Many people believe that prohibition will not last long and that America will eventually return to some sort of liquor consumption, probably by the extension of the Volstead Act—*viz.*, by the raising of the quantity of alcohol in drinks to 3 or 4 per cent. They also believe that the enormous illegal traffic in liquor may bring prohibition into such contempt that it will die of itself. All this seems most unlikely, though liquor is obtainable in any quantity by anybody who can pay the price and who will take the trouble.

For instance, in Boston, in October, in various hotels and bars, people were accosted by runners who offered to sell them drink; in the same city, in six

and a half months, 13,246 people were arrested for public drunkenness, and 213 had to be admitted to hospital for alcoholic excess. The cause of this is certainly prohibition. Whereas in the old days a man could buy a drink and leave the saloon, he now finds that difficult, but he can buy a bottle, take it home, and probably drink most of it. Complete figures are not available, but it seems that during last year one of the results of prohibition was to decrease the number of people who drank moderately, and to drive a certain number of moderate drinkers into the drunken ranks. It has also resulted in the preparation of noxious beverages, made partly of whisky and partly of wood alcohol; it has brought about a great revival of home brewing and home distilling; at one time the demand for stills was so heavy that the industry had to set up a waiting list. It has, to a certain extent, encouraged smuggling from Canada and Mexico. It has also created a class of enforcement agents, who are not numerous enough to do their work properly and some of whom are necessarily corrupt. In other words, prohibition has left a great deal of room for evasion, and a great deal of evasion is going on now.

By the side of evasion also go substitutes. One of them is supposed to be drugs, but I doubt whether this peril is as formidable as is made out. The whisky habit and the cocaine habit are very different things; the first is convivial, the second solitary. If the people who talk of the drug peril had any opportunity of coming into contact with cocaine or morphia maniacs, they would know that the effect is quite different. It is quite possible that a few drunkards have taken to cocaine because they had to have something, but, so far as my observation goes, most of the people who drank moderately have taken to the soda fountain. Evasion of quite another kind is much more prevalent, and that is the patent medicine containing alcohol. I have before me the labels of two of these patent medicines. One of them contains 25 per cent of alcohol, the other 40 per cent; both are labeled to that effect. Now what is interesting is that neither of these medicines is designed for any specific disease; they are not supposed to do anything for you if you have rheumatism, or fever. They are to be taken as a tonic if you feel tired or depressed, and their pleasant taste is guaranteed. One cannot help being amused by that kind of thing. I took a dose of one of these medicines and found it very pleasant indeed. I felt very much better and inclined to have a second dose. And so on.

As regards the results of prohibition, it is much too early to say anything precise. The wildest statements have been printed. For instance, in November, the superintendent of the Juvenile Protective Association read out statistics which seemed to show that cases of cruelty to wife and child had increased 238 per cent since prohibition arrived; similar figures seem to show a rise in childish delinquency, in immorality, in disorderly houses. One can find similar figures which absolutely contradict the situation, and both sets are as childish one as the other. We shall know nothing of the effects of prohibition for twenty years, and then we shall judge only by figures. The psycho-sociologist knows that statistics are merely lies made respectable. My own belief is that in the United States of America liquor will practically disappear. Liquor is to a certain extent sustained by the unpalatable nature of the prohibition drinks; the beer is nothing but a ghost of the real beer; apple cider, loganberry juice, and such like are fit to make a school-treat sick. The only good prohibition drink is water. But the resources of industrial chemistry will by degrees produce the illusion we need. It is the only thing we need in life. Drink itself will go because it is not being given to the young generation. That is not only a question of shame, but a question of supply. As the stocks go down, as enforcement grows more rigid,

drink will grow more and more difficult to obtain. The father will naturally keep it for himself, and a vague sort of shame will prevent him from introducing his son to liquor. So the young generation will grow up without it, not wanting what it does not know; by degrees, as the old drinking generation dies out, the only drunkards will be people afflicted by a new kind of depravity, who will drink whisky as they now snuff cocaine. They will be the exception rather than the rule.

Whether this result is desirable is another question; for my part, I have always held that the ideal state is the one where there are least laws. I should prefer to think that the saloon system could be moralized and made more æsthetic; that education could by degrees teach the population to use instead of abusing; and that drink could remain what it should be, a pleasure and not a vice. All this seems to be possible, and on the whole I regret prohibition because it has done immense damage to conviviality. The entertainment of hard-worked people is difficult without the stimulus of drink. Prohibition dinner parties are very dull; a dinner party, after all, consists in bringing together people who don't like one another much, and encouraging them to bear with one another; that is what is called Society. It is difficult to do that on iced water; it is perhaps easier in America, where people are frank and confidential; in England the social consequences would be frightful. We have been asked in England to choose between Giles free and Giles sober. I hope we shall not have to choose between Giles sober and Giles sulky.

In a sense, the prohibition problem is simplified by the growing Slavification and Latinization of the United States. For psychological reasons of a complex nature, it is the Anglo-Teutonic and Scandinavian peoples who carry the taste for drink. The objections to immigration may be considerable, but drunkenness is not one of them; the Jewish immigrant is particularly free from the craving for drink. This does not mean that the immigration problem is in America not a serious one. That is to say, it is or is not a serious problem according to the point of view you may hold. The American who wants to preserve the old America, the America of Alexander Hamilton and Robert E. Lee, must look with horror upon the central and eastern European masses; the American who is willing to see created an entirely new race should not be so greatly troubled. At present the old American still holds sway because of the sentimental support of literature and the press. It is not wonderful that public opinion should be agitated about the immigrant, for the speed of immigration is going up at an enormous rate. In January, 1920, nearly 25,000 came in; in June, nearly 50,000; in September, 86,000. Also, we are told by the Commissioner of Immigration that 10,000,000 of foreigners are waiting for ships to America, among them 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 Italians. Commissioner Wallis goes on to say (December, 1920) that Ellis Island is now handling 30,000 immigrants a week. These are terrific figures, and confirmation comes from so many sides that there is no reason to doubt them. The famine which reigns in central Europe, the wars which devastate Poland, the political oppressions which reign in Russia, Bohemia, the Trentino; the ruin which has overwhelmed Germany—all this is arrayed behind the immigrants in a drive of immense power. Living without security in a famished Europe, half of which has lost even hope, it is natural and inevitable that their desires should turn, half in material aspiration, half in idealism, to the great Republic of the West, where there are wealth, ease, happiness —where at last they will be at rest.

From the American point of view, however, the problem is not so easy. It is true that America wants labor, and America will continue to do so so long as she continues to develop her soil with

the ferocious haste which characterizes her. Only what America needs is the agriculturist. She does not want more recruits for the overcrowded cities; the trouble is that the immigrants on the whole prefer to crowd the towns, and do not readily move toward Dakota and Idaho. There is, of course, a powerful section of America which wants cheap city labor. All the sweat shops of America, particularly in the clothing trade, want to recruit humanity brought down to its lowest level of physical endurance, of human pride, something they can grind still finer, something that can just crawl enough to produce a profit. Those people will by influence and money do all they can to keep the gates open, but it may be that they are getting more than is safe for them, and that the masses they are recruiting create a problem which defeats their aim. What will eventually be done concerns the Americans and does not concern me. All I may do is to clarify the problem as I see it and to suggest to the American public that one of the two solutions imposes itself—either to restrict or exclude the immigrant; by degrees to assimilate the resident foreigner into the Anglo-American civilization; or to open the gates, to allow unrestricted immigration from any part of the world, and from these elements to compose a new race that will be a synthesis of all races. Both these ideals have their nobility; the second is perhaps the more attractive because it is the more novel. One cannot help being curious of sociological experiments, and one would like to see the result of the fusion of all the peoples of the world about a new Tower of Babel. It might be rather hard on the Tower all the same!

VALE!

As I come to the end of these impressions I wish they could have been conclusions, but five months in a country is not much, however broadly one may have traveled it, whatever labor one may have given to the understanding of many kinds of men. One is confronted with such diversity, such contrasts, and especially such novelty. So I will let conclusions alone and say just this: I am too old to change. I could not with content migrate to America, there to live, to adjust myself to new attitudes, new laws and customs. I am too set, too European for that; a certain disabused geniality, which is the foundation of Europeanism, would suffer in the breeziness, the directness of America. But if I had to be born again, as I was born, of a family that had no influence worth anything, no money, no lineage—if I had to make my way again, as I had to, against difficulties such that at the age of twenty-five all I possessed was a hundred dollars of debts, well . . . in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations I should have felt that there was only one place for a young man who wanted to tear from life full value for his efforts; in spite of all temptations I should have been born an American.

(*The end*)

THE PLEASURES OF A NATURALIST

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

HOW closely every crack and corner of nature is packed with life, especially in our northern temperate zone! I was impressed with this fact when during several June days I was occupied with road mending on the farm where I was born. To open up the loosely piled and decaying laminated rocks was to open up a little biological and zoological museum, so many of our smaller forms of life harbored there. From chipmunks to ants and spiders, animal life flourished. We disturbed the chipmunks in their den a foot and a half or more beneath the loosely piled rocks. There were two of them in a soft, warm nest of dry, shredded maple leaves. They did not wait to be turned out of doors, but when they heard the racket overhead bolted precipitately. Two living together surprised me, as heretofore I have never known but one in a den. Near them a milk snake had stowed himself away in a crevice, and in the little earthquake which we set up got badly crushed. Two little red-bellied snakes about one foot long had also found harbor there.

The ants rushed about in great consternation when their eggs were suddenly exposed. In fact, there was live natural history under every stone about us. Some children brought me pieces of stone, which they picked up close by, that sheltered a variety of cocoon-building spiders. One small, dark-striped spider was carrying about her ball of eggs, the size of a large pea, attached to the hind part of her body. This became detached, when she seized it eagerly and bore it about held between her legs. Another fragment of stone, the size of one's hand, sheltered the chrysalis of some species of butterfly which was attached to it at its tail. It was surprising to see this enshrouded creature, blind and deaf, wriggle and thrash about as if threatening us with its wrath for invading its sanctuary. One would about as soon expect to see an egg protest.

Thus the naturalist finds his pleasures everywhere. Every solitude to him is peopled. Every morning or evening walk yields him a harvest to eye or ear.

The born naturalist is one of the most lucky men in the world. Winter or summer, rain or shine, at home or abroad, walking or riding, his pleasures are always near at hand. The great book of nature is open before him and he has only to turn the leaves.

A friend sitting on my porch in a hickory rocking-chair the other day was annoyed by one of our small, solitary wasps that seemed to want to occupy the chair. It held a small worm in its legs. She would "shoo" it away, only to see it back in a few seconds. I assured her that it did not want to sting her, but that its nest was somewhere in the chair. And, sure enough, as soon as she quieted down it entered a small opening in the end of one of the chair arms, and deposited its worm, and presently was back with another, and then a third and a fourth; and before the day was done it came with little pellets of mud and sealed up the opening.

My morning walk up to the beech wood often brings me new knowledge and new glimpses of nature. This morning I saw a humming bird taking its bath in the big dewdrops on a small ash tree. I have seen other birds bathe in the dew or raindrops on tree foliage, but

did not before know that the hummer bathed at all.

I also discovered that the webs of the little spiders in the road, when saturated with moisture, as they were from the early fog this morning, exhibit prismatic tints. Every thread of the web was strung with minute spherules of moisture, and they displayed all the tints of the rainbow. In each of them I saw one abutment of a tiny rainbow. When I stepped a pace or two to the other side, I saw the other abutment. Of course I could not see the completed bow in so small an area. These fragments are as unapproachable as the bow in the clouds. I also saw that where a suspended dewdrop becomes a jewel, or displays rainbow tints, you can see only one at a time—to the right or left of you. It also is a fragment of a rainbow. Those persons who report beholding a great display of prismatic effects in the foliage of trees or in the grass after a shower, are not to be credited. You may see the drops glistening in the sun like glass beads, but they will not exhibit prismatic tints. In only one at a time will you see rainbow tints. Change your position, and you may see another, but never a great display of prismatic tints at one time.

In my walk the other morning I turned over a stone, looking for spiders, and ants. These I found, and in addition there were two cells of one of our solitary leaf-cutters, which we as boys called "sweat bees," because they came around us and would alight on our sweaty hands and arms as if in quest of salt, as they probably were. It is about the size of a honey bee, of lighter color, and its abdomen is yellow and very flexible. It carries its pollen on its abdomen and not upon its thighs. These cells were of a greenish-brown color; each of them was like a miniature barrel in which the pollen with the egg of the bee was sealed up. When the egg hatches, the grub finds a loaf of bread at hand for its nourishment. These little barrels were each headed up with a dozen circular bits of leaves cut as with a compass, exactly fitting the cylinder, one upon the other. The wall of the cylinder was made up of oblong cuttings from leaves, about half an inch wide, and three-quarters of an inch long, a dozen of them lapped over one another, and fitted together in the most workmanlike manner.

In my boyhood I occasionally saw this bee cutting out her nesting material. Her mandibles worked like perfect shears. When she had cut out her circular, or her oblong patches, she rolled them up, and, holding them between her legs, flew away with them. I have seen her carry them into little openings in old rails, or old posts. About the period of hatching, I do not know.

I published not long ago an article in one of the leading magazines on the rainbow, in which I discussed another phenomenon known as the sun drawing water, and pointed out how it is as illusive and unapproachable as the rainbow. The beholder always stands exactly in front of its middle—that is, of its vertical rays, and sees one half of it on his right hand and one half on his left, and he cannot by moving either way change this relation. When the sun is half an hour or more high, its rays spread out widely at a very acute angle. As it mounts in the heavens the rays are pulled up, so to speak, and assume a different aspect. But always it is the shape of a huge fan opened out to about four-fifths of its capacity, as it usually is when the holder uses it. Take the ordinary folding fan, magnify it until it is a mile long and as wide in proportion, and fancy it hung up in the sky, and you have a fairly accurate representation of this phenomenon. Numerous correspondents, among them university physicists, wrote me that I deceived myself; that the rays are really parallel; they cited the case of the railway track on which, when we stand where we can see a long, level stretch of the lines of the rails, we seem to see them converge till

on the horizon they fairly meet. But one lameness of this explanation, if there were no other, is seen in the fact that you can outflank the railway lines, as you can any other system of parallel lines drawn upon the earth's surface, but you cannot outflank the lines made by the sun drawing water. They persist exactly in your front, no matter how fast or how far you go. Why they converge to these openings in the clouds, as if the sun itself was just there behind them, instead of being over ninety millions of miles away, I do not know. I was deluged with explanations alleged to be founded upon the laws of perspective, but the main fact was entirely missed or ignored—namely, that the apparition was, as I have said, always exactly in your front, the same as in the case of the rainbow. It must be remembered that these lines in the air are on a vertical plane and not on a horizontal. They are probably a mile or more long, and the beholder is usually a mile or more away, and stands in the shade of the clouds.

Big and little are all one with nature. Perfect rainbows are seen on the surface of lakes and rivers, caused by the minute drops or spherules of fog left on the surface. I see rainbows in the spiders' webs in the roads on a clear morning after a fog. Every thread of the web is strung with these minute spheres of vapor.

Tyndall says, in his paper on the rainbow, that a line drawn from the sun to the highest point of the bow, and from the observer to the same point, always makes an angle of forty-one degrees, and this fact of itself shows how unchangeable our relations to such phenomena are.

Swallows, in hawking through the air for insects, do not snap their game up as do the true flycatchers. Their mouths are little nets which they drive through the air with the speed of airplanes. A few mornings ago the air was cold, but it contained many gauzy, fuzzy insects from the size of mosquitoes down to gnats. They kept near the ground. I happened to be sitting on the sunny side of a rock and saw the swallows sweep past. One came by within ten feet of me and drove straight on to a very conspicuous insect which disappeared in his open mouth like a flash. How many hundreds or thousands of such insects they must devour each day! Then think of how many insects the flycatchers and warblers and other insect-eating birds must consume in the course of a season! The State Agricultural Society of Kansas estimates the bird population of that state to be 256,000,000, which is probably not far out of the way, but that they destroy every year 576,000,000 pounds of insects is a gross exaggeration. At least half of this bird population are seed eaters, which would cut this estimate to about 280,000,000 pounds. The other half, the flycatchers, the warblers, and so on, are here only about one-third of the year, which would again greatly reduce the estimate. Two hundred million pounds would be a very liberal estimate, reducing the reputed 480 trains of fifty box cars each, or 24,000 cars containing 24,000 pounds to the car, to much less than half that number and amount. But even this would save many millions of dollars annually to the Kansas farmers.

We little suspect how the woods and wayside places swarm with life. We see little of it unless we watch and wait. The wild creatures are cautious about revealing themselves, their enemies are on the lookout for them. Certain woods at night are alive with flying squirrels which, except for some accident, we never see by day. Then there are the night prowlers—skunks, foxes, coons, minks, and owls—yes, and mice.

The wild mice we rarely see. The little shrew mole, which I know is active at night, I have never seen but once. I once set a trap, called the delusion trap, in the woods by some rocks where I had no reason to suspect there were more mice than elsewhere, and two mornings later it was literally packed full of mice, half a dozen or more.

Turn over a stone in the fields and behold the consternation among the small folk beneath it—ants, slugs, bugs, worms, spiders—all objecting to the full light of day, not because their deeds are evil, but because the instinct of self-preservation prompts this course. As I write these sentences a chipmunk, who has his den in the bank by the roadside near by, is very busy storing up some half-ripe currants which grew on a bush a few yards away. Of course the currants will ferment and rot, but that consideration does not disturb him; the seeds will keep, and they are what he is after. In the early summer, before any of the nuts and grains are ripened, the high cost of living among the lesser rodents is very great, and they resort to all sorts of makeshifts.

In regard to this fullness of life in the hidden places of nature, Darwin says as much of the world as a whole:

> Well may we affirm that every part of the world is inhabitable. Whether lakes of brine or those subterranean ones hidden beneath volcanic mountains—warm mineral springs—the wide expanse and depth of the ocean, the upper regions of the atmosphere, and even the surface of perpetual snow—all support organic beings.

Never before was there such a lover of natural history as Darwin. In the earth, in the air, in the water, in the rocks, in the sand, in the mud—he scanned the great biological record of the globe as it was never scanned before. During the voyage of the *Beagle* he shirked no hardships to add to his stores of natural knowledge. He would leave the comfortable ship while it was making its surveys, and make journeys of hundreds of miles on horseback through rough and dangerous regions to glean new facts. Grass and water for his mules, and geology or botany or zoology or anthropology for himself, and he was happy. At a great altitude in the Andes the people had shortness of breath which they called "puma," and they ate onions to correct it. Darwin says, with a twinkle in his eye, "For my part I found nothing so good as the fossil shells."

His *Beagle* voyage is a regular magazine of natural history knowledge. Was any country ever before so searched and sifted for its biological facts? In lakes and rivers, in swamps, in woods—everywhere his insatiable eye penetrated. One re-reads him always with a different purpose in view. If you happen to be interested in insects, you read him for that; if in birds, you read him for that; if in mammals, in fossils, in reptiles, in volcanoes, in anthropology—you read him with one of these subjects in mind. I recently had in mind the problem of the soaring condor, and I re-read him for that, and, sure enough, he had studied and mastered that subject, too. If you are interested in seeing how the biological characteristics of the two continents, North and South America, agree or contrast with each other, you will find what you wish to know. You will learn that in South America the lightning bugs and glow worms of many kinds are the same as in North America; that the beetle, or elater, when placed upon its back, snaps itself up in the air and falls upon its feet, as our species does; that the obscene fungus, or Phallus, taints the tropical forests, as a similar species at times taints our dooryards and pasture borders; and that the mud-dauber wasps stuff their clay cells with half-dead spiders for their young, the same as in North America. Of course there are new species of animal and plant life, but not many. The influence of environment in modifying species is constantly in his mind.

The naturalist can content himself with a day of little things. If he can read only a word of one syllable in the book of nature he will make the most of that. I read such a word the other morning when I perceived, while watching a young but fully fledged junco, or snowbird, that its markings were like

those of the vesper sparrow. The young of birds always for a brief period repeat the markings of the birds of the parent stem from which they are an offshoot. Thus, the young of our robins have speckled breasts, betraying their thrush kinship. And the young junco shows in its striped appearance of breast and back, and the lateral white quills in the tail, its kinship to the grass finch or vesper sparrow. The slate color soon obliterates most of these signs, but the white quills remain. It has departed from the nesting habits of its forbears. The vesper sparrow nests upon the ground in the open fields, but the junco chooses a mossy bank or tussock by the roadside, or in the woods, and constructs a very artistic nest of dry grass and hair which is so well hidden that the passer-by seldom detects it.

Another small word I read about certain of the rocks in my native Catskills—a laminated, blue-gray sandstone—that when you have split them open with steel wedges and a big hammer, or blown them up with dynamite—instead of the gray fresh surface of the rock greeting you, it is often a surface of red mud, as if the surface had been enameled or electrotyped with mud. It appears to date from the first muddy day of creation. I have such an one for my doorstone at Woodchuck Lodge. It is amusing to see the sweepers and scrubbers of doorstones fall upon it with soap and hot water, and utterly fail to make any impression upon it. Nowhere else have I seen rocks casehardened with primal mud. The fresh-water origin of the Catskill rocks no doubt in some way accounts for it.

We are all interested students of the weather, but the naturalist studies it for some insight into the laws which govern it. One season I made my reputation as a weather prophet by predicting on the first day of December a very severe winter. It was an easy guess. I saw in Detroit a bird from the far north, a bird I had never before seen, the Bohemian waxwing, or chatterer. It breeds above the Arctic circle and is common to both hemispheres. I said, When the Arctic birds come down, be sure there is a cold wave behind them. And so it proved.

When the birds fail to give one a hint of the probable character of the coming winter, what reliable signs remain? These remain: When December is marked by sudden and violent extremes of heat and cold, the winter will be broken; the cold will not hold. I have said elsewhere that the hum of the bee in December is the requiem of winter. But when the season is very evenly spaced, the cold slowly and steadily increasing through November and December—no hurry, no violence—then be prepared for a snug winter.

As to wet and dry summers, one can always be guided by the rainfall on the Pacific coast—a shortage on the western coast means an excess on the eastern. For four or five years past California has been short of its rainfall—so much so that quite general alarm is felt over the gradual shrinkage of their stored-up supplies, the dams and reservoirs; and during the summer seasons the parts of New England and New York with which I am acquainted have had very wet seasons—floods in midsummer, and full springs and wells at all times. The droughts have been temporary and local.

We say, "As fickle as the weather," but the meteorological laws are pretty well defined. All signs fail in a drought, and all signs fail in a wet season. At one time the south wind brings no rain, at another time the north and northwest wind does bring rain. The complex of conditions over a continental area of rivers and lakes and mountain chains is too vast for us to decipher; it inheres in the nature of things. It is one of the potencies and possibilities which matter possesses. We can take no step beyond that.

There seems to me to be false reasoning in the argument from analogy which William James uses in his lectures on

"Human Immortality." The brain, he admits, is the organ of the mind, but the mind may only sustain the relation to it, he says, which the wire sustains to the electric current which it transmits, or which the pipe sustains to the water which it conveys.

Now the source and origin of the electric current is outside the wire that transmits it, and it could sustain no other than a transient relation to any outside material through which it passed. But if we know anything, we know that the human mind or spirit is a vital part of the human body; its source is in the brain and nervous system; hence, it and the organ through which it is manifested are essentially one.

The analogy of the brain to the battery, or dynamo in which the current originates, is the only logical or permissible one.

Maeterlinck wrote wisely when he said:

> The insect does not belong to our world. The other animals, the plants even, notwithstanding their dumb life, and the great secrets which they cherish, do not seem wholly foreign to us. In spite of all we feel a sort of earthly brotherhood with them. . . . There is something, on the other hand, about the insect that does not belong to the habits, the ethics, the psychology of our globe. One would be inclined to say that the insect comes from another planet, more monstrous, more energetic, more insane, more atrocious, more infernal than our own.

Certainly more cruel and monstrous than our own. Among the spiders, for instance, the female eats the male and often devours her own young. The scorpion does the same thing. I know of nothing like it among our land animals outside the insect world.

The insects certainly live in a wonderland of which we have little conception. All our powers are tremendously exaggerated in these little people. Their power makes them acquainted with the inner molecular constitution of matter far more intimately than we can become by our coarse chemical analysis. Our world is agitated by vibrations, coarse and fine, of which our senses can take in only the slower ones. If they exceed three thousand a second, they become too shrill for our ears. It is thought that the world of sound with the insects begins where ours leaves off. The drums and tubes of insects' ears are very minute. What would to us be a continuous sound is to them a series of separate blows. We begin to hear blows as continuous sounds when they amount to about thirty a second. The house fly has about four thousand eye-lenses; the cabbage butterfly, and the dragon fly, about seventeen thousand; and some species of beetles have twenty-five thousand. We cannot begin to think in what an agitated world the insect lives, thrilling and vibrating to a degree that would drive us insane. If we possessed the same microscopic vision, how would the aspect of the world be changed! We might see a puff of smoke as a flock of small blue butterflies, or hear the hum of a mosquito as the blast of a trumpet. On the other hand, so much that disturbs us must escape the insects, because their senses are too fine to take it in. Doubtless they do not hear the thunder or feel the earthquake.

The insects are much more sensitive to heat and cold than we are, and for reasons. The number of waves in the ether that gives us the sensation of heat is three or four million millions a second. The number of tremors required to produce red light is estimated at four hundred and seventy-four million millions a second, and for the production of violet light, six hundred and ninety-nine million millions a second. No doubt the insects react to all these different degrees of vibration. Those marvelous instruments called antennæ seem to put them in touch with a world of which we are quite oblivious.

To how many things our lives have been compared—to a voyage, with its storms and adverse currents and safe

haven at last; to a day with its morning, noon, and night; to the seasons with their spring, summer, autumn, and winter; to a game, a school, a battle.

In one of his addresses to workingmen Huxley compared life to a game of chess. We must learn the names and the values and the moves of each piece, and all the rules of the game if we hope to play it successfully. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. But it may be questioned if the comparison is a happy one. Life is not a game in this sense, a diversion, an aside, or a contest for victory over an opponent, except in isolated episodes now and then. Mastery of chess will not help in the mastery of life. Life is a day's work, a struggle where the forces to be used and the forces to be overcome are much more vague and varied and intangible than are those of the chessboard. Life is cooperation with other lives. We win when we help others to win. I suppose business is more often like a game than is life—your gain is often the other man's loss, and you deliberately aim to outwit your rivals and competitors. But in a sane, normal life there is little that suggests a game of any kind.

We must all have money, or its equivalent. There are the three things—money, goods, labor—and the greatest of these is labor. Labor is the sum of all values. The value of things is the labor it requires to produce or obtain them. Were gold plentiful and silver scarce, the latter would be the more precious. The men at the plow and the hoe and in the mines of coal and iron stand first. These men win from nature what we all must have, and these things are none of them in the hands or under the guardianship of some one who is trying to keep us from obtaining them, or aiming to take our aids and resources from us.

The chess simile has only a rhetorical value. The London workingmen to whom Huxley spoke would look around them in vain to find in their problems of life anything akin to a game of chess, or for any fruitful suggestion in the idea. They were probably mechanics, tradesmen, artisans, teamsters, boatmen, painters, and so on, and knew through experience the forces with which they had to deal. But how many persons who succeed in life have any such expert knowledge of the forces and conditions with which they have to deal, as two chess players have of the pawns and knights and bishops and queens of the chessboard?

Huxley was nearly always impressive and convincing, and there was vastly more logical force in his figures than in those of most writers.

Life may more truly be compared to a river that has its source in a mountain or hillside spring, that has its pure and sparkling or foaming and noisy youth, then its quieter and stronger and larger volume, then its placid and gently moving current to the sea. Blessed is the life that is self-purifying, like the moving waters; that lends itself to many noble uses, never breaking out of bounds and becoming a destructive force.

I had a letter the other day from a man who wanted to know why the meadow or field mice gnawed or barked the apple trees when there was a deep coverlid of snow upon the ground. Was it because they found it difficult to get up through the deep, frozen snow to the surface to find seeds to eat? He did not seem to know that meadow mice are not seed eaters, but that they live on grass and roots and keep well hidden beneath the ground during the day, when there is a deep fall of snow coming up out of their dens and retreats and leading a free holiday life beneath the snow, free from the danger of cats, foxes, owls, and hawks. Life then becomes a sort of picnic. They build new nests on the surface of the ground and form new runways, and disport themselves apparently in a festive mood. The snow is their protection. They bark the trees and take their time. When the snow is gone,

their winter picnic is at an end, and they retreat to their dens in the ground and beneath flat stones, and lead once more the life of fear.

Sitting on my porch last spring, wrapped in my blanket, recovering from a slight indisposition, I was in a mood to be interested in the everyday aspects of nature before me—in the white and purple lilacs, in the maple leaves nearly full grown, in the pendent fringe of the yellowish-white bloom of the chestnut and oak, in the new shoots of the grapevines, and so forth. All these things formed only a setting or background for the wild life near by.

The birds are the little people that peep out at me, or pause and regard me curiously in this great temple of trees. Wrens, chippies, robins, bluebirds, catbirds, redstarts, and now and then rarer visitants. A few days earlier, for a moment, a mourning ground warbler suddenly appeared around the corner, on the ground, at the foot of the steps, and glanced hastily up at me. When I arose and looked over the railing, it had gone. Then the speckled Canada warbler came in the lilac bushes and syringa branches and gave me several good views. The bay-breasted warbler was reported in the evergreens up by the stone house, but he failed to report to me here at "The Nest." But the female redstart came several times to the gravel walk below me, evidently looking for material to begin her nest. But the wren, the irrepressible house wren, was and is in evidence every few minutes, busy carrying nesting material into the box on the corner of the veranda. How intense and emphatic she is! And the male, how he throbs and palpitates with song! Yesterday an interloper appeared. He or she climbed the post by the back way, as it were, and hopped out upon the top of the box and paused, as if to see that the coast was clear. He acted as if he felt himself an intruder. Quick as a flash there was a brown streak from the branch of a maple thirty feet away, and the owner of the box was after him. He did not stop to argue the case, but was off, hotly pursued. I must not forget the pair of wood thrushes that are building a nest in a maple fifty or more feet away. How I love to see them on the ground at my feet, every motion and gesture like music to the eye! The head and neck of the male fairly glow, and there is something fine and manly about his speckled breast.

A pair of catbirds have a nest in the barberry bushes on the south end of the house, and are in evidence at all hours. But when the nest is completed, and the laying of eggs begins, they keep out of the public eye as much as possible. From the front of the stage they retreat behind the curtain.

One day as I sat here I heard the song of the olive-backed thrush down in the currant bushes below me. Instantly I was transported to the deep woods and the trout brooks of my native Catskills. I heard the murmuring water and felt the woodsy coolness of those retreats—such magic hath associative memories! A moment before a yellow-throated vireo sang briefly in the maple, a harsh note; and the oriole with his insistent call added to the disquieting sounds. I have no use for the oriole. He has not one musical note, and in grape time his bill is red or purple with the blood of our grapes.

But the most of these little people are my benefactors, and add another ray of sunshine to the May day. I shall not soon forget the spectacle of that rare little warbler peeping around the corner of the porch, like a little fairy, and then vanishing.

The mere studying of the birds, seeking mere knowledge of them, is not enough. You must live with the birds, so to speak; have daily and seasonal associations with them before they come to mean much to you. Then, as they linger about your house or your camp, or as you see them in your walks, they are a part of your life, and help give tone and color to your day.

THE LION'S MOUTH

SIC SEMPER

BY C. A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time there was a Proud Man. His pride was fearful. The elements of the goose and of the peacock, of the lord mayor and of the Prussian officer were blended in his composition. His mind was stiff with pride as a stream with ice. He had no friends and no acquaintances; he looked upon human beings as animalculæ—to be studied sometimes from a distance; sometimes, when they caused irritation, to be squashed. Once he had tried to write a book on Social Psychology, but it had emerged with the title *The Wonders of Insect Life.* That will give you some idea of the man.

Encased in the mail of his immense disdain, he lived a life of solitude. Too proud to talk, almost too proud to eat, and quite too proud to laugh, he was probably the Most Superior Person the World has ever known.

In one sense the sources of his pride were obscure. He was not proud of his ancestry, nor of his wealth, nor even of his achievements. He was simply proud of himself—he was perpetually complacent in the mere fact of his own existence. He was sun, moon, and stars to himself. He radiated continually the satisfaction born of the knowledge that such a being as himself existed, and warmed himself in the glow—if indeed there be anything but a hypothetical warmth in the arctic reflections of an iceberg. At any rate, he knew himself to be the Only Member of a Class of One, and that was enough.

At last things reached such a pass that his neighbors could stand it no longer. They decided that Something Must be Done about It. So they went to an Eminent Divine.

"Reverend sir," said they, "our neighbor is quite insufferable. He is both absurd and offensive and he is causing us to be a Byword and a Laughing-stock. He is even like to a fact that has become aware of its place in history. We cannot abide him. Do you go to him, therefore, and by any means in your power take down his puffiness and reduce him to the proportions becoming to a human being."

The Eminent Divine nodded in a knowing manner, as much as to say, "Leave it to me." But inwardly he had not much faith in his Magic. Still, he was not going to Let On to his flock. So he called upon the Man of Pride.

"How do you do?" he began.

"I do not do; I am," said the Man of Pride, with shameless plagiarism. "Pray be seated."

This was a bad opening, but the Eminent Divine plucked up courage.

"I have come about your soul," he said.

"A topic which has a profound interest for me. Pray proceed."

"You misunderstand me," said the Eminent Divine. "I think it is in a bad way."

"The priestly mind is a branch of pathology which has always pricked my curiosity. Show me more of it and I will promise not to interrupt."

"Do you believe in God?" asked the Eminent Divine, striving to keep his temper.

"Well, if you insist upon the Socratic method, I will humor you. I believe in myself, if that is what you mean."

"Let us have done with this fencing," exclaimed the Eminent Divine. "You are swollen with pride, as a wound with corruption. You see for yourself that you are an offense to man; it is my duty to tell you that your superior airs are a blasphemy, an offense against God. For this He will surely punish you. If you would preserve that soul of yours—though for my own part I think it not worth preserving—then beware in time. Do not forget that one day the stoop will come in your back and the light will fade from your eyes, as it fades from your brain, and you will mumble gibberish over your evening gruel. Then there will come a day when they shall nail you in a stuffy coffin, or a casket, if your pride will not bear the other word, and they will lower you into a hole in the ground, and your enemies will stand by and listen with something like satisfaction to the sound of the sods on your coffin. You will be left alone in the dense earth, unless the wee worms are fit companions for your pride."

"You wax quite poetical, my friend, even though you show no knowledge of the refinements of modern undertaking. I am sorry to spoil your macabre little picture, but, unfortunately for its relevance, I have left instructions in my will that my body is to be cremated, and cremation, you will agree, does not harmonize with the ballad ideas about death. And now, if you have nothing further to say to me, do not let me detain you from the other members of your flock."

"A murrain upon his insolence!" thought the Eminent Divine, as he walked away. "Though I never really believed he would fall for that stuff."

The neighbors were chagrined at the failure of the Eminent Divine, but they did not abandon hope. "Religion," they said, "has failed; we will try Morality." They consulted an Eminent Moralist.

"Choose out the sharpest weapons in your armory," they told him, "and go to that fellow and prick him where he is most orgulous."

The Moralist went off and thought it over. Then he consulted the Eminent Divine. Then he thought it over again. Finally he decided to write. Truly, it was *grandis et verbosa epistola.* It began with the Tower of Babel and the fate of the builders; it went on to an exposition of the Greek idea of ὕβρις or presumption and the penalties attached to it, with quotations from Pindar and Æschylus to point the moral. It elaborated the significance of the proverb, *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* It pointed out how Tragedy and Comedy and Fable had always been drawn to the theme of the proud man and his inevitable discomfiture. It ended by analyzing in some detail the modern instances of Napoleon Bonaparte and the German Empire. The method, you see, was that of the *schreckliches Beispiel.* The General Idea was that The Moral Order of the Universe had it in for the proud.

The author of this letter followed it up in person a few days later.

"How are you?" he said, when he entered the Presence. He was determined to avoid the Eminent Divine's blunder, and he thought this gambit rather neat.

"I beg your pardon; I didn't quite catch the name."

This was unbearable. The visitor lost his temper.

"What I actually said was, 'How are you?' But, as a matter of fact, I don't give a damn."

"How very refreshing!" was the reply. "I see that we are going to have a most agreeable conversation. Won't you sit down? . . . That's better. . . . I judge from your manner that you are another one of the reformers. Well, if you insist on reconstructing me I can give you just ten minutes. At the end of that time I have an appointment with my barber."

"You got my letter, I suppose?"

"Oh, so you're the gentleman to whom I am indebted for that long document."

"I am. What did you think of it?"

"Well, in so far as your letter may be said to have engaged my mind at all, I thought that you had brought together a great deal of very interesting material."

"You talk as though I had been writing a thesis."

"After all, you *wrote* as though you had been writing one."

"Let us abandon these personalities," said the visitor, impatiently."

"By all means," came the bland response, "since you are getting the worst of them. Here is your manuscript. I advise you to go home and revise it and offer it for publication in one of the learned journals. Of course they won't pay you for it, though I'm not saying there isn't justice in that. As for me, I must not keep my barber waiting. They say he is a 'Red,' and I cannot afford to offend him. *Good* morning!" And he bowed the Moralist out.

The neighbors were in despair. Religion had failed; Morality had failed; the Law could not be invoked. Then one of the wisest of their number, an old man, spoke up, "Why not try his mother?"

"All right," said the others. "Good idea! You go!"

So he set out for her house. She was a very old lady, but her wits were still keen and she was shrewd from long observation of life, and she could be a Holy Terror when she liked.

"Madam," he asked, "have you any influence over your son?"

"Well," was the reply, "when he was only that high I taught him his catechism and many's the good lambasting I gave him with the slipper. I defy any man to outgrow those two facts."

"Good!" said the old man. "Then we want you to use your influence with him, for you must know that he has become inflated with a self-conceit so monstrous that his neighbors can no longer tolerate him. They sent to him a man of religion, but he mocked him; and an Eminent Moralist, but he withered him."

"He would do that," put in the old lady.

"And now we don't know what to do with him, so we appeal to you as a last resource."

"You should have had wit enough to come to me in the first place," snapped the old lady. "Never mind; I'll see what can be done."

Now, as is the way of mothers, she took her son's vices with as little seriousness as she took his virtues. So the next day she asked him to lunch. She gave him oysters on the half-shell, quails in aspic, a creditable bottle of Berncastler Doctor, and a Coupe St. Jacques. These things he was not too proud to eat, and when he had finished he was almost flexible.

As they sat together after the meal, his mother said:

"What's all this I hear about your being pestered by citizens' committees?"

He told her.

"Canaille!" exclaimed the old lady. "I hope you gave them their marching orders."

Then, by way of turning his mind from these matters, she seduced him into reminiscences of his childhood. She brought out some antique family albums, and together they looked at the faded portraits of wholly incredible aunts, of uncles who had drifted to remote parts of the globe, and putty-faced cousins who had died young. The present lapsed from their minds and they lived in a world of outlandish costumes and hideous furniture and preposterous beards. At last they came upon a picture of a baby, a mere blob of a baby, sitting on a cushion. Its eyes were puckered up and its mouth open in a yell whose echoes seemed not yet to have died away.

"Who," asked the man of pride—"who is that disastrously ugly infant?"

"That, my son," said his mother, "is yourself, at the age of six months."

He contemplated the picture intently for some moments. Then he said:

"Mother, did I ever really look like that?"

"You did, my son, often."

He gazed at the picture a little longer. Then suddenly he laughed, not just a mean, sniggering kind of a laugh, but a laugh with body to it.

After he had gone his Mother pressed the bell.

"Jane," she said, "I want you to call up the Civic Federation, or whatever they call themselves, and tell them I've done their job for them."

WHY SEATS FOR TWO?

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

IN a double sense I am putting my head into the Lion's Mouth, seeing that I am a playwright with three published plays to my credit, and in my breast the usual glittering hopes of a Broadway production, and yet dare lift my voice in protest against an established perquisite of dramatic critics! Well, one thing gives me courage. Whatever I gain in disfavor among the ingenious gentlemen who puncture our plays with a pen point, I gain equal favor of those estimable theatrical gentlemen who lease or own property in the vicinity of Times Square.

No one can have got up a benefit performance without being brought to a sudden and most unpleasant realization of the large number of seats that must be handed out gratis (and the very best of aisle seats!) not only to those who will write us up—or down—in the morrow's papers, but to those who for some mysterious reason are supposed to accompany these mighty gentlemen in the pursuit of their calling. Why, indeed, should the dramatic critic receive two seats for every play which he is expected to review? Is it because the dramatic critic works during those hours which are commonly supposed to be given over to leisure and the relaxation of mind and body? That would scarcely be accepted as an excuse for a doctor to bring his wife to the bedside on night calls, nor would it appear to us seemly that the spouses of our firemen accompany their brave husbands to such conflagrations as happen to occur between the hours of 8 and 11 P.M. How surprised should we be, in the case of pipes bursting after union hours, to find ourselves forced to entertain Mrs. Plumber because, forsooth, the lady was unable to entertain herself at home! On the whole, it is presumed that the domestic affairs of night watchmen, car conductors, astronomers, and other nocturnal workers are so arranged that the amusements of their better halves are not identified with the hour in which they ply their trade.

Or do the dramatic critics need their wives to tell them what to say? In that case—in this feministic age—I suggest that the wives proceed to the theater alone. I am not aware that it has been the custom of dramatic critics to ask approval of their editors for their wives, or to pass in review their claims to be the inspirers or instructors of their husbands. Indeed, I am not so sure that the second ticket is always used by a wife—sometimes, using my eyes on first nights, I am very sure it is not. But, in any case, is it quite fair for the critic—who, after all, is only human—deliberately to put himself under the immediate influence of the one who touches elbows with him? To hold oneself entirely aloof, withdrawn from the psychology of the crowd; to be magnificently untouched by the attitude of the audience—is impossible; but is it necessary to submit one's independent judgment to the capricious vagaries of a companion who may be tired, whose stays may be laced too tight, whose cook may have been bumptious, or who may not admire tall, willowy women with red hair? As playwrights, it behooves us to bow to the mandates of the critics; I submit that it is laying it on a bit too thick to ask us to bow also to the idiosyncrasies of our critics' nocturnal companions!

SALVAGE

BY BERTON BRALEY

IT was only a decade ago
That my furniture filled me with pride.
It was simple and rich, with a style to it which
No critic could justly deride.
My rugs were of Orient weave;
My tables and chairs had an air
Of sumptuous Class which it's hard to surpass.
I rise to remark they were *There!*

But then my apartment was sold
(They made the place into a loft).
I moved. 'Twas a feat I was doomed to repeat
Quite frequently, not to say "oft."
For the roofs that were over my head
Refused to stay over it long.
With my goods and my gear I have moved every year,
Along with the flat-hunting throng.

Last year I was dispossessed twice,
Making room for the inroads of trade.
If I thought that my stuff had been treated real rough
In the moves I had formerly made,
I was taught that its handling of yore
Was something exceedingly mild,
(You will know what I mean if you ever have seen
What is done to a toy by a child.)

Now my tables are wabbly and scratched,
And my chairs are extremely unsafe,
What's not broken is bent to a fearful extent,
Yet I do not perceptibly chafe,
For, because of their rickety state,
Their dirt and their scratches and streaks,
The worth of my pieces fades not, but increases,
And some day they'll sell as Antiques.

WORDS WITH A TANG

BY SOPHIE KERR UNDERWOOD

"WORDS, words, words," said Hamlet, using more of them than was necessary—"just to show everybody he was a nut," as a weary boy in a high-school English class complained; and, "Word, word, word!" raved Mr. Parcher, according to the expurgated account of Jane, as he listened to the calf-love bleatings of Willie Baxter and his friends, directed toward the lisping coquette who was May Parcher's visitor. And I say, too: "Oh, word, word—wonderful, expressive folk word—come out of your hiding place and enter my collection. I want you. I delight in you. Other people may collect old bottles and samplers, Chinese, Chippendale of gleaming luster, but I will collect you and your kind and rejoice in my colorful—and inexpensive—set of unique specimens."

Take, for instance, the word "puxy." There's a good sound old word for you, its euphony indicative of its meaning, for it lies half way between pungent and puckery, as applied to the human character. "Susanna's feeling mighty puxy to-day; better walk wide," was the warning occasionally given by my great-aunt Lucette concerning the tart, but competent, old woman who served her as cook and counsellor. There was no going into the kitchen on Susanna's puxy days. We could hear her banging and clattering her pots and pans. The meals would be served with the air of a martyr—not a meek martyr, but one wearing a hair shirt and feeling terribly itchy but highly self-righteous because of it. Announcement would be made that certain supplies had run low, in a tone that indicated that my great-aunt had deliberately neglected to order them as an aggravation or a humiliation to the faithful one. The whole house would be pervaded by the expression around Susanna's mouth, and "puxy" it was, nor can I imagine a better description of it. But the next day the sun would shine and the puxy fit be past. Susanna would smile; there would be an elaborate rich dessert for dinner; supplies would hold out miraculously, and she would suggest that we have the minister and his wife in for tea. It was almost worth while having Susanna be puxy to bask in the calm that followed.

A word that embodies the energy of "puxy" without its awe-inspiring quality is "gimp." Occasionally only have I heard it used, but it is always in a complimentary sense. "Mrs. Toomey's made a living for herself and her three children, and brought them up to be a credit to her; she's got *gimp*, that woman," was the way an elderly country man told me the story of his nearest neighbor, and the word implied courage, strength of purpose, industry, and thrift, woven into a strong fiber. When I saw Mrs. Toomey I, too, realized that she had "gimp"—her scrubbed floors, spotless walls, flourishing house plants, clean and contented children advertised her virtue. So did her brisk movements, her alert eyes, her never-idle hands. Here was a woman who possessed ideals and set out to realize them, the practical, healthful ideals of which the solid strata of a nation are made. No one will ever say of me that I possess "gimp," I know, but—isn't it a gorgeous thing to have? And doesn't the word express it to a nicety?

There is a word used in New England in a sense that is unique. I have never heard it elsewhere so appropriated, though it is usual enough in the dictionary sense, everywhere. This is the word "budge," as an adjective meaning "snug" or "cosy." One of my New England friends exclaimed, as we sat before her cheerful fire on a cold night, with cider and doughnuts at hand, new magazines to read and a purring pussy to cuddle, "Oh, aren't we budge tonight!" only to be rewarded by blank stares from the Western and Southern members of the group, while the youngest, being irreverent and slangy, retorted, "What d'you mean, 'budge'?" Explanations followed, and the word, thus used, stuck in all of our memories. It has a jolly, warm, contented sound, "budge," and is far more agreeable in this quaint adjective state than as a somewhat lymphatic and slothful v. t., as Mr. Webster labels it.

Another very ornamental and onomatopoetic word, which I found in the South, just below Mason and Dixon's line, is "wee-waw." It was unwittingly presented to my collection by a country lawyer. He said, with exasperation: "Old Mrs. Emerson was in again today, wee-wawing about her will. Can't make up her mind to cut off her daughter-in-law, and can't make up her mind to leave her anything." And there was the complete picture of Mrs. Emerson, and myriads like her. How often have we all wee-wawed, and listened to the wee-waws of others! Whether to choose the green satin or the gold for the upholsteries, whether to go to Florida or Cuba, whether to order the French pastry, which is good here, or to eat the baked apple the doctor recommends for dessert! Not a day passes but we wee-waw on something, important or unimportant, wibble and wabble and wobble until some one else makes up our minds for us. It is a bad habit, this wee-wawing, a time-wasting, boresome habit, but that does not detract from the flavor of the word.

My great-aunt Lucette, who possessed the puxy Susanna, occasionally used an adjective that seems to have been of her own invention—at least I've never known anyone else who used it. This was "vigous," pronounced with a peculiarly long and ominous accent on the first syllable. It denoted a specially vicious and threatening cast of countenance. In describing a quarrel she had seen between two worthies, she exclaimed: "John Daley finally went off, but oh, my land! he looked vigous. I'd be scared to death of him if I was Squire Lowe." Yet I did not hear that the vigous John ever did his enemy any hurt thereafter — probably he vented his spleen in his terrible vigous expression.

An old hunter, who sometimes comes to sell us the spoils of his gun, has provided another specimen for my collection. He tells me that there was "a whole genavy of ducks on the flats yesterday morning,"—and I know he means

an uncountable number. If he says there was "a good-sized flock"—pooh! that is nothing remarkable. But when the whole genavy appears, then there is rare sport. Others than he use the expression, but it seems peculiar to one small locality.

There is a tang and a taste about such words that plain English does not have. They adorn our speech, preserve its human quality, spice it, pique the hearer's ear. I remember hearing an old woman in the Maryland hills tell of a wedding in her youth. She said of the bride: "I helped her buy her wedding clothes, and I stood up with her. There was a big supper afterward, a regular set-out, handsome vittles and plenty of them. Everybody helped themselves, and everybody danced." Translate this into civilized English: "I assisted her to purchase her trousseau and was her bridesmaid. At the reception, which was held after the ceremony, an elaborate buffet supper was served, and later the guests danced." How the picture fades! It takes a Thomas Hardy to combine the two idioms and fuse them into an incomparable style.

But this is far afield of my collection. I am still seeking, and will welcome new specimens from anyone who prefers the living speech of man to the work of his hands.

THE VOTING AGE

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

(With acknowledgments to Buckner Speed)

LET us assume—difficult though it may be—that all knowledge, all memory, and all definite record of the age at which a person may vote were suddenly lost. In such an emergency it would be necessary to call a constitutional convention, and our present purpose is to bethink ourselves of the proceedings that might follow.

It would not do to make voting universal, because then the largest class of electors would be children under one year of age. A similar defect of immaturity would follow a minimum voting age of ten, fifteen, or twenty years. From twenty to twenty-five is recognized as the criminal age—that at which the greatest number of crimes is committed, so that to make the minimum under twenty-five is to invite the participation in government by those who are least disposed to compute consequences, who are easily swayed by emotions, and who are prone to take long chances.

If the convention were made up of intelligent delegates they would naturally consider at what age a person is best equipped to vote, and this would bring out the fact that judgment about the joint affairs of society is less competent among the aged and senile than it is among those in their prime. And the fact would soon become patent that a competent, thoughtful, and intelligent electorate is the chief thing to be desired. Mere numbers of persons are not a guaranty of intelligence or reason; we know that a feeble-minded crowd can do no more than follow a lead, and that our worst citizens who do the greatest harm are engaged in editing papers for the feeble-minded and inciting the dependent and incompetent to wrath for political purposes. The business of our convention is to provide for the best rather than for the most voters. To the claim that everyone, or even anyone, has the right to vote, it would be pointed out, if some one with a sense of relativity were present, that rights emanate from liberty, and that liberty proceeds in part from service—from the service of him who enjoys it, or that of some one else before him, and that there is no such thing as a right to vote. On the other hand, to vote is a solemn obligation of those who are intrusted with the duty. So to get the best results, which every republic sorely needs, it becomes evident that the electorate should be limited to those best equipped to judge.

Educational tests have often been pro-

posed, but if universities cannot determine, and pundits are still at odds over what constitutes an education, it would be only a guess to fix a standard for voting, and the standard would be constantly subject to dispute and change. Property qualifications would be no less than an invitation to revolution. The acquisition and holding of property do not endow an individual with sympathy and understanding. It has often been tried and found wanting.

It would appear, therefore, that a person is at his best age for voting by the time he is about fifty. Then he is likely to be settled in life. He is less susceptible to sudden enthusiasms than in youth, and, so far as he is able, he can compute consequences better than before the enlightenment of experience. So if fifty years indicates the peak of maturity and capacity for voting with intelligence, the question presents itself why this should not be the one and only age at which a person should vote; at fifty—and then only once in his lifetime. Nominations might be made and offices held by persons of any proper age, but voting would be restricted to the one general election that fell on or nearest to each citizen's fiftieth anniversary.

This proposal carries with it the need of a short ballot, because offices requiring special training and for which the public is not competent to make selections should be filled by appointment and not by election; of such a kind are judgeships and other posts demanding professional training and fitness. The public cannot determine, for instance, which candidate for engineer of public works is the best man. It does not know his professional record, and can only select so far as it exercises the function of choice, the nominee of a party or the man who talks best. This is no way to test or prove capacity or character.

Voting but once in his life would give to every citizen great dignity and importance as he approaches his fiftieth year. All his life he would consider the type of person needed for each public service, and parties would have to present candidates for office rather than candidates for election. Good citizens would look up prospective voters and reason with them.

Men in office who represent special interests or who are unfaithful to their obligations would not continue themselves in authority by throwing pap to an ignorant electorate in the hope of being returned. Every term would be decided by a new body of citizens. Political leaders would have to become leaders of thought rather than leaders of processions, for the man of fifty is less impressed by a brass band than are youths of twenty-one or twenty-two, who far outnumber their seniors.

Every walk of life would be represented. Men working in factories and on the farms would be important for at least once in a lifetime, and they would be trained to think beforehand. Bribery and corruption would be discouraged, first by the small number of voters and the ease with which the records would be kept, and again because persons of mature years are less disposed to crime.

When a voter had passed the critical age he would be far richer by his experience from contact with many minds; he would have acquaintance among thinking men, and so long as he lived he might well contribute to the enlightenment of the commonwealth. Every voter would have the advantage of compulsion to think, for at least once in his life.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is a time-honored assertion that Love will find a Way, which means in common acceptance that young people who develop a disposition to get married will somehow contrive to do it. Let us hope that this old saying is still valid, for it is highly important that young people who are so disposed should marry and continue the race. The main part of that work is up to them. There are edifying statistics to prove that the children of elderly people, and especially of elderly fathers, inherit a greater maturity of mind than others, and, on the whole, are more intelligent and wiser than the offspring of the young. The cases cited are impressive, but one recalls in defense of human nature the classification of untruths as "misinformation, lies, and statistics." However wise the elderly people's children are, there will never be enough of them to carry on human life, and the mass of the active population of the world will undoubtedly be contributed as heretofore by young parents.

The young will marry and somehow will live, even in these times, but how in the world they will manage just now, especially in the cities, and more particularly in this great city of New York, is matter for anxious thought for people concerned about their welfare. Housing costs so much. Food is still so dear. Servants, if they have any, are so expensive. The minimum income on which the beginning of family life may be supported has come to be a sum which must be formidable indeed to young earners. The habit of society, or perhaps we ought to call the capitalistic system, is to pay small salaries to beginners and reserve the big ones, as a rule, to elders who have succeeded in competitions and got their hands more or less on the machinery of subsistence. Good young men, who have been properly trained, can earn money from the time they start in to do so, but they cannot always earn very much, and unless there is some one ready to help them out their case must be pretty difficult.

Nor can it be said that there is any immediate prospect of its being much easier. One hopes that things are progressing in the world; that the great disturbance of life is settling down, that the unemployed will soon find work again, that the cost of all necessaries will be lower; but still, this is a world greatly impoverished by war, and it will not get rich again, and living will not be cheap again, overnight. The main part of the work of the world now is done in cities. Some people live in cities because they like it. A great many people live in them because they cannot make a living anywhere else. People of moderate intelligence can keep alive in the country with comparative ease, provided they are reasonably robust and are willing to do a fair amount of physical work, but to make a *good* living in the country requires unusual talent, energy of mind and body, expert knowledge, and more or less training. The mind must be adjusted to agricultural labor as well as the muscles. To live well in the country people must know how to be happy there. To keep alive they must have fun enough to keep them spiritually and mentally healthy. They must have reading and companionship and reasonable pleasures. The main attraction about country life is not so much profits as the life, but life is not

satisfactory unless the profits suffice for it.

Suburban life is a great solution for the problems of young married people, and in cities where suburbs are accessible and pleasant it is a good solution. Even in New York it is the best solution there is, and New York, with rivers on both sides of it, is not so much blessed with accessible and inviting suburbs as some other towns are. New York is so big that everything connected with it is crowded, and when the out-of-town tide sets toward it in the morning, and flows out again at night, all means and avenues of approach are overloaded. There are more people in New York already than can be handled comfortably, and the number is increasing all the time. Year after year enormous office buildings rise downtown and are filled up with office workers, who inundate the streets at noontime and are added to the crowd that must be moved night and morning in from their homes and out again.

What is going to cure this congestion in the cities? Most of it in this country has grown up in two generations. Sixty or seventy years ago people of the older American stock found repose for their souls in employment for whatever faculties they had, on farms and in thriving villages and in small cities. After the Civil War the towns began to drain the country and the country to fill up with imported inhabitants. That has been going on ever since and with increasing power all the time. But within twenty years a great deal has been done to make the country more habitable to the lively-minded. Telephone service has spread into it; rural delivery of mail has increased enormously, especially under the late administration; electric light and electric power have found their way far out into the rural districts; and Henry Ford has done a marvelous work by furnishing a cheap motor car, not too expensive for farmers, and such a marvel of rapid transportation as to popularize the reformation of the roads. Henry has looked upon this work of his (of course he did not do it all) and has seen that it was good, and shows signs now of wanting to help it still further by distributing in the country not only the product of his factories, but the factories themselves. He is not the only person who is working on that idea. Other great employers have come to realize that labor can be cheaper in the country than in town, because wholesome and pleasant life is easier provided there. Printers go to the country and start great presses in villages. There really seems to be the beginning of a movement to carry away from the cities as much as possible of the work that does not need to be done there.

Immense effort is made and pains taken to make cities big. When cities grow, the land they are built on increases in value, and the land they are spreading toward also increases in value, and the merchants who traffic in them get more trade and the newspapers more circulation, so there is a pecuniary motive for a lot of people to boost the town, and they do boost it. They talk about it. They advertise it. They glory in its being bigger than some other city, as though size were the thing of most consequence in all the world. Maybe there is something in size. At times there is. When you have got a big monster to beat, you need to be fairly big yourself to do it. But size is of small consequence compared with quality. Cities are big and will be big because circumstances force a growth upon them, or designing people induce growth, but their size does not seem to be of much importance, nor yet particularly delectable. Nothing material is as important as most people think, and everything spiritual is more important than most people think. That cities should grow big is not nearly so important as that young people of a good quality should be able to marry and raise families. People are the important thing—not the number of them, but the quality of them. In the city where the more fastidious young people—not the too fastidious, but those that are just

fastidious enough—do not dare to marry and go to housekeeping, because they cannot afford it; the very much less fastidious people do dare and do do it by the thousand, and their children are the children that get raised. People who can sleep three or four in a bed, and who do not care to wash very much, and whose nerves are well covered, can live and be happy where nicer people cannot.

The other day one of the newspapers quoted Matthew Arnold, mid-Victorian, as saying in an essay:

> Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short there is an end of the greatness of England. But what is greatness? . . . Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were to be swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind—would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness—the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were little developed?

All that is sound discourse. It is not the big cities, overcrowded and hard to live in, that make a country great, any more than it is coal. There are people in England who think and say that England will never be so rich again as she was—that she has passed the peak of her material prosperity and is going downhill, and they expect her to dwindle as a world power. They think her cities will fall into moderate decay and that the population will live mainly on the land and win subsistence from it as it used to. They quite like the idea. They think people under those conditions will be nicer, and more as they were in the time of Elizabeth that Mr. Arnold speaks of. Something that would decay New York a little would really be a great help. Must we hope, as these Englishmen do, that the prosperity of our country and the growth of our cities will be abated enough, presently, as a consequence of war, for a larger proportion of fit people to be born?

Relief may come to us by poverty, but who will dare to trust to that? In spite of excellent chances of a collapse of civilization in eastern Europe, which would pull western Europe and England down to the lower levels of self-denial and teach the English how to be happy though poor, one hardly dare expect a sufficient abatement of prosperity in these states to solve our young family problems. We must think of something else. The problem is how to live on less or else how to have more to live on. The solution may work out at both ends. All reasonably well-to-do people can live on vastly less than they do. Food enough to support life, and shelter and clothes amply sufficient for health, are not too difficult of provision if the present machinery of the world is working right. The problem is not merely how to live a great deal cheaper, but how to live a great deal cheaper and still be happy.

Nobody minds short commons so very much in themselves. If everybody came down in the scale of living it would not be so bad. The thing that is trying is to have too many of the other people of one's own group have a great deal more than one has oneself. People do not very much mind reduced circumstances if the reduction is not extreme, but they do mind coming down in the social scale. They like what they are used to, and they like to maintain the relation to other people that they are used to maintain. Now the concern about other people and what they have and how they live can be diminished if there is strength of mind enough to control it. People, old or young, who have a sufficiently strong idea of life of their own, an idea detached from commodities, a spiritualized idea, can get along and keep their quality and live their life and grow in grace on something near to

a mere provision of necessaries. If life is going to be spiritualized so that people will care very much less about material things, it will really make much less difference to them whether they are rich or poor, and that will help the young people to get married and raise families. They will do it if they have nothing worse to fear than a pinch and a struggle, but they may not do it if they see in it social decline. What we want is something that will help superior people who are valuable to life. But all kinds of people are linked together more or less, and material improvements that helped the superior people would doubtless help everybody, and the crowd would crowd just the same. That is one trouble about looking for extra-good results from the material improvement of the world, but some good results do come from it, because, just as superior people ought to bear want better than inferior people, so they ought to bear abundance better and put it to more profitable uses.

And surely the time seems to be coming when it is going to be more profitable to be intelligent than it ever has been. We seem to be on the brink of great discoveries. Discoveries and the applications of new knowledge have changed human life and enlarged its possibilities enormously in the last fifty years, but no one who knows much about such matters thinks that they have more than scratched the soil of possible knowledge. The more we discover and learn, the greater is our power to discover more, and of knowledge waiting to be discovered there is not merely no visible end, but no imaginable end. The more we know the more enlarged becomes our estimate of the store of knowledge that is still hidden from us. Since wireless telegraphy has been domesticated and harnessed, it is a hardy forecaster who can say what the next thing will be. There are secrets of cosmic energy and atomic energy the discovery of which may supply power so easily and cheaply that the coal and the oil that are left may stay in the ground, while the power hidden in electrons is suspected of being more than is safe to discover in the present state of moral infirmity. Even now a true co-operation of the people of the world would produce such an abundance of the means of supporting life that the population of the world would doubtless have a fabulous expansion. That is the trouble with that idea. Get a huge increase in the means of support and the population will rush to meet it and doubtless will swamp it in time. You cannot improve the world very much by feeding it with more riches to support more people. You can only help it to amount to anything by raising the quality of the people in it, and you can only do that by spiritual means.

Meanwhile, while we are waiting for these improvements in life, and thousands of thousands of excellent young people are waiting to get married, there is really quite a good prospect of a better patronage of country life, and a backset in the migration to the cities. Perhaps the tide has really begun to set the other way. For two generations the country has poured into the towns. The towns always have poured back more or less, but now the back stream seems to be getting really stronger. This very cost of life for young people that we are talking about will tend to make it stronger. People will live where they can. If it is too hard or too unpleasant or too unhealthy to live in town, and if they conclude that their children's nerves will be worn out before they grow up, more and more of them will manage somehow to tie up to the country, and more and more of them will probably get used to it and like it. If they have character enough they can do it. If they have character enough they can live almost anywhere, do almost anything, and get married when they get ready.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A HARDWARE ROMANCE

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

Luella Loranna O'Shaughnessy Firth
Is a clerk in a hardware store,
Where she sells pots and dishes and bowls for goldfishes,
And dozens of articles more,

Like mouse traps and razors and skillets and bolts,
Shovels and wrenches and forks,
Harrows and hillers, potato-bug killers,
Pump handles and beer-bottle corks.

(The enumeration of which you may think
Decidedly needless and queer,
But I don't agree, for it seems to me
That a poem needs Atmosphere.)

Ricardo Persimmons O'Callaghan Wright
Is the utterly sprucest of males.
He enters the place for to purchase a case
Of unbendable handmade nails.



THE UTTERLY, SPRUCEST OF MALES



HE HOLLERS—OR, RATHER, HE SHOUTS IN A HUFF

(Either that or a ball of unknotable twine,
  Or a saw or a barrel of pitch—
Or was it an ax or a package of tacks?
  I've completely forgotten which.)

Be that as it may, he enters the store
  (Of *that* I am perfectly sure),
And his heart is gone when he gazes upon
  That sweetest of maids, the demure

Luella Loranna O'Shaughnessy Firth,
  The most beautiful hardware clerk
He ever has met, an engaging brunette
  With a smile (or is it a smirk?)

That has the effect, as I've hinted before,
  Of setting Ricardo awhirl
(As sometimes occurs when a maiden purrs),
  And soon he is telling the girl

Of his Prospects in Life, and his Favorite Book,
  And his Love for Beautiful Things,
While Luella smiles and the time beguiles
  With dreaming of solitaire rings.

Orlando Themistocles Perkins O'Day
  Is the boss of the hardware store;
These billings and cooings and general doings
  Must vex the old gentleman, for

He hollers—or, rather, he shouts in a huff
("Hollers" is vulgar, I think),
"Luella, stop shirking; it's time you were working;
Quit flirting with that there gink!"

"Have you anything nice in a hammer, miss?"
Says Ricardo, with wonderful guile;
And the grumpy old boss is no longer cross,
In fact, he commences to smile.

Having purchased the hammer, Ricardo resumes
His wooing of lovely Luella.
He stays there for hours; the boss again glowers,
And curtly announces, "Young fella,

"This isn't a lounging room; kindly vamoose!"
Serenely Ricardo then
Says, "Lady, I wish a nice chafing-dish,"
And the owner is smiling again!

And again Ricardo is courting the maid,
And whenever the boss complains
He purchases something (however a bum thing)
And pretty soon nothing remains

In the store that Ricardo does not own,
And he turns to the boss and declares:
"I have bought you out! Now vanish, old lout!"
The proprietor, saying his pray'rs,

Makes a grab for his hat and in terror departs.
The lovers emit a "Hooray!"
And kiss once or twice, or it may have been thrice,
And that is the end of my lay!



"I HAVE BOUGHT YOU OUT! NOW VANISH, OLD LOUT!"

Returning the Favor

ON the death of her excellent cook—one quite superior to the ordinary run of servants, the kind-hearted mistress felt that the least she could do would be to send flowers to the funeral. As they happened to be the only ones which graced the solemn occasion, the family were quite impressed.

Two of the sisters of the deceased called a few days later and were ushered into the presence of the donor, who asked what she could do for them. They looked at each other, seemingly much embarrassed, neither capable of properly expressing herself, and each wanting the other to make what apparently was to be an acknowledgment. Finally the elder sister said:

"We came to thank you for those beautiful flowers that you sent for sister," and then, with a little stutter, she added, "and we hope soon to be able to return the favor."

In Good Season

THE town officers had just installed fire extinguishers in their big buildings. One day one of the buildings caught fire and the extinguishers failed to do their work.

A few days later the town council tried to discover the reason. After they had freely discussed the subject, one of them said, "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire extinguishers be examined ten days before every fire."

A Logical Deduction

"MR. SMITH," a man asked his tailor, "how is it you have not called on me for your account?"

"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"

"Why," replied the tailor, after a momentary hesitation, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

A Good Catch

AN old man with a soft, daft look used to sit on a park bench in the sun, with rod and line, as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses.

"Crazy!" the passer-by was sure to say to himself, "absolutely crazy! Nice-looking old chap, too. It's a pity." Then, with a gentle smile, the passer-by would approach the old man and ask, "What are you do-doing, uncle?"

"Fishing," came the solemn answer.

"Fishing, eh? Well, uncle, come now and have something with me."

Whereupon the old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner café. There he would be regaled with food and drink. His host, contemplating him in a friendly, protecting way, as he sipped and smoked, would say:

"So you were fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?"

The old man would blow a smoke cloud toward the ceiling and, after a pause, reply:

"You are the seventh, sir."



A Tender of Affection in the Stone Age

SHE: "*Isn't he the old flirt?*"



To-day and— *To-morrow*

The Sportsman's Progress

No Room to Spare

AT last, after many days of troubled hunting, Mr. and Mrs. Jones found a small apartment which somewhat approached their modest ideal.

"This hall paper is dreadful," Mrs. Jones plaintively remarked, "but the agent said the landlord wouldn't change it, for it is in good condition."

"Never mind; we'll get a pretty, inexpensive paper and put it right over this," Mr. Jones cheerfully suggested.

"Oh, Richard"—and his wife's look was full of reproach—"you know we can hardly get our furniture through this entry now, it's so narrow!"

Lost His Enthusiasm

"I'VE been in camp," said one of a group in the local grocer's who were exchanging stories of adventure, "and only came down yesterday. One morning last week I struck the trail of a bear and followed it till about half past four that afternoon, before giving it up."

"What made you quit after putting in a whole day's work?" asked one of his listeners.

"Well, to tell the truth," replied the first speaker, shifting his weight ponderously from one leg to the other, "it seemed to me the trail was getting altogether too fresh."

Modern Discipline

IN a certain public school very advanced ideas are put into practice. No pupil is ever punished in any way, for the individuality of every child is considered too sacred for repression.

One day, soon after her enrollment at this school, little Grace arrived home, her face streaked with tears and her mouth covered with blood.

"My precious! What happened?" cried her mother.

The little girl was soon pouring out her story in her mother's arms. Sammy Gates, it appeared, had struck her and knocked out two teeth.

When Grace had been kissed, comforted, and washed, her father wanted to know how the teacher had dealt with Sammy.

"She didn't *do* anything," said Grace.

"Well, what did she say?"

"She called Sammy up to the desk and said, 'Sammy, don't you know that was very anti-social?'"

True Politeness

DICKIE'S father was shocked to see his son kick his little playmate.

"Why did you kick John?" he asked, severely.

"I am tired of playing with him. I want him to go home," was Dickie's answer.

"Then why didn't you ask him to go home?"

"Oh"—it was Dickie's turn to be shocked —"why, daddy, that wouldn't be polite!"

Outbid

THE clergyman's eloquence may have been at fault, still he felt annoyed to find that an old gentleman fell asleep during the sermon on two consecutive Sundays. So, after service on the second week, he told the boy who accompanied the sleeper that he wished to speak to him in the vestry.

"My boy," said the minister, when they were closeted together, "who is that elderly gentleman you attend church with?"

"Grandpa," was the reply.

"Well," said the clergyman, "if you will only keep him awake during my sermon, I'll give you a nickel each week."

The boy fell in with the arrangement, and for the next two weeks the old gentleman listened attentively to the sermon. The third week, however, found him soundly asleep.

The vexed clergyman sent for the boy and said: "I am very angry with you. Your grandpa was asleep again to-day. Didn't I promise you a nickel a week to keep him awake?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but grandpa now gives me a dime not to disturb him."

A Nice Choice of Words

YOUNG James and the still younger William were engaged in a violent disagreement, during which blows had been exchanged, when their father appeared.

"Why, boys," he said, in a pained parental tone, "what does this mean?"

"I don't care," sobbed William, a little conscious of superior virtue. "He started it! He said—he said I was a liar!"

"Why, *James!* What a thing to say about your little brother!"

James hung his head. "Well—I didn't say exactly *that*, father," he explained. And, in answer to a further question, "I just said that he didn't remind me any of George Washington."

Fifty-Fifty

A MAN from the East had on one occasion partaken of a celebrated brand of sausage made in the West, and was so pleased with its flavor that he endeavored to find out the trade secret of its composition. To the repeated requests of the Easterner for information the manufacturer finally said, with an affectation of matter-of-factness:

"It's very simple. The chief ingredients are rabbit and horse."

"Rabbit and *horse!*" repeated the other, in amazement. "You don't mean to tell that you use horse meat in the preparation of this sausage?"

"Yes, but not exclusively," said the manufacturer, with a grin. "It's fifty-fifty—one horse and one rabbit."



Our Crime Waves

CAPTAIN: "*Describe the burglar.*"
MAID: "*Well—he would have made a fine policeman if he'd only had the clothes.*"

A Timely Caution

A MATRON of great beauty was calling one day on a friend, accompanied by her ten-year-old daughter, who promised to be as handsome as her mother.

They were shown into a room where the friend had been receiving a milliner and many hats were scattered about. During the conversation the ten-year-old amused herself by trying these on. She was particularly pleased by the effect of the last one. Turning to her mother, she said:

"Mother, I look just like you now, don't I?"

"Hush!" cautioned the mother, with uplifted finger. "Don't be vain, dear."

Mistook His Own

A Rangeley Lakes guide one day, while working on a log drive, fell into the water. At last, dizzy and nearly exhausted from his struggle, he managed to grasp a big log and hold on to it. The current was so strong and swift that it swept his body under the log until his feet stuck out on the other side.

Just as a comrade, who had run to his assistance, grasped him by the shoulders, he caught sight of his own feet protruding on the other side of the log.

"I can hold on a bit longer, Jim!" he gasped. "Save the poor fellow that's in head first, if you can."

How Knowledge is Spread

MR. AUGUSTUS LINKINS, of Sunville Alabama, was reading an old newspaper in which he chanced upon an item he thought might interest his friend.

"I observes by dis papah," said Mr. Linkins, "dat de smallest cows in de world is to be found in de South Seas. Dis papah says dat de average weight of sich a cow does not exceed one hundred an' fifty pounds."

"Does yo' suppose," asked his listener, "dat dat's where dey gits de condensed milk from?"

A Psychic Problem

TWO powerful colored stevedores, who had had some sort of falling out, were engaged in unloading a vessel at a St. Louis dock. Uncomplimentary remarks and warnings of intended violence were exchanged whenever the two passed each other with their trucks.

"You jest keep on pesticatin' around wid me," declared one of the men, "an' you is gwine be able to settle a mighty big question for de sciumtific folks!"

"What question dat?" asked the other.

"Kin de dead speak!"



ACROBAT: "*Darling, may I take this opportunity to ask you to be my wife?*"



A Kitchen Capitalist

"Here are your month's wages, Mary."
"If your husband would like the use of it, ma'am, I can easily get along on the interest."

Family Affection

HENRY'S father, a farmer and stock-grower, took several carloads of hogs, reared on his own farm, to Chicago, where he sold them to a great pork-packing firm.

While in Chicago Henry's father received the following letter from his little boy

DEAR PAPA,—Did you see Mr. Armour kill the big fat hog with the black tail and didn't he think it was a buster? I was sorry to see the hogs leave the farm and you most of all.

Your loving son,
HENRY.

Theology or Ornithology

A WOMAN entered the Naval Academy library at Annapolis and approached the attendant at the desk.

"Can you think of something interesting that I have not read?" she asked.

"You might like James Lane Allen's *A Kentucky Cardinal*," he suggested.

The seeker for the interesting looked doubtful. "But—it sounds like a religious book. I don't believe I want a religious book."

The attendant smiled reassuringly. "This cardinal is a bird," he replied.

She drew herself up indignantly at once and said, sharply, "That is no recommendation to me whatever, sir!"

Disconcerting Enthusiasm

THE newcomer to the town was approached by some ladies and asked if he would not like to send his children to Sunday school. They were decidedly startled when he replied:

"Oh yes, indeed! I am hell on Sunday schools."

What's In a Name?

WHEN Corydon and Phyllis met
Within a Grecian grove,
'Twas easy for poetic gents
To celebrate their love.

But, oh, it is exceeding hard
To sing to pipes of Pan
When his first name is Lemuel
And hers is Mary Ann.

ROBERT MORRILL ADAMS

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Herbert Adams Gibbons, who has lived much abroad, is a lecturer and writer of distinction on international affairs. Among his best-known books are *The New Map of Europe*, *The New Map of Asia*, and *Riviera Towns*. Mr. Gibbons has recently been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French government. He is at present living in Princeton, New Jersey. **May Sinclair** is one of the best-known of living English novelists. Her first success, *The Divine Fire*, achieved an immense vogue in America. She is the author of many other novels of notable distinction, and has from time to time written short stories for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Raymond Pearl, professor at Johns Hopkins University, is a biologist, who has studied in various universities in America and abroad. He has been connected with biological researches under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution and the United States government. He is a member of numerous scientific societies and has served in an editorial capacity on the staff of various scientific journals. His most recent publication is a volume entitled *The Nation's Food*. **Fred C. Kelly**, who for some years has been a resident in Washington as a newspaper correspondent, is a frequent contributor to various magazines. During the war he served as a special agent for the Department of Justice in tracing pro-German plots against the United States. **Juliet Wilbor Tompkins** is a novelist and writer of short stories too numerous and well-known to require mention. **Rollo Walter Brown**, professor of rhetoric and composition at Carleton College, Minnesota, has served in various academic capacities in this country and in France, and is also a lecturer and writer on literary topics.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the odd and delightful story entitled "The Alligator's Half Sister," appearing in the Magazine some months ago which inaugurated the unique series of "Bracken" stories that have followed. **Philip Curtiss**, the author of these tales, is one of the most promising of our younger American writers, and his latest novel, *Wanted: A Fool*, is now in popular demand everywhere. He resides on an "ancestral farm" on the outskirts of Norfolk, Connecticut, which has been in the Curtiss family since pre-Revolutionary days. **James Norman Hall** continues to prolong his sojourn in the South Seas, and especially among the islands of Lesser Archipelago, where he finds the native life infinitely preferable to the comforts of civilization. **Howard Brubaker**, author and editor, has been mentioned before in these columns as the author of the deservedly popular Ranny stories, which come to a conclusion in this number. **W. L. George** has written the last of his impressions of America and is now engaged upon the proofs of a novel which Harper & Brothers plan soon to publish. Mr. George's articles have evoked more comment than have the impressions of any other of the distinguished British gentlemen who have visited our shores in recent years. **John Burroughs** is too well known to two generations of Americans to need introduction here. His sudden death, almost on the eve of his eighty-fourth birthday, while returning to his home at West Park, New York, after spending the winter in California, is a national bereavement.

C. A. Bennett is an instructor of philosophy at Yale, and a frequent contributor to "The Lion's Mouth." **Annie Nathan Meyer** is a playwright and author now resident in New York. **Berton Braley** is a journalist and poet, and the author of various books of prose and verse. **Sophie Kerr Underwood** until recently has been one of the editors of "The Woman's Home Companion," a position which she has resigned in order to give all her time to writing. **Ellwood Hendrick** is a frequent contributor to HARPER'S on chemistry and kindred scientific

subjects. **Edward Anthony** is a new aspirant in the field of humorous verse, who makes his first contribution to HARPER'S in this issue.

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W. L. George's recent series of articles in the Magazine, setting forth his impressions of America, continue to evoke an extraordinary amount of discussion, much of which is being reflected editorially in newspapers throughout the country. A recent editorial in the Philadelphia *Record* has brought a reply from Mr. George himself, which will prove so interesting to readers of Mr. George's articles that we reprint it here in full.

EDITOR OF THE "RECORD,"—I venture to refer to your not unkindly criticisms in your issue of January 15 of an article where I say: "You can visit in America a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants and find there better shops, better goods, more artistic stuffs, more attractive furniture, and, in unexpected spots, a more vivid culture than in any English town. Wealth leads to aristocracy; out of wealth America will breed hers."

You then go on to say that I am spoofing you, and you suggest that I am reaching out for a large audience and perhaps intend to lecture again. In other words, you are suggesting that I am intentionally flattering the American public to make myself agreeable in your country and to promote the circulation of my books. Will you allow me, in the first place, to remark that any person who will take the trouble to study my writings will discover that the bluntest telling of most disagreeable truths to all persons, classes, and countries has always been practiced by me. My collection of cuttings, put together during my literary career, shows that I have hardly ever written anything which was not soundly attacked by a number of people, and I am glad to think that my opinions have frequently been looked upon as offensive.

Therefore I think it a little hard that, in one of the cases where I find something to praise, I should be told that this praise is insincere; nobody has ever thought my censure insincere; they've taken that quite seriously.

Permit me also to reassert that in any middle-sized American town you will find more culture than in any English town other than London. People laugh at the women's clubs; there always is something to laugh at in any organization, but I suggest that the women's clubs of America, with their vivid interest in matters literary, scientific, and philosophical, are giving evidence of intellectual activity. Some people may not like this form of activity; but it is activity, it is desire. And if we leave the women's clubs out of it, allow me to point out that in nearly every American city there is at least one first-class bookshop, which offers you as much Conrad, Hardy, Oscar Wilde, or Morley as you may want. If you knew a little better the English cities you would discover that in many cases there is no real bookshop. There is a stationer, or a printer who sells stationery and also books. But go and look at his stock! You will find a good deal of Tarzan, plenty of Ethel Dell, some Gene Stratton Porter and such like pulp. The serious side will be represented by Tennyson bound in calf, and Carlyle bound in pig. The whole thing mixed up with pin-trays and ladies' Realms. Let us be clear as to the cities I refer to; in the big British towns of half a million inhabitants or so, in Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, you do find good bookshops, but in the small towns you find absolutely nothing. A thin trickle of recognized novels arrives through the circulating library, which buys one copy of the latest essays, which is quite enough for the town, and a few second-hand novels three years out of date. The man reads the newspaper and tells the woman the contents of it; the women read magazines or cheap reprints of *East Lynne*, and ponder over paper patterns. Sometimes the church or chapel sets up a vague debating society, which collects an audience of thirty or so, including the committee; there is nothing going on at all, and as soon as they grow up the boys go into business and never worry about anything else, while the girls, unless they marry, make a desperate effort to obtain in London posts as shorthand typists at $12 a week.

I therefore am entitled to suggest that there is in America a vivid aspiration to culture which does not exist in England. We may differ as to our definitions of culture, but included within culture is certainly the taste for ideas which America exhibits. As to the creation of aristocracy in America, I am quite unmoved by the argument that the Eastern states have had 250 years to do it in and have not done it. That argument does not take into account that those 250 years of American history included a long and painful struggle against the Indians (which England did not have); a remoteness from supplies of manufactured goods measured by over a month's sailing (while England had Europe at her door); and especially the deflection of American energy toward production by the presence of immense undeveloped resources (which England did not possess). I suggest that already the commercial and industrial fever which has created your great nation is abating; that your third generation is not so zealous in money-getting as were their forefathers; that cultural interests are becoming stronger; that American literature, as represented by Hergesheimer, Floyd Dell, Fitzgerald, Willa Cather, etc., was never so vigorous and so original. Briefly, I suggest that America is passing through the industrial stage much more quickly than did Europe. She may not have had the time to create your aristocracy of intellect, but she has laid the foundations. And if anyone is inclined to repeat that if America was to have an aristocracy she would have created it in 250 years, I would retort with what may seem a rather English remark—namely, that 250 years is not, after all, a very long time.

LONDON, ENGLAND. W. L. GEORGE.



A COPY OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE REACHES MONGOLIA

This Mongolian woman, who had never seen a printed picture or magazine before, has been photographed in a moment of interested recognition of the Mongolian pictures contained in one of Roy Chapman Andrews's articles. (See note below on this page).

Readers who have enjoyed Roy Chapman Andrews's recent series of articles on his Mongolian expedition under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History may recall an earlier story of his adventures, "Across Mongolia by Motor Car," which he wrote in the field and despatched with photographs to Harper's. In due time it was published (HARPER'S, June, 1919) and a copy of the Magazine containing the article was started back on the long trip to the author by the same route which the manuscript had come. The receipt of this issue of HARPER'S by Mr. Andrews while still in Mongolia created a sensation, and the accompanying photograph shows a Mongolian woman "snapped" at the moment of recognition of one of the pictures printed with the article. Mr. Andrews, in a letter to the Editors, describes the incident in detail:

A short time after we had made our camp near the Terelche River, a messenger arrived from Urga with a huge package of mail. In it was a copy of HARPER'S MAGAZINE containing an account of a flying visit which I had made to Urga in September, 1918. There were half a dozen Mongols near our tent, among whom was Madame Tserin Dorchy. I explained the pictures to the hunter's wife in my best Chinese while Mrs. Andrews "stood by" with her camera and watched results. Although the woman had been at Urga several times, she had never seen a photograph or a magazine, and for ten minutes there was no reaction. Then she recognized a Mongol headdress similar to her own. With a gasp of astonishment, she pointed it out to the others and burst into a perfect torrent of guttural expletives. A picture of the great temple at Urga where she had once gone to worship brought forth another volume of Mongolian adjectives, and her friends literally fought for places in the front row.

News travels quickly in Mongolia, and during the next week men and women rode in from *yurts* forty or fifty miles away to see that magazine. I will venture to say that no American publication ever received more appreciation or had a more picturesque audience than did that copy of HARPER'S.

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The Magazine has a number of friends who seem never to forget birthdays, and each year as June approaches the Editors are in receipt of congratulatory letters on the long and distinguished career of the Magazine. With the present issue HARPER'S rounds out its seventy-first year of continuous publication. Readers who are aware of this anni-

versary will be interested in the following letter from one of our very oldest subscribers:

DEAR HARPER'S,—I think that I am fairly entitled to be numbered among your oldest and best friends. Some may be my seniors in age, as the Magazine is older than I by a few years, but I believe not many can surpass our record as a family. Will you pardon a little personal story? You know *old* friends are often garrulous.

My father and mother were married in Brooklyn in February, 1849. Immediately after the wedding they came to live in Phelps, New York, a small town in the western part of the state. There were no libraries here, and I have heard my mother tell how one day she said to my father that she had nothing to read. This must have been about December, 1850, for not long after he came home one day and laid in her lap the first six numbers of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, with the playful remark, "Now don't say again that you have nothing to read."

From that day on HARPER'S came to our home every month, its coming always eagerly anticipated, and joyfully welcomed. One of the vivid recollections of my childhood is seeing my father, one of the gravest and most dignified of men, an elder in the church and superintendent of the Sunday-school, come in, take up the new HARPER'S, and turn first to the "Editor's Drawer," over which he would laugh and shake with greatest delight. It afforded him just the rest and relaxation from business that he needed. When that was finished, he would turn to the more serious articles.

He died in 1866, and mother continued the Magazine until shortly before her death in 1894. Then in the last months of long illness she lost interest in earthly things, and did not renew her subscription. Soon after she left us we took it up again and have had it ever since. My father built the homestead in 1852 in which I still live, and here under my roof are gathered all the numbers from June, 1850, with the exception of the few we missed in the early 'nineties.

As to what it has meant to us, it has been one of our choicest possessions. Through its pages we learned to know and love many of our best writers. "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "Our Mutual Friend," and other well-known stories were first read there.

For myself, I was one of the fortunate ones blessed by the good fairies with a great love of of reading, and I feel that Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik) influenced me powerfully for good in her beautiful stories which were published in HARPER'S in my girlhood days. "Mistress and Maid," "Young Mrs. Jardine," "The Woman's Kingdom" (my especial favorite) held up a high ideal of wifehood and womanhood that has gone with me through life.

We have found in HARPER'S pages through these years amusement, instruction, entertainment—everything that one could desire in a magazine. For many years we took no other—now take several, but consider HARPER'S the king of them all—*facile princeps*. May it live long and prosper. And may I not truly sign myself

"One of your very oldest and best friends."



After adventuring into the interior of Tunis, Wilbur Daniel Steele has gone to Algeria, where he has again plunged into the heart of the little-known districts far away from the seaboard. His graphic descriptions of his adventures have duly reached America, but the difficulties and delays of return communications with a contributor who has gone so far afield and keeps continually going farther are evidenced by the following letter written from El Kantara. Author and artist lament their laggard or miscarried mail, and beg for a word of editorial opinion on their efforts thus far:

I swear I think you're low. Here we've been gone from the shores of Franklin Square for very nearly four months (including the present screed, three articles have we sent in) and not so much as a "Hah!" or a "Bah!" has so far reached us from across the sea.

If you think the present effort rotten, it is because of the fact that, between its seeing and its writing, circumstances beyond the control of man have inserted upward of a month of goings, comings, and scenes.

And now to-morrow morning we are going to take mules and follow a Britisher who knows the land and the tongue into the fastnesses of the Aures Mountains, where there are mud towns and stone towns and cave towns and the Tribe of the Shepherds—and that ought to be good stuff.

All the while we freeze to death.

Now, having made this note as bluff and brief as possible, I leave off, still thinking you low. Why, if it's "Hah!" don't you say "Hah!" and why not "Bah!" if it's "Bah!" ? ? ? ? ?

As ever, full of spleen and venom,

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE.

The Editors, whose many letters have evidently never caught up with the adventurous author, have duly cabled an encouraging "Hah!" and feel assured that this will likewise be the verdict of HARPER readers when Mr. Steele's articles, with Mr. Gieberich's drawings, begin to appear in the Magazine.

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